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CPS Smokejumpers 1943 to 1946 Life Stories, Volume I

Roy E. Wenger

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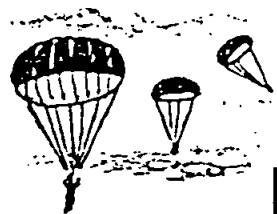
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Volume I

CPS Smokejumpers

1943 to 1946



Life Stories

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Barley, Delbert
Birkey, Luke
Brunk, James R.
Case, Benjamin W.
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Crocker, Catherine Harder
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Yoder, Floyd F.
Zehr, Richard S.
Ziegler, Ralph

Look for Volume II after September 1, 1990!

CPS Smokejumpers
333 North Avenue West
Missoula, Montana 59801
(406) 549-6933

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What This Book Is About

Among World War II Civilian Public Service Camps, the smokejumpers were unique. The men volunteered from base camps administered by the American Friends Service Committee, the Brethren Service Committee and the Mennonite Central Committee—a third from each. They were volunteers from within the system, selected as suitable for parachuting and forest fire fighting. They could have been considered a selected group according to other criteria as well: general intelligence, social adaptability, and skill in the arts of conflict management.

The U.S. Forest Service staff was likewise a selected group. They believed intensely in the method of fighting forest fires by arriving quickly, having a highly trained work crew in top physical and mental condition, and in giving credit where credit is due. The most visible person was Earl Cooley who believed that all personnel—CPS and regular FS—needed to develop a high regard and trust in each other. Wasn't it true that each held the lives of all the others, more or less, in his hands? Confidence in a colleague was necessary to make the project work.

How can one describe and evaluate this CPS experience? A good way is by looking at the entire life of the person. Hence, these life stories. Each person writes a little about his or her early life, about smokejumping itself, and about the 45-year span of his or her productive activities since. Some emphasize the smokejumping aspects, some the aspect of being a conscientious objector to war.

We thank all who contributed their stories to this volume. Volume II will be ready in late 1990.

Roy E. Wenger, Editor
333 North Avenue West
Missoula, MT 59801

SOME EXPERIENCES IN THE LIFE OF A CPS SMOKEJUMPER

John Ainsworth: Born in Spokane, WA, May 1918 Educ. B SC.EE

In Spokane my family lived in a single family house in a quiet neighborhood with some vacant lots and pine trees. The yard had a vegetable garden, two fruit trees and berry bushes. I had two younger brothers. All of our relatives lived a long distance away.

Our family moved to Detroit when I was nine years old. I took with me many pleasant memories of our home in Spokane with the wind blowing through the pine trees. That sound was different from the wind through other trees. We moved to Detroit by railroad. I have always remembered the big trees in Glacier National Park when the train stopped at Belton early in the morning. The trees burned two years later.

Detroit was a much larger city than Spokane. The streets were all paved. The kids were different. They played different games. There were more fights. We had never heard of "trick or treat" in Spokane.

Our house was in Highland Park not far from the Ford factory and Henry Ford grade school. I did a lot of reading but did not have a lot of physical activity. We walked to school and played soccer. I was on the Safety Patrol. This school had a swimming pool where I enjoyed learning to swim.

The Detroit YMCA had a summer camp at a lake 200 miles north of the city. My parents thought I should go to camp. I was not much interested until I learned that the camp program included swimming three times a day. This camp had a choice of a five week session, four week or both. I attended the five week and thought I did not want to stay for the next session. I was reluctantly convinced to try it anyway. This time everything was so much better that I was eager to return for three or four more years. Features of the program were boating, swimming, volley ball, crafts, photography and later eight-day hiking/canoeing trips, nature and a trip to Isle Royale in Lake Superior. Many of these activities became life-long hobbies. The camp experience contributed greatly to my physical condition so I was able to engage in track and x-country in high school and some running in college. Without this athletic activity I do not think I would have qualified for smoke-jumping.

Our family did not go on summer vacation trips or camping. We did take some long train trips to visit in California. The result was that I became interested in railroads. I also enjoyed streetcars. My grandfather and I would ride downtown in Spokane or out to the end of the line through the woods near my grade school. There was plenty of opportunity to ride streetcars when we visited in Los Angeles. I still like them and am glad they are coming back in improved versions.

In junior high, students were encouraged to select a career and plan for their future studies. I thought electric railways and hydroelectric work would be interesting so I selected electrical engineering. I began college in Michigan. Then my family moved to California. They thought I should not stay in Michigan though I would have liked living on the campus.

While at USC I lived at home and used streetcars to get to the university. I joined an engineering fraternity rather than the ordinary type. The fraternity had a residence house where I stayed briefly. There were some social functions too. I did not do any traveling while at the university. It was still depression time and most people in southern California then did not want to go anywhere else. We did get to the World Fair at San Francisco.

My work experience began with a summer job on a gas company crew installing gas lines. It was mostly shovel work but we also used hydro drills and jackhammers, watched welding and looked for leaks. It was interesting work for an engineering student and the pay was quite good.

After graduation in 1940, work opportunities for new engineers were few. Lockheed Aircraft needed assembly workers. They were still using men at that time and I began on the night shift. Other new workers had come from the midwest for the good wages at start of the aircraft boom. Only part of the work was military then. Months later an offer arrived from Westinghouse in East Pittsburg. An earlier application had finally been acted on. I considered this to be quite a desirable opportunity. After checking with Lockheed about the future there for electrical engineers, it seemed best to leave. At that time Lockheed did not realize what was in their future.

Returning to the East meant a long train ride which I enjoyed. Most Westinghouse employees lived in a suburb between Pittsburg and East Pittsburg, almost a company town. The test section where I was assigned to work tested streetcar controls of a new design. This was just what I was interested in. We also tested items that operated on direct current and equipment for submarines and other ships. The military items began increasing which bothered me some. I was thinking peace thoughts then. There has to be a better way than war.

Before long the draft board back in California wanted to change my classification. They probably would have let me stay at Westinghouse but I decided I did not want to be deferred for war work.

My family had always been active in the Methodist church. I had been a member of a boys' Sunday class of high school age in Detroit. While in college there was a group for us in the church in Los Angeles. So with a background of church attendance I became a member of the Methodist church in Wilkinsburg. There was a group there for young adults. Most of the young men were Westinghouse employees. The minister was interested in peace activities. I thought his ideas of how Christians should be were pretty much right. I do not think the congregation thought the same way. A conservative dissenting

group had withdrawn from the church, displeased with the content or style of preaching.

I talked with the minister about the best thing to do. Then I requested a CO. draft classification. The draft board did not like to give those but finally did. I don't recall all the details now. At the time the draft was for only one year which I thought was manageable. Had I thought it would be much longer my choice might have been different. I requested a camp in New England as I had never been there.

The unit was at a backwoods CCC camp. The work was cutting up trees blown down by the 1938 hurricane. Another part of the work was digging water storage ponds for fire fighting. It was hard outdoor work. All sawing and digging was done with hand tools. This was an opportunity to get to know people with different and interesting backgrounds. One valued friendship from this camp has endured although we have been separated by many miles. I did not see this friend again until my wife and I visited him in 1983. Friendships from other camps have also lasted. Smokejumper reunions have been helpful. This is in contrast to having had no contact at all with anyone from high school or college.

By 1942 it was known that draft service would be longer than a year. Volunteers were needed for a new camp in eastern California. I signed up to go as it was nearer home. This meant another very long train trip. I had many new experiences at this camp. From the main camp in the sagebrush high-desert workers were sent to many outlying camps for a week or a month. Some locations where I worked were: a mountain valley in forest fifteen miles from a road and near the edge of Yosemite Park; a beach site on Lake Tahoe; a remote CCC camp in the northeast California desert; and a tree planting site in the far east California mountains. At this last place there was some contact with local young people. This CPS camp had some unusual assignees. There were Russian Molokan farm boys who could build fence twice as fast as the rest of us. There were two others with considerable musical talent.

Phil Stanley started the action to organize the CPS smokejumpers. I thought it was a good idea but doubted that he would succeed. If there was a way to get to a fire while it was small and not become tired out just to get there, it should be worth trying. We had been on fires even in the desert. In Montana there should be more forest and a greater need for fire fighters than in eastern California.

My application for smokejumper was accepted for the 2nd or 3rd group. First impressions were that Montana was very cool and green compared to the California-Nevada desert. The other jumpers were very likable, interesting and ready for the new adventure. The jumper trainers were easy to work with. We were something new to them too. The trimotors were a curiosity and we would fly in them!

There were some memorable flights. One was leaving Missoula on a very hot day and heading North when the pilot allowed the thermals to lift the plane much higher than normal to where the air was very cold. Another was a long trip, stopping at Spokane to refuel then flying north over the Pend Oreille and Columbia rivers where they join. One river is blue and the other green. Two of us then jumped on a small fire near the Canadian border. A third flight went to Pot Mountain in the Idaho Clearwater where a dry lightning storm had started a fire. Pot Mountain had good visibility for watching another electrical storm. The ground cables hummed just before distant lightning strikes.

Working on fires was usually hot and smoky but sometimes at night the heat was welcome. Food at fires varied widely from K rations to steak dinner furnished by BFPA at Lindberg lake.

Off fire work that I did included many Forest Service support activities. Some were quite strenuous like baling and stacking hay at Ninemile, transplanting trees at the Savenac nursery and rebuilding fence at the winter range. Other work was much easier and more interesting such as sign making in the Ninemile shop and telephone repair in Missoula. There are many memories associated with the above and with other work not mentioned.

Following discharge I returned to California. There was a period of adjustment. I helped pack clothes at the Pasadena Friends shop part time. I soon began work on the Edison Company frequency change from 50 to 60 cycles. Engineer employment had not picked up yet following the war but the frequency change needed many engineers.

I joined an active young adult group in the downtown Methodist church. In the group were two girls from Minneapolis. One, Muriel, had only intended to visit in Los Angeles until she accidentally met her Minneapolis friend. Muriel had already been working on the frequency change when I began. She was in the main office while I was in the field.

The church group had many activities so we found we had mutual interests. Muriel returned home to Minneapolis. I followed later and we were married in a Methodist church with several ex-smoke-jumpers attending. We returned to California by way of Montana so Muriel could see what that state was like.

We continued working on the Edison job. Muriel left when our first daughter was born. After the frequency work was completed we wanted to leave the big city. For two years we lived in Sacramento where we had a house with olive trees and other fruit trees. We sold olives to a cannery and some for oil. Our second daughter was born there.

When an opportunity came to work in Montana we moved to Polson. We had a house with a big garden and more fruit trees. We made many new friends. Our third daughter was born there. My work was in Polson, Hungry Horse and Spokane. A move to Hungry Horse allowed us to spend much time in Glacier Park before it became crowded. We seldom saw anyone else on the park trails. We were members of the Methodist church in Polson and then in Hungry Horse. We were active in Scouting and Scout camps. Montana was really home.

Travels began with trips to California to visit relatives. Muriel went to an international Girl Scout center near Mexico City. She found that experience so interesting that we took our daughters down for Christmas vacation. I was transferred to Yakima, Washington shortly after that. A Mexico City girl stayed with us for several months. Her brother was with us one summer. We took him to the first Seeley Lake smokejumpers reunion where he picked up some different ideas about the beliefs of some North Americans. We have kept in touch with this family. Our oldest daughter stayed with them for a month and we have visited them in Mexico City several times.

Our youngest daughter went to Hawaii with a church youth group. We went there later with her and another time with friends. An unusual travel firm has guided us in Guatemala, Peru, Costa Rica, S.E. Asia, Scotland and Ecuador. Most of these were walking trips. Our youngest daughter has made trips with this firm and also has been to Europe with People to People. Near Yakima the Cascade mountains have many trails that we have hiked with family members. Mt. Rainier has many trails that we have used. We have been on Mt. Adams in Washington and on Lassen and Shasta in California. All three daughters worked in Glacier Park while they were in college.

Travel and pastimes of this type led us to membership in the Audubon Society, The Nature Conservancy and other environmental groups. Our daughters are also concerned about how "progress" is changing our environment. We are more sensitive to environmental conditions because of youth camping, type of travel and my work with the Forest Service.

We regret the actions of the U.S. government in Central America the last nine years. We have known some of the Mayas in Guatemala and found them very friendly. They are too gentle to be persecuted as they have been with U.S. military aid. We have kept up with the work of AFSC and also with the concerned Scientists and Physicians who are trying to prevent nuclear warfare. It is hard to understand how the Pentagon can consider using nuclear arms.

For several years I have been helping with a tourist trolley operation in Yakima. It was a commercial operation for freight until 1985. One son-in-law has been very active in the endeavor. So I now have the opportunity to work on an electric railroad as a volunteer.

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CPS definitely had an influence in my life. Four years in the CPS environment with two thirds of it in smokejumpers was quite a change just as it was for those in the military. Being in the smokejumper unit, I found what Western Montana was like. Later I was able to bring my family there and they all enjoyed living in Montana. We made some longtime friends who are still in Montana.

I am sure that I am more aware of world problems, social justice and people's welfare than I would be without the CPS experience.

John & Muriel Ainsworth
706 N. 47th Ave.
Yakima, WA 98908

Delbert Barley
Reinhard-Booz-Str. 15
7802 Merzhausen, Germany
May 5, 1990

Dear Roy:

I have put off writing much too long, but have been extremely busy writing and tending to grandchildren. A life story would be too long and full of strange but interesting experiences, mostly enriching ones.

I'll enclose a page from my publisher's announcements for 1990.



Erstankündigung

Best wishes
to all!

Delbert

Delbert Barley

Hannah Arendt

Einführung in ihr Werk

Ca. 250 Seiten. Stp. Kart. ca. 38,— DM

Reihe: Kolleg Philosophie

ISBN 3-495-47662-8 (Juni 1990)

Fachgebiete: *Philosophie*, speziell *Praktische Philosophie*, *Politische Theorie*, *Geschichtsphilosophie*; *Politikwissenschaft*, *Sozialwissenschaften*.

Schlagwörter: Hannah Arendt; Geist, Wille, Freiheit, Politik, Revolution, Totalitarismus, Judentum.

Das Buch verfolgt Hannah Arendts intellektuelle Entwicklung von ihrer Dissertation „Der Liebesbegriff bei Augustin“ bis hin zu ihrem letzten, unvollendeten Werk „Vom Leben des Geistes“. Besondere Aufmerksamkeit gilt dem Einfluß ihrer beiden Mentoren Martin Heidegger und Karl Jaspers auf ihre Denkweise sowie der Art, wie sich Hannah Arendts eigenes Denken von ihnen abhebt. Barley stellt dar, wie Hannah Arendt die prinzipielle Unvorhersehbarkeit von Handlungsfolgen in der Politik mit der für die Politik unerläßlichen Stabilität und Kontinuität in Einklang bringt. Als eng damit verbunden erweist sich die Frage nach dem Verhältnis von Willensfreiheit und Vernunft. Hannah Arendt löst das Problem, indem sie einen doppelten Willensbegriff konstruiert. In ihm sieht Barley den Schlüssel zu ihrer politischen Theorie und der Rolle des Urteilens darin. Schließlich stellt das Buch die Gesamtkonzeption ihrer politischen Theorie dar, mit der sie für eine neue Art, Politik zu denken, Anstöße gibt.

Der Autor: Delbert Barley M. A., Ph. D., geb. 1918, lehrte Soziologie an der University of Pennsylvania, am Ithaca College (NY), am New York State College und – bis zur Pensionierung 1983 – an der Evangelischen Fachhochschule für Sozialarbeit in Freiburg i. Br. *Veröffentlichungen*: Grundzüge und Probleme der Soziologie (1962, 1978), Wissenschaft und Lebenswahrheit (1980); zahlreiche Beiträge zu amerikanischen, kanadischen und deutschen Zeitschriften.

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- Zeittafel – Zu den Übersetzungen – Bibliographie – Personenregister – Sachregister

Areas of interest: *Philosophy*, esp. practical philosophy, political theory, philosophy of history; *political and social sciences*.

This book traces Hannah Arendt's intellectual development from her doctoral dissertation to her last, uncompleted work *The Life of the Mind*. Special attention is given to the distinctive influences of Heidegger and Jaspers on her modes of thinking and to the ways in which she deviated from them. The author is above all concerned with her solution to the problem of reconciling the basic unpredictability of human action in politics with the necessity of stability and continuity in the political community, and with the way in which Hannah Arendt anchors political freedom in a conception of the will which avoids making the will subservient to reason. Her solution involves a twofold conception of the will, a construction which has not heretofore been seriously analyzed by authors on her work. – *Bibliography, name index, subject index.*

Neuerscheinung 1. Halbjahr 1990

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SMOKEJUMPING: I'D DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN

LUKE BIRKY
4159 DENTON PL SE.
ALBANY, OREGON 97321

3-1990

I was born January 8, 1922, the second child of Joseph Alvin Birky and Sarah Alma Kenagy Birky, on a farm near Airlie, Oregon some 10 miles north of Corvallis. All my grandparents had Swiss, German, and Swedish ancestors who had migrated to the USA during the 1700 and 1800's. There were stops in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. My mothers parents moved to Oregon in 1893 and she was born in 1895. My father moved to Oregon with his parents in 1912. All four of my grandparent were members of the Mennonite Church. They were more comfortable with the German language (Pennsylvania Dutch) than English. The majority of my uncles and aunts were farm folk but there were a few craftsman, some business people, a chiropractor, a postman, etc.

My mother was a school teacher and taught in small rural schools until she married my father in 1919. During most of my growing up years my parents earned their living by farming in Oregon, did some ranching near Clyde Park, Montana and farming near Kalispell, Montana and Albany, OR. He also had short stints working in a furniture store, as a morticians helper, and supplemented his income as a handyman. By the time I was drafted in 1943 he was well established in a feed and seed business.

My parents had 6 children (2boys, 3girls, 1boy) with the oldest born in 1920 and the youngest in 1935. Our family was financially rather poor during the turbulent times following World War I and the effect of the "great depression" was very difficult for my parents. But my memories of that period are very rich and reflect only feelings of a family together, secure and supported by an extended family and helpful neighbors who understood and helped each other.

My parents were devout Christians and were active in Mennonite congregations wherever they lived. I was baptized and joined the Mennonite church at age 13. The teaching and living a "non-resistant" way of life was a part of my heritage. I recall once we moved into a new community and early in the school year several "bullies" felt they needed to "beat us up" and did. This experience was discussed in our family. My mother then made a batch of candy and we were instructed to take it to school and share it with our tormentors. We did. As time went on these individuals became our best friends.

I did not have opportunity to attend high school. I took high school by correspondence. I needed to work to contribute to the family income and my parents had some anxiety about the negative influence of the public high school.

From age 14 through age 20 I lived at home most of the time, working on the family farm and then later worked for neighbors,

and as a carpenters helper, truck driver, logger and in my fathers feed and seed store. I worked for my father until I was age 21. The next day I was drafted.

My oldest brother had been drafted in 1942 and was assigned duty at the CPS camp at Cascade Locks, Oregon. A dorm mate of his was Lew Ayers, lead actor in the movie, "All's Quiet on the Western Front".

I was assigned to The Mennonite operated CPS camp at LaPine, Oregon. We arrived there January 9, 1943. The work there was for the Bureau of Reclamation and included clearing trees out of the reservoir area and the construction of a large earthen dam. I worked first as a tree faller, (the worst days, the temperature dropped to 20 degrees below zero with 5 feet of snow, but we never missed a day of work), drove the snow plow to keep the roads open, and finally worked as mechanic for the heavy dam building equipment. The unit life was good, with good leadership, and a strong education and social/recreation program.

Choosing to be a conscientious objector was not difficult. My parents brought us up to believe in a non-violent way of life. Most of my friends asked for the CO classification and my church actively supported us. The time at LaPine was in some ways a difficult time for me. We had excellent leadership in both the church and government sides, there was a good work project and our off work hours were filled with stimulating "bull sessions" and educational/recreational activities. But it was also a time of confusion; where is our country, our world heading?, and for me personally it was a time of rethinking a lot of things as we lived so close to each other, with such varied backgrounds. Often the experience was painful, but it was a good time; learning and being stretched. I shall always cherish the memories of that time and am grateful for the experience.

By the spring of 1943 there was a call for volunteers to become Smoke jumpers, I volunteered. I'm not really sure why I volunteered other than I'd had some experience as a logger, loved the mountains and thought I would enjoy it. But I was told I'd not been in camp long enough to be considered. So I stayed at LaPine until it became a government operated camp in January 1944. I was one of a few who stayed for a few weeks to help in the transition from Church operation to government operation.

By the end of January 1944 I was in the CPS camp at Belton, Montana and began working immediately in the maintenance shop. The camp was located inside Glacier National Park in a very beautiful setting. The work of the camp was fire control and trail maintenance. There also we had excellent people to work with. Even the winters, although cold and harsh were absolutely beautiful.

By the spring of '44, I again volunteered for the smoke jumper unit but the project superintendent vetoed that. So I stayed

there but by January told him I'd like to go into the Smoke Jumper unit and he agreed not to block my consideration. In the spring of '45 I again volunteered, and was accepted, left for Missoula and Nine Mile for training. The work, the associations the jumping was probably the most thrilling, enjoyable assignment I ever had. I made 7 practice jumps, 7 fire jumps and 2 rescue jumps. All were wonderful experiences except the last jump which was made near timberline in Glacier Park. When we jumped we had a very strong down draft that threw us onto the ground very hard. I bruised a heel that was very painful for a long time.

The two rescue jumps were rather strenuous. The one was for a jumper whose chute hooked on to a tree snag and the tree fell over. The jumper had very severe leg and foot injuries. They had jumped in early evening and the fellows that he jumped with gave first aid and spent all night carrying him out to the nearest trail. I was part of a fresh crew that carried him out to the nearest road approximately 20 miles away. The military participated in that rescue by dropping in a physician, stationed at Pendleton, Oregon, who gave medication and monitored the jumpers condition. The other rescue was for a government employee who had fallen while working on a fire line and was severely burned. After giving him first aid we carried him all night across the Bitter Root mountain range SE of Missoula.

Toward the end of a very busy fire season, Forest Service supervisor, Earl Cooley came to me and said, " Luke, you're getting too many jumps. We've got some trail work that needs to be done. Get your gear together and we'll take you out by truck tomorrow morning". I really did not want to go because I didn't want to miss any jump opportunities. But that afternoon a number of fires started and they needed every available man so I jumped again and never did get out on that trail.

After the fire season a group of us were sent up to the woods north of Bonners Ferry, Idaho for some brush removal work but by January 1946 I was transferred back to Belton and worked in the shop again. By that time the war was ending. I volunteered to go to a mental hospital, and on a cattle boat but was kept at Belton until I was discharged in May, 1946.

During the last months of CPS, I started pursuing an earlier love and by the summer became engaged to Verna Conrad, also from my home congregation, who had been studying to become a registered nurse at the Mennonite Hospital School of Nursing, LaJunta, Colorado.

Upon discharge from CPS I returned to Oregon and went to work for a former employee as a mechanic/welder. But I had taken and passed the GED tests, applied for college and by September was enrolled as a freshman at Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana. Near the end of the first semester, the Mennonite Central Committee asked Verna and me to go to Puerto Rico. Verna had passed her State Board examination, was now a registered nurse and eager to

work in a needy area. After considerable thought and prayer we decided to move up our wedding date and go to Puerto Rico. We were married March 2, 1947 and left a few days later for orientation at MCC headquarters Akron, Pennsylvania and on to LaPlata, PR. Verna worked as a nurse in the hospital and clinic, while I was the maintenance man.

Verna had been training for this kind of assignment and wanted to go. After 3 years and 4 months of CPS I wanted to get on with education and life work. But after more thought, concluded that if the government could take that much of my life without so much as a thank you, it really was not that unreasonable to give an additional 18 months to the church. We did not regret that decision and volunteered for an additional 18 months and followed that with another term of 3 1/2 years.

In Puerto Rico I started out doing the maintenance, then began helping with the purchasing and finally became business manager of the service program which included health services, a sanitation program, an agricultural program, and a variety of self help efforts, along with an emerging church planting effort. The hospital offered excellent services in a somewhat primitive CCC barrack type building. By the time we left Puerto Rico plans were nearly complete for the construction of a new hospital to be largely financed through the US governments Hill-Burton program. We returned to the mainland in October 1953 and travelled across the US and Canada to raise funds for the churches portion of the cost.

By the summer of 1954 we moved to LaJunta, Colorado where I began a work/training experience at the Mennonite Hospital to become a hospital administrator. I was appointed administrator at Rocky Ford, Colorado and then at LaJunta. While at La Junta I was able to complete a one year training program with Columbia University in Hospital Administration.

In 1966 we moved to Elkhart, Indiana where I became Secretary of Health and Welfare for the Mennonite Board of Missions. This involved general oversight of 8 general hospitals, 12 retirement centers or nursing homes and 5 child welfare programs. It was a challenging task which I enjoyed very much except for the excessive travel schedule.

In 1979 we moved back to Albany, Oregon to assume direction of a Mennonite retirement program which was ready for a major expansion effort. The fact that Vernas father and my parents were in their 80's and failing health, tipped the balance for us to leave challenging work in Indiana and return "home".

I retired at age 65 in February 1987. By July of that year we were in Costa Rica, Central America. Verna and I were directors of a study/work program for Goshen College Students in that country for learning in a cross cultural setting. It was our responsibility to arrange and supervise living in homes, and to

provide study and work opportunities for 3 groups of 20 students. Each group spent one trimester there.

This was a wonderful year for us. We enjoyed the students, the Costa Rican people, the climate, and the beauty of the country. Costa Rica is a small, peaceful, democratic, latin country between a troubled country on the north and another to the south. They had gone through a crisis some 40 years ago and as they rewrote their constitution and reorganized they asked themselves who their real enemies were. They had no desire to expand nor were they fearful of their Nicaraguan nor of their Panamanian neighbors. Their conclusion was that they had 3 major "enemies"; poverty, disease, and illiteracy. The next question follows, if those are our enemies, what kind of army shall we train? And so they built their programs, their budgets to train an "army" of teachers, health care workers and economic developers. They completely abolished their military army and put their tax dollars to work in improving the economy, the level of education and the level of health of all citizens. It makes such a difference when the national policy can be so clear and focused. To prevent the "strongman" attitude from ever again taking over, the term of office for the president and all the representatives in the House of Deputies is limited to 4 consecutive years.

We returned to Oregon in 1988 and have concentrated on seeing more of our scattered 5 children and their families. We both do volunteer work for the church. I am currently Moderator-elect of the Pacific Coast Conference District and also serve on the MCC West Coast Committee on developmental disabilities and on the board of an Oregon Corporation which operates 4 group homes for the mentally handicapped.

Our Children:

Karl--married Virginia Davidhizar from Goshen, Indiana. He has a MS in Hospital Administration and succeeded me as director of the Mennonite Home, Albany, Oregon. Virginia has a MS degree in Home Economics and teaches and supervises the student teaching experience for Home Economic Students at Oregon State University.

Anne--married Dennis Koehn from Newton, Kansas. She has an MA degree in adult education, is now a supervisor with a county wide program for the developmentally disabled of Elkhart County, Indiana. Dennis spent 18 months in a Federal Penitentiary for refusing to register for the draft. He has his Masters of Divinity from Harvard and is self employed as a consultant for small businesses and community organizations as well as working with MCC in conciliation services. They have one daughter.

Kathryn--married David Price of Denver, Colorado. She has a bachelors degree in deaf education but after a few years in several jobs as an interpreter shifted into computer work and is now a computer specialist/trainer for a manufacturing firm in Denver, Colorado. Dave was a teacher who is now moving into the

insurance field.

Rachel--married Steve Hamilton of Elkhart, Indiana. She has a degree in psychology and serves as a counsellor in a public school. Steve has his degree in anthropology. He works as warehouse manager for a large manufacturing company. They have 2 sons.

Steven-- Married Therese VuBiche, from Viet Nam, educated in France and a French citizen. Steve has a degree in general science, has studied industrial arts and is now working as a computer programmer/analyst. Therese has a doctors degree in child psychology and works for the state for children with special needs. They have one adopted daughter.

Although I have often wished I'd have had more formal education, we've had so many wonderful opportunities and experiences here in the US and in other cultures that we have few regrets and many good memories.

CPS/SMOKEJUMPING ? I'd do it all again. I was convinced that the Jesus way of non-violence was right. My understanding of this were far too narrow and provincial or incomplete. But CPS became a time of evaluation and maturing as I lived closely with people of conviction but varied backgrounds and perspectives. It was a time to learn, to increase vision of what it meant to be a follower of the Prince of Peace and to be more socially responsible. My fellow CPS'ers helped enormously in this process, and I'm profoundly grateful.

Some more details:

Education:

grade school-- 1 & 2 room schools in Oregon & Montana
 high school--- by correspondence with American Schools
 college--- 1 semester , Goshen College
 1 yr certificate program Columbia University
 1 yr U of Oregon, Community Service and
 Public Affairs

Memberships:

Mennonite Church
 American Hospital Association
 Fellow American College of Hospital Executives
 Board of directors Mennonite Mutual Aid
 Board of directors Mennonite Mental Health Services

Offices held:

President Mennonite Health Association
 Treasurer Colo/Wyo chapter Hospital Accountants
 Chairman of the Mennonite Mental Health Services
 Chairman Bd of directors Conejos County Hospital
 Moderator Pacific Coast Conference District MC
 Elder Albany Mennonite Church

SOME INFORMATION ON MY LIFE EXPERIENCES
WITH APPROPRIATE EMPHASIS ON SMOKEJUMPING

Blessed By The Grace of God

James R. Brunk, M. D.

I was born May 25, 1926, at Edgelawn Crest in Harrisonburg, VA. I am the oldest son of a retired history professor from Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg. My father had just begun teaching at that time at Eastern Mennonite School. He and my mother were living in the home of her parents just south of Harrisonburg. During my first year of life they built their home near the School, northwest of Harrisonburg in a small Mennonite community called Park View.

As children my parents were very much concerned that we learn to know the Bible and the principles of the Mennonite Church. My mother read Bible story books to us at first and as we got a little older she read chapters of the Bible to us every night before we went to bed. Major emphases of their training were that we were to "love our enemies" and one of my early favorite Bible verses was from the Sermon on the Mount, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God".

Grade school was in a three-room building about a half mile from home which was the practice teaching school from Eastern Mennonite School, where they were training teachers at that time with a junior college program. I went on to Eastern Mennonite School for high school. I was rather late in maturing so I was very small; by the time I graduated from high school, two weeks after the age of 16, I had attained the height of five feet and the weight of about 100 lbs. At that time my father suggested that since he had not been able to begin high school until he was 19 years of age, he felt that I should wait to begin college until that time.

I worked for two and a half years in the family business which was growing flower plants and cut flowers as well as vegetable plants in the spring to help support the family, which included three younger brothers by this time. My mother ran the business which included greenhouses beside the outdoor beds for transplanting plants, while my father taught full time and worked at home at the same time. My father also was a Sunday School superintendent and Y.P.C.A. adviser for years. Most of my growing up years were spent at the congregation which met at Eastern Mennonite School.

When the war began in December, 1941, I was a senior in high school, not yet 16 years of age. I thought that it would probably be over before I would get to be of draft age. In World War I my father just escaped being taken to camp. When the Armistice was signed, he actually had his "number" and his date to be inducted into the service. He would certainly have been a conscientious objector. He was a serious student of Anabaptist history, and "Martyr's Mirror" was one book that he advised us boys to read.

As 1943 approached it became apparent that the war would not be over quickly. I worked for eight months on a farm, possibly 10 miles from home. There were "plenty of points" to keep me working there and secure deferment, but that was not to be.

Three months after I was 18 years of age I was on my way to Denison, Iowa for Civilian Public Service, spending eight months there. That fall while working on a soil conservation project, a man named Harvey Weirich came back to Denison from the Smoke Jumping unit. He was my foreman on the crew and was very graphic in describing the interesting experiences that he had in the Smoke Jumping unit; he planned to return there the following year. This activity was something that was very interesting to me since I had a great interest in flying. My father had given my brother and me money for a ride in an airplane when I was approximately 12 years of age. This was one of the old bi-plane open-cockpit type, and was really quite a thrill to me. I thought that if I could get into the Smoke Jumpers there would be enough danger involved that people might realize that I was serious about my stand against war and was not just a "yellow belly".

However, before my papers were sent in for the Smoke Jumping unit, a draft came up to send people to California for the fire season. I was sent to Camino, above Placerville. After a few days I saw a list posted on the board, of people who had been accepted by the Forest Service for the Smoke Jumpers unit. My name was on the list but I had not been notified, so I was not sure what to do about it.

I was sent out to a side camp to maintain trails until the fire season opened. On the fourth day there, approximately June 4, 1945, the Ranger came in and asked me, "Is your name Brunk?" I said, "Yes Sir, it is". He said, "Well, get your gear packed, they are going to make a smoke jumper out of you". I was quite thrilled and was taken back to the camp at Camino, and from there sent right on to Missoula, Montana. I arrived there for the training program of the second group of jumpers for that year. I am sure that training will be long remembered by all of us who went through it. One day we would have fire-fighting training and physical conditioning and the next day jump training, so that on alternate days over a period of two weeks we were very quickly worked into better physical condition and trained to jump out of airplanes, while learning to fight forest fires as well.

By the time we were finished with our training we had made seven practice jumps and felt confident that we could carry out our assignments on the fires that were bound to show up that summer. After the training program was completed we were sent out to work in the forest until the fire season would begin.

I was sent to Red Plume Lookout where I was to help the man who was the lookout for the summer. He was a Veteran Royal Air Force "tail gunner", by way of Canada, and had been in several airplane crashes, stating that he "would rather go in with a falling airplane than to jump out of it". He had numerous scars, one empty eye socket, and many skin graft patches among his tattoos to prove it.

As I carried water from the spring which was a half mile down the mountain from the lookout tower and reblazed trails that had become overgrown, I had a wide view of the surrounding Rockies. In the evenings I was reading a book of daily devotional readings, "Abundant Living" by E. Stanley Jones. Each day I also had my Bible reading program which had been instilled into me by my mother and encouraged by my father.

I came to a series that suggested that if I asked the Lord to send the Holy Spirit into my life, the Lord would do so. I asked the Lord to do this and felt that prayer was answered. Approximately two weeks later I received a letter from my mother in which she wrote that she had been praying for me and asking the Lord to send his Holy Spirit to empower me to live for Him and she had received assurance from the Lord that "He is in him". This confirmed my belief and has been a blessing and source of the leading of the Lord over the years.

While in the Smoke Jumpers, I had the privilege to help in the rescue of three men. The first was a man named Archie Keith who jumped with me into a small valley full of snags, just below a fire on top of a ridge. I was the only one who managed to get down onto the ground without hanging up on a snag or a tree. Archie jumped in the next pass after me, and as I looked up I saw him catch the top of a snag which was approximately 80 feet high. This broke off and threw him into a pile of brush and rocks. He hit the ground so fast, out of my sight, that I thought almost certainly he was killed. I was still trying to get loose from my harness when I heard him call or, as he said later, "scream". As quickly as I could I went to him to find that the tree actually had not hit him but that he had broken his leg. We splinted the leg and then made a stretcher with poles and our jump jackets, so we could carry Archie out of the area. We were 16 miles from the nearest road, and in a valley which was full of dead falls and tall snags. The brush was head-high and it was getting dark.

We left one boy by the fire. He was almost as young as I but very slender, possibly 25 pounds lighter than I was, and we really were not sure that he could make the trip out of the area, helping to carry Archie. The others that I remember were Carey Evans, Jim Mattocks, Al Theisen, and I think Johnny Johnson; I cannot remember the other man. I thought I knew until I checked with that man three years ago and he denies having been with us.

The way was so rough that Al and I would go ahead with Pulaskis and cut a way through the brush and the dead falls for possibly a hundred yards and then we would come back to the others and help them carry Archie. At the end of our cut we would stop and let them rest and Al and I would go ahead and cut another hundred yards or so of trail. This process went on all night and by 7 a.m., approximately 12 hours after we started, we were two miles below where we began and getting into more open woods. We found a trail which had not been maintained, with many dead falls across it, so the going was very tough. About 10 a.m. we met a pair of Forest Service men who were coming in to meet us, cutting the dead falls out of the trail with cross cut saws, and from there it began to be easier. By noon we had him down about seven miles from where we started and another crew of men, ten strong, were jumped into that small wilderness clearing by a small station. They carried him the rest of the way and the six of us who had carried him through the night were only expected to keep up as they went the remaining nine miles to the end of the road.

The second one that I helped to bring out was a man named Neilford Eller who had broken his back when his parachute partly hung up and

then came loose and he fell and struck a dead fall with his back. We needed to carry him approximately six miles.

One evening we jumped about dark for Oliver Huset who had hit a tree, the top had broken out and he had fallen, receiving a concussion. We carried him through quite a share of the night since it was about dark when we jumped. I am sure those of us who helped with this trip still remember it, but I don't think Oliver remembers much about it.

The Smoke Jumpers unit was closed in December, 1945. I had been out in the White Sulphur Springs area of Montana cruising timber with a crew from late September until mid December. I had considerable furlough time so was allowed to come home about Christmas time, 1945, for a ten day stay. On my arrival at home I found that my mother had developed severe myelocytic leukemia and was so ill that it was felt that I should not return to the Mid West. While I was at home I was transferred to Powelville, Maryland which was within six hours of home.

Here I worked clearing swamp for a while and found that this work --- being in the swamps in water up to above your knees in hip boots, in January with the temperature being about 30°, breaking ice to cut brush --- was much colder than cruising timber in Montana at 30° below zero. There the snow was dry and one could work all day without getting miserably cold or wet. After being at Powelville for about a month they informed me that I was one of the few men in the camp who had graduated from high school and they thought therefore that I could do the work in the government office. I worked in the office there for approximately five months before being transferred out to get into the cattle ship program.

I made one trip on the cattle ship with quite a number of my friends from the Smoke Jumpers. We traveled on the Mt. Whitney, the largest cattle ship that had sailed up to that time, with 1500 head of horses. David V. "Pete" Kauffman and his brother Norman, both of whom I had learned to know in the Smoke Jumpers and cruised timber with in Montana, were on the same ship.

When we got back to the states Pete and I were to be foremen on the next trip, but this had never been done before. Our director went to Washington to see if this could be worked out. After a couple days there with no report, I decided to go home to the Shenandoah Valley and Pete went with me. We arrived the day before "Freshman Days" began at Eastern Mennonite College and I believe my father suggested that we might take our G.E.D. tests the day after we got there, which we did and both of us did alright. We registered for college at E.M.C., having received our temporary discharges from Civilian Public Service on our arrival back in the states from Poland.

Interestingly, the day of registration one of the girls, in the family where we had stayed after we got off the ship, came to the college and said, "You fellas should have been in Newport News yesterday". When we asked "Why"?, she said, "They called up the crew for the Mt. Whitney and called your names to be the foremen of the crew". We had left our

names and address with the people in Newport News with express direction that they were to call us if we could do that. However, I believe it was of the Lord that we were not in Newport News that day to go back on that ship. The Lord himself only knows where we might have been had we not continued in college.

Eastern Mennonite College was just getting into its premedical training program and about two weeks after registration when classes were going well, I learned that what I had decided to take was a premedical course because I was interested in those subjects.

Shortly after the opening of school that year I met a girl who would share my life from that time on. We felt that the Lord led us to get married after my second year in college. My fiance' had decided to drop out of school that second year, at the end of the first semester, saying that she felt she would rather "work for us" than go on with her educational plans at that time. My mother was very ill by then and died in March, 1948. Thelma Ketterman and I were married in July, 1948, and have been tremendously blessed over the years.

We continued our premedical education at Eastern Mennonite College even though no one had ever gotten into medical school from that college directly. All had gone to other colleges for their final year before getting into professional school. I therefore made this a matter of prayer and asked the Lord to lead and guide, and if it was His will that I get into medical school, that He would make a place for me. I was the first one ever accepted directly from Eastern Mennonite College into medical school, though there were two others in my college class who were later accepted in that same year.

I went to the University of Virginia School of Medicine, Charlottesville, Virginia, and interned in a rotating internship at the same institution. I had made arrangements to go into obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Virginia when the draft board notified me that they were going to call me on July 1. As a "deferred registrant", they had me on the regular draft. As a physician, I could not be touched because I already had 27 months of service in Civilian Public Service. They insisted that "the farther we can send you from here, the happier we will be".

I secured employment at the Blue Ridge Sanatorium in Charlottesville, where I stayed for seven years instead of the two required by the draft. By that time we had four children and I could no longer think of going back for four more years of training.

During the time that I worked at the Sanatorium, the Charlottesville Mennonite Church was begun. Two other doctors in the area and I made the original request to the Virginia Conference for the privilege to begin the congregation; this was granted.

After seven years I returned to the University of Virginia for fellowship training in Internal Medicine. I had two years of training, one in cardiology and one in allergy and pulmonary disease, to complete my board eligibility requirements for Internal Medicine. I then served

a year in the Student Health Service at the University before going out into private practice.

We had been continuing to pray that the Lord would guide us in our practice plans. We felt that we should not return to our home community even though we had been away for 15 years. One night as I had been praying about this, it seemed that I could hear the Lord ask "what more can I have the Wines do for you to prove to you that I want you in Harrisonburg at this time". I had talked with both Drs. Wine about the possibility of practicing here. They were distant relatives of mine and the older Dr. Wine had delivered me when I was born. It seemed that the Lord and I had some dialogue through the night and each time I asked a question, he had an answer for me. In the morning when we woke I told my wife about the answer to where we were to go to practice. She said, "Well, we had better be about it then".

We returned to our home community in Harrisonburg, Virginia, to practice medicine with the two Drs. Wine, established physicians in the area. We believe that this was clearly the leading of the Lord and he has blessed us above our expectations over the last 25 years.

Our four children have grown up. One is still in this area, where he is part owner of a sheet-steel fabrication plumbing and heating business. He is married and has two children. The second is a nurse who is married to a chemical engineer who works for Merck, Sharp & Dome. They have four children and currently live in Pennsylvania while he works in Rahway, NJ. They are looking for a fifth child in September and for an assignment overseas to be responsible for building a new plant for Merck production in France. The third child, second son, lives in Florida with his wife and two children. He has a truck route, selling frozen sea food to restaurants and hotels in that area where he feels he can make a good living. The fourth child, third son, is a physician who is currently working in the Shiprock Navaho Hospital on an Indian reservation in Shiprock, New Mexico as a family practitioner. He is very much interested in inter-cultural relations and speaks, in addition to English, French and Creole; he is now learning Navaho.

We have had many interesting experiences as a family and have had some travel to other parts of the world. The oldest son and I went on an "Out Spoken" tour in Europe with Jan Gleysteen, reviewing Anabaptist history. We rode bicycles through part of the Netherlands and Western Germany and then Switzerland, visiting locations that were spoken of in the "Martyr's Mirror", reviewing events from the years between 1525 and 1595. My wife and I also went with Myron Augusburger through a similar tour prior to the Mennonite World Conference in 1984. We were inspired by the Oberammergau Passion Play that year, which was the 350th anniversary of the beginning of that program. It certainly gave us a new insight into what Christ went through for us.

Since 1962 I have been a member of the Gideons International, an extended arm of the church. I have served on many different boards in addition to the practice of medicine over the years. These included the Board of Trustees of Eastern Mennonite College for eight years and

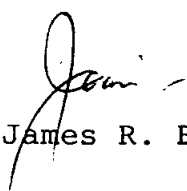
the National Ski Patrol. In that responsibility I was the medical advisor of the Southern Appalachian area of the Eastern Region of the National Ski Patrol for the last three years that I served there. I was given credit for ten years of service with that organization. Other areas of service included the Board of Youth for Christ, the Blue Ridge Lung Association, and for seven years was a member of the Executive Committee of Rockingham Memorial Hospital, being Chief of Staff for one year.

During the last 14 years I have been learning to do water color paintings. When I was a child my grandfather taught me to draw. He was an artist and could draw well, and lived in my home for five years after the death of my grandmother. Other hobbies are enjoyed, which include stamp collecting, hunting, photography, etc. Needless to say, my work interferes with my hobbies in a very definite way.

At this point in my life I am for the first time practicing solo Internal Medicine, so that my days are very long. I do exchange with two other doctors on weekends so that we work one weekend out of three, and have two weekends off. This makes it a bit more tolerable than it was for a number of months. I am looking for another partner to share in this work, one that I can eventually leave the practice to after a few more years.

We have finally gotten our children all through their education and are in our fourth year out of the last 30 years in which we have not been paying tuition somewhere. We have been blessed of the Lord in a very wonderful way with good health and a wonderful family.

I still read my Lord's word each day as my mother and father taught me, and believe that the way that we have gone has been the way that the Lord would have us to go. I appreciate the privilege of contributing to this manuscript.


James R. Brunk, M. D.

1211 Woodcrest Circle
Harrisonburg, VA 22801

Benjamin W. Case

Shelter Island to Missoula

1127 Jackson Street
Missoula, MT 59802

My parents, Benjamin and Anna Case, were born and raised at Shelter Island, New York, their ancestors having settled in eastern Long Island and New England in the mid 1600s, early settlers from England. These early ancestors were farmers, seafarers, baymen, or fishermen. Some were active on the whaling ships of the 1800s.

Shelter Island is located between the north and south forks of Long Island, approximately ninety miles from New York City. It measures about four miles north to south and seven miles east to west, and the distance around by water is 33 miles. There are probably several hundred miles of shoreline due to numerous inlets, harbors, and bays. Shelter Island is a summer resort occupied from Memorial Day through Labor Day each year by "off Islanders" who have built second homes and summer estates there. These people number in the thousands and come mostly from New York City and eastern New Jersey. The native population when I was growing up there was about 1200, so called "year 'rounders." Many natives have made their living as caretakers and maintenance workers on these estates, as well as operators of businesses which cater to tourists, such as hotels, motels, restaurants, marinas, etc.

I was born in Greenport, New York, across the bay from the Island, on July 22, 1918. Greenport is a larger town and has the nearest hospital. There is many a tale told of getting the ferry crews out in the middle of the night in order to race the stork, and also to meet other emergencies. These same situations arise today, but there are resident doctors now when in earlier times sometimes there were none.

At this time, my father was part-time caretaker and part-time boat captain for Mr. Artemus Ward, who owned an estate on the Island. We lived in a tenant house provided by Mr. Ward, and this is where my first memories begin. I can remember watching them thresh wheat, riding on a crawler tractor with one Jim Smith, who was another of Ward's employees, feeding dead mice to a crippled hawk we had caged, and sliding down a bank on a sled during the winter. We had no car at the time and depended on relatives or a taxi to get around. Otherwise we walked--my father walked to work.

I don't know what happened to the job at Ward's, but in the winter of 1922, we moved to Greenport when my father was employed painting grain conveyers at the nearby town of Peconic. He commuted daily on the Long Island Railroad. This arrangement didn't last very long, however. Soon we were back on Shelter Island where my father took a job on the ferry. He had a master's license so was able to

participate where passengers were carried for hire. These jobs on the ferry were, and still are, considered with favor since they pay well and usually are permanent.

My brother, George, was born in April 1923 while we were still in Greenport, and perhaps this is one of the reasons the family moved there earlier. George was also a smokejumper, and after CPS moved to Missoula where he lived from 1947 to 1978. Subsequently he moved to Phoenix, Arizona, where he passed away in February 1990, leaving his wife of 47 years, two sons, a daughter, and 12 grandchildren.

After returning to Shelter Island, my parents purchased a house near the bay where we grew up and spent our early years. For some reason, my father left the ferry and took a position as boat captain and caretaker for one Burr A. Towl, an official with Standard Oil of New Jersey, who had an estate on the Island. The boat, named the "BAT," taken from Towl's initials, was a 32-foot cabin cruiser with berths for six, galley, head, etc. Each fall when the Towls had moved back to the City, our family was allowed to take a cruise on the "BAT," much to everyone's enjoyment. This job lasted until about 1932 when the Depression hit hard, and many of these more affluent people had to cut back on their outside help. About this time, my father was diagnosed with rheumatoid arthritis and eventually was quite incapacitated. From then on, he had to take part-time jobs when able, such as chauffeuring, house painting, and caretaking. My mother also worked as a practical nurse, caring for elderly people who needed help.

My memories of early schooling are not very vivid--I guess because not many unusual things were happening. At that time, school was considered important business, and we tried to pay attention and get good marks. Most to and from was on foot or on a bicycle. In extremely bad weather, we either remained at home or bucked the drifts with whatever vehicle the parents had at the time.

Since we lived close to the bay, our summers were spent with water activities such as swimming, catching clams, crabs, and fish, and playing with our boats. We always had a rowboat, "sharpie," as they were called, and when a little older had an outboard for power. Some were rigged with a sail also. Beach parties were many and well attended when the weather permitted. In the winter, there was plenty of ice skating, and some years when cold enough, ice boats were brought out for perhaps a month or two.

With the advent of high school, most of the above listed "fun" activities were continued, and a few more were added. There was basketball, track, soccer, baseball, and table tennis, as school activities. Since the Island was quite isolated, much of this was intramural in nature, though there were county leagues for most of the sports. In winter, sometimes it was doubtful if you could meet all the schedules due to whims of nature and unpredictable ferry service. All the students were encouraged to take part in something. Among my favorites was throwing the discus, table tennis, and for two seasons I was appointed timekeeper for the varsity basketball team.

I did play intramural basketball, also. In addition, as teenagers, we were encouraged to attend dances at school, take part in the school plays, and help raise money for the annual senior class trip to Washington D.C. House parties were a regular part of the winter routine.

My courses in high school were mostly academic, and I did well in science, math, and bookkeeping. English and foreign language were not my favorites. I did, however, manage to obtain a College Entrance Diploma, which meant my grades on average were high enough that I need not take entrance exams in New York State.

Through the early years, my sights were set on a career in aviation, but in those days my parents considered flyers to be rather hairbrained, so I didn't get much encouragement from them, and I understood that. In the meantime, we considered diesel school, the Coast Guard, and Merchant Marines. During the summers, most of us started out as caddies at the local golf club and earned maybe \$125 for the season. From there, I worked variously for a landscape firm, a truck farmer, helped crew a swordfish boat on weekends, and finally the best paying of all was waiting tables at a small night club--no salary--just tips. However, with my parents not working full-time, we could not reserve enough funds for aviation school, so decided on business instead.

In the fall of 1937, I packed my things and departed for Brooklyn, where I had enrolled in Browne's Business College. Most of the high school graduates considered Shelter Island "dead," as it certainly was in the winter. It was still depressed, and there was little to do in the line of work. Consequently, it was the "big thing" to get out and down to the city where things were really hopping! A couple of my former classmates were also going to Browne's and others to schools nearby. We could often get together for parties and such.

After completing the courses at Browne's, majoring in accounting, in June of 1938 I placed applications around with various firms but had to return to the Island for the summer because nothing was forth-coming immediately. I went back to the night club and took up my old duties waiting on tables. Around the end of August, a call came from the Brooklyn Union Gas Company in response to one of my applications, saying they had an opening for an office boy if I was interested. There began my business career in the field of statistics and accounting which lasted until 1983 when I retired. This was with the exception of the period from 1942 until 1945 while I was in CPS.

At the gas company, I advanced from office boy to duplicating machine operator to production statistician at the coke oven plant in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. It was during this period that I met and married Joan M. Howard to whom I was introduced by one of my co-workers. Our first date was a skating party at the former site of the 1939 World's Fair, followed by the movie "Gone with the Wind." We were married in July 1941 by the Presbyterian minister at Shelter

Island, with our immediate families and a few friends in attendance. We lived in a walk-up apartment in Brooklyn Heights until I was drafted in November of 1942. Joan was employed as a secretary in an insurance office nearby.

My parents and their ancestors were mostly Presbyterians. I don't know how, but in the late 1920s and early 1930s, some of my father's brothers and sisters (there were 10 of them) started studying with the Jehovah's Witnesses, and my parents became converts. As a result, my brother and I were exposed to many visits and meetings with this group. Speaking for myself, and I think of George too, even though we did not necessarily hold with all their beliefs and did not actively preach with them, enough of their philosophy rubbed off to convince us that war was wrong and that we could not participate in it. As a matter of fact, it is my personal feeling that if people followed the teachings of almost any religion, they would come to the same conclusions. That is why I had decided to seek alternative service from the military. I think I could have accepted some form of humane non-combat service if there were no other choice. In any event, my local draft board would not give me the deferred classification, and I had to go through the appeals process to obtain it and eventually was assigned to Civilian Public Service.

My first assignment was to the camp in Powellville, Maryland, where the U.S. Soil Conservation Service had a land drainage project under way. The area is very flat without much grade, so the idea was to practically build a river through the swamp lands so that adjacent farm land could be better utilized. I thought this project was more of local than national importance, though it was not for us to choose. There was much clearing of trees, burning of brush, blasting of stumps, hauling away of logs, and grading of ditches. Almost immediately after arrival, my assignment was to the dynamite crew, where I eventually became crew leader. Later on, I took an interest in the big cats (crawler tractors), hauled away many logs, and pulled the graders.

It was my impression that this camp was well run by the American Friends Service Committee, and the government supervisors were understanding. There were a few arguments over philosophy, but nothing serious that can be recalled.

I guess the spirit of adventure strikes us all at some time, so when George came to me one day and said there was a notice about smokejumping on the bulletin board, it seemed like a chance to break the routine and see something new. George had been sent to Powellville about six months after I was and had been driving tractors, too. We agreed quite soon to apply and were selected along with about six others from the camp. We arrived in Missoula early in May of 1944 and were sent to Camp Menard at Nine Mile for training.

Actually, coming to Montana proved refreshing in many ways. Everything represented a change. Not having been far from the relatively flat East Coast previously, the mountains presented a

great contrast--the vastness of it all, white snow-capped mountains never seen before, dry, clear atmosphere compared to heat and humidity in New York and Maryland. After a year-and-a-half at Powellville, the work and routine had become rather humdrum. Here, everything we did was new. The campers even seemed different in their attitude and outlook, perhaps because everyone was here because he wanted to be--a volunteer. The training was rigorous but a challenge. Having been doing outside work, I personally felt I was in good shape physically, but after a few hikes, runs around camp, and a session or two on the torture stakes and the obstacle course, all my muscles took notice of the strenuous activity.

During that first season, I remember working variously on wood procurement, haying, and finally being assigned to the saw shop where I filed crosscuts and sharpened sickle bars for the moving machines. Someone loaned me a radio so I could listen to soap operas and news all day. There was only one station available then. I jumped eleven times that year, seven training, one refresher, and three fires. After the fire season, I transferred back to Powellville, thinking to reapply next spring.

I had been back in Maryland only for about two weeks when the American Friends Service Committee announced that they were turning the camp over to the Mennonites and that everyone presently there would be transferred. So by Thanksgiving, I was headed for the far West Coast to Elkton, Oregon. In the meantime, however, quite a few of the campers showed interest in smokejumping, and I believe I was able to recruit several prospects for the coming season.

The winter was spent at Big Creek side camp out of Elkton where the project was road building, crushing rock, and resurfacing. My experience with dynamite and tractors proved a help here, and it was easy to fall in with that type of work. In the spring, however, I reapplied and was transferred back to Nine Mile for the 1945 season. It was nice to find that some of the fellows from Powellville were there, too.

After refresher training, Lloyd King and I volunteered to take a patrol in the Continental Divide area, drop off some cargo at Red Plume Lookout, then stop and dig the hole for burying a fuel tank on the airstrip at Spotted Bear. The drop at Red Plume was a disaster. It was a fiber box about 20 inches square, bound with rope, had a letter taped to the top and was attached to one of the smaller eight-foot cargo chutes. I kicked it out the door on the signal, looked back, and couldn't see a thing--no chute. We circled around and saw the lookout standing with his hands on his hips looking into the canyon which dropped off sharply just north of the tower. Upon arrival at Spotted Bear, we called the lookout to see what had happened, and he said the chute had just streamed, the box hit the top of a snag and disintegrated, falling into the canyon. I asked him if he recovered anything, and he said "two lettuce leaves and a piece of the parachute. Tell Shaw (the District Ranger) to send me some snoose!", and he hung up.

One other rather amusing remark comes to mind. Soon after returning from Spotted Bear, we jumped on a fire in the Cabinet Mountains, according to my records on Beatrice Creek. We collected all our gear and cached it on a grassy knoll in what appeared to be a safe place. However, it was a very windy afternoon, and somehow the fire turned and eventually burned everything except what we were carrying. Our jumping gear, parachutes, extra tools, and all the rations were destroyed. After the fire was mostly taken care of, near evening we returned to the site of the "camp" and found a couple of smoke chasers who had arrived on foot and one who had managed to salvage a carton of melba toast. We were sitting around contemplating our plight, munching the toast and drinking water from our canteens when the smoke chaser commented with a rather wry expression, "if I eat many more of these things, I'll be able to fly one of those parachutes, too!" Anyway, a pack string arrived the next morning, and the jumpers came out, leaving the mop-up to a ground crew.

The fire season in 1945 was rather severe, and as a result, I had five more fire jumps before it wound down, making a total of eight for the season. In addition, due to quick turn-around, most of my off time was spent at Nine Mile or Missoula, and I was able to fulfill my long ambition of learning to fly. Living at the Sigma Chi house, when stand-by time ran out, it was easy to go out to Hale Field and get in a half-hour lesson before dark. Jerry Verhelst, one of Johnson's pilots, was my favorite instructor and seemed to take a real interest in my progress. Later on, Dick Weaver came with the camp's club Taylorcraft, and I flew it quite a bit toward the end of summer. Jerry Verhelst was killed in a Northwest Airlines crash near Butte in 1949--at the time he was working for the Montana Aeronautics Commission.

Looking back, the time spent at CPS 103 provided experiences available to only a few. I felt that the project was worthwhile and enjoyed the company of the other campers as well as that of the squad leaders. I managed to see places that many would never see, like the spectacular Needle Falls on the White River in the Bob Marshall Wilderness, the Crags in the Bitterroot, the Salmon River country, and Mackay Bar landing strip where only the most skilled mountain pilots would dare to fly.

In the fall, I was transferred back East to Big Flats, New York, where the Forest Service had a nursery project. This camp was soon turned over to the government by the Friends, and I was released in April of 1946.

Back in Brooklyn, the Gas Company informed me that my prior position had been filled, and they had nothing available for me at that time, so I went to the agencies and obtained a job with a public accounting firm in Wall Street. This didn't appear to have much future, and after a few months, I went looking again, coming up with an accounting position with a firm that engaged in submetering of electricity, providing service, billing, and collecting for many buildings throughout the City. This was a good position, but like

the prior one, did not appear to provide much for the future, either. In the meantime, our first daughter, Susan, was born. Housing was really tight at that time, though we finally were able to find a one-bedroom apartment in the Bronx, a one-and-a-half hour commute to my job downtown.

Ed Christopherson, another ex-smokejumper, and his wife, Joan, also lived in the City, and we visited back and forth quite frequently. They had a baby girl, also. Much of our talk at these visits concerned our experiences in Montana, and Ed said they were considering moving back to Missoula. By this time, my brother, George, had decided it was a good idea and had already made the move, having spent the time since his release working as a carpenter for his father-in-law who was a contractor. My immediate thought was that it would be financially impossible for us to move the family and three rooms of furniture at that time. Ed said, "Why don't you buy a truck?" After considerable planning and exploration of the possibilities, that's exactly what we finally did. One of my uncles knew of a man who dealt in surplus government vehicles, so we picked up a Chevrolet with low mileage and in apparent good condition. It was the same as those used by the Forest Service for hauling men and materials, with a metal box and bows and canvas for a cover. My father built up the sides about a foot and built a bulkhead in the front with boards to make it watertight. A real covered wagon. Around the first of August 1949 we loaded up and headed West.

The truck we had selected proved to be a good one. It had two tanks with a capacity of 50 gallons of fuel which gave us a good range. Oil consumption was about nil. The fact that the speed and mileage was calibrated in kilometers was somewhat disconcerting--upon looking down and seeing an indication of 85 speed--and at the end of each day trying to figure out how far we had traveled in miles. Our only problems involved a broken fan belt the first day out and a flat tire (inside dual, of course) the second day, necessitating the purchase of a new tube. Otherwise everything went fine. I had built a booster for Susan's seat so when she sat in the middle, she could see over the dash. We had also installed a second hand car radio for news and entertainment. A friend had contributed an outside visor for the windshield to cut down on the glare, and it proved quite satisfactory. Our greatest discomfort came through the midwest, especially in Nebraska, during the afternoons when it was so hot we had to find a shady spot to park and proceed later in the evening after it had cooled off. On the last afternoon, it was a great relief when we crested McDonald Pass west of Helena and encountered a cool northwest breeze and practically coasted into Missoula. George met us and guided us to his house where we spent a few days before getting settled. The trip had taken nine days, sort of an adventure in itself. Subsequently, as originally planned, we sold the truck for enough more than the cost to absorb the expenses so that the entire trip cost less than \$100. Thanks, Ed.

Soon after arrival in Missoula, I found a job as production clerk in a dairy firm which manufactured products such as butter, ice cream, cottage and cheddar cheese, and sold a wide variety of other

grocery items. Promotions finally led to accountant and office manager until I resigned in 1967 for a better position in another firm which also produced Grade A products such as bottled milk. In 1976 I resigned from this firm for an even better position as Chief Accountant for a trucking company hauling freight nationwide. Part of the reason for making these changes was due to the fact that milk producers in western Montana were having an increasingly difficult time making ends meet, the young people were leaving the farms, and the old-timers were dying off. Both of the dairy plants subsequently closed due to competition and decline in milk availability. I remained with the trucking firm until reaching retirement age of 65 in 1983. During most of this period, Joan was employed as a secretary in an insurance office and did a stint with the U.S. Forest Service and Bureau of Public Roads. We had a second daughter, Gloria, who was born in 1956. After renting for 10 years, in January 1959 we purchased the house where we now live.

The girls attended elementary and high school here, and Susan went on to graduate from the University with a degree in home economics. In 1968 she married Larry Sperry. They later moved to Billings, purchased a home, and are raising two teenaged sons. After high school Gloria tried nursing school and the University but, having been introduced to the banking business through the Deca program in school, decided she preferred working to further education at that time. In 1977 she and Nolan Malstrom were married. They soon moved to Helena where they built a home and are rearing four daughters and a son.

Our other activities--fishing, hunting, picnics, camping, skating, and skiing--are all easy to do in western Montana. Through the years we participated in all of these, more of some than the others. I was fortunate to be able to make pack trips into the Bob Marshall Wilderness with a business associate who had horses and tack. I also obtained my private pilot's license and flew many hours for practice and pleasure, with family and friends, and also managed to slip in a few business trips.

When we moved west in 1949, since George was already here, we considered having our parents moved here also, but that didn't work out. They came and tried, but their roots were too deep in the East, and they remained at Shelter Island except for visits. This made it possible for us to vacation there, so we made several trips by car. Being addicted to salt water from earlier days, we also vacationed on the Washington and Oregon coasts at times.

In 1955 Joan and I were introduced to square and round dancing by some friends. We became entrenched firmly enough that during the next 28-30 years, we participated at least one night per week, and often more. As soon as the girls were teenagers they also danced, so it was a good family activity. Modern western square dancing is the same all over, enabling us to plan other vacations to coincide with special events such as National and State Conventions around the country. Eventually we danced in all the western states, Canada, Florida, and Hawaii, sometimes taking one or both the girls with us.

For people who did mostly desk work, this dancing provided a good recreational activity.

Along with retirement came the elimination or curtailment of some of the former activities, and we spend most of our time around home. There is quite a bit to be done in maintenance of the house and grounds, with time for an occasional fishing trip or a round of golf thrown in. Our special enjoyment comes from visits with the children and grandchildren, either at our place or theirs, and following the courses of their lives.

In review, I feel we have had a fairly comfortable life, without too many ups and downs. Given the same circumstances, if it were to be done over, I don't think there would be many changes to be made.

GEORGE C. CASE, 1923 to 1990.

George died on Sunday, February 18, 1990.

His obituary was in the Missoulian on February 23.

George C. Case

PHOENIX, Ariz. — Former Missoula resident George C. Case, 66, died of heart failure Sunday, Feb. 18, at his home in Phoenix.

He was born April 4, 1923, in Greenport, N.Y., to Benjamin M. and Anna W. Case. He was raised and educated at Shelter Island, N.Y., where he participated in high-school basketball and played trombone in the school and town bands.

On July 26, 1942, he married Mary Elizabeth "Betty" Hallock at Shelter Island.

Mr. Case first came to Missoula in 1944 as a smoke jumper for the U.S. Forest Service. He then worked for Florence Laundry Co., the Kraabel and T&W Chevrolet dealerships and as manager of Medicine Hot Springs Resort near Darby before moving to Phoenix in 1978. While in Phoenix he operated a laundromat until his retirement.

In Missoula, Mr. Case was active with Cub Scouts of America and Little League baseball and sang with the Mendelssohn Club. He also enjoyed boating and fishing.

After retiring, he enjoyed creating panoramic scenes out of lath and plywood. He also helped coach children's athletic teams and spent much time with his grandchildren.

Survivors include his wife, Phoenix; two sons, Clinton H. and Robert B., both of Phoenix; a daughter, Ruthanne Nelson, Phoenix; a brother, Benjamin W., Missoula; 12 grandchildren and many other relatives.

Cremation has taken place. Mr. Case had requested that no services be held.

Catherine Harder Crocker-Herbert F. Crocker

I will incorporate Herb's history with mine, as our lives were intertwined for nearly forty years. Catherine

I was born into a General Conference Mennonite home in Newton, Kansas in August of 1919, becoming the oldest of five children. Our grandparents had emigrated from Russia and Germany for religious freedom. I spoke only German when I entered grade school, but recall no difficulties - perhaps because the teacher and many students also spoke German - but supposedly not in school. When I entered fifth grade, I was considered mature enough to drive an aged, blind horse, hitched to a buggy, three miles to and from school. This became very scary when we met the noisy road grader. The men always stopped the machine, and we all got out of the buggy, but even so, the frightened horse reared in fright as I led him past the machine. My younger brother, sister and I then resumed our trip.

When I was about eight years old, we were taken along to the local hospital, where our parents visited a relative, when I saw my first "real" nurse. Being greatly impressed with the white shoes and hose, I decided then and there that I too would become a nurse. This goal stayed with me as I struggled to get a high school education, necessary for that goal. It was not that the classes were that difficult - it was the clothing and transportation that was a problem during the early post-depression years. This meant, among other things, wearing clothes that were clean and sensible, but not "in", often driving to and from high school five miles with horse and buggy; even riding my brother's bike at times. I was vaguely aware of my parents' sacrifice, a little hard to spot with the usual Mennonite frugality. I did graduate after four years, but my parents wanted me to work at home and on the farm until I was 21, before entering nurse's training.

I was accepted into Bethel Deaconess Hospital School of Nursing, located in Newton, Kansas in 1941. I soon found that there was more to nursing than to wear white hose and shoes! This was during WWII - antibiotics were just beginning to be commonly used. There were no disposable supplies, which meant that we cleaned and sterilized laboratory and surgical equipment, sharpened hypodermic needles, patched rubber gloves, made Q-tips, pill trays, and folded newspapers into pockets for disposal of little squares of old, soft sheets, as there were no Kleenex type tissues. Student nurses, besides receiving classroom and bedside nursing instruction, did much of the work now done by nursing assistants and housekeeping department staff. The hours were long and grueling, but there also were times of singing, skits, candy making and long walks, as well as religious services, with the Advent and Christmas observances being especially memorable.

During this time, my family moved from Kansas to another Mennonite community in southeastern Idaho, where I also went after my graduation in 1943. There I worked in a 25 bed hospital, my first real position. I was paid \$90.00 per month, plus laundry, room and board. This was really great pay, as I had known young R.N.'s making \$45.00 a month during my senior affiliation. But I was rather restless there, and when I received a letter from the Mennonite Central Committee inviting me to consider a position as a camp nurse in the Civilian Public Service (CPS), I agreed to be interviewed, and in the spring of 1944, I went to Missoula, Montana to become the camp nurse for #103, at a salary of \$45.00 per month plus room, board and medical care. I was kept fairly busy during the jumper training season, with sprains, blisters, giving Rocky Mountain

Spotted Fever "shots", as well as scheduling clinic visits for dental and routine checkups. There were some serious injuries either on fire jumps or while the jumpers were working making hay, which needed to be transported to the local hospitals. At times, I was the unofficial hostess to the church dignitaries that visited, or helped assemble the Static Line, the camp paper. But the most important of all, I met the jumper, Herb Crocker, who was to become my husband in the fall of 1945.

Herbert F. Crocker was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota in July of 1918, and went through the local school system. He was active in the Congregational Church. Taking the teachings of Jesus seriously, he felt he could not be part of the military system, rapidly accelerating with our entrance into WWII. He was classified as a Conscientious Objector, and entered CPS in the spring of '42. He was unable to complete the spring quarter (I forget which year it was for him) at the University of Minnesota due to the sudden death of his brother. He was unable to contact the draft board to get a short deferment. He was in CPS for four years - three spent in the Smoke Jumper Unit. Herb really enjoyed the short exhilaration of the jumps, willing to put in exhausting hours fire-fighting, as well as hard hours in preparation. When not engaged in these activities, everyone was busy with everyday realities of putting up hay at the Remount Station, planting trees or procuring firewood for stoves in kitchen, washhouse and dormitories.

After Herb's release in the spring of '46, we came to Minneapolis to live in Herb's home town. Unable to resume his studies, he became a construction laborer, then a carpenter. I worked for a short time in a local hospital, then before our second child was born, we moved out into a rural area of the Twin Cities, and became very involved in gardening, raising bees, chickens, rabbits and ducks, as well as building our own home. I did not work in nursing for 17 years.

Starting in the 50's, we went to peace marches and rallies with our children. Over the years, Herb made thousands of political lawn signs, and tried to enlighten his union brothers about the futility of the arms race; later about what was really happening in Vietnam. During the two week time when S.S. registration was again initiated, Herb, almost single-handedly, picketed the local post office, advising young men of alternatives to registering, to the anger of the local VFW, some of whom became verbally abusive. Soon there was a great show of local patriotism when the U.S. flags, usually displayed from the street light poles during national holidays, were displayed daily. The merchants who did not have flags soon had their own brand new ones, displayed at their place of business. It is not known if any of this made any difference one way or other.

Besides being a homemaker, I taught First Day School, and was a Den Mother in Cub Scouts, as well as keeping track of our five children. As a family, we were for a time involved in an intentional community, which did not really work out, but it did provide many happy hours of fun and fellowship for our family with like-minded families.

Catherine Harder Crocker-Herbert F. Crocker
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We had three sons born to us, and had adopted an Indian brother and sister, which brought a new dimension into our lives. Though we had not emphasized pacifism in our childrens' upbringing, we were pleased, but also frightened by the accompanying turmoil it brought into our collective lives when our three older sons became deeply involved in the Vietnam War protests. The oldest went to Canada, the second spent 18 months in a Federal prison for refusing induction; and the third refused to register, doing alternative service locally.

By then I had re-entered the nursing profession, finding a great many changes, but TLC was still important. Somewhere about then, though we did not know it, the beginning of Herb's blood cancer, Macroglobulinemia was taking hold, and later he was forced to take early retirement. But we were able to take many trips, mostly through western states and once to Alaska. Many couples claim a special song as "theirs" - we had a mountain, Squaw Peak near Missoula, which we climbed a number of times - the last time after the '83 CPS reunion. Herb died at home in the spring of '86. I was able to care for him here, with some help.

While in CPS, we first became acquainted with the Religious Society of Friends, later becoming members in the Minneapolis Meeting. During the early part of Herb's illness, when local Friends met to offer their love and support as the illness ran its course, Herb felt that such a community be available to all who might need it, thus helping to catalyze the formation of the St. Croix Valley Friends Meeting, which is slowly growing.

After exploring some alternatives, we finally worked out a mutually satisfying arrangement so that I can stay in a newly created apartment in my home, and our second son and his family live in the main part, taking care of the yard and garden. I have really slowed down in my activities, but continue active in our little Meeting, and do respite care weekly, staying in a home so that the primary care giver of a patient needing much care can leave for a bit. I had a small stroke in the fall of '89, but recovered almost completely.

As to honors and awards, the construction industry and labor organizations are not known for such recognition to the rank and file members. Though I was a good bedside nurse, that too did not bring about awards and honors. But my non-alcoholic, potluck retirement celebration was acknowledged by all as the most unusual, largest and "best ever"!

We both believed that our lives did make a difference in the community, in that we tried to lead our lives consistent to the teachings of Jesus.

April, 1990

Catherine Crocker
5093 Keats Ave. N.
Lake Elmo, MN 55042

DANIEL A. DEAL 1911-1983
by Mary Joseph and Frances Deal

Daniel Deal was born June 8, 1911 near the village of New Enterprise, Pa. (Bedford County), the fourth son, seventh child of a family of eight. Parents were in their early forties and lived at that time on a farm where they did general farming including an apple orchard. We spoke Pennsylvania Dutch in our home; many of our neighbors did too. We attended the Church of the Brethren in New Enterprise. It was largely a farming community, and later became an apple-growing area.

In 1920 we migrated to Onkama Michigan where we lived in much the same kind of area, mainly the growing of fruit, especially red tart cherries and grapes, but we were the only family who spoke Dutch. We attended a village school with 12 grades all in one large building; and, for the most part, had excellent teachers. We lived only a short distance, 1 mile, from school, so always walked. Dan sang in the high school chorus and enjoyed playing drums in the band. He later learned the guitar and played and sang. He played forward on the basketball team (first team) and earned a sports letter. Many fads such as Marathon dances etc. were prevalent but Dan did not engage in these. Summer jobs were mostly picking fruit. Also, because we lived in a resort area near Portage Lake Dan worked at odd jobs for "summer people". His hobbies were fishing and hunting. Our principal recreation in the summer was swimming, beach parties at Lake Michigan, big 4th. of July church picnics, and neighborhood games. Wintertime recreation was skiing (home made skis), sledding, hiking, etc. Our Brethren church had a strong youth group; Dan was president, and also a member of the Michigan Brethren Young People's Dept., the District Cabinet in 1932. We went to church every Sunday, twice; had a dedicated pastor who stayed with us forty years; gave us a good base of Bible knowledge. Also our parents were interested in our spiritual welfare. Our mother read to us a lot, as children. Our family took part in a Community Club which included ministers, a newspaper editor, several college professors, local farmers, and many interesting visitors such as Paul Harris, founder of Rotary. This helped to broaden our interests outside the family circle. After Dan graduated from high school he worked on a large farm complex, Lakeview Orchards. Later he worked in a feed store in the village.

(The preceding was written by Mary Deal Joseph, Dan's sister.
The following is written by Frances Taylor Deal, Dan's wife.)

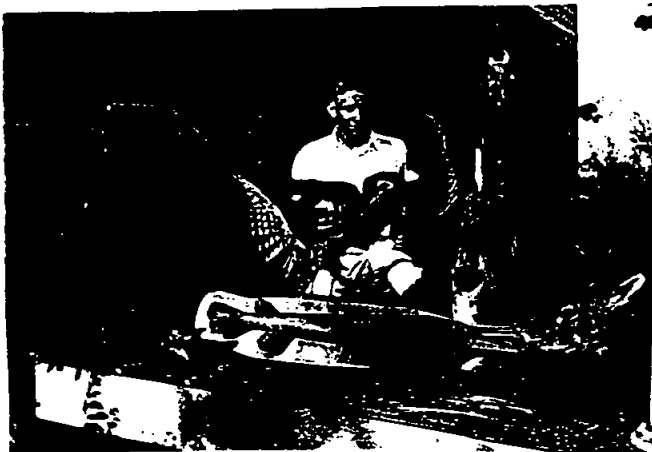
Desiring to obey Jesus' teachings in Matthew chapters 5,6,7 and passages in Mark, Luke and John, Dan became a conscientious objector to war. On June 10, 1942 he entered Civilian Public Service and served in the following camps:

FS #30, Walhalla Michigan
FS #103, Missoula Montana
FS #42, Wellston Michigan

The men planted forests, built bridges etc. Most of Dan's time was spent in Montana. The men who were trained at Camp Nine Mile

helped to pioneer Smoke Jumping which continues to be an important way to fight forest fires. Those trained at camp #103 fought fires in Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon.

One of Dan's hobbies before CPS was taxidermy. That came in handy when some of the CPS men went on a mountain goat hunt.



1933



In 1943 I was a student at Montana State University. My friends and I attended the Wesley Sunday evening youth meetings at the Methodist church in Missoula. Dan and several other CPS men attended those meetings too. I was teaching school at Ronan Montana when Dan and I were married November 24, 1945. I stayed in Montana when Dan was transferred to Wellston Michigan before his discharge from CPS on February 27, 1946. When my school teaching year ended Dan went to Montana to get me. We arrived in Onekama on June 1, 1946.

Soon Dan and his brother, Howard, bought the Onekama feed store. We named it Square Deal Farm Store. They owned and operated it until 1975. They also had a chicken house for over 10,000 laying hens from 1966-1975. (I became experienced at gathering eggs fast!) Dan was a school bus driver for many years, both before and after CPS Days.

Dan helped to rebuild the Onekama Church of the Brethren church building which burned in February 1946. He also helped to build our house. Dan was a deacon in the church. He sang in the choir in the 1950's. He taught Sunday School for many years. Not only did he teach the Bible, but he took the children on hikes and trips. He was a Summer Camp Counselor at Camp Brethren Heights several times. Dan was a counselor at a Billy Graham film shown in Manistee when he was on the Youth For Christ board. Our family attended Youth For Christ meetings in the 1960's in Manistee and Mason counties. As a

result of those meetings some of us received Jesus Christ. Eventually all of us received Jesus. In the 1970's The Church of the Brethren was one of the many Christian denominations in which individual Bible believers received the baptism of The Holy Spirit. Each one of us in our family asked Jesus to baptize us with The Holy Spirit and we have enjoyed full gospel meetings with many groups of Christians, including Church of the Brethren Holy Spirit Conferences.

Dan helped with Church of the Brethren Disaster Relief. In 1978 he helped clean up and repair flood damage in Pineville, Kentucky. In Ft. Wayne Indiana he helped after a flood in 1982.

Throughout the years Dan took part in some Onekama and Manis-tee County activities: County Fair Board, County Farm Bureau, Onekama Zoning Board etc. Dan and other members of his Farm Bureau group made many prize-winning farm displays for the County Fair.

Dan enjoyed woodworking, and liked to make things for our grandchildren. He surely enjoyed planting and caring for large vegetable gardens! (All of our children enjoy gardening today.) Also, on our seven acres Dan raised black raspberries, five kinds of cherries, peaches, blueberries, pears, apples, grapes. At this writing (1990) some of these fruit trees and bushes still yield enough fruit for me to can and freeze for winter.

Our family enjoyed several trips. Visited in my home area, Lonepine, Camas-Hot Springs Montana. Visited some of my friends and Dan's relatives in Washington and Idaho. We took a few trips to visit Dan's relatives in Pennsylvania. In later years Dan and I traveled to visit our children who have lived at different times in several states: Texas, California, Washington, Mississippi, Louisiana, and of course we enjoyed the trips to the CPS reunions in 1973, '78, and '83.

In later years Dan became interested in collecting gem stones and other rocks. He made our fireplace. When we traveled to the CPS reunions we also dug for sapphire in Montana and opal in Idaho.

Dan enjoyed hiking. In 1976 he and Nancy traveled with a group to Isle Royale in Lake Superior where they went on a 3 day back-packing hike. In 1981 he traveled with another group to Boulder Wyoming to hike in the Bridger Teton National Forest.

In Dan's last few years we began to read and reread aloud the Bible in several translations. In Hebrews 4:2 we learn that the word mixed with faith will profit those who read and hear it. II Timothy 3:14-17 teaches us to continue in the Holy scriptures which make us wise for salvation thro' ~~Faith~~ in Christ Jesus. Verse 16 says: All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness... As we read the scriptures more and more we began to realize that the most important thing in

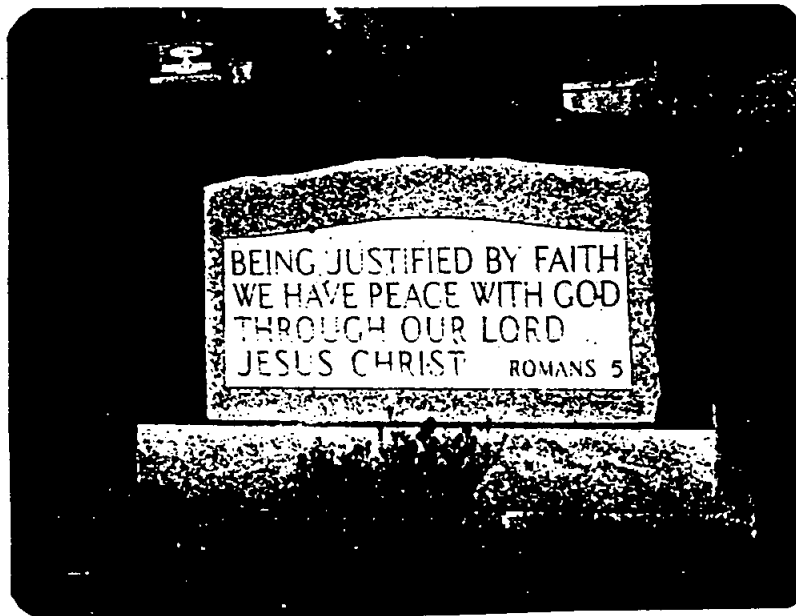
this world is to know the Lord Jesus Christ, live for Him, and confess Him to other people so they too can know that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life and that no one comes to the Father but through Jesus Christ. (From John 14) If you are reading this and do not know the Lord Jesus Christ please read the following scriptures in The Holy Bible: Matthew 28:18-20 Mark 16:15-20 Luke 24:44-53 John 20:17b, 29-31

There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus. From I Timothy 2

Christ suffered once for sins, the Just One for the unjust ones, that He might bring us to God. From I Peter 3

Jesus is able to completely save those who come to God through Him, since He ever lives to make intercession for them. Heb. 7

Dan went to be with Jesus October 13, 1983



The Family of Dan and Frances Deal

December 1968



Ginny Nancy Elaine Frances Dan
Loren

May 1990

Ginny and her husband, Kendall Dykhuis, live at Hibbing Minnesota where Kendall is County Agriculture Agent. Their children are Jonathan, age 4 and Anna, age 2. Their church is Hibbing Christian Missionary and Alliance.

Nancy and her daughter, Ashley, age 6, live at Onekama Michigan. Nancy is a registered nurse, night shift, Westshore Hospital, Manistee. (Frances is at Onekama too. We both fellowship with several Christian groups.)

Elaine and her husband, Paul Foster, live at Cedar Campus, Cedarville, Michigan where Paul is a staff member of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship's camp for college students. Their children are Sarah, age 18 Daniel, age 15 Elizabeth, age 11 David, age 8 Their church is Union Church at Cedarville.

Loren and his wife, Melody, are pastors of the Congregational Community Church at Drummond Island, Michigan. When I hear Loren preach I always think of..."Preach the word! Be ready in season and out of season."... From II Timothy 4:1-5 Loren and Melody minister in song. Both play guitars and sing. Their children are Joshua, age 6 and Bethany Grace, age 4.

MRS FRANCES DEAL
8650 MILL ST
ONEKAMA MI 49675

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Ray N. Funk
514 S. Wilson
Hillsboro, Kansas 67063

Ray and Betty Funk have lived at 514 S. Wilson, Hillsboro, Kansas for about ten years. They bought the house and built a backyard barn to serve as a workshop and storage.

Betty was born in Newton, Kansas and grew up in Reedley, California. She attended school there through high school and then attended Bethel College. She majored in Home Economics. Her high school was quite large. Not all students agreed with her pacifistic views. Her family attended the First Mennonite Church at Reedley.

Her father was a fruit farmer for some years and also was a propane gas dealer. Betty attended Windsor Grade School, a country school. She recalls playing softball and participating in track during grade school, and played on the high school tennis team. During her high school years she attended church retreats at Camp Sequoia, a Pacific District camp. She worked for fruit packing houses during summers to earn money for college. This work included cutting grapes and placing them on trays to become raisins. Some were placed on paper trays. If rain threatened, she would roll up the trays to protect the raisins and then unroll them after the rain let up.

Betty enjoys listening to classical music, has played violin, enjoys yard work, refinishes furniture, and works at the bowling center and at their Gambles store. Their family is home often so she cooks a lot.

Ray grew up on a farm northeast of Hillsboro. When he was twelve the family moved to town. He was happy about that move, because they had no electricity or running water on the farm. While still on the farm he worked for a threshing crew. His job was to load bundles on a rack and then unload them into the machine. In his case, the "horsepower" was provided by a team of mules. Their 10-20 IH tractor was not powerful enough to pull a oneway, so they hitched four horses in front of the tractor! He operated a McCormick Deering binder pulled by four horses. They raised cows, pigs and chickens. Saturday night the family went to town. They traded eggs and cream for groceries. Ray remembers when the steering sector broke on their '21 Star auto en route to town. The car wound up in the ditch. The eggs and cream wound up all over everything! On Saturday nights he was given a nickel to spend. Often he bought a sack of lemon drops. The next week he would put two into his lunch pail each day.

Ray attended Canada and Brudertal Grade Schools three years each. He and his sister often walked 2 3/4 miles to grade school or went by pony. If the weather was too bad, their father took them to school. He finished grade school and high school in Hillsboro. He was involved in track, basketball and football, had the lead part in a play, played the drums in band, sang in the choir and enrolled in woodworking classes.

Ray and Betty Funk (continued)

Otis Unruh recruited him to Bethel. He played college football, lettering four years. (He also lettered four years in high school football.) His major was Economics and he earned a minor in Industrial Arts. While at Bethel, he wrote the history of Brudertal. For this he won the "Stucky Award for Mennonite History".

Ray spent two years in service between his sophomore and junior years at Bethel. For part of the time he was a guinea pig for atypical pneumonia at Pinehurst, North Carolina. He became very sick there. Next he was a smoke jumper, making 14 jumps at Missoula, Montana. Later, he accompanied 675 horses on a 30-day boat ride from Newport News, Virginia to Danzig, Poland. About 10% of the horses died before arrival. Forty-seven "cowboys" fed, watered and cared for the horses. He and Roy Henry toured parts of Europe via bicycles in their time off during this trip.

Ray and Betty married before their senior year at Bethel. They lived in a homette south of 24th Street. After graduation they spent two years with MCC in Paraguay. He served as business manager for South America, while she worked with the Women's Mission Society. He and Ozzie Goering set up a ham radio station. Today it is a large radio station. Ray learned Spanish while Betty learned German. He helped import and clear through customs much needed supplies and equipment, including a new D-8 Caterpillar used to construct roads to the Colonies.

Ray has been involved with Gambles for 52 years. They opened the bowling center 30 years ago. Because the business always involved several family members, Ray and Betty were able to be away long enough to host tours to countries of Mennonite historical interest and to World Conferences in South America and France.

Ray serves on the Hillsboro Board of Zoning Appeals, has been treasurer of many organizations in town, helped organize the Hillsboro Planning Commission, was instrumental in buying the Industrial Park land, and is the only original member on the Hillsboro Development Board. He rebuilds various things, reads a lot, enjoys old cars and tractors, and helps his son, Rod, at Prairie Products. Ray claims he enjoys everything he does.

They have five children and nine grandchildren, scattered from Missouri to Newton and Hillsboro, Kansas, to California. Ray and Betty have been blessed with good health and have enjoyed their travels. They are a part of a Pinochle club that meets monthly. They have served their church, Trinity Mennonite, Hillsboro, in various ways. He has taught Sunday School, been Sunday School Superintendent, and been Church Chairman. She has been on the Bethel College Fellowship Committee, taught Sunday School, sung in the choir, and served on the Music Committee. They have served on the Reception Committee.

"Interested" describes them well.

LESTER E. GAHLER, 1914 to 1990.

Lester died on Sunday, February 11, 1990.
Asa Mundell sent me the obituary.

RW

Lester E. Gahler

A funeral for Lester E. Gahler of Canby will be at 2 p.m. Friday in the Zion Mennonite Church in Hubbard. He died Sunday of a heart attack while on vacation in Anaheim, Calif. He was 75.

Interment will be in Zion Mennonite Cemetery.

Mr. Gahler was born Nov. 5, 1914, in Needy. He lived in the area most of his life, working as a farmer and as a farm equipment contractor. Recently, he operated the Filbertreats Candy Store in Canby.

Surviving are his brother, Vernon of Molalla; and four sisters, Dorothy Miller of Canby, Hilda Reist of Salem, Clara Gingerich of Hubbard and Bertha Kenagy of Gresham.

The family suggests remembrances be contributions to the American Heart Association.

A CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE SMOKEJUMPER 1943-1945

Bryn Hammarstrom
Westminster House
803 Wahneta Street
Allentown, Pennsylvania 18103

I was born in Brooklyn, New York, on August 6, 1917. Until we moved to Ridgewood, New Jersey, my mother took her four sons to spend July and August on working farms, one each in the Poconos and the Hudson Valley and then near Cavendish, Vermont. Thus I learned at an early age to enjoy and appreciate the out-of-doors even though born in a big city.

Just before I became 9 we moved to Ridgewood, New Jersey. There being no Friends Meeting then in Ridgewood I became a Presbyterian. I went to Wesleyan University, entering as a pre-med, but my marks were such that when I graduated in '39 I had a degree in chemistry.

My work until I was drafted was for the father of one of my college roommates as a chemist making an inverted asphalt emulsion used for making macadam roads. In 1940 when in Cleveland I went to the Friends Meeting and got draft counseling about the C.O. position. I did not object to the draft as it did not seem out of line to give 2 years of service to the Country.

When the first C.P.S. camp opened, Patapsco, Maryland, on April 1, 1941, I was there. I had entered as a member of the Wider Quaker Fellowship, having resigned from the Presbyterian church because of its support of the war. Pearl Harbor was in December '41 so my 2 years lengthened to 4 years 8 months and a day, the longest service of any C.O.

I left Patapsco in August '41 to help start Buck Creek Camp, Marion, North Carolina (work on the Blue Ridge Parkway and fighting forest fire). In the spring of '43 I was helping move the camp to Gatlinburg, Tennessee. It was during this time that Smoke Jumping was also getting underway. I wanted to go so badly even though I wore glasses which I was under the impression that men with glasses could not be accepted that I memorized the doctor's chart used for vision testing and passed easily without my glasses.

Thus I was in the group that was trained at Seeley Lake. Living at the old scout camp meant boat trips to and from the Ranger Station. One cloudy morning we were not at the ranger station but elsewhere when the shore was reached. Earl Cooley was the head man, great! Jim Waite was our foreman for those who stayed at Seeley Lake where I stayed. While in training we watched Frank Derry make his last jump, he did not land on the field.

It was great! I became a rigger. My first fire was near us so we walked to it from the Ranger Station. A small group of military people from Ketchikan, Alaska, came to Seeley Lake for training to be a military search and rescue squad. We got along well with the men (they had also been drafted) but not the officer. When people came out in the early

evening from Missoula to visit the military men they would find us playing volleyball. They could not tell the soldiers from the COs as all were in civvies.

I was with the group that went to the fire on the Madison plateau of Yellowstone Park. We were all conscious after leaving the plane that we were falling faster than usual (the ground was over 8,000 feet elevation). There was no problem as we all had featherbed landing, our chutes stopped by hanging in Lodgepole pine trees. More time was spent getting our chutes out of the trees than putting out the fire. Fortunately we spent only 2 (maybe 3) nights there before the relief crew arrived as the Forest Service had let the military men take our sleeping bags with them when they left. Each of us had only one blanket so we slept as close to our fire as we could at night.

That fall and winter Dave Flaccus and I worked for the research team of the Forest Service. We lived at the Deception Creek station near Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. In the fall we traveled around counting trees in various test sites. These locations were in Idaho, Washington and Canada. In the winter we stayed at the station: painting the inside of one building, sliding snow off the roofs as none could stand the full depth of snow that fell. We also ran a weather station, taking in a report every Monday which meant skiing 18 miles to the nearest road. We also took part in measurement of snow fall early in the months, January through April.

Inasmuch as the Forest Service gave us compensatory time for the time over 8 hours a day spent fighting a fire, when back from a fire we always turned in our time report. Both Dave and I were away for about a month each. I went to Missoula and worked at the Missoula White Pine Window and Sash factory. Having a Forest Service key I spent each night sleeping (in a sleeping bag) in the Smoke Jumpers work room near the Missoula N.P. railroad station.

My second season started a little late as we did not get away from Deception Creek until early spring work was done. This time our training took place at Nine Mile, northwest of Missoula. It was that spring that Florence Wenger went through ground training but never made a jump. I stayed with the Missoula unit, which took the place of last summer's Seeley Lake unit. Our work was in the riggers' loft in Missoula working on chutes but also making equipment such as jumping harness, etc.

One of the other riggers was Leonard Bartel, a Mennonite, 22 years old. This was the first time he felt that he was treated as a man, an adult. He loved his family and community (northern Montana) but he could not figure out how to go back. We were close friends. We learned that on occasion no jumpers were sent to a small fire because there was no packer available to bring out the gear. When we were scheduled to jump at the next fire we carefully went over both our packs and tools. When we got it down to 77 pounds each (from 125 pounds) we told them we were prepared to pack ourselves out, no need of a packer. When the next fire came I was not in the loft but off on other business so Leonard and a regular Forest Service man went. This time they used regular packs and full equipment.

When they got the fire out and walked to the nearest Ranger Station (Moose Creek) they were told, "Do not come in here, we feed the horse in the barn!"

One fire jump I made that summer was in Idaho. We put out the 2 fires known but also a third one which was just getting started. We were gone so long that i order to look somewhat presentable I went to a barber and got my first shave by another person. We went by train to Spokane and then to Missoula.

I was with the group that went to Twisp, Washington. We spent a week flying (in the Trimotor Ford) every day over beautiful country including Lake Chelan but no fires, no jumps.

That fall I was in the crew that was taking down a bridge over the Clark Fork River living in St. Regis. Having lost my forest Service car license because of an accident, going off the road down a mountain and damaging the truck, I was feeling pretty low. The net result was that I felt called to go elsewhere and in December I was off to a Friends unit in Puerto Rico, helping a doctor by doing lab work, giving injections, driving the ambulance, etc.

I did that but I missed smoke jumping. If I had not been married when I was released I would have returned to Missoula.

/s/ Bob Hammarstrom, Sr.
1989

I entered this world at Fairview, Michigan on Christmas Day 1916. My parents were Elmer and Verna (Beachy) Handrich. I had a brother, Forest and a sister, Fern.

Fairview was a small back woods town. Dad came with his family to Oscoda County from Donnellson, Iowa and Mother's family came from Sugar Creek, Ohio. My parents married at Fairview and operated a hardware store there. Later they bought a 160 acre farm for \$4,000.00. Much of the land had timber that still needed to be cleared for crops. As new land was ready, it seemed that the first crop to be planted was always potatoes. I enjoyed the carefree spirit of farm life and family togetherness. Two jobs I disliked were picking stones and piling brush and logs to be burned.

One of my earliest recollections was sitting on the woodshed steps in the sunshine one spring morning and wishing that I were big enough to work. When I was about 6 years old I kept pestering Dad to let me start milking. At first he resisted, but finally consented since we had a cow that was kind of a pet. However, Dad said that if I started, I would have to get up early every morning, winter and summer. It was a deal and from then on I was part of the milking crew.

Part of the fun of growing up was hunting rabbits, partridges and later deer and also fishing. Grandpa Beachy was a trapper and helped me set a trap when I was about age 8. My first catch was a skunk. Grandpa killed and skinned it and sold the hide for \$2.50. I was rich and a confirmed trapper! Grandpa often had a faint skunk smell but I sometimes had a more prominent smell. Mother sometimes threatened to make me sleep in the barn, but I never did.

Fairview was a frontier community. That meant alot of hard work and perseverance. Some people gave up and moved back to their previous communities. There was alot of burden sharing and exchange of help. Examples were threshing, silo filling and butchering. It was hard work but the meals were worth it all. Sometimes neighbors would socialize in the evening with homemade ice cream and cake.

One of the big influences in the community was the large Mennonite church and the only church there. Our family always attended services on Sunday. We did not farm on Sunday but only did the chores that involved caring for the animals.

Besides the Christian teaching and example of my parents, I was also nurtured in the faith by good Sunday school and Bible teachers. The church had a large youth group which started an organization called "Standard Bearers". These youth meetings gave us opportunity to develop our talents by leading singing or helping in a special song, leading the meeting or preparing a talk on some topic assigned to us.

I started my formal education at a country one room school called Grandview. One teacher taught 8 grades. I took my first four grades there and walked $3/4$ of a mile from home. When I entered fifth grade it meant attending a larger school as the county had consolidated and closed the small schools. I enjoyed sports, both baseball and basketball. I also recall singing in a number of school programs. I graduated from Fairview Agricultural High School in 1935.

As I recall, Mother gave me my first paying job; a penny a row for weeding in the garden. But it had to pass her inspection. Later I was given 25¢ a week to get up ahead of the family in the morning and bring the cows in from pasture. Sometimes this was before daybreak. In my early teens I hired out one summer to another farmer for \$10.00 a wk. plus room and board. Another summer I helped clear a creek bottom to be dammed for a lake. We worked 9 hrs. a day for \$2.50.

In the winter of 1936 I took a short course in Dairy Production at Michigan State College (now University) East Lansing, Mi. followed by a week of dairy tester training. I got a job in the spring. My association took in Alcona and Oscoda Counties. The work consisted of taking milk samples from each cow both evening and morning and then testing for fat content and figuring price of production against feed costs. This meant spending the night and eating three meals with the farmers. This was a great experience in meeting people and observing family life at many places.

Since my job involved alot of travelling, I needed my own car. I bought a used 1932 Chevrolet coupe for \$250.00 and Dad signed the papers. I soon learned that after I made monthly payments, paid for gas and oil and upkeep that there wasn't much left.

After a year as dairy tester I took a job with the Soil Conservation mapping farms that were in the program. Following that I got a job in the office for the Soil Conservation. I earned \$4.00 per day which was above average pay at that time. I traded my '32 coupe for a new '37 Chevrolet coach for \$600.00.

After 3 years working for the Soil Conservation, I became restless and took a job with the Farmer's Co-op at Harrisville. Pay was \$1.00 less per day but I felt that I needed a change from office work. However, my body had become soft in the office and I now needed to lift bags of seed weighing 150 lbs. After my second day of work I could hardly get out of bed. So I figured a technique of keeping my back straight, bending the bag over my right knee, then setting it on my left knee and hoisting it on my shoulder. Soon I could put 150 lb. bags on my shoulder with very little stress on my body.

When spring came and farmers were busy planting crops, my thoughts turned toward farming for myself. I bought 80 acres of farm land near my parents and earlier had bought 40 acres of wild land. It seemed that things were falling into place. But by fall I was given the job of assistant manager of the Co-op and wages were raised to \$25.00 per week. In another 6 months they were raised to \$30.00.

That summer I bought some mink and made a deal with my brother, Forest, to care for them on a 50/50 basis. I also bought 20 sheep and 4 registered hereford heifers. I fenced in the 80 acres and Dad helped me by caring for the animals.

My boss at the Co-op, Mr. Longpre, scouted the area to buy seed. He found an abandoned grain elevator at Millersburg and after considerable talking about the possibilities there, he urged me to buy it and said that he would finance it. The cost was \$800.00. We decided to fix it in the spring and open for business in July.

My plans were changed, however, and I believe all within the provi-

gence of God. There was a girl at Fairview named Mary Lehman who was becoming more and more attractive to me. World War II was on and we were faced with the draft. We were married Dec. 31, 1941 and things were put "on hold".

My draft order finally came and I left Nov. 7, 1942 for Camp Medaryville, In. Mary continued living at Fairview. I sold the mink, herefords, sheep and the car. Congress didn't appropriate any funds for CO's, so the churches operated the CPS camps and gave us \$5.00 per month for incidentals. While at Medaryville a smoke jumpers unit opened at Missoula, Mt. I volunteered but was rejected because of a potential hernia. After 6 months at Medaryville, I transferred to Montgomery County, Pa. as a dairy tester. Mary joined me then and found work in a Mennonite home in Telford.

The economic and social structure of Pa., even among the Mennonites, was so different from the back woods community where I grew up. Some of the homes in my association had sons in the service who were being wounded or killed while I had a safe and easy position. I felt alot of pressure. So when the second call came for volunteer smoke jumpers, for CPS men, I volunteered, only to be rejected again because of a potential hernia.

The third year the call came again for smoke jumpers and I decided to try again. This time the doctor was very busy. The nurse had done the preliminaries for my physical and when I saw the doctor he asked if I had any aches or pains and hurriedly made checks on the report. So this time I was accepted.

After nearly 2 years in beautiful Pa., it was with a feeling of relief to leave and head for the Rocky Mountains. We drove via Fairview, Mi. and visited our families.

At Missoula Mary found house work and I went to Nine Mile Camp for training. The first week was real misery. I had become so soft from my 2 years as dairy tester, but I "hung in" and made it. In 2 weeks they had us in shape with 7 practice parachute jumps.

Until fire season I worked awhile at the Lincoln Ranger Station cutting fallen trees and repairing telephone lines to fire lookouts. The first Saturday in July we reported back to Missoula and the next afternoon I made my first jump on a fire. During July and August I made 7 fire jumps with no hernia problems. It was one of the most enjoyable summers of my life. After fire season Norman Zook, Jim Haines and I went to Hood River, Or. on furlough to pick fruit. We worked days as carpenters for \$1.35 an hr. building cabins for workers at the co-op cannery. We also got a night job at the cannery working from 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. Returning to Missoula, I went with a group of fellows to Idaho to help build a 200 ft. swinging bridge across the Lochsa River. Everything was packed in by mule train. We lived four men to tent. Our tent had a Quaker, a Catholic, an Agnostic & a Mennonite. That made for interesting discussions in the evenings after work.

Camp 103 closed and I transferred to Mulberry, Fl. to a hookworm control project, building and installing fly proof outdoor privies. I was having trouble with my throat and had a tonsilectomy. While recovering, the laundryman, Elwin Hartzler, was scheduled to leave for Puerto Rico. Roman Gingerich, camp director, asked if I would replace

Elwin. I was not at all interested but finally consented with the stipulation that the first man to complain would have the job. I observed Elwin once before he left. The first time alone I remembered Elwin had put some bluing into the rinse water. I got too much and all of the white shirts came out with a blue cast around the seams. I did not hear any complaints but thereafter, I used less bluing.

I received my discharge from Mulberry March 8, 1946. We spent some time sight seeing and then I got a job with a construction company putting up a marine building on the bay at Sarasota. I enjoyed the work and the area and after 43 months in CFS I had really lost my enthusiasm for Millersburg, Mi. and could have stayed in Florida. But I felt I owed it to Mr. Longore to pick up our plans that we had made 4 years before.

We located at Millersburg and had a 18 X 28 ft. log home built. At this time after the war so many things were in short supply. It took 6 weeks to get an electrical hookup. We placed our mattress on the floor, put boards across saw horses for work space, borrowed a kerosene stove for cooking and sat on lumber piles. But it was thrilling little by little to be able to get some furniture and other needed things.

It took alot of hard work to get the elevator in shape for business. But business was good and we were getting ahead. Our first two children, Eldon and Carla were born while we lived at Millersburg.

In 1948 we were asked by our Indiana-Michigan Conference District Mission Board to move to Grand Marais in the Upper Peninsula to plant a Mennonite church. I was ordained Oct. 3, 1948. We drove weekends to Grand Marais (a distance of 335 miles round trip), rented a cabin and held a morning Sunday school and worship service in the town hall. Many folks told us that we would probably miss some weeks due to stormy weather; but the Lord kept the roads open, once literally by following a snowplow a long distance.

Our business at Millersburg was for sale and we found housing in short supply at Grand Marais. After almost a year we were able to move to Grand Marais but I still had to return to Millersburg each Monday for business. After another year the business sold and I joined Mary and the two children full time. Three more children blessed our home-Shirley, Roderick and Joetta.

Grand Marais is a village on the south shore of Lake Superior, 25 miles from the nearest town. The main industries were fishing, lumbering and tourism. Population was around 600. There was a large active Catholic church with a resident priest. There was also a Methodist and Luthern church with no regular services or resident pastors.

After being in the community for 5 years and not seeing the Protestant churches renewing activity, we decided to build a meeting house. Since I was logging as a means of livelihood, I went to the woods, cut logs and hauled them to a mill in Seney. There they were sawed into lumber and planed. We erected the super structure that same summer, but after the roof was on we let it stand for 6 weeks to dry out. The finished building cost about \$3,500.00 for a 24 X 42 ft. with a full basement. The work was all done by volunteer labor.

Mary and I pastored this church for 31 years. Today it would be

called a team ministry. Our church schedule was: Sunday school, worship both morning and evening and mid-week prayer and Bible study. We also met at times with persons or families in their homes for Bible study. We had a vacation Bible school every summer and ministered in various ways in the community.

Since Grand Marais is 50 miles from the nearest hospital, we purchased an emergency ambulance kit which we used in our station wagon. We made trips to hospitals in Newberry, Manistique, Munising & Marquette.

During CPS days there was a camp at Germfask, about 35 miles south of Grand Marais. The campers were mostly social and political objectors. Some were quite outspoken against the military, which left some pretty strong anti-feelings in Germfask and the surrounding communities. Grand Marais was not excepted. So it took a number of years to be fully accepted, but through the years we have developed very good community relations. Many tourists have attended services, returning year after year.

We did receive some financial assistance from our mission board but we were mostly self-supporting. I worked in the woods for 15 years, cutting both hardwood and pulpwood. At times I hired a few local men and also hired Canadian Indians. The Indians were mostly good workers, but their drinking habits created some real problems for me. From it though, I think I learned to understand another culture and patience.

In 1966 we bought a bankrupt sawmill. This was an opportunity to provide employment for the economically depressed community. After one year we had a bad fire but reworked operations with an electric networks, debarker for logs and a chipper. This put us deeply into debt, but the Lord saw us through. We sawed lumber from the good grade of logs and the rest went into pallet stock. Our logs were predominately hard maple and beech but we also had some soft maple, birch and a little cherry. The sawmill required a crew of 8. Nailing pallets could be a full or part time job. Many students, a few teachers, homemakers and senior citizens earned a little extra money this way. During the 12 years that we had the mill, Mary, who did the book work, prepared pay checks and W-2 forms for 186 different people.

Help finally became so scarce and as I entered my sixties I began to realize that the energy and drive so necessary to operate a business and pastor a church were beginning to fade, so we sold the sawmill and I resigned as pastor on June 1, 1980 and new blood took over.

While we had the sawmill I got a physical exam. The doctor gave me a good bill of health but said that I'd probably come in for a hernia operation within 2 years. At age 73 I still have not had the surgery.

Our children are all college graduates and have given us some opportunities for foreign travel. We made a trip into Mexico when Eldon was in medical school in Juarez. In 1981 we went to Australia to welcome a new grandson. Carla's husband was an exchange teacher there for a year. Enroute we stopped in Hawaii, Fiji, and New Zealand. Roderick spent two terms with MCC (Mennonite Central Committee) in Bolivia. We visited him there and also went into Paraguay, Brazil and Peru. Joetta and husband were with MCC in Nicaragua and Honduras. We helped care for their first child born in Managua and also attended the inauguration of Daniel Ortega. In 1984 we attended our first Mennonite World

Conference in Strasbourg, France. Afterward we travelled in Switzerland, Italy and Greece. The summer of 1988 we drove to Alaska. We still have a home in Grand Marais but spend our winters at Alamo, Tx. in the Rio Grande Valley. We have 9 grandchildren.

Now, what are my feelings as I reminisce in my seventy-third year? First, I'm glad I grew up on a farm when much of the work was manual labor. I learned hard work that gave me physical fitness. Living through the depression and graduating from high school in 1935, I learned by experience about hard times and even the value of a penny, and how to "make do". Through the years we have experienced some rough and tough times and sleepless nights but we just hung in there. I recall saying one time, "As long and hard as we are working, this depression should soon grab loose". And eventually it did!

How do I feel about 31 years of pastoring? If I could go back to my youth, I'd be ready to do it again. Or I should say we would be ready to do it again. I know what it means to have a faithful wife working side by side and going with me all the way. Of course, there are things that I would do differently. I would somehow try to make myself more available and spend more time with the children. They become adults so soon.

I think I'm a moderate when it comes to conscientiousness and the military. If I were faced with another draft, I would register, but I would be a C.O. even unto death. I pay my taxes without protest. Taxes are legitimate and I don't feel responsible even though I disagree with the unreasonable military buildup. We do write letters to our government representatives and express our views and concerns.

Retirement has also been a time when we could travel in the U.S. and abroad and work for the joy of working. We are laborers together with God in our retirement. It is with satisfaction that we plant several hundred pine seedlings each spring. I work with bees and the honey they produce is delicious. I work in the garden and orchard which produces far beyond our needs so that we can share with others. Our table is still graced with wild game and fish.

It's still a thrill in the springtime at daybreak to troll down the bay, watch the beautiful sunrise, hear the ducks quacking and the loons, seagulls and geese calling; and then to feel the tug on the line and wonder if it is a rainbow or salmon. God in his love has given us these wonderful blessings along with the hope of eternal life.

I wonder, in the land of no night, does God have some bees for me to tend, a garden and orchard to cultivate, a lake to fish in and a woods big enough so that He and I can walk together alone, and talk together? Will He explain to me all these unsolved mysteries? Will He?

WILLARD HANDRICH
BOX 271
GRAND MARAIS MI 49839

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

by

H. Lee Hebel

I was born on October 15, 1920, on the family farm in Hunters Valley, R.D. 1, Liverpool, Pennsylvania. The family farm was about two miles off Routes 11 and 15 and the Susquehanna River, and four miles from the town of Liverpool. Dad was a hard working general farmer, and mother was devoted to her husband and two sons and two daughters. Hunters Valley was a farming community, a V-shaped valley with mountains to the north and south, two miles wide at the east (river) end, with the mountains converging three miles away forming the western boundary.

In 1925, I began first grade in Charles School, one of two one-room schools in the Valley. Our heat was a large pot-bellied stove; drinking water was carried by the pupils from the nearby Charles family farm spring. Miss Shank, Mrs. Mick and Mr. Williamson, each in turn, taught all eight grades. We were taken to school by neighbor, Logan Frymoyer, who was lowest bidder to "haul" pupils in his old Ford car. I recall that our only winter heat in Logan's car was a "heater" that permitted heat from the muffler to escape into the car.

For those youth who wanted a high school education, it was necessary to provide our own transportation to Liverpool High School, five miles away. The school had an enrollment of 55 students in grades nine through twelve, instructed by three or four teachers. Courses included English, Math, Latin, Civics, Chemistry, Physics and History. There was a small choir and a band. There were few "substitutes" in sports, but we had basketball, softball, and soccer. I recall that in my Senior year, there were six of us "out" for basketball and we had a .500 season in the County league.

All farm youth had plenty to do before and after school, and in our summers. As children we learned to help with barn chores, and of course helped Dad and Granddad with planting, cultivating, and harvesting; with Mother and Grandma Hebel there was always garden work, lawn mowing and helping with the family wash, often using tubs and wash boards.

I recall the difficulty the family experienced during the Depression years, simply saving enough money to pay the interest on the farm debt. Therefore, the only real vacation trip that I remember was to Watkins Glen, New York, with my mother, my school teacher Aunt Ruth Brown, and brother Don (old enough to drive the family car). That must have been in about 1935, prior to my mother's death in 1936. She was forty-two years of age and died of cancer three years after breast surgery. As a youngster I recall that there was just one "X-ray machine" in Harrisburg, from which Mother would return badly burned following treatments. It is interesting to note that she said to Dad, in '36, "I suppose that after I am gone, they will find a cure for cancer." It was always fun to visit Aunts Bertha and Carrie in Harrisburg; and nearby with Grandpa and Granddad Brown, Aunt Ruth and Uncle Ralph; and on the adjoining farm with Grandpa and Grandma Hebel and Aunt Bernice. And, of course, whenever the Shoemakers and Sarvers visited, morale ran high! Dad remarried two years after Mother's death, and we gained another fine mother and two more sisters.

Our family church was one-room, stone, Messiah Union Church, from which every farm in the Valley could be seen; Messiah Church was shared beautifully by us Lutherans and our fellow believers, the Evangelicals, later the Evangelical United Brethren. The group was relatively small but we were well nurtured spiritually by the pastors and youth and adults of that little church. Incidentally, I was the fourth pastor coming from little Messiah Church!

Family has been referred to, but in more detail allow me to list family members. W. Lester Hebel was my Dad, and he was the only son of John V. and Ella (Grubb) Hebel. Mother, Martha E. Brown, was one of the children of Frank and Annie (Welker) Brown. Donald was my older brother by two and a half years, and my full sisters were Lois (Mrs. Richard Hurst) and Marjorie (Mrs. Harry Rhoades). After Mother's death in 1936, Dad married Kathryn (Zaring) Bell, whose first husband had been electrocuted at his work. My step-sisters were Evelyn (Mrs. John Flanders) and Jeanne (Mrs. Robert Freed).

We always had a lot of "home-made" fun playing ball with neighbors, fishing, swimming in the Susquehanna at Crows Ferry (Liverpool-Millersburg), and sledding and skating. There wasn't much money, but it didn't bother us as children and youth; all seemed to be in the same boat!

Working at Weis Pure Food Store (a small chain at that time) in Liverpool, was my first regular job. In 1937 there weren't many opportunities, so I was fortunate to get half-time work at \$5.00 per week. A year later I lived and worked with my brother in Harrisburg. Uncle John Lee employed us in his small chain of "5 and 10 Cent Stores," where we learned much and worked hard. It is difficult to understand how we could rent a room and eat in restaurants on \$13.00 weekly pay; Mother's home cooking on Sundays always tasted good!

It was at this time that I began to think seriously about God's will for my life and the Christian ministry. As a sophomore in college in 1942, I was faced with the "draft". I was trying to be a follower of Jesus Christ and could not reconcile war and killing with the Master's example and teachings. Therefore, I registered as opposed to war. I felt that God was to be obeyed above country, and yet acknowledged that our government had some stake in my life. Civilian Public Service rather than jail seemed right for me. And so, in December of '42 I was sent to the Friends Camp in Powellsville, Maryland. It certainly was different, but with a gracious Lord and many new supporting friends, the adjustment was made. We worked hard, discussed life issues continually, and survived on well-planned meals whose average cost was thirteen cents!

After ten months in Soil Conservation work at Powellsville, I was accepted into mental hospital work at Brattleboro Retreat, Vermont. Here again I was to learn much that has been useful to me throughout life. It was at Brattleboro that I volunteered for the Smokejumper Unit at Huson, Montana and was accepted for the 1944 season. I served two fire seasons until the Unit was phased out at the end of World War II. I trained at "Nine Mile" under Wag Dodge and Bill Wood and, like all others, had the intensive six weeks training period which included the seven qualifying jumps. Four fire jumps were made that season, and I believe that my first fire jump was with John Ainsworth on the Washington side of the

Columbia River. We always thought that particular jump was for exhibition to convince some of the Forest Service personnel of the advantage of using Smokejumpers. After fire season, Clarence Quay and I were assigned to Camp Remini, near Helena, to prepare a couple barracks for transporting to the Missoula area. After that assignment I had minor surgery at the Catholic Hospital in Missoula, and spent the winter at CPS headquarters in Missoula. I recall that the Wiebes and Thiessens were in charge of life at one of the fraternity houses near MSU campus. Another interesting event, other than the fire jumps, was the trip to the Canadian border, by stake body truck of course, where our task was to find the pine cone caches stowed by the squirrels under the banks of dry stream beds. The burlap bags of cones were taken to Savenac Nursery, dried, and threshed - so that the seeds could be planted at that large Forest Service Nursery, and as seedlings, planted all over U. S. Forest Service, Region 1.

The fire season of '45 was active. I made four practice jumps and seven fire jumps, the largest and longest fire being on the Montana/Idaho border, south of Missoula. As we approached the smoke-filled valley early that morning, Earl Cooley surely made a correct judgment when he said, "Fellows, there's a lot of fire down there." Jack Allen spotted a Ford Tri-Motor load of us on an early fall fire - my last jump - and, of all things, I had to "hand up." It snowed and we didn't worry about much, except to stuff ourselves on beef steak fried in butter. After all, we were told not to pack it out!

Smokejumpers developed close relationships, many of which have become stronger through the years. Jumping on fires gave us status; besides, I suppose we all felt more secure from criticism and prejudice. It would be difficult to judge a smokejumper cowardly or yellow; and just maybe, some of us had something to prove to ourselves.

After smokejumping, I was assigned for three weeks to Luray, Virginia, where I recall some busy work - shovelling snow from the Skyline Drive! At that time I was accepted in cattle boat shipments, under the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Authority. My first and last trips involved horses to Danzig, Poland; my second assignment took us to Trieste, Italy, with a load of cattle for Yugoslavia. On that trip we spent a day in Venice.

In the fall of 1946, I re-entered Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania as a Junior, graduating in May of 1948. I had entered college in '40 as a pre-theological student and always kept that goal, because of God's grace shown me in Jesus Christ.

It was in September of 1948 that I entered Lutheran Theological Seminary in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. In May of 1951 I was granted a degree in Systematic Theology, and soon thereafter ordained into the Gospel Ministry. I then accepted a Call to the Karthaus Pastoral Charge, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania. We have served here on three different occasions, totalling seventeen years. Other ministries were in Bedford County, Pa; Hagerstown, Maryland; and Upper Bucks County, Pa. I was born and reared in Town and Country, and with the exception of two years, have spent my entire ministry with Town and Country people. Susquehanna University recognized this specialization with an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Divinity in September of 1974.

Throughout Christian ministry I have attempted to relate with Christians of all denominations; I learned that at home, college, and in CPS, and continue to feel that such relationships are extremely important.

On May 29, 1949, Edith M. Wegner, daughter of R.W. and Emma (Schmidt) Wegner, and I were married at Emanuel Lutheran Church in her home city, New Brunswick, New Jersey. We have two sons and a daughter - Donald, who lives with his family in Lanse, Pa.; Thomas, who lives in Perkasio, Pa. with his family; and Ruth Bruner, who with her pastor Husband, lives nearby in Grassflat, Pa. Our sons have given us five grandchildren; we also have some dear foster children, grandchildren and great grandchildren - the Ernest Smith family - who live in the Hagerstown, Maryland area.

We enjoy traveling (by car) and have attended four Smokejumper Reunions at Seeley Lake, Montana. These trips across the United States and trips into Canada and to Florida have provided us the chance to enjoy family and friends, and to marvel at God's great creation. A very special experience was a 1977 trip to the Holy Land, which we would recommend to everyone.

God and people have been very good to the Hebels. We have had a series of great experiences, and next to God Himself, value the people whom we've met, visited and worked with. Edy and I feel deeply satisfied with our priorities, values, and life-style. Life has not been a "bed of roses" nor was it meant to be. We've made our share of mistakes but we retire with a deep sense of fulfillment and accomplishment - again, with gratitude to God and people. The latter include CPS friends, particularly Smokejumpers.

We continue to be strong proponents for Peace, Justice, and Care of God's Creation, and find many outlets for these concerns here in our sparsely settled wooded area of "Penns Woods." If we were called upon to make the choices again, we would be Christians, a Christian Pastoral family, and Christian pacifists; It's the way to go!

H. Lee Hebel
H. C. 1
Karthaus, PA 16845
(814) 263-4286

A BRIEF CHRONOLOGICAL ACCOUNT OF MY LIFE

by Ivan E. Holdeman

My early years

I was born on February 14, 1923 on a farm one mile east of Hesston, Kansas. At the age of one my family sold their farm and moved to Rich Hill, Missouri where they purchased a river bottom farm and where they lived for four years. In those four years my family was flooded out three times. I remember father saying he would rather dry out than drown out. We subsequently moved to Greensburg, Kansas, about 110 miles west of Wichita. It was here where I grew up. During the Depression Years my father lost his farm and had to sell his cattle due to a long protracted drought. We then moved into town.

Greensburg was a wheat farming community with a small settlement of Mennonites. In my early educational experience I remember feeling a part of a minority group which was not entirely accepted by the larger community. This has always caused me to identify with all types of other minorities whatever their background might be.

Education and the pre-war years:

My first four grades were spent in a one-roomed school house. In the first three years I had only one classmate to relate to. This situation changed dramatically when our family moved into town. Suddenly we were confronted with many classmates some of whom seemed to resent my presence. Each evening after school my brother and I were challenged to fight our way home. It seemed as though the town kids resented the intrusion of country folk and needed some sort of ritual for rite of passage. In time we were able to gain some sort of acceptance even though the methods we had to use were not always to our liking.

Eventually, we entered highschool and became more accepted in the community. During my junior year I was asked by the assistant football coach to go out for football. My parents were very much against this deviation from what was then the norm for Mennonites. No-one had played football before from our church. I finally got my mother's permission to join the team. It became one of my best memories of highschool along with being part of the junior and senior class plays.

My first job was herding cattle for a neighbor for 25¢ per day. In order to do this job I had to walk two and a half miles to our neighbor's farm; herd the cattle for four hours then walk two and a half miles back home. I earned my books and clothes for the next year of school with this money. During the summer of my highschool days I worked on various farms of the community. In this way, I felt I learned the main occupation of the community almost as well as if I had lived on the farm.

My first summer after graduation from high school in 1941 was to follow the wheat harvest from Kansas to North Dakota. This was my first trip away from home on my own. It proved to be a very maturing experience and one which I remember with pleasure. My father had died one year before this and I am very appreciative to my mother for allowing this trip to be made.

Upon returning from the harvest I entered Hesston College where I spent the next two years. I graduated from Hesston in the spring of 1943. While

in school, I had been working for a farmer near Hesston. I continued working for this farmer and received an agricultural deferment. After about eighteen months my draft board decided that Uncle Sam needed my services and issued the papers which began my draft procedure.

Adult Years

World War II confronted me with a very difficult dilemma. On the one hand I had all the feelings of patriotism that our nationalistic society had given to its new generation--the feeling that each citizen must be willing to sacrifice himself for society in whatever capacity that society asked the person to serve. On the other hand, my home and church had passed on to me the conviction that one should not do violence to one's fellow human beings no matter what the provocation might be; that joining the armed forces was in fact submitting myself to an organization the primary function of which was to do violence. By joining I gave up my individual right of deciding what the cause I would give my life for. The decision would be made by the machine not by the person whose life was at stake. My family and church values in my case won the day, and I opted to follow my religious convictions rather than my patriotic feelings. This inner conflict has been a part of my life's experience to this day. I expect that this will always be so.

The worst day of my life was when I was called to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for my physical examination. I went there with a bus load of young recruits from Newton, Kansas. Late in 1944 I was the only recruit who had had two years of college, and therefore, did not have to take the IQ test or the "idiot test", as it was called by the military personnel at the time. This situation jumped me ahead of all persons who were on the bus with me, a circumstance that I was very thankful for later on. In due course we were told to strip to the buff; our clothes were checked in and we were given a leather bag to hold our valuables in. This bag was then hung around our necks. In this state of nudity, we went from doctor to doctor who checked out our physical condition. At the first station I gave my papers to a doctor's assistant who looked at the document and said to the M.D. in a loud aside whisper: "Here's another one of those G... D...C.O.'s" Whereupon the doctor cursed and swore at me and in a very loud voice observed that my belly was yellow and made other disparaging remarks about the nature of my character. This was the first station, and for the rest of the day every time I put my papers before a new examiner I expected a repeat of the first experience. This became the longest day of my life. Here is where I began to realize how psychologically dependent one is to one's clothing!! How vulnerable one is when put in a hostile environment in the buff and is supposed to stand up for an unpopular cause. All this when society has conditioned to be a follower of the moral standards of the majority and to be influenced by the opinions of your peers.

I was drafted in January 1945 and left Greensburg by train for Hutchinson, Kansas. There I met two more draftees who were being sent to Belton, Montana, to the camp in Glacier National Park. One of our stopovers was in Denver, Colorado, where we changed trains and had about eight hours lay over. I remember trying to use our government issued meal tickets in a restaurant near the railroad station. Some of the restaurants refused to honor these meal tickets because of the C.O. status. As I look at it now, we should not have allowed them to check our tickets ahead of time--we should have just had our meal first and then presented our tickets. I also remember traveling through Wyoming where a conductor seemed to feel that it was his patriotic duty to harass those shy farm boys from rural Kansas. After seeing our tickets, he would say in a very loud booming voice,

"Conscientious objectors, eh?!., religious or political?"

"Religious" we replied.

"What church do you belong to?"

"Mennonite" we answered.

"Mennonite, hell, you sure don't look like it!." he shouted, making sure the entire car were aware of who we were.

This train ride was so long and tiring that I thought that when I got to camp I'd never want to leave until the war was over.

Belton was a place where one made many friends very rapidly. We worked in all kinds of weather. It often snowed and we became wet from the snow. After the snow stopped the trees were wet and we became wet from the melting snow and wet trees. To my surprise, few men became ill. Our job was to clear the dead trees out of the forest and make big piles and burn them. I suppose it was to help control forest fires during the hot dry summer. At any rate, it was supposed to be work of national importance. I remember working for two weeks, cutting off six inches off the top of old dry stumps to make the entrance to the park look nice for a visit from the Secretary of Interior. I got my two-week assignment from our foreman because at lunch one day someone asked me what I had been doing; I said, "I'm cutting six inches off old stumps and when they fall I yell, 'T-I-M-B-E-R!'" My foreman evidently did not appreciate my humor, so he assigned me to this task for two weeks. He traded off partners each day to work with me. In time he came to tolerate me. At any rate, he appointed me trail foreman later in the spring.

After coming to Belton, I began to hear about a place where they parachuted on fires and that they were accepting applications for new volunteers. Several of my friends from Oregon had applied and they were putting pressures on me to go with them. There was one problem out of this idea as far as I was concerned:

I did not want to jump out of an airplane. In the spring of 1941 I had accompanied my high school senior class on their "senior sneak" and we had visited the Wichita airport where they made twin winged Beechcrafts. I had taken my first airplane ride and had enjoyed it very much. So much in fact, that I thought I might want to become a pilot; or even an air force pilot if I had gone into the Army. One thing I remember very clearly is that as I looked out of the window I thought if I ever had to jump out of this craft it would be the most frightening experience. This still lingered in my memory as my friends tried to convince me into volunteering for smoke jumping. Yet there was a strong conviction within me that compelled me to put my body in the most dangerous situation that was possible within the framework of my C.O. status. I needed to demonstrate to myself that I had not taken my alternative service position to escape danger. So I applied and in due course my application was accepted and I found myself in the company of Leonard Garber on a bus going to Missoula, Montana, where the smoke jumpers' training camp was located. I think that the most impressionable part of the smoke jumper experience was the high morale of the men at Camp 103. They respected the work that they were doing, and as a result the community respected them. It was just as simple as that. I realized why the government would not want too many C.O. camps with respectable projects, for that would not further their objective, i.e., forcing the CO's out due to low morale.

I made my first jump, and it was just like I had imagined it would be when I took my first airplane ride back in Wichita in 1941. My imagination had been surprisingly accurate! During the summer of 1945 I made fifteen jumps: seven practice jumps and eight fire jumps. One of these jumps was made after dark on the Devil's Farm Creek Fire in the Seven Devil Mountains in Hell Canyon! I'll never forget it.

When Camp 103 closed, I transferred to Colorado Springs. The work project was disgustingly unimportant. In five months' time Camp 5 closed and I found myself back in Belton on the same crew that I had left the spring before. By this time the older and more mature leaders were being discharged and I was asked by M.C.C. to become Educational Director at Powellsville, Maryland. I accepted and found myself in a completely different role in a camp on the Eastern Seaboard. The work here was draining a swamp. Upon the completion of this project a celebration was held and all government officials congratulated each other on their part in getting this worthwhile project done. Everyone was congratulated except the people who actually did the work: the men in the swamp, the C.P.S. men; not one word of appreciation was directed to these men! In due course, my time for release from C.P.S. came in October 1946 after serving twenty two months. Since I was assistant director of the camp and the director was absent I signed my own release from work of national importance and returned home, which now was in Denver, Colorado. My family had moved there during my absence. Upon returning home I helped build our house and after a year returned to College. I always knew I would return to school. It was simply a matter of getting things squared away and a little money earned in order to make the transition.

I decided to major in Natural Science with minors in Education and History. I returned to school determined to make the very best of my years at Goshen College and gave all my efforts to this task. What I didn't realize at the time was that many other men from CPS and veterans from the war came back with the same intensions. The result was an atmosphere of very severe academic competition that made it very difficult to live up to the standards that I had set for myself. I graduated in August 1949 in the Class of "49". My first job was teaching eighth grade in the city school of Limon, Colorado. This was before teachers had unions in Colorado, and when teachers subsidized public education through their own meager salaries. It was difficult for even a single person to make enough money to pay for the necessities of life. The job, on the other hand, was too big for one person to do adequately, let alone for a first-year teacher. As a result of the big demands, I decided this was not for me and I left the teaching profession.

In the summer of 1951 I heard of a new MCC program called PAX, which made use of 1W men to build housing for Mennonite refugees who had come from Eastern Europe and Russia following the disruption of WWII. I decided to volunteer and subsequently was appointed assistant director of the first PAX unit in Germany. I arrived there in August 1951 and became involved in the building program in Northern Germany. Five months later MCC asked me if I would become the director of the new PAX unit that was proposed to be started in Northern Greece. It sounded exciting and interesting and consented to this new venture. I remained the director of this unit for two and a half years. It became an agricultural rehabilitation project, which enabled peasant farmers to re-establish themselves after four years of WWII and three years of civil war. Our experience in this type unit was used later in establishing the pattern for part of the Peace Corps program in the late 50's and early 60's. After my work with MCC in Greece was finished in 1953 I was offered and accepted a teaching job at Anatolia College, which was an American school in Thessaloniki Greece, under the Near East College Association. While there I met and subsequently married Anna Theocharides, who grew up on the American Farm School, the leading agricultural school in Northern Greece.

In 1955 I returned to the United States with Anna, who came here for her first time. Our first child, Elizabeth was born soon after we arrived.

In 1958 our son Bruce was born, and eighteen months later, Cynthia. Their arrival completed our family of three. Around these children our memories, aspirations and dreams have been built; they have contributed much to the quality of our lives, and have made us feel responsible for the condition of the world we some day will leave behind.

It became obvious to me that I should return to school in the summer of 1959, to work for a Master's degree in history at the University of Colorado in Boulder. After completing my class work I resumed my teaching career.

In 1965 I received a Fulbright Exchange appointment to Turkey where I taught in a Turkish high school which conducted half of its subject matter in English. We spent two years in this program where we developed many delightful memories and made friends some of whom are still in touch with us to this day. It might be of interest to note that while in Turkey the Cyprus crisis erupted which created intense hostilities between the Turks and the Greeks Nationalistic passions ran very high and we made certain that my students never learned that my wife was Greek; if this fact had been known my relationship with my students would most certainly have suffered.

Upon return to the United States, I took a job on teaching World History in the Jefferson County Schools, in a suburb of Denver. I taught here for sixteen years until my retirement in 1983. I found the job both challenging and self-fulfilling. My wish is that I have made a contribution to those I have taught, but this is mainly a wishful thought on my part and cannot be documented in any objective manner. This is the plight of those of us who teach.

My retirement has been a hard working but pleasant experience. I have been able to complete one of my dreams and that was to build a house in the mountains. This task is now complete and we now use it for family retreats. It is a place where we can go for a respite from the busy pace of the city. It is at an altitude of 9,200 feet with a panoramic view of the continental divide. It serves as an enlarged family get-away, where healthy family bonding can be realized, and where relatives and friends can come to learn to know each other better. My present project has been the renovation of a hundred-year-old building in Denver which has been made into a commercial artist's studio for our son with living quarters upstairs. I am looking forward to the time when I am free for more leisurely reading and travel. Anna has brought an international dimension to our family which has forced me out of the provincialism that I could easily have returned to, had not her influence been felt. That internationalism has been passed on to our children who have served in Greece, China and now our oldest daughter and husband are preparing to serve in Vietnam. Their job is sponsored by both MCC and the Presbyterian Church. MCC is the only American agency that has permission to work in the country since the American withdrawal. They will be developing a curriculum for the teaching of English in their universities.

As I look back on my life, I am thankful that I have had the opportunity to live it. My life has been the sum total of all the decisions I've made under the influence of the value system handed down through my own parents, family and church. It is my hope that I have been a link in the chain from generation to generation which has contributed to a world of less violence and a world that treats our planet with more respect and helps develop a life-style more compatible in this limited environment. May we see the day when all mankind comes to this view.

Ivan E. Holdeman
2550 Parfet Street
Lakewood, CO 80215

FIRE:34

WILLIAM S. LAUGHLIN
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Connecticut 06269

Parachute jumping was a mountain top experience, especially in the sense that I frequently landed on mountain tops or high places where lightning strikes started the majority of forest fires. It was a rewarding experience, though it dates to an earlier period in history when fires were extinguished as soon as possible, to silk parachutes, moccasin tip gloves, switch blades knives, packing paddles and pulaskis. Equally important was the support of hard working friends, of several different religious faiths, who were determined to do an effective job. Panning for gold in the Rogue River was definitely unrewarding, though the gold pan, water and flares were in balance a quick way of heating water for coffee. Looking for Japanese balloon bombs, probably equally unrewarding, and making special demonstration jumps to show how to get out of a disabled airplane with a rip-cord chute were all interesting changes from cruising timber in the winters. Successfully putting out a single snag fire, before it became a forest fire, was ultimately rewarding, purposeful and economical. The orderly process of packing parachutes, testing and jumping them, and dropping drift chutes and spotting the jumpers in the most advantageous place, and then joining them last, became a process in which small variations provided enlargements of details, sometimes exciting, that were unique to each of my 34 jumps. On top of all this, no one ever spoke a harsh word to me, or denied a request for a cup of coffee, during the busy seasons when I was a rigger, packer, jumper and spotter in Oregon, Washington, or Montana.

My personal history is common to many boys raised in Oregon, especially before and during the depression years. A Carnegie Library, YMCA with summer camps in tents pitched in clearings cut out of the salal bushes and a nearby university (Willamette University across the street from the Carnegie Library where my father taught), was the principal setting for a part of my early activities. By permission and share with the owner, my brother and I would spade a vacant house lot and plant potatoes. Much of my summer time was spent picking cherries, apples, prunes, English walnuts, filberts, strawberries, gooseberries, and later working in canneries. Reputedly highly paid (more than 35 cents an hour) efficiency experts followed us around in the canneries with stop watches. Pitching bundles on threshing crews and shocking hay were also good jobs, and becoming a member of a threshing crew that moved from farm to farm was an elect tenure. Swimming was very important. As a member of the YMCA team I got to travel to several cities in Oregon and Washington.

Instrumental music was also important, though less successful than swimming. My second grade teacher announced in front of everybody, that I would be excused from singing because my monotone threw everyone off the track. I waited my time, took up the trumpet and passed on to the French horn when a director pointed out that there was a real shortage of horn players, almost anywhere in the world. One of my piano teachers was an accomplished Nisei lady who had little success with me. When I learned that she had been interned in a

relocation center I wondered for a time if my lack of success on the piano had been part of the decision to punish her. I also played the role of dental decay in an outdoor play.

Several jobs and travel experiences made useful impressions on me during the depression. A scout from the Modoc Indian war guided me through the Lava Beds and also described an encounter with Captain Jack who had been judicious in a dispute between the settlers and the Modocs. Two years later I received a job as a State Park Patrolman in Golden and Silver Falls State Park in the Coos Bay region. My job was to report fires, poachers (of deer, elk or myrtlewood). Living alone in a tent without a radio I got behind on news but on some Sundays picnickers brought me up to date.

1938 was the most important year for I went with a Smithsonian Field party, under the direction of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, to Kodiak, the Aleutian Islands, and to the Commander Islands of Siberia. Hrdlicka's principle goal in life was to collect skeletons, from anywhere and everywhere. The Aleuts of Nikolski, Umnak Island, where I returned many times, percipiently named him "Dead-man's Daddy" because he came every year to collect the dead people and take them to Washington. On the Commanders we searched for pre-Russian habitation, without success. At that point Hrdlicka, overlooking the former Bering land bridge, reaffirmed the 18th century belief that the First Americans had entered Alaska across Bering Strait, still a prevailing belief though the evidence points to a migration along the south coast of the land bridge. In fact the greatest diversity in the Aleut-Eskimo population system is found in southern Alaska and also the greatest time depth. Further, the old boundary between Aleuts and Koniags is found on the Alaska Peninsula where the genetic differences, linguistic, skeletal, anthropometric, archaeological and ethnographic differences co-occur. These are not profound differences but they are greater than those found at the Yuit/Innuvit boundary and therefore closer to the point of origin of the ancestral group that gave rise to the people who became Aleuts and Eskimos.

In 1974 we had a productive joint USA-USSR excavation of an old (9,000 to 7,000 yrs before present) site on Anangula Island, which Mr. Alan G. May (now 95 years old) and I had discovered in 1938. All the stone tools are made on prismatic blades, struck from cores, and flaked only on the edges of one surface. This unifacial industry has many connections with similar industries in Japan, China and northeastern Siberia. My wife Ruth, and my two daughters Sara and Leslie participated in this international project. Leslie died later but Sara works with me in preparing a detailed catalog, using R: Base that describes these tools as well as other collections that are being repatriated by the KODIAK AREA NATIVE ASSOCIATION. Such collections, including the blood group data, geneologies, measurements, EKGs, bone mineral scans, etc. are especially useful today, not only for scientific analysis but for demonstrating Native land claims and other jurisdictional rights.

Continuing chronologically and with expanding interests in the origin of the First Americans, and importantly an increasing interest in isolating components of the overall goal, it was becoming apparent that I needed far more training, of various kinds as the need for them was revealed. Accordingly I finished college, with funding from a

variety of jobs, including NYA funded work for the University Museum.

My most interesting job was that of a rock mucker for the Oregon Portland Cement Company at their quarry near Dallas, Oregon in 1940. The work was very hard. It was necessary to lift large stones overhead into a tram car. Drillers and powder monkeys blew off large elements of limestone, proceeding by terrace. Then we broke them into liftable size stones with rock hammers. The more you could lift, the less hammering you needed to do. The temperature often went above 100 degrees F., and we were advised to take salt tablets. The best evidence that it was hard work was the fact that we worked only 7 hours a day. The company had found that work output declined with more hours. One rewarding feature was the frequent discovery of fossils, shark teeth, crabs, cephalopods, etc., in the rock. I applied my skills to collecting fossils and, later, with a student of geology, joined him in excavating ginkgo leaves and nuts from a similar deposit in the Mollala area, which we sold to scientific suppliers.

Museum work included preparing exhibits, cleaning specimens, and excavation in the Kalapuya mounds. My friends and I made a number of excavations and two published papers resulted from this work. It became apparent that the Willamette Valley Kalapuya Indians had traded for large obsidian blades from California, and for whalebone clubs from the north, and that they maintained their cultural identity as seen in the skeletons.

The year after graduation from Willamette University I went to Haverford College on a fellowship. This permitted me to take a one year course at Bryn Mawr College with a famous ethnologist, Frederica De Laguna. Her interests lay in the North and she provided excellent direction. In the spring I was inducted into Sigma Xi, a scientific honorary society, and since then have had to explain why my key bears the name of a women's college. During my residence at Haverford I also earned small amounts as an agent-detective for the Bryn Mawr Bridal Secretariat - an agency that managed weddings along the Main Line and provided driver and theft protection for the affairs.

Interestingly, the State Department was encouraging Afghanistan to hire American teachers for Haibibia College, Kabul. Felix Morley, president of Haverford, former editor of the Washington Post and possessed of many connections, introduced me and others to the Turkish Ambassador. He, luckily for me, was widely informed and had personally met Dr. Ales Hrdlicka. Thus, I was confirmed for a contract to teach, approved by the Afghan consul in New York. At that time Turkey, as holder of the last caliphate, represented Afghanistan in foreign affairs. The contract is superb, all religious holidays were to be observed. Afghanistan sagaciously wanted English instruction and our Department of State was anxious to comply. However, a telegram from Acting Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, was interpreted as interference from Washington by the local draft board in Salem and I was not permitted to consummate the contract. I finished a master's thesis at Haverford, concerned with the relation between race information and race prejudice, and appeared at the Antelope CPS camp in the fall of 1942.

My next experience took place at Border Ruffian Valley, near Faith, Hope and Charity Valleys in the Sierras where I helped to build

rock check dams, to maintain the water table. This was worthwhile, but limited by snowfall in the Sierras so I went to Elkton in Oregon. A siege of tree planting and cleaning up logging operations, and some map making, with much shovelling, was followed by the opportunity to apply for the smokejumper program in Montana. Thus, I appeared at CPS 103, on Seeley Lake, in the spring of 1943.

Roy and Florence Wenger made camp life meaningful and reasonable. The Forest Service had a well designed training program with Earl Cooley and Frank Derry, among others, who wanted to train parachute fire fighters and knew how to do it. I was given training as a parachute packer and repairer (rigger) and also as a spotter and jumper. Frank Derry was highly experienced, skilled, and concerned to provide effective training. Our early training was of course with silk chutes, Eagles, that were fast opening, and steered beautifully. On the other hand, grasshoppers like to eat on them, and it was hard to wash out the pitch from tree landings. They were sensitive to sunlight and, though made in Connecticut, were already being replaced by nylon. However, many of us used the 24 foot chute for an emergency chute as long as the supply lasted because it opened quickly. The Ford Tri-Motor was an elegant plane of unusual durability and slow speed. The right engine could be cut to eliminate propeller blast. Packing was a rigorous procedure, with shot bags, hooks and packing paddles. Some riggers made packing paddles of the thick aluminum from Tri-Motors that had crashed (thus marking the end of an aeronautical era). I made a paddle from a piece of myrtle wood. Each year I was brought back from Oregon for additional training, and brought up to date on developments in repair and maintenance of chutes. The program was well designed.

The first year we were issued moccasin tip gloves, on the theory that they enabled us to pick out particular load lines for slipping the chute. In addition, we had an excellent switch-blade knife, on a lanyard, in a pocket on the left sleeve of our jumping suit. This was the logical result of a concern that a jumper might become hung on the tail of the plane and have to cut himself loose. Derry pointed out that he had tried to reach the tail of airplanes but never succeeded, but that the knife was useful for getting out of trees and other purposes. We learned to operate some six kinds of sewing machines, including a venerable feather-stitcher, also useful for baseball covers. Darning grasshopper holes, especially in an old silk chute known as the "grasshopper" chute (with over 350 holes), was performed on a standard domestic machine. We also darned a lot of socks and shirts. The harness machine was excellent for its purpose, parachute harness. It was also useful for making parachute bags which could also be used for hitch-hiking.

In addition to some eight training jumps, following the let-down practice and obstacle course, Derry and Cooley knew we were trained. In addition, Derry thought we should probably take out CAA licenses. Accordingly Marvin Graeler and I hitch-hiked to Helena and took an exam, followed by a visual test in Missoula, and a practical exam in packing parachutes. The license has been useful for identification since fingerprints were included. An imprint designation was included somewhere in the process, mine is APO, to be imprinted on the lead slug that received the two red silk threads in packing rip cord chutes.

Instruction in spotting jumpers was also extended to the Redwood Ranger Station when Derry, with a pilot and mechanic came out to repair our Fairchild and test our procedures. The drift chutes were basic to estimating distance and wind direction. Equally important were procedures such as flying over trees, dropping equipment and jumpers and flying out over an open area when the plane itself had lost altitude. Derry and I prepared to bail out in such a situation in Oregon, having dropped below tree level, but the engine caught again over a river and an open area on the far side. We are indebted to some very fine pilots who were alert to the problems facing jumpers.

The Redwood Ranger Station, Cave Junction, Oregon, served a large area roughly from the Cascade range to the Shining Sea, also known as the Pacific Ocean. There was much construction to be done. Under the experienced guidance of our resident architect, Ray Hudson, we dismantled an old CCC building near the Oregon Caves National Monument and rebuilt it into a parachute loft behind the ranger station. Later, we built a hangar at the airport for the Fairchild. On one occasion we needed to drop men on two fires that were active, a task that required five jumpers. A DC3 (R4D1) was flown in from a marine base. We flew down to the fire on the Oregon-California line at such a high altitude, compared with our usual 1,000 to 2,000 foot altitude, that I did not recognize any landmarks until I saw Mt. Shasta. Dropping two men at this fire we flew north to Roseburg dam, on the North Umpqua River, then eastward to an area north of Crater Lake. We flew crossways across a mountain ridge, making it difficult to estimate altitude. I dropped a pair of climbing spurs without a cargo chute and last saw them headed for the Willamette Valley. I dropped Ray Hudson who landed in a tree and waved at me. The plane commander said they were running low on fuel and asked if the remaining jumpers could jump on one pass. Our descent was the shortest of my career, some 200 feet, whereupon I learned why Hudson had been waving at me. We contained the fire during the night and walked down to Steamboat Springs, where we learned that there had been a report of Japanese paratroopers landing in the Cascades.

On another occasion Frank Derry held a combination practice jump, cargo drop (among other things we dropped a watermelon suspended in a keg over a bed of sawdust reckoning correctly that it served the basic purpose of the demonstration and provided us with sustenance). It was my lot to make a rip cord jump to demonstrate for the several officers of the Forest Service how to get out of a disabled plane. The experience of jumping from a plane with a door in place was new to me. Each time I opened the door it was blown shut again before I could emerge. Finally, after three or more passes, I found that my back pack was too high for the door so I crawled out, successfully. Frank Derry told me afterward that he was about to suggest that I take the parachute off.

Coming from Montana to Oregon we fortunately anticipated the greater height of the trees, and replaced our 75 foot let-down ropes with 125 foot ropes. During the winters we worked on a variety of tasks, sawing wood, burning slash, and timber cruising. The instruction in timber types and survey maps was very good and we cruised several sections, particularly in the Umpqua forest.

The 1944 season saw a number of us assembled in a Missoula hotel

for a briefing on Japanese balloon bombs. The secret was well kept. The number of sightings and landings was never reported and the Japanese did not realize that some 5,000 landed between Alaska and southern California, with the preponderance in northern California, Oregon, and British Columbia. The only certain deaths were those of a pastor and his family in Oregon and few, if any, fires were started though the cause of fires is often impossible to determine with certainty. A Canadian botanist located the source of origin of the bombs from an examination of the vegetal materials used to secure the load. It proved to be the island of Hokkaido where the Attu Aleuts were imprisoned. An interesting reticulation occurred when our multidisciplinary biomedical team, sent out by the Peabody Museum of Harvard, in 1948, examined all the Aleuts of Atka which included the surviving Attuans who had been returned to Atka instead of their own island home. Our dentist, a well published researcher, and formerly from the Netherlands, had been a prisoner of the Japanese in southeastern Asia. They compared notes of course. One finding I recall was the fact that the Japanese did not themselves have very much food.

Following another trip back to Missoula a number of the Redwood Squad were sent to Twisp in northern Washington. Washington had forests and, in addition, had to worry about Canadian forest fires. We, in fact, did work a fire in Canada to anticipate the possibility that it might cross the international line. Francis Lufkin was the foreman in charge of parachute fire-fighting, a man of considerable experience who had been there when it all started in the Twisp area. There were other survivors of the original 1939 squad as well. The North Cascades Smokejumpers celebrated their 50th year of smokejumping in 1989. The original idea, or a similar idea, had originated in Siberia. American observers from the Forest Service went to Siberia and observed their procedures, and then developed a system adapted to the U.S. situation. Some years later, in 1973, I picked up a brochure in Khabarovsk, noting their use of parachute fire-fighters. By now we were using only, or mostly, Irving type chutes with the Derry slot. We developed the use of bungees to replace the breakcord used for holding the parachute cover on the board, speeding up packing by several light years, and also the use of a bungee to hold the face mask down. The two buckles we started out with took much too long to undo when you needed to look down quickly to see where you were landing or would like to land.

We were invited to jump in a local rodeo. This resulted in an interesting situation for me. Earlier we had made practice jumps near the Winthrop Airport, and I had been suspended in an updraft directly over the Methow River. After hanging there for some long time, I slipped over to the far side, on the theory that the river was the last place to land. I landed in the potato field of a delighted farmer who ran out to see me, followed by his entire family. He then gave me a ride back to the Ranger Station in Twisp. The rodeo imposed an interesting problem because I landed outside the arena in the sagebrush. The first man to reach me was, again, the same farmer on whose land I had previously landed. He cheerfully asked the pertinent question, "Don't you ever land where you are supposed to?"

There were many points of interest associated with the fires in this area. Five fellows went to extinguish a fire in the Baker Forest and came out five days later, hungry, on the coast near Bellingham.

One of the jumpers had a peculiar problem, manifested in one leg that folded, without warning, upon landing. My father-in-law, a senior surgeon in Spokane, removed a polyp from his knee, permanently correcting this problem.

Ultimately, I was discharged, from Antelope, where I had started, and returned to the problems of securing an education, training, and degrees that in some ways were the equivalent of union cards.

The course of events from 1946 to the present moved with increasing speed. I hitchhiked to Philadelphia and studied anatomy with Ashley Montagu, an anatomist of great experience and erudition. Harvard gave me a scholarship that was sufficient, with my wife Ruth's earnings to begin three years of graduate study. My major professor, E. A. Hooton, suggested that I return to the Aleutians to do research for a doctoral thesis. Gordon H. Marsh, formerly of Antelope, was the linguist for our seven man expedition. We worked together another three seasons, doing anthropometric measurements, blood groups and archaeology in the day time, and ethnography and linguistics at night. His work was substantial and highly appreciated by the Aleuts. He later decided to become a Russian-Orthodox priest and monk. After Harvard I was fortunate to secure positions at the University of Oregon (1949-1955), then the University of Wisconsin (1955-1969), and finally the University of Connecticut, (1969-). My major project is repatriation of the collections I have assembled over the past 50 years: archaeological, skeletal, ethnographic, geneological, biomedical, etc., to the KODIAK AREA NATIVE ASSOCIATION which is beginning a museum on Kodiak Island. My papers are going to the Library, University of Alaska, Anchorage, where the archivist, Dr. Dennis Walle, will prepare a guide to my papers. I am leaving them to posterity in this fashion, because there is no way that posterity can bring an injunction forestalling this project.

5/1/90

From the Country School to the 1990's

Leland L. Miller

My beginning in 1921 seems now to have been in a very sheltered, secure setting. Born to Carl and Katie Miller in a solid Mennonite farming community that included Freeman and Marion, South Dakota, I grew up with the church as the center of our life. We were General Conference Mennonites, the most liberal of that denomination, so we became part of the "mobile" youth very quickly.

Memories of my youth on the farm include farming with horses: the gang plow with six horses; the disc and harrow with four horses; cultivating corn with both a single and double row cultivator. I recall the pride of seeing the corn come up in straight rows, both directions, after my first try at planting corn. Stretching the wire evenly to "check" the corn was the hard part. Good memories! The dust bowl years were not so good. One of the most vivid pictures in my mind is seeing my parents with tears running down their cheeks as a potential thunderstorm turned out to be only wind and dust.

I attended a typical country school for the first eight years, and I remember walking the two-and-a-half miles home from school with our big German Shepherd, Tiger, by my side when I was in first or second grade. There were three big dogs living at the farm place I had to pass, and I was scared! Tiger made short work of those dogs, though. He cornered them in the woven wire fence, and soon they were retreating up the driveway. I was proud of Tiger, and very grateful.

In my later years at the country school, I drove a trusty old mare hitched to a buggy on which my dad had built a "cab", and I took two neighbor girls along. Dad also provided a shelter and hay for the horse at school. It seems to me that the mare died about the time I finished country school. She was twenty-two years old, and I cried when she was gone.

I drove a Model T Ford to high school. I enjoyed shop, music, and geography, but I didn't like English or algebra and geometry. I did love sports, but work on the farm was a very real part of my life, and that prevented much participation in school sports. Basketball tourneys were a highlight of those days. I was also an avid hunter, as was my dad, and he was a good teacher. Gophers, rabbits, crows, pheasants and ducks were in dangerous territory near our place. Occasionally there was a fishing outing for the whole "threshing ring" as a group. Those are good memories, too.

I've been a music lover all my life! I sang in Mixed Choir, Boys' Glee Club, and the last year, in a quartette. When I was a junior in high school, a group of us were invited to sing in the church choir, and it seems we all enjoyed that. Positive peer pressure! Going out Christmas caroling was one of the highlights of those days. I was active in the 4-H Club, since my dad raised

Guernsey cows, and dairy farming was our source of income. Four of us boys, all about the same age, started singing as a quartette, and, representing our 4-H Club, even sang over WNAX, the Yankton radio station. We did not, however, become nationally famous as did Lawrence Welk and Myron Floren who also broadcast over WNAX.

After graduation from high school in 1939, I spent the summer helping on the farm. I was still involved in 4-H Club work and became part of a dairy judging team. We won in the state contest, and went to the National Dairy Congress at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. We placed sixth at the national level and were well pleased, as were the County Agent and the State Extension Dairyman who chaperoned us. Included on this trip was a tour of Washington, D.C. -- a very educational trip for me.

That was the year my dad purchased a 1930 Chevy for me, and I was really pleased. I was really climbing the ladder! Late in the year, I took a job helping a wonderful family from our church whose husband/father was disabled and could not work his farm. I milked cows, baby sat the brood sows when little pigs were due, planted the spring grain, and it was there that I did my first corn planting. I enjoyed the work, and I also enjoyed the big money -- \$15.00 a week!

Looking back, I think I must have given my parents some very uneasy times. They were so good to me, and I was pretty immature -- not as considerate and appreciative as I should have been. Our relationship got better over the years, and my appreciation and love for them grew. My uncles and aunts were good to me, too, and I'm sure they were a positive influence on my life.

The years between high school graduation and C.P.S. -- May of '39 to September of '42 -- were not very well organized. I worked for many people in the community harvesting, silo filling, corn picking. I also worked the harvest in Minnesota and picked corn in Iowa, partly because our local crops were poor.

There were, of course, the years of discovering the opposite sex, and what fun that was! I met my wife, Mary, and life was never the same after that. Seems we were attracted to each other from the beginning, and though it took years to get married, it was a great feeling to have this wonderful girlfriend!

I still remember Pearl Harbor Day, sitting in front of the radio listening to the tragic news, and realizing there would be no escape; we were involved. We were having classes at the church for young men like myself, explaining the Mennonite belief of non-resistance. I think it was hard for all of us in the class to think in terms of "non-resistance". It just didn't seem natural for energetic young boys not to resist.

The decision to go to C.P.S. came quite automatically, because of parental and church influence. The only question was whether to go non-combatant or C.P.S., and I don't recall much

debate about that, although half of the young men in our church did go into the Armed Forces. The draft board was not much of an obstruction, and I was easily classified 4E.

I was called up to go to Weeping Water, Nebraska, in early September, 1942. Everyone seemed to treat me well. I don't remember the public reaction there. I do remember needing to have my tonsils removed, and the doctor who did that was definitely not a C.O.! It was a rough operation!

The chance to sign up for a new camp came very soon. A new camp was to be opened at Lapine, Oregon, and it sounded like an adventure to me. In December, a Pullman car full of us boarded the train bound for Oregon on the Great Northern Line. I still recall the thrill of seeing mountains, and it began to dawn on many of us that the Midwest was not all there was. I really enjoyed Lapine's wonderful people, interesting work, and beautiful setting. It was there I learned to fell and trim trees, to climb trees, to run a bulldozer, drive a truck, put out a forest fire, and climb a mountain. But all those things were not as important as learning about human relationships, and best of all, making life-long friends. In view of all these good things, our loss of freedom didn't seem as crushing to me as it did to many.

Lapine was to become a government camp in January of '44, so the personnel began to move out. I stayed until the end of January to help in the changeover process. Then I was sent to Terry, Montana. I was feeling a big let-down after this change and went through a fairly serious feeling of doubt about the whole C.O. position. All those millions of young men were defending our country. Were they all wrong, and we right?

Then I got the call from the Smoke Jumpers. I recognized immediately that these were some really special people, and through the years I've realized more and more how special they really were. The Mennonite C.P.S. camps were really just an extension of the community I grew up in, but here in the Smoke Jumpers unit was a whole new perspective. Many of these guys had actually made their decision to be pacifists in the face of opposition from their family, friends and community. I was impressed! Of course, the bond that drew us together was mainly our convictions, but there was more. We all, I think, wanted to prove to ourselves as well as to society, that we were not "yellow-bellies". This seemed a chance to do that. I certainly felt more confident about my stand than ever before -- and that feeling has stayed with me ever since.

My training at Nine Mile went well, and my first jump was rather automatic. It seems I wasn't aware of what was happening until my fifth jump. After that it was all downhill. It became easier each time. I don't remember any close calls and no injuries. I felt fortunate. After the '44 season, I was sent to Kingston, Idaho, along with Delbert Barley, Herb Crocker and Walt Riemer. It was an interesting winter.

It was during that winter that Mary and I were making serious plans to get married. In April I was able to go home to South Dakota, and on April 6, 1945, we were married in my home church, the Salem-Zion Mennonite Church near Freeman, South Dakota. After just a few short days we -- together -- went back to Missoula for my refresher training for the '45 season. Mary found a job in Missoula, and I was sent out to Big Prairie after training for six weeks -- not the first choice for a newlywed. But what gorgeous country it was! The busy fire season of 1945 kept us going. It was an exciting time. We learned after the fire season that Smoke Jumpers would close, and I was transferred to Dennison, Iowa, where I spent approximately four months before being discharged in March, 1946.

We were now back to "reality". We were invited to move in with my parents for that summer, helping my dad farm additional land he had rented. At the same time, we built a house, barn and granary out of used lumber for our new landlord, Dr. Issac Tieszen. By September we moved into our "new" rented farm, and a month later were blessed with our firstborn, a son. Six more children to come! All are wonderful, and we love them very much.

We farmed for nine years, but didn't seem to be gaining financially, so I decided to go to work for the Caterpillar dealer in Sioux Falls. It looked promising, so we paid down on a house and moved to Sioux Falls. This was a blow to our parents, I think, but it seemed the way to go. We soon were involved in the hard, and sometimes overwhelming, work of starting and building a new church, the Good Shepherd Mennonite Church.

I enjoyed my work with heavy equipment and became a field serviceman, enjoying the outdoors and the travel connected with the job. In 1965 we made a trip to the west coast, and the call of the mountains and pine trees was still there. So in November, when a job opened up in Spokane, Washington, we made a trip to check it out, and after much consultation with our children, we decided to make the move.

I went to work for the Caterpillar dealer in Spokane February 1, 1966, and very soon it felt like home. Almost immediately I was doing field service involving every part of eastern Washington and northern Idaho, and occasionally Montana. I worked for loggers, highway contractors, Snake River Dam contractors, mining contractors, as well as for many small operators doing excavating, yard work, farming, etc. This enabled me to explore this part of the country in much more depth than most natives did. And I loved it in spite of much hard work. I stayed with it until 1984, when I retired at age 62. Mary spent quite a few years working with children in a day care. She was good at that!

We became members of the United Methodist Church here in Spokane, where we have been active in the choir and the Commission on Church and Society. We've also been involved with the local Peace and Justice and F.O.R. chapter. My interest in political

action in the area of peace and justice has become a high priority. The Smoke Jumper Reunions have been an inspiration!

I have long felt that we were blessed with good fortune in so many ways; health for one -- our health and that of our children and grandchildren. I am grateful that all our children seem to have accepted the non-violent approach to life. All of our family seems to be close-knit and good friends with each other.

Looking back at highlights, I have good memories of playing eleven years of softball. As a result, I'm a sports fan!....A trip in 1962 to the Bob Marshall Wilderness was very memorable. We camped there for a week and hiked to see the Chinese Wall!....We had an exchange student with us for eleven months in 1978-79, from Hamburg, Germany. That was an exciting time, and we have made valuable friendships there.

Since retirement in 1984, we have done a lot of RV-ing, and have been to Mexico, to the Southwest and also to the Midwest and Canada. We have made the Inland Passage trip on the Alaska ferry system. So many interesting places to see! I guess the trip to Europe, particularly to Germany, just before the collapse of the Berlin Wall, has to be the most exciting thing for us in recent years.

In reviewing my life from this point, at age 69, in the year 1990, so many thoughts rush through my mind I find it hard to put them together! What was God's purpose for my life? Did I pay attention to that? Not enough, I'm sure. The teachings of Jesus have always been a foundation of what I believe. My actions did not often reflect that as they should have. I feel so insignificant when I see what great things others have done, particularly my heroes, Mahatama Ghandi and Martin Luther King.

I hope that in some small way I have helped someone to carry on the mission to bring the human race together as caring, sharing brothers and sisters, and that from there, we can work together to make this world a better reflection of what God intended for us to be. "As you do it to the least of these..." seems to me to be the key. Selfishness, on the individual or national level, seems to be a major obstacle to harmony today.

If it seems that I'm disappointed with my life, it's not true. I have enjoyed and am enjoying my life, but I do worry about what the future holds. I'm sure it was always that way. Peace be with you!

LELAND L. & MARY L. MILLER
N. 8001 STARR RD.
NEWMAN LAKE, WA 99025

"HOOT"

This is April, 1990, and Allen Moyer is 72 years of age. It is hard to turn back the pages of a lifetime and select the important items to include in a book of life histories. Allen has had the misfortune of having Parkinson's Disease for years, and by now it has taken its toll, leaving him very disabled. Therefore, he cannot write this story. As his wife of nearly 42 years, I will attempt writing some things as he has expressed them through the years.

It is with many misgivings that I try to tell this story. It is presumptuous to put oneself in another's shoes, so to speak, even though we are very close. But, since each individual contributed a part to the whole history of C.P.S. #103, he should be included.

Allen's grandfather, Manassas Moyer, came to Deer Creek, Oklahoma, in 1901 to pastor the Deer Creek Mennonite Church. William Moyer, Allen's father, was then 14 years of age. The family settled on a farm three miles northwest of town. After William's marriage to Louise Latschar, Jan. 1, 1915, the young couple lived on this farm. They lived here until August, 1981, when in their nineties, they entered a nursing home. It was on this farm, on December 6, 1917, that Allen was born.

Allen is the oldest of four children: a brother, Floyd, and sisters, Frances Linn and Mary Duerksen. Schooling was in the town of Deer Creek. Transportation consisted of catching rides with neighbor girls in a Model T, sometimes riding a horse, or sometimes walking the distance, cutting across the fields to save steps. It was in the lower grades that he acquired the nickname, "Hoot".

Memories of high school years name Agriculture and History classes as the favorite subjects. And, playing ball, especially football, as the favorite activity. He also participated in other sports, in band, and in FFA activities.

Summers were spent working on the farm and sometimes also working for neighboring farmers, mainly with the treshing. Playing tennis is a pleasant recollection--the two Moyer boys built their own tennis court, and many Sunday afternoons were spent there with friends. Other favorite times were swimming, hunting, fishing, and ice skating.

During his young adult years, softball was a regular pastime, and many summer evenings were spent playing in church softball leagues. He liked to play chess and enjoyed a good game of cards. As he neared retirement, he would often join a regular Thursday morning card group.

College years included one year at Northern Oklahoma Junior College in Tonkawa (25 miles from home) and then the sophomore year at Bethel College in Newton, Kansas. Years later, after the war, he returned to Bethel as a junior in 1946, hoping to get a degree. But, a haying accident in the summer of 1947, caused his father to be an invalid for months, so Allen took over the farm responsibilities. He never returned to college classes.

While at Bethel, we became acquainted, and were married in the Alexanderwohl Church near Goessel, Kansas, (my home community) on June 4, 1948. We settled on a farm $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of Allen's parents. We are still living here.

Three sons joined the family: John, born on August 8, 1949; Charles, born on February 23, 1953; and Jerry, born on February 5, 1958. Allen was pleased

to be a father and never seemed to be disappointed in not having daughters. However, he has seemed to get a special joy from having daughters-in-law.

Money was scarce on the farm for many years and the work was never-ending. The boys were expected to learn responsibility and hard work and all willingly did their part, especially taking care of the sheep and doing the field work.

There was never a question of allowing time off for school trips, ball games, 4-H, FFA, music, or church activities for the boys. The only request was not to plan anything during wheat harvest time. The boys could expect their father at every football game and at most basketball games during their high school years.

All three of the sons graduated from college: John, from Kansas State University with a major in Anthropology, and later, a degree from Iliff School of Theology in Denver; Chuck, from Bethel College with a major in History; and, Jerry, from Phillips University in Enid, Oklahoma, with a major in music. Each of the three at one time made a trip overseas: John to Europe with a 4-H People-to-People group, Charles to Russia with a college history group, and Jerry to Sweden to spend a semester studying there.

Each of the boys was married soon after graduation from college: John to Janne O'Donnell in Billings, MT, on Aug. 7, 1971, Chuck to Rosalie Cuellar in Newton, KS, on Aug. 14, 1976, and Jerry to Ann Peyton in Tulsa, OK, on Mar. 21, 1981.

There are six grandchildren: Sean (born May 11, 1975) in Denver, and Timothy (born Oct. 8, 1980, in Billings, MT) to John and Janne; Nathan (born Oct. 9, 1980, in Enid, OK) and Matthew (born July 19, 1986, in Enid) to Chuck and Rose; and, Sarah (born Mar. 26, 1987, in Tulsa) and Christopher (born Oct. 9, 1989, in Tulsa) to Jerry and Ann. Allen gets immense pleasure out of the grandchildren, and the favorite one of all, is always the one that he is with at the present. He seems to have a very special rapport with them, and each one shows a special love and caring--trying to help Grandpa.

It is good fortune to have all the children and grandchildren living in this state at the present time. John and family live in Norman where he is a computer analyst and Janne recently completed her Masters Degree program at OU. Charles and family live near Deer Creek & he is doing the farming and Rose teaches sixth grade in the Deer Creek-Lamont Schools. Jerry and family live near Tulsa where he is pursuing his electronics interests working for Cellular I and Ann is working for Cardiology of Tulsa.

Although farming was not really the planned vocation, it was with no visible regrets that Allen changed plans and stayed home to assist his father when needed, later became his partner in the farming, and, then took over on his own after his father retired. Will Moyer had always raised sheep (usually having a purebred flock of show animals) and raised mostly wheat, with some oats, barley, row crops, and alfalfa. This pattern was continued, more or less, and still is on the Moyer land. At one time 100 acres was in alfalfa--the hay providing winter feed for the sheep. Farm income was supplemented for a time by doing carpenter work. Allen learned to shear sheep, and sheared small flocks for others, leaving the large Moyer flock to professional shearers.

Allen always had a special dog. He recalls with fondness the collie puppy with the bobbed tail that he shipped home from Camp #33 in Ft. Collins.

Later, he always had a pure-bred Border Collie to work the sheep. He spent many hours training the dogs and it was with great pride that he showed off their skill. They saved him many hours of time and many miles of walking. For many years he raised and sold pups. His dog now is "Boomer".

Beginning with the ownership of 20 acres and renting other patches when and where available, land was gradually purchased to an accumulation of 500 acres. The sheep operation was changed to a commercial flock of Western ewes and increased in number. For some years there was a sheep partnership with Allen's uncle, David Latschar. This ended abruptly with Dave's unexpected death in a farm accident in December, 1966. This was probably the hardest period of all.

The death left a flock of 650 ewes for one man to care for and so it was at this time that the wife also became a farmer and a true partner in the family business, and this arrangement continued until Chuck moved back to Deer Creek in 1979 to take over the farming operation. Allen remained as active as the Parkinsons would allow for as long as possible. It was very, very hard to give up operating the machinery.

In this span of years, Allen worked with horses. He harvested with binders and threshing machines. He saw electricity come to the farm in 1947. He experienced the great joy of progressing to using a combine--a small, tractor-driven Allis Chalmers with a 6 ft. header, to later owning an IHC 915 with a 24 ft. header, which was purchased in 1978. This machine is still being used.

Always exhibiting his sense of self-confidence, he was ready to be the first to try new methods. He had the leadership ability and the commitment to join professional organizations, to hold office, and to help organize new ones when none existed to fill a need. His latest group activity was helping to organize and to serve on the Board of Directors of O K SHEEP EXPANSION, INC., a six-county sheep marketing organization, sponsored in part by Oklahoma State University. This is still a very active group, and at present, Chuck is secretary of the board. Allen also held office for years in the Grant Co. Sheep Assn., the Mid-States Wool Assn., and was on the OSU Animal Advisory Board.

One instance of trying new methods comes to mind. Farmers traditionally applied the anhydrous ammonia to the wheat ground at the time of sowing, fearing that the gas would disappear and not benefit the wheat if applied earlier. This added another big operation at the already stressful busy fall season of wheat planting and lambing. Thinking ahead to using the man-power available during the summer months when his sons were at home from school, Allen started applying the nitrogen in August. Soon others followed. This is now the standard practice.

Church membership and attendance was always taken for granted in the Moyer household. All took responsibility and accepted jobs. Allen was no exception. He was a Sunday School teacher for years, held various offices, among them church secretary, youth sponsor, and deacon, serving as chairman of the church board at times. He was there to see the various milestones in the life of the Deer Creek Mennonite Church. He helped to construct a new building in 1952.

Also seeing the need for community and school leadership, he served on the Deer Creek Board of Education for ten years. He was a charter member of

the Deer Creek Lions Club and still remains a member, serving as its president at one time.

He loved to read and to study and this included Bible reading and study. His favorite books are the writing of Paul, and I Cor. 13 the favorite passage. Best loved hymns are "O Pow'r of Love" and "Rise Up O Men of God." World events and politics always have held a great interest. There was never a shortage of reading material in the house.

Family vacations were all too few and never long enough. It was never a suitable time to leave the farm and its woolly inhabitants. But, when the family packed the car and left, it was usually for a few days in the mountains of Colorado to sightsee, fish or just to see if the current Chevrolet could make it up one more steep mountain trail.

Allen has always possessed the special gift of being able to analyze his mistakes, forgiving himself for erring, then taking positive steps to move on ahead. He has very seldom been "down" for long. He has even retained a cheerful positive attitude with the PD. He has always cooperated with me and let me take him to another specialist, try another medication, and listen to yet another speaker discuss PD.

When the Parkinsons was definitely diagnosed in 1980, it was a time of reflection. It was then that Allen expressed that his life had been a fulfilling one, he had accomplished things to his satisfaction, he felt that he had done his best, he felt good about passing his role on to successors.

The week at Seeley Lake in August of 1983 was outstanding and the back-packing trip a never-forgotten memory, even though he was already suffering from the effects of Parkinsons at that time. It is with special gratitude that we remember the caring way in which his friends looked after him. This was our last trip of any length and the last trip to see mountains.

Ask Allen about his CPS experiences and he will readily tell you that it was one of the best and most positive times of his life. He will also recall the hostility of the local community at that time to those who were unwilling to go and fight in a war. This painful memory was brought back vividly when his two older sons registered as conscientious objectors. The registration was no longer required by the time Jerry reached 18.

Allen entered CPS Camp #33 in Ft. Collins, CO, in the spring of 1942. He enjoyed the Colorado mountains and later volunteered for the Smoke Jumpers because he had helped to put out a few fires and found it interesting and challenging. He spent a long time in Montana and has never forgotten his fondness for that area. The acquaintances he made at camp have been a highlight of his life. The reunions have been a special joy and have renewed the old bond. It is a sense of family; and, misfortune and death of members is heartache to all.

Among the memorabilia around here are a few letters which Allen wrote home to his parents while in CPS. There is among these the hastily scrawled note, dated March 4, 1946, saying, "My discharge just came in at noon today. I am routed through Denver to Fort Worth, Texas, and from there to Medford on the Rock Island."

And, on a yellowed sheet of Camp No. 103 stationery is a narrative account titled, "First Jump of '44 Season". It follows:

"On July 5, 1944, at 5:00 p.m. Morrell Mountain Lookout reported a smoke. The plane, Travelair, was ordered soon after and we ate supper at 5:30 as usual. At 6:00 Wag Dodge designated Paul Shrock and myself, Allen Moyer, to jump. We loaded the equipment on the truck and took it to the landing strip where we suited up. The plane arrived at 6:50, we crawled in, loaded our fire packs and took off immediately.

"We flew over toward the base of Morrell Mountain and looked for the smoke. The smoke was hugging the ground so we didn't spot it until we had flown over the area until 7:20. Shrock was the first to jump. He was spotted for a small patch of short reproduction. He landed on the edge, his chute hung up in a tree about 30 feet. I jumped second and found that the new method of steering worked excellently. I turned my chute N. E. thinking the drift was toward the S. W. As I neared the treetops my chute turned wonderfully as I dodged several snags. About 80 feet up a cross drift hit me & started the chute oscillating. I slammed into a fir about 25 feet from the ground and on the back swing I hit the ground. It was my first backward landing and was an easy one. My chute draped over about 25 lodge poles ranging in size from 8 to 15 feet. I jumped up & waved my streamer, then took off my equipment.

"The cargo was dropped 50 feet from my chute. Paul & I had our equipment together and chutes retrieved at 8:20 and in 10 minutes we found the fire, a large yellow pine snag. The fire was confined to the snag so we went to work with the crosscut saw and dropped the snag. We had cleared the area where we dropped the snag. We then used moist earth to cool off the hot areas and then knocked all hot charred pieces loose & mixed them thoroughly with earth.

"By 11:30 we had the fire out & the log trenched. We then crawled into our bags & fought mosquitos. The next morning we carried our equipment to the nearest trail. The packer picked it up and we walked to a road and came back to Seeley Lake in a pickup in time for lunch."

Allen J. Moyer
R 1, Box 66
Deer Creek, OK 74636

ONE LIFE EXPERIENCE
Civilian Public Service and Other Happenings
- J. Philip Neal -

FOREWORD

Among my earliest childhood recollections is a feeling of resentment when parents or older relatives would gently say that I was too young to eat this, or do that, or go here or there. To me, it was part of a nefarious plot to subjugate me to magnify the status of elders; I worked on developing logical arguments to expose the sham of such restrictions. I was no mutant: my father scorned established authority if it seemed to contravene his wishes or sentiments; and my mother found many things about which to be indignant, though she supported an Orderly society.

How do I feel about my life? I think I have been incredibly lucky in this world, and often wonder at my many blessings. My life did begin with some obstacles, some of which I created myself. I can now honestly consider myself a stable community member, well thought of by my family, friends, friends, and professional associates. This reflects good, average attainment following a wandering, rootless existence. But I feel I should accomplish yet more. One needs to seek ways to better the lot of humanity, or to help clear the path to its destiny, whatever that may be.

I hope that what I write will serve as part of a sampling of experiences, and thus be of some historical value.

EARLY YEARS

I was born in 1918, in the middle of the dreaded flu epidemic when WWI was ending. In 1920 my paternal grandparents gave me loving care for about 6 months: my mother was hospitalized with cancer. Remarkably, she recovered following surgery and radium therapy - at that time a very crude weapon. My grandparents' care, plus many boyhood visits to their farm at Newtown Square PA left a lifetime impression on me. An only child, I was part of an essentially nomadic family. The farm was the one place of constant return - to fish, sled, wander, and on occasion help with farm chores.

BOYHOOD AND SCHOOL

Until I was 12, we lived in various suburbs and small towns, mostly near Philadelphia. No residency was longer than about 2 years. My father's promotional and sales work during the Great Depression - finally centered on recruiting students for one or another boys' private school. I then became a "faculty brat" at a series of schools, acclimating to dormitory life. Parental pressure, plus the achievement-oriented school environment, resulted in my getting a pretty good education. The constant moving in transient communities, and my status in whatever school I was in, hindered my social adjustment. Rather contentious by nature, I became a

loner: a group of peers simply meant trouble and harassment - better to go fishing. Later, I did find a few friends; date a little; and enjoy a few sojourns at summer camp in Canada, where I became an ardent and proficient canoe-tripper.

The prep school phase ended with two years in a northern school (Deerfield Academy) with which my father had no connection. There, I found a few more friends and became active in glee club, soccer, and swimming. The school had very high scholastic standards; I often wonder how I got through.

June 1936 represented a phase change. My father was no longer in the picture. Family now consisted of my mother laboring on a WPA parent education project, and I as a night shift factory hand trying to save at least some tuition for college, delayed one year.

RELIGION/POLITICS

My family had not observed religion in any usual sense. I had acquired the practice of avoiding churches. However, increasing contacts with the Religious Society of Friends modified that attitude. After all, since I was contemplating a Deaker college (Deerford), it seemed logical to be better acquainted with that religion. Before starting college in fall '37 I was regularly attending Meeting. I respected "social gospel", and was confronted with no creed. By the time I entered college I had become a convinced Friend, though admittedly a very incomplete and rough-edged one. My mother also joined, though a different Meeting. Both of us, religious sceptics, were enthusiastic Norman Thomas socialists.

EARLY ADULTHOOD: CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE

Aided by family, scholarships, and summer jobs, I somehow graduated in 4 years (with grades just high enough). I had seemed unable to gather my will to concentrate and do well. I had always had a subconscious feeling that doing what was expected of me (high achievement) was only possible through super-human effort; an arduous and unending task. From this I shrank, somehow unable to visualize triumphant emergence at the end of the course. Instead, I muddled through.

Since boyhood, I had contemplated a medical career, but with low grades and near-zero financial resources, medical school was out. Some freak factor caused me to be 4-F in the military draft (1941). Adrift, I tried several jobs. First came consumer co-op food retailing, into which I did not fit well. Then, in 1943, I had my aptitudes tested in New York City, I was offered a job with the testing organization. Fascinated, I took it. In 1944 my 4-F status reverted to 4-E. In August 1944 I found myself at Big Plate, N.Y.

Though a Friend since 1937, a graduate of a Deaker college, and an associate of Douglas Steere through meditation groups and reconstruction training, I was

still spiritually adrift. I had acquired an anti-military attitude from my mother and the socialists - not to mention the Quakers. In 1940 I equated the military draft with herding - and I wasn't about to be herded. But I reached the rationalization that I could call myself a religious objector (sort of). The local draft board let me by, I think on my Quaker credentials. Throughout CPS I was uneasy, never feeling absolutely right in my C.O. stand, though I could not imagine becoming a soldier. A concept of "bad vs. worse" began to form in my mind. I felt alienated from society, never admitting to myself that this was destabilizing my life.

Big Lake was an AFSC staging camp with transient population. Principal projects were growing pine seedlings and doing local timber stand improvement. The overall administrator was the U.S. Soil Conservation Service. Additionally, men were sent out daily as local farm labor. In wartime, CPS men could also hire out on remunerative evening jobs to augment their allowance of \$2.50 per month: a few men found this quite profitable. The AFSC did its best to acquaint newcomers with the system through a planned orientation program, attended with varying degrees of willingness and positive attitude. On occasions there were social weekends and dancing, attended by visiting (chaperoned) college girls. Other historical records of the Big Lake camp are available.

Even from my fellow CPS men, I felt isolated to some degree, and found that barracks life was slowly eroding what sociable tendencies that I, still a loner, had managed to acquire. Some men, however, adapted constructively. I felt that they had things I didn't have, and feared I never would: loving fiancées or wives; supportive wider families; solid careers on hold. Of course, some men had none of these, yet had good spirits and tranquility. At any rate, I was far from alone in being unhappy for various reasons.

In February 1945 I was transferred to Trenton ND. After several months of experiencing the bleakness of prairie badlands and the smell of burning lignite, I convinced myself that the smokejumpers were right for me. After all, I had been active in school and college athletics and was fond of the outdoors. In June 1945 my application was accepted and I departed for the Rockies.

For many, smokejumping was a vital and fulfilling experience. For me, it was a mistake. To be a good jumper, one needed inner peace, which I did not have. In training, everything went wrong. I encountered one mishap after another - involving equipment, chance injuries, and falls from trees. On my second training jump I bruised a foot in a freak hang-b-and-fall. Rightly judging me accident-prone, Carl Cooley and the trainer squared saw to it that I pulled lookout duty.

The lookout tower kitch on Edith Peak salvaged my summer- and service record to some extent. Solitary life with birds, chipmunks, deer and elk, and (once) a cougar was rather calming. In the evening were telephone conversations with other lookouts. I have good memories of Mrs. Mc Mahon, a sensible and friendly school teacher stationed on Cayuse

Tower - the one nearest to Hinemile. One amusing episode - for most of us - occurred when a storm severed my phone line. Eventually the dispatcher, whom I only remember as "Smitty", came riding up on a mule to investigate. He soon departed to find the break, instructing me to crank the phone (to ring the bell) at intervals to see if the break was fixed. This I did, and eventually I found myself re-connected. That evening, Smitty was back at headquarters. "Well, I could shoot you!" he sputtered. "Just as I was up to my waist in wet brush trying to pull the busted wire together, you had to crank that phone!" Despite this, I received a good rating as a lookout, which only partly eased my disappointment over my smokejumping.

Five seasons over, I spent a short time helping close Hinemile, and Bob Cochran drove me to the Dangan MT camp, where they had a seedling program similar to Big Flats. By October 1945 the spirit there was one of letdown and impotence. One could hear lengthy baroque discussions about who should do what about various irritating situations, often involving the USFS administration.

Wanting to return east, I had applied for transfer back to Big Flats. SS consented, but refused to pay transportation because it was my idea. I still wonder who would have done what if I had refused to leave Dangan. But I obediently took a bus to Missoula and then hitch-hiked back to Big Flats. With one short final train ride, I made it in 7 days.

At Big Flats, AFSC administration had ceased: it was a "government" camp. In November 1945, WWII was long over. Any former "second mile" spirit was little in evidence, replaced by ferment and dissatisfaction. From old government camps had come transferees whose agenda had always been resistance and non-cooperation. There was resentment toward the SS policy of delayed CO discharge, caused in part by the spite of militaristic congressmen and some veterans' groups. In some camps there was increased activism in publicizing "slave labor" - even some appearances in parades. Not all such demonstrations were reacted to unfavorably. At Big Flats, early in the spring of 1946, the entire camp struck against the assigned work and instead began packing relief supplies for shipment abroad. By then, I was not there, but I heard of no prosecutions. The whole CPS system closed down in the summer of 1946.

In early spring of that year I had accepted a guinea pig project in Chicago. There were 5 of us. This was no heroic venture like malaria or starvation or jaundice: we had only to eat a controlled calcium-deficient diet and periodically report for X-ray photos of certain bone joints to see if diminished calcium would produce less-opaque bone shadows. I used my leisure - previously agreed upon - to knit and sell wool socks made on a small hand-operated machine I had had with me all through CPS. In August '46 I had my discharge, but remained for one more month by agreement - for pay. The X-ray results were inconclusive. I headed home in September, having been in CPS almost exactly 2 years.

POST-CPS: GOING IT ALONE

While in CPS, I learned that the aptitude-testing job had evaporated: the head of the organization apparently saw less profit in career-oriented young men than in a constantly-changing staff of young women just out of college. Reacting to this, I passed up some other good jobs and resolved to find work from which I could not be fired. This pointed to self-employment.

Once again, I developed a mail-order business in fancy-design custom knit wool socks - very similar to hand-knit. Other people with the same small knitting machines joined me: a sort of cottage industry. We advertised in stylish magazines; sold to exclusive shops; and even knitted some argyles for the original run of "Brigadoon". Later, I also managed a "hand frame" department in a New York kosiemy mill. All the while, I dreamed of eventually becoming part of a country-based cooperative technological community.

By 1947 I had become acquainted with Celo Community in North Carolina, to which some of my knitting jobs had been sent or let out. By 1950 I became penniless and had to abandon the whole venture. Fortunately there were no unmanageable debts.

A bleak period followed. Unemployment in 1950 was 6%. The CPS men I knew all seemed well-settled. I could find no job. I was 32, and one company had told me I had excellent qualifications, but was too old. Finally, I secured work in a factory assembly line, planning to save for study toward an advanced degree. The job was cut off by steel shortage in the Korean war. Next I was lucky to be hired as a helper by a kindly Quaker house-builder.

At this point, life around Philadelphia was very discouraging. I felt that if I did not soon make a break of some sort, I would be bogged down forever. Taking in hand a small inheritance, I moved in 1951 to Celo Community, not far from the old Buck Creek CPS unit, and populated by a number of ex-CPS men. I was still a bachelor, and I brought my mother along.

I had felt a certain leading to make this move (of course, during a trial visit, I had encountered a unique young single woman there). Life at Celo started out as an economic struggle, but I still felt my leading had been true. Early odd jobs plus craft work would make a story in itself. In 1953 I commenced a new lifestyle by starting work in a local kosiemy mill as designer and quality controller. By community standards I was then fairly prosperous. Late in 1953 I was married.

FAMILY, JOB, AND ROOTS

I was now part of a community. I had a family. I lived in the country. I was using many of my aptitudes. This was a turnaround period, though problems were still ahead. In 1956 the knitting mill folded, but I shortly hired on as research engineer

with a mineral processing company in Spruce Pine, 19 miles from Celo, which produced feldspar and mica for industrial use. My college science background got me the job. In 1959 the family (now including two daughters) moved into town to be near my job. In 1964 a job change was made. We moved to Asheville NC where I continued research on a wider range of mineral processing - at the N. C. State University Minerals Research Laboratory. My life was now definitely suburban, despite being within the city limits. The job, not highly remunerative, was interesting and challenging. I stayed with it until retirement in 1985.

We retained a sort of "family" feeling toward Celo Community, returning often to see old friends there and sending our two daughters to Camp Celo. Today, two grandsons are nearly ready to be sent to the camp.

RETIREMENT

We have lived in the same quiet neighborhood since 1964 (how fortunate!) and have ample garden and workshop space. Our daughters - and families - visit regularly. I recently ended two vigorous years (1988-89) developing a process to clean effluent from a local paper mill. The process works, but getting the mill to use it is another matter. I have enjoyed the last 30 years constructing apparatus and gadgets out of odds and ends. The concept of decentralized technology is still important to me. I haven't been able to pursue it directly, but am glad it has gained many supporters.

It should be noted that my wife - the former Margaret (Dag) Calbeck - lived in St. Paul MN during pre-WWII days and was active in peace groups there. Later, she returned home to Columbus OH where she occasionally entertained groups of CPS men in her home.

ANCESTRY

On my father's side, a family tree of Neals and Lukens shows I am a descendant of Jani Lukens, a close associate of Daniel Pastorius, who was a late 17th Century Quaker credited with founding Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia. Far back are a few Quaker ancestors, occasionally appearing among farmers and tradespeople who were mainly Baptists and Presbyterians. On my mother's side were the Hubbes, prosperous food store merchants in the Philadelphia-New Jersey area in the mid 1800's; also the Hampshires, who were coal mine owners in England, with one earl in the family.

FINAL THOUGHTS

I believe our human species - as a whole - fails to follow the teachings of Christ because we have not truly perceived an obvious close relationship between following them and attaining goals - either our own selfish ones or even the true ones we

should be seeking. We may give lip service to the teachings as being very nice, but don't really consider them truly applicable or useful in many immediate cases: they appear to apply to some set of conditions which may exist someday. But for now, other rough but more "effective" rules must be made to apply. This insistence on our own rules carries a price, not in terms of divine displeasure, but of physical destruction of this world. We presently look down into the innocent faces of the debtors from whom it may be exacted.

Cause-effect follows cause fairly closely, humans tend to ignore or deny the connection. Present factors are not evaluated in terms of future scenarios. But now, after several millenia, act and consequence are ever closer coupled in time. Will enough of us come to see such relationships soon enough? Even the most dull-witted, such as our political leaders, will need this insight, and soon. Failing that, God will not destroy us; we will do it all by ourselves.

Basic Christian teachings, now classified as nice for some future never-never time, are in fact exceedingly pragmatic in terms of cause and effect, and most especially so because of the world's population density. They must be built into our society if we are to survive on this earth.

Theory has it that humans evolved over thousands of centuries, slowly improving in mental capacities. Can today's human integrate a realistic cause-effect concept into his/her thinking, and act on it as a life-saving imperative - or will the species have to evolve further, assuming existence can continue?

J. PHILIP NEAL
 38 WILLOWBROOK ROAD
 ASHEVILLE, N.C. 28805
 704/298-0944

WITNESS of a QUAKER PHYSICIAN

The Life Story of Robert H. Painter, M.D.

Family Roots

Where does one start the story of their life? I would not have attempted the ego-provoking account except that Roy Wenger, former director of the Civilian Public Service Smoke Jumper unit, is compiling the personal histories of CPS Smoke Jumpers.

So, I will start with my rich Quaker heritage. Quaker John Painter and his family from Shropshire, England were recruited by William Penn in 1699. They migrated to New Jersey and later to Virginia and then to Paintersville, Ohio. The Hardins and Tests, my mother's family, came from Quaker stock and also came from England, perhaps on the same boat as John Painter.

At any rate the Painters and Hardins settled farms near Spiceland, Indiana. Education was a high priority for early Quakers. Spiceland had a Friends Academy. It was there that Levinus Painter and Margaret Hardin met, and then both graduated from Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana. After my father completed Hartford Theological Seminary, he took his bride to rural New York and then northern Vermont. He was pastor of a small Friends Meeting in South Starksboro, Vermont when Robert Henry was born.

Boyhood.

My memorable boyhood was lived in the parsonage at Putney, Vermont. Being a Quaker and peacemaker my father was asked to come to Putney to bring about a Federated Church from existing Baptist, Congregational, and Methodist congregations. He succeeded in the merger, and the Putney Federated Church is very strong 60 years later. Dad was also scout leader and I became a hiker, camper and nature lover. I walked to school about one mile, or in winter, skied. Skating and skiing were my favorite sports, but I became a tennis player and excellent swimmer early in life.

In the country school at Putney, my classmates usually numbered on 6 to 8. I have kept in contact with several, including another Bob whose paths and career have somewhat paralleled mine. One of my mentors in Putney was George Aiken, an expert horticulturist and naturalist. This was the George Aiken who was later Governor Aiken and for 40 years, U.S. Senator Aiken.

My mother died when I was age 12. Both my sister, Mary Emma, and I went to boarding schools. I attended Westtown School, a coeducational Quaker school near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Prep school was highly regimented, strict, and academically excellent. Students came from various parts of the country and many from privileged families. Almost 100% went on to college. Living together for four years, we developed a family feeling. We did our share of pranks and became experts at getting in and out of the dormitories after hours. Westtown excelled in soccer and tennis. I became quite proficient in these, as well as track and swimming.

The Quaker nurturing wore off on me. I got the foundation for my non-violent ideals, as well as the development of a strong social consciousness. My summers were spent at Quaker workcamps in depressed soft coal fields and on family farms in Indiana.

My father became active in the American Friends Service Committee. He worked in a rehabilitation housing unit in the coal areas, joined with the United Nations' effort in the Middle East, spent time in Quaker missions in Africa and helped in American Indian causes. Because he was traveling so much, I became very self-sufficient and a very experienced hitch-hiker. I also became an activist in Peace rallies.

In 1940 I graduated from Westtown School. In the class of 100, I was far from the top scholastically, but high in extracurricular activities. 1990 is our 50th reunion and our Westtown family is catching up on our many interesting roads of life.

College

After Westtown, I again followed the Quaker tradition and went to Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana. During freshmen week, I found an excellent tennis player, Phyllis Greene, from Dayton, Ohio. We have been playing tennis together ever since, and she became my one and only wife in 1945.

Earlham was good for me. They did not have a soccer team, but my kicking abilities got me onto the football team for four varsity years. My interest in science, my humanistic ideals, and close contact with an M.D. cousin led me to choose the pre-med course. These were early World War II years, so I went to summer sessions. I also held a regular job for three years driving a newspaper truck from 2:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m. In the summer of 1942, a group of drafted conscientious objectors came to Earlham to train for the China ambulance unit. This mature group had an influence in my taking the pacifist position. I registered as a CO and was classified 4E. In 1943, I was accepted to Western Reserve Medical School. Because I refused to take a military commission, I gave up the cherished place in the class.

Alternative Service

By the time I was drafted in 1943 I had completed my requirements for AB degree. I refused to take any military service, so was first assigned to a soil conservation nursery in Big Flats, New York. I was to do "work of social significance under civilian direction". This meant thinning trees in a forest! With the war hysteria, our CO position was very unpopular and we were subject to various kinds of harassment. Also, we were paid \$5.00 a month.

I wanted to prove that I was not a "yellow-belly", so I volunteered for Smoke Jumpers (parachute fire fighters under U.S. Forest Service). My acceptance arrived just as I had been reassigned to a camp in Elkton, Oregon.

Smoke Jumper training was at Missoula, Montana. The camp was administered by Bretheren, Mennonite and Quakers with about equal numbers of COs from each church group. Morale was "upbeat". The training was extremely demanding but fortunately

I was in good physical condition. It was exciting and esprit-de-corps was great. The first practice jump was unforgettable. The thrill was so great, I looked forward enthusiastically to each jump. Fire training was very demanding, only a preview of later experiences. During training, I was selected by a group of Smoke Jumpers from the Cave Junction, Oregon side-camp. I was to be their side-camp director, not knowing the problems with Forest Service personnel. In my naive way, I struggled through the experience, and learned from my mistakes. That year I chalked up 15 fire jumps. The most memorable was when our entire crew (about 20) was flown in a military DC-3 from Medford, Oregon to north of Lake Chelan, Washington to a large fire in a very rugged terrain. We were joined by jumpers from Montana and later a ground crew. We stayed on the fire more than a week.

The airstrip at Cave Junction was a primitive dirt runway. We jumped from a single engine Fairchild. On one occasion, a fire call came in from a lightning strike. I was one of four in turn for duty. We suited up, put on our chutes, and joined by our Forest Service spotter, took off in the Fairchild. At about 300 feet, the motor 'konked' out. All of us instinctively threw our weight forward in the plane and the pilot glided into a field adjacent to the airstrip. The pilot-mechanic worked on the motor for half an hour and announced "Okay, we are ready to go". Jack Heintzelman, our Forest Service foreman, said "No, you take it up for a test". So, up went the Fairchild without the jumpers. Again, at 300 to 400 feet, the motor failed. This time the pilot could not glide down, but winged it over and not being able to pull out, struck the airport right in front of us. The plane and pilot exploded in flames. God and Jack Heintzelman protected us.

The winter of 1944-45 our crew surveyed timber in a remote area about 50 miles east of Roseburgh, Oregon. After refresher jumper training in Missoula, Montana, I went to Ohio, was married and brought my bride to McCall, Idaho. Fortunately, Phyllis was able to find work at a resort. Nelle Tobias was our benefactor and we have kept contact with her and visited over these 45 years. I found new friends at McCall and had another 15 jumps in and around the Salmon River country. The war was over in 1945.

My next CPS experience was as attendant in the most violent ward of Philadelphia State Hospital. During that year I was accepted in Jefferson Medical College, although I had not yet been discharged. My final assignment was to a relief Cattle Boat taking horses to Poland. A major fire on our Victory Ship in the Baltic gave some harrowing excitement and a delay for repairs in Poland. When I put foot on U.S. soil in September 1946, I was discharged from CPS. One week later I was fortunate to enter medical school.

Medical Training

The four years at Jefferson Medical College were very difficult. The training was excellent, but demanding. I received no G.I. bill funds for education. My wife supported us with her teaching and I was fortunate to have a good job in medical research in the summers. Finally, I was rewarded with my M.D. degree in 1950. I interned in Buffalo, New York followed by a year of preceptorship in a mission hospital in Collburn, Colorado.

After my isolated ranch country experience in Colorado, I joined a medical school classmate in a co-operative health plan hospital at Two Harbors, Minnesota. I enjoyed the group practice and the water wonderland. This was a pre-paid medical system which was unaccepted by organized medicine (30 years ahead of the times). We were refused membership in medical societies, etc. Consistent with my life, I was again a non-conformist.

Medical Practice

While starting medical practice in Minnesota, we had our third child. This was at the time of the Korean War. As a physician, I was again drafted. This time, the draft boards refused to give me a Conscientious Objector classification. The next three years, I represented my own case through a series of appeals up to the Presidential appeal. By that time, it was dropped because I was over age. The experience gave me another chance to evaluate and express my own pacifist views, which had become stronger.

After four years of General Practice, I returned east for a residency in Internal Medicine at Geisinger Hospital-Foss Clinic in Danville, Pennsylvania. From 1957 to 1972 I practiced in a rural medical clinic/hospital in Grant, Michigan. These were extremely busy years with many, many 80 hour weeks. I still found time for family vacations as well as serving on the city council and elected mayor. I love medicine, and have gotten great satisfaction from the general practice.

In 1973, I shifted gears by specializing in Anesthesiology. We moved 40 miles, built a new home on a lake, joined a medical group where I did some general medicine and some anesthesia. We still live in Lakeview and enjoy our 40 acres. We have had time for more travel. Vacations with the family have taken us to many parts of the United States. Also, we have taken extended trips to Europe, the Middle East and Africa. In 1982 and again in 1985 we made long visits to China.

Phyllis has taught Phys. Ed. in high school and for the past fifteen years, adult physical fitness at Montcalm Community College. We have done a great deal of downhill skiing and now some cross country skiing. I have served on the National Ski Patrol. We play tennis and bicycle.

Family

Our oldest son, Dale, was (and is) an excellent athlete. He became a fourth generation to attend Earlham College. During the Vietnam War, he followed family tradition and as a CO did alternative service in Jamaica. He has his Master's Degree and heads a Bethany Childrens Services office in the county where he grew up. He married his high school sweetheart and has two children.

Joyce has always loved horses and she and her husband raise and show Appaloosa horses. She is an R.N. and between raising two daughters, works in hospitals close to Grant, Michigan.

Trish, our youngest daughter, followed her mother's vocation in Physical Education as well as her father's medical profession. She got her PhD. in exercise physiology. She is a pioneer in exercise in relation to renal disease and is working with kidney and liver transplant patients in San Francisco.

Retirement

In 1987, I officially retired. Malpractice Insurance rates and threats of malpractice forced me out of the profession I love. Actually, I have continued part-time medical work in a rural clinic and in a substance abuse center. Also, I have substituted for other physicians. I have gotten great satisfaction in my 40 years of medical service. The only unpleasant experiences have been in three malpractice suits. These were totally ungrounded and amounted to nuisance and extortion promoted by lawyers. The time, expense and stress required to clear my name have left a lasting imprint. Changes in medicine with increased technology has taken much of the human and personal relationship out of medicine. This is one reason I have become active in Holistic Medicine and have given workshops on stress management and preventive medicine.

For the past 12 years I have held the elected position of trustee for Montcalm Community College and have just won election for another six years. This has required a great deal of time and effort. We have a large prison program-- college courses in seven State prisons. I have taught several credit courses to hard-core inmates and have become a crusader in educational rehabilitation. I have given workshops at regional and national community college meetings, as well as speaking at prison graduations. I am inspired that Quakers, including William Penn were early prison reformers. I also think of the contributions of fellow COs who spent time in penitentiaries.

Retirement has been great. I serve as Medical Advisor for the National Ski Patrol. Phyllis and I have always been avid skiers and have skied 78 different ski areas in North America. In summer we live on and cruise our sailboat on the Great Lakes. Between times, we are gypsies in a small motor home. In 1988, it was New England and Nova Scotia; 1989 was three months skiing and travel in Alaska; 1990 has been Mexico and skiing the Rockies.

I cherish most the friendships I have been fortunate to develop over these many years. My patients are my friends, as are the variety of ethnic and exceptional characters we have met. As my Quaker belief states, "There is something of God in every person".

My life continues to be serving, stimulating and satisfying.

Bob Painter

DR. ROBERT PAINTER
10350 ORCHARD LANE
LAKEVIEW, MI 48850

MEMOIR OF DAVID RUSSELL PALMER

Born 1/9/1917, the seventh son and last child of Charles and Arletta C. Palmer in Chester, Pennsylvania. We lived in a duplex house on Fourth Street not far from the Sun Shipbuilding yards during the First World War years. My oldest brother was already attending Swarthmore College and another had died in 1914 of Diphtheria. I have no recollection of this first house or neighborhood except as seen in pictures or later revisited since we moved three miles north to Ridley Park, Pa. when I was two. This is the place I have always known as home, a suburban community, a three story stucco house with empty lots beside and behind and a view of the Delaware River from a large plate glass window in the living room. My father already in his fifties went to work in his law and real estate office in Chester six days a week and we always went to Friends Meeting in Chester on Sunday.

The walk to school was about a half mile and on good weather days I came home for lunch. The first grade teacher was an especially remarkable woman getting her pupils off to a good start. My first year in school was interrupted by a bout with whooping cough followed immediately by chicken pox but the learning progressed and no setbacks were experienced. Junior high - 7th to 9th grades - and high school were at a different location from grade school but still about the same distance from home and still in walking distance. Physics and chemistry classes were enjoyed and I participated in class plays and operettas. In general gym class was not looked forward to but I did become manager of the tennis team which involved lining the courts and arranging matches with other schools. School was mostly an enjoyable experience and I ended up in the upper tenth of the class of about 110 students.

By the end of high school I knew that I wanted to get into some aspect of aviation. Since learning to fly was a very expensive operation and making a living as a pilot appeared to me to be overly chancy I decided to get into the mechanical part of the field. Aviation mechanics schools were not too well developed in the mid 1930s but I enrolled in a four month course at Lincoln Flying School in Nebraska (where Charles Lindbergh had been a student). Of course no certificates were earned in such a short course so continuation of the learning process depended on obtaining a job at an airport which during those depression years was not to be found. During that summer I made the decision to enroll at Penn State College in Mechanical Engineering and was accepted on short notice. ROTC was required of all male students but being a Birthright Quaker it was not difficult to get excused from it. Knowing that my Aeronautical schooling and now college was exerting a strain on my father's finances I obtained as much work assistance as I could handle, such as delivering papers and waiting on tables in boarding houses and fraternities. Eventually I became head waiter at Kappa Sigma while living in a low cost Friends cooperative house.

Alas, after 3 1/2 years of struggling with courses like Thermodynamics my grades had slipped badly so that another very full year of makeup courses would be necessary to graduate, I decided to drop out. After a couple of months at home I found a job at the old Camden Airport in N.J. which paid \$5 a week - just about enough to pay

for transportation - but at least I was working and learning in my chosen field. In June I landed my first "paying" job working in the welding department at the Luscombe factory in West Trenton, N.J. It manufactured one of the first all aluminum fuselage small planes in the U.S. Here I learned to gas weld and also to take my first flying lessons, soloing in a Luscombe the following Spring. After a year there and being on the evening shift for some time I changed jobs to learn repair and maintenance at a thriving small airport near Hightstown, N.J. where my welding experience was very useful. Part of my pay was in flying time and I obtained a Private Pilots License.

In the Fall of 1941 the draft caught up with me and in spite of being offered deferment because the company was beginning to give flight training under a new military program I chose to register as a Conscientious Objector. The status was approved and I was slated to report to Potapsco, near Baltimore, Md. on Dec. 9th (which turned out to be two days after Pearl Harbor). Since my family was giving me a farewell party at home on Sunday we did not hear about the attack until Monday morning. The Selective Service Office called to see if I would change my mind but I declined. I arrived at camp to find a very dejected group of men, many of whom thought they were about to be released after a year in camp.

My time at Potapsco was spent getting adjusted to CPS life, commuting to the Univ. of MD where some of us worked in the nursery and greenhouse (shoveling chicken manure, etc.), and doing clean up work around Potapsco Park especially after a March snow storm which brought down many trees and limbs. Also went on a couple of fire calls in wooded areas where I experienced my first "topping" fire where the flames spread across the tops of the trees. Along in the Spring a call came to volunteer to set up a camp in Eastern California for fire suppression in that area. At first I was reluctant to leave the Eastern area where my friends and family lived but after talking it over with my brother Newlin who thought it would be an excellent opportunity to see other parts of the country I signed up as second alternate but still got to go. The train trip was in three old coaches which were attached to regularly scheduled trains, stopping in Coshocton, Ohio to pick up another group of CPSers who joined us in setting up this camp. After three nights and three days we arrived in Reno, Nevada where we were transferred to busses for Carson City to spend the night in a hotel. After a large Western breakfast we boarded the busses again to complete the journey southward to an old CCC campsite near Coleville, California on the side of a slope near the Nevada border.

In due time this camp was set up, a sawmill erected and side camps established. After working on camp maintenance I was assigned to the side camp at June Lake, California, about 60 miles south of Coleville. This camp was at first in an old ski barracks at the base of an abandoned ski lift. Our first job was to establish a new, more permanent camp site a short distance from this site. When the new camp was completed the real purpose of the project was begun, and that was to install a water system for fire prevention purposes to the resort community of June Lake, a beautiful little area of summer homes and a central lodge which had at it's center a large stone fireplace with hearths on all four sides.

One of the first items was a test of gas welding skills of campers who could qualify for that job. I was selected for the welding job while others dug ditches, moved pipe, and after it was welded into long sections lowered into the ditch and after testing for leaks, covered up. In the meantime before the welding was required, a call came in for a couple of men with a knowledge of surveying to go to a temporary camp on the beach of Lake Tahoe which was some miles north of Coleville. Since I had a course in surveying in college I was selected with one other to go to Lake Tahoe to survey a telephone line to a nearby fire tower. This project was a particularly enjoyable experience with the camp site near the lake and beautiful scenery all around. When the surveying was finished I was returned to June Lake in time to perform the welding task assigned. Two incidents that I particularly remember were: a leak found on the underside of a tee joint at the bottom of a hill and deep down in a ditch. The water valve at the top of the hill wouldn't shut entirely off which meant a small quantity of water kept flowing and made rewelding of the joint almost impossible while I was being held by my feet upside down in the ditch, but a satisfactory repair was finally accomplished; the second problem was a spark from welding landed inside of my calf length boots and the burn became infected but with proper treatment cleared up.

After the welding was completed I was assigned as cook of this side camp and found myself confronted with stacks of eggplants sent down from the Coleville camp. Toward the end of our stay at June Lake I decided to take some furlough time when a girl I had known from New Jersey wanted to visit the West coast, arranged to get off of the train in Reno and was scheduled to take a bus south to June Lake. There were only two busses a day, one arriving about 3PM and the other about 3AM. Somehow she missed hearing the announcement for the afternoon bus so sent a telegram that she would be on the night bus. She and the telegram both arrived on the 3AM bus which dumped her off at a dirt crossroad quite away from any sign of civilization. She walked up the road to the ranger's house who took her in and delivered her to camp in the morning. We spent a couple of days horseback riding which neither of us had done before and hiking part way up the mountains behind camp before she took the bus back to Reno to continue her train trip to the West coast. I hitchhiked southwest to L.A. and saw her briefly again as we crossed paths. I continued to hitchhike to a cousins home in Carmel, then to San Francisco and back through Reno and south to June Lake. She returned East and I never saw her again.

In the Fall the side camp was closed and we were returned to the main camp where we continued logging and sawmill work. I remember only one fire call which was burning sage brush and quickly put out with a fire break line. Nights were cold but by ten in the morning shirts would come off in the sunshine. In the Spring some of us were bussed to northern California to plant saplings in an old burned area but were immediately deluged by a heavy snowfall. A few days later we were able to accomplish our mission, and we were taken back to Coleville. One camper lost a hand in the saw mill and a small twister almost demolished the ranger's tent. Later a call came out for volunteers for a China Unit and I was returned to Pendle Hill, PA. to study Chinese and sent to Kalamazoo, Mich. to learn operation and maintenance of charcoal burning attachments similar to ones used in ambulances in China. After experimenting with manufacturing charcoal in Wheaton,

Ill., demonstrating the charcoal operated car at the Chicago Fairgrounds and testing a six wheeled army truck on Summit Hill on Route 30 in Pennsylvania the project was cancelled due to the passage of a Congressional Act prohibiting COs from leaving the country. We were then assigned as a group to the Catholic Alexian Brothers Hospital where we learned practical nursing, worked in the hospital and were to continue study of Chinese. The latter soon gave way to nursing courses and the work application in the hospital.

It was in Chicago at Young Friends activities that I met Ruth Coppock and married her in April of 1945. In the meantime I had applied for Smoke Jumpers duty in Missoula, Mont. and was accepted for the 1945 season. Since the hospital didn't want someone there who would be leaving in the Spring I was transferred to the Cherokee, Iowa Mental Hospital Unit as an assistant nurse in the clinic department. There Ruth visited once and I returned at Christmas time to Chicago to finalize the wedding plans. We were married by Friends ceremony at the 57th St. Meeting and after a week's furlough and honeymoon in the Indian Dunes we reported to Smoke Jumpers Camp in Missoula. I was immediately assigned private nurse duty in the Missoula Hospital for a camper who had been seriously injured by a blow on the head when a fallen tree backlashed. Ruth found a basement apartment and a job at a real estate office.

With the arrival of other CPSRs training and body conditioning began with earnest. The anticipation of the first practice jump was filled with mixed emotions of fear and thrill but with a little help from behind all managed to reach the ground safely. During the training period the jump from the tower was the most difficult and the shock of being stopped from hitting the ground by the rope and harness inches above the ground was far worse than the opening shock of any subsequent actual parachute jump. In fact my back was slightly injured by one of the tower jumps which put me out of commission for a few days. The days of training were supplemented with work in the forests and learning fire suppression methods that we would need after the jump. Seven training jumps and one refresher jump were accomplished before the first actual fire jump in July. One training jump was to land us in a tree to practice sliding down a rope from the harness and retrieving the chute from the tree. With each jump confidence grew and the enjoyment of it increased. Six fire jumps from July until September made for a busy season. Between fires we were kept busy at holding camps with forestry and nursery jobs until we were again in rotation for the next call for a fire jump. It was certainly one of the most exciting and demanding summers of my life.

After fire season we were transferred to a side camp about 60 miles out of Missoula to a river along the Lewis & Clark trail to build a suspension bridge across the river for forestry use in the Spring when the river level was high with run-off water and unable to be forded. In the mean time the war ended and release from CPS began. After a little over four years I was released shortly before Christmas. Having worked some part time with Johnson Flying Service they offered me a job in their service department but I was a bit homesick and knew that my mother was suffering from cancer I decided to try to find work closer to home. That was probably a mistake as the expected boom in the aviation field did not really materialize. Consequently I shuffled around from place to place for some years

trying to get myself established. This also meant moving my family, which had grown to three boys and one adopted daughter. After attempts at running my own shop and working in a lab experimenting with ultrasonics I finally settled down as head mechanic and authorized inspector at an airport near Lansdale, Pennsylvania where I remained for 19 years before retiring at age 65. I was also able to do some flying at a reduced rate and occasionally on business. One particularly interesting trip was bringing a new plane from the Piper Factory in Vero Beach, Florida to the airport in Penna. Also about once a year I would fly my wife to Ohio to visit two of our sons and their families or to Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana for my wife's reunion.

Upon retiring we moved to the Eastern Shore of Maryland with a 22' sailboat which we still sail in the Chester River and the Chesapeake Bay. We have been here for eight years and feel settled in a nice home with garden area, a local college, an active art league for Ruth, involvement in a square dance club and an active Friends Meeting. Once a week I deliver Meals on Wheels and we both try to do our share in the READ Literacy project. This year we celebrated our 45th wedding anniversary and Ruth will attend 50th Reunion at Earlham College. So life goes on!

3/19/90
D. Russell Palmer
R.R. 4, Box 311
Chestertown, MD 21620

DP

I WOULD DO IT THE SAME WAY AGAIN.
Theodore Norman Pfeifer (Pfeiffer)
44663 Crestview Road
Columbia, Ohio 44408

My mother came to this country from England in 1916 to work as an all-around house person for a wealthy factory owner by the name of Copeland. He owned the Hind and Harrison Plush Co. in Clark Mills, New York. Her maiden name was Ethel Vallance. My father, Helidore, came to this country in 1916 from Germany. He was to set up and assemble machinery that imprinted designs in plush. After the machines were ready for operation they did not have anyone to operate them. My father was offered the position to head this department and see to its operation, which he did.

My mother and father met in a small Christian and Missionary Alliance church and were subsequently married. In August of 1918 their daughter Lily was born. The following year in May of 1919 their son Theodore was born.

Both parents were thriftly and the family was never in need. Having the material things as other people in our area had put us in the middle class as people are judged. We owned our house and I can remember my father telling he paid for it in cash. This does not seem possible for our day. This would have been about seventy-five years ago. He also mentioned we were the first family on our street to have an automobile: a Scripts Booth touring car.

My father had a brother, Theodore (I was named after him). He lived in Binghamton, New York, which is about one hundred miles to the south of where we lived. Once a month early Saturday morning we would lock up our house and start south to see my uncle and his family. This would be about six o'clock in the morning. One thing we were not allowed to do was to slam the car doors since this might wake the neighbors. We would have to hold them shut, and when we would arrive at a place where there were no houses, we would stop and close the car doors. The trip would be completed about noon of the same day. The roads were not the best, and the top speed was about twenty-five or thirty miles per hour. This could not be maintained most of the way. We would often take a picnic lunch with us and about half way there would find a place to park and have our lunch. You know there were no McDonald's at that time!

We celebrated Christmas with a live tree each year. We made many of the items that were on it. For lights we had special holders of small candles. We never did light these because of the fear of fire. Santa would always come, but we could not open the gifts until the next morning. That was always the longest night of the year for my sister and I. We would often go to Binghamton for Christmas or my uncle and his family would come and see us.

This was a time when the automobile, if you had one, would be in the garage up on blocks, all the water drained and the battery in the cellar. This changed over the years and gradually the automobile became an all season vehicle. Before this time of an all-season vehicle we would visit my uncle at Christmas often going by train, then the Greyhound bus, then in our own car which had changed a great deal.

During the summer, Sunday was the day to go to church. There were times we went to church camp where there was special preaching and singing and all kinds of special meetings on many different topics. This was a time when many people would can all different types of food. We would at times go and pick huckleberries on a Sunday afternoon. The following week my mother would put these in jars for the winter. We would at times pick apples for the same reason. This was not all work -- we would go to the beach and again would visit friends. Then we would stay at home if this seemed to be the thing to do.

We always had electricity, running water, and central heating. Natural gas fueled the combination coal and gas stove in the kitchen. The center of the house in the winter was the kitchen. With central heating the rest of the house was not cold, but you could not call it warm either. One of our first radios had four of five dials on it, and it seemed great when you could hear voices coming from the speaker. My father liked music, but he could not play the piano, so he bought a player piano. This gave the family and friends many pleasant hours singing the music on the rolls. This required constant pumping to supply air to the rolls. Like other people we had an ice box, and the iceman would come about once a week. This changed to the electric refrigerator in due time.

Clark Mills, where I grew up, is a small town in the central part of New York state. This is near Rome and Utica. During my time there about ninety-eight percent of the population worked in the mill, as it was called. There were three grocery stores each in a different part of the town. One candy store and all the kids knew where this was. Eventually a gas station was built on one of the corners. There were four churches: a Roman Catholic, an Episcopal, a Methodist, and the Christian Missionary Alliance Church that we attended. The population was made up of people from all parts of the world. There were Irish, German, French, Polish, Syrians, possibly others, and we all lived together in peace. I should not forget there were two saloons which seemed to satisfy some of the community. The outlying area was productive farmland. We knew many of these farmers as well as our close neighbors.

The first school I attended was in Clark Mills. This was a two-story wood structure; there were all twelve grades. The enrollment was small, but it was not a one-room school as some were. There were not school buses, and we all walked to school.

While walking to school you would pick up a person here and there, and by the time you arrived at school you would have about a half dozen students walking together.

When I was in seventh grade our school consolidated with a larger school in Clinton, New York (the home of Hamilton College). We had a new school which was much better equipped to serve students of all different levels. We had a good school library and departments in science, language, art, home economics, history, shop, and agriculture. There were sports of all the usual types and many clubs to join. This was a much better school than the one we started in. I enjoyed history and belonged to the glee club and camera club. One of the places where I found a spot was in student government. Through the school years I was the class president and in the senior year was president of the student council. During my junior and senior year I participated in public speaking contests but did not win. The oration in my junior year was anti-war. When a senior I asked for another anti-war oration and was told there were no more.

I graduated from the Clinton Central School in 1939. After graduation one of the church members that owned a hardware store asked if I would like to work for him. My father thought this would be a good idea. We did all types of roofing work, plumbing, and furnace installation and repair. My father loaned me money to purchase my first car at this time.

The war came on, and I received my draft papers. I filled these out indicating that I did not believe in war. I was sent a couple of other papers and again indicated I did not believe in war. After some time I received a classification of 4E. Not knowing what this meant I began inquiring what it was. Then I found that I was a C O. This still meant nothing to me. Where I was living to my knowledge there were no such people as Quakers, Mennonites, or Brethren. While studying history I had read of William Penn and the Quakers, but that was history. The Friends sent me a letter stating I was to be sent to one of their camps in Royalston, Massachusetts, and what I should bring with me. The notice said I should report to Royalston and that I should go to Rome to pick up my ticket. My mother and father brought me to pick up the ticket and then to the railroad station. There I boarded the train. The train conductor informed me when we were at Athol, Massachusetts, and this was my stop. Bill Robinson was the first person I met and in a government truck was taken to Royalston. This was my introduction to C P S. Tom Potts was the camp director, and Mike Doud was the government project director. I felt I was meeting some very nice people which they were.

From Royalston I went to a Diet and Altitude Experiment at Goldwater Memorial Hospital in New York City (this is where I met my wife). When the experiment was terminated I transferred to Trenton,

North Dakota. The information for Smoke Jumping came through, and I was selected to participate. I had always been interested in flying and thought this would be satisfying to me and worthwhile.

One of the situations that I do remember while Smoke Jumping was when another person and myself (I think his name was Jim Chapman) jumped a fire and put it out. We rolled out our sleeping bags and had a good nights sleep. We did not have rations and after looking at our map found the trail we were to come back on. We walked all day and at dusk came to a cabin in which we found food. We made a fire in the stove, and that can of Mulligan Stew was the best meal I think I ever had. There are many other stories but this will be enough for now.

While at Trenton I met Wilmer Cooper. Through a number of conversations I was asked if I would like to work in his brother Jame's hardware store with a chance to buy into it. This is what I did and it proved to be a good decision.

Never having been schooled in accounting both my wife and I enrolled in Geneva College at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. She in Education and I in Business. We went to school at night for a number of years. She finished her required Education courses. In the senior year I would have had to take courses that did not pertain to the store operation, and I did not finish my schooling.

While doing this I started a Bottle Gas Business that proved to be quite successful. This was sold a few years back as was the store. Time has a way of telling you to bring all of these things to an end, and I listened.

In all this I believe the Good Lord has guided me and placed me in positions showing me the directions I should go. I have taught Sunday School in a local Methodist church for about thirty years. I feel I am in a way giving back in time and thought some of the things I have been given.

My wife and I did not travel much; we stayed close to home most of the time. Probably the only activity that could be called a hobby has been our joy in singing. Over the years we have sung in some very good choruses; most of what we would sing was from the great oratorios and classical music.

I am retired now, my wife passed away about five and a half years ago. We did not have children, and I have not remarried. Anyone in the state of Ohio may go to any state university free if you are sixty or over, and I take advantage of this. I really enjoy learning and meeting new people.

When I stop and think about what I have seen and done, this makes me feel as though I have been taken care of and have not done this of myself. The Great Depression did not affect us. Things went on as usual. I marvel at the great scientific and mechanical achievements man has brought forth; they make life on earth much easier than it has been since the time when man was placed on this earth. Looking outside of himself man has accomplished what at one time was the impossible. Yet when man looks inside himself he is very confused. Drugs control him and not he the drug. Alcohol controls him and not he the alcohol. Every whim must be satisfied instead of his controlling the whim. Many people seem to have lost any sense of direction but self. I feel if man either collectively or individually does not learn to restrain himself it will be forced on him by the hand of God.

In 1946 I went to New York City and married Stephana Urban. She was one of the medical secretaries at the Goldwater Memorial Hospital on Welfare Island where the experiment was conducted.

After our marriage we drove back to Middleton, Ohio. We rented three rooms above an old Quaker couple by the name of Howard and Lavina Edgerton. This was a great change for Steffie coming from New York City to Middleton with about a dozen houses. She made many friends and adjusted well and enjoyed her self. We had no children but used some of the neighbors taking them on many outings.

My wife passed away in 1984; she had been sick for about three years with cancer. It was a blessing when the end came for now it was over for her.

I sold the store and the gas business shortly after her death and am now retired. I have travelled a little to the East and to the West. In the state of Ohio if you are sixty or older you can go to any State University without charge. Youngstown State University is just a short distance to the north, and I avail myself of this. I have taken courses in English Literature, Computers, and Religion. This is enjoyment for me, and I will continue to do this. I am enjoying retirement; there seems to be a sense of being free. Things are done when I want to do them.

Because of my father's position we were not affected by the Great Depression. Things seemed to go along as they always had for out family. The Lord has taken care of me, and I feel very fortunate.

The future seems to be a question, and the standards that I was taught seem to be not the same as are being used today. Probably each generation has voiced the same statement so the future will change and, the people will adjust to it.

When I went to C P S I did not know where I was going nor what to expect. I sometimes wondered if I was the only C O in central New York State. All the people I met were very fine people. There were all different kinds, but life seems to be made that way. I am thankful the Friends, Mennonites, and Brethern had the foresight to convince the Government C P S was the way for us to go.

The road I was taught to travel most people would consider narrow and straight yet this road has been good to me. There were very few detours or deep holes. I could always see where I was going. The road was usually uphill and required constant effort and thought. The challenge kept me alert and was always satisfying when the results were measured. I do not feel complacent but thankful for what the Lord has done for me. When the future days develop into years I am sure I will feel this has been a good journey and will be thankful for it.

From WHHS to COP to Iowa to FSU; A Stop at CPS 103
Gregg Phifer, April 1990

I was born and brought up in Cincinnati, Ohio, Queen City of the Midwest and Gateway to the South. For a brief period we lived across the river in Newport, Kentucky, where I began kindergarten. My father edited adult publications for the Methodist Book Concern (later the Methodist Publishing House) and Mother never worked outside the home until I was in college. My maternal grandfather and Mother's sister lived nearby, first in Kentucky and then in Price Hill. She taught in several Cincinnati schools, including (briefly) Westwood Elementary, where I had my early schooling and ran my first sprints in a city-wide meet.

Years later I learned that my father had registered as a conscientious objector to World War I, but that he was re-classified and exempt from the draft when his Board learned that I was on the way, being born May 17, 1918, six months before Armistice Day. Norbert Brinker and Bud Rodenberg lived on either side of me, and we had some good softball (and I guess a little hardball) games on a ball field a long block away. Our home at 3126 Daytona Avenue in Westwood faced a cornfield and a good sized farm.

As I was growing up we spent summers in northern Michigan at the small town of Bear Lake, eighteen miles north of Manistee and fifty miles south of Traverse City on Michigan's west coast. Mother had been brought up in Manistee, so she returned to her roots. A cousin had a cherry orchard near the village home my Grandfather bought, so I did a lot of cherry picking summers--taking pay in cherries which we used for eating, pies, juice, and even cherry ice. We were two blocks from the lake and went swimming once or twice a day. I learned to swim in Bear Lake and took Red Cross Lifesaving training from a WPA worker who came to the lake twice a week. We also picked some luscious wild strawberries.

I was shielded from the effects of the Great Depression by having a Father and Aunt with steady work. Dad took several pay cuts at the Book Concern and my Aunt Elsie Young was sometimes paid in script, but we never worried about the next meal. Mother made a point of buying something (a spool of thread, a package of needles) from those who came selling notions to earn a precarious living. And I don't remember her ever turning away anyone who said he was hungry. Undoubtedly the suburb of Westwood did not see the worst of the outcasts of the Depression.

My parents never owned an automobile, but my Aunt did, starting with a Model T and working through other Fords to a Terraplane and a fine Hudson (her last). If my memory serves, she bought it for less than a thousand dollars. After I learned to drive I put many miles on the cars both in the greater Cincinnati area and in and around northern Michigan. We made a number of longer trips, including one that took my Grandfather Young and his brother Herman back to Canada East from which their families had moved to a Michigan farm. We drove more than once into the Upper Peninsula and visited Emery Snyder in Escanaba.

In high school I earned my varsity letter three times (and a junior letter once) running the sprints and all relays and occasionally entering the broad jump. I continued to play a lot of softball, both in Cincinnati and with the Blarney Castle (Gulf) team in Bear Lake. We had some good games, and I enjoyed the competition, playing left field most of the time. Parenthetically, I played a few games with a Quadrangle Dormitory team at the University of Iowa and have a little bronze "I" to remind me of that experience. I was much too small to consider football (122 pounds when I got my master's at Iowa), but I played a few games with a not-so-good Western Hills High School volleyball team. In high school I had my first editorial job (our magazine, the Maroon) and won the Harvard Award for the best male grade point average. I studied four years of Latin but passed up trigonometry and calculus--which I have regretted ever since.

As I grew up I was active in Westwood Methodist Church at a time when peace issues (even pacifism) was a denominational emphasis. My church had two small distinctions: its pastor for a time was Clifford C. Peale (father of the more famous Norman Vicent Peale) and one of its prominent laymen was James N. Gamble of Proctor and Gamble. In elementary school we had released time for religious instruction at Westwood Methodist Church.

My Uncle Leon (LGP I--for Leon Gillespie Phifer; I was Lyndon Gregg Phifer LGP II) had his own insurance adjusting firm in Stockton, California, and when it came time for me to enter college he suggested that I come west to the College (now University) of the Pacific. I did, and lived with him, my Aunt Ardene, and my paternal grandmother during those four years of undergraduate study.

At Pacific I debated four years, all up and down the west coast and as far east as Oklahoma and Kansas City. I helped inaugurate a track program and earned my varsity letter by placing in the Far Western Conference meet. I started as a freshman proofreading for the Pacific Weekly and worked up to columnist, news editor, and editor in my senior year. We won All American rating from the Associated Collegiate Press in 1939-40. During my Stockton years I was active in the Life Quester League at Central Methodist and participated in the campus Y program. After one debate at Stanford University the director sent me a congratulatory postcard addressed to the College of the Pacifist. I also wrote a half hour discussion program on the pacifist response to international disputes. Some of my debate colleagues read with me over KGDM radio in Stockton. In the fall of 1939, going west by train to Stockton, I listened to radio accounts of Hitler's invasion of Poland.

I graduated with highest honors and set a GPA record that I am sure has been broken many times since. My double major in history and public speaking led me to apply for graduate work in both fields. I was too late with my applications at several institutions for graduate work in history, but secured a tuition scholarship for work in Speech at the University of Iowa. So that is where I went in the fall of 1940 after one last summer in northern Michigan.

At Iowa I worked on my master's degree and wrote a thesis on the logical pattern of University of Chicago Round Table discussions. Broadcast over NBC Blue Network they were (with Town Hall) the most popular discussion programs of the thirties. I visited a Round Table broadcast in the Mitchell Tower studios on the University of Chicago campus, taking the Rock Island milk train from Iowa City to Chicago--slow, making many stops, but inexpensive. I completed my degree that summer of '41 and secured an assistantship for the fall teaching seven sections, 140 students, in the one-hour Principles of Speech course. When I registered for the draft I insisted on marking on my card that I was a conscientious objector to military service. The registrar finally permitted me to do so.

My first year at Iowa I lived in the Quadrangle Dormitory, at that time the largest men's dormitory west of the Mississippi. Next year we were moved out to make room for Naval Preflight; I moved to an inexpensive large front room in a private home. My princely income was \$45 a month. My room cost \$16 and I ate for \$25 a month (including 15 cent hamburgers, a 5 cent double dip ice cream cone--chocolate covered cherry was my favorite--and a 25 cent steak dinner with canned peas and a poisonous "chocolate" pudding for dessert. I had four dollars left over for riotous living, including a 35 cent movie not far from campus.

My local draft board in Cincinnati refused (routine, I am told) to grant me c.o. status, so I appealed and had a hearing in Nashville, where my father had moved with unification of the Methodist Church and his work at the Methodist Publishing House. In the summer of 1942 I took classes at Peabody College (and Scarritt and Vanderbilt University--since my instructors came from all

three institutions). I was officially re-classified IV-E, but notice to report did not come until late that year. So I took work at Draughon's Business College, learning a bit of shorthand, typing skills, making stencils, etc. I paid by the week and just before Christmas received my orders to report.

So as others left on furlough for Christmas, I arrived at the Marion, N.C., station for the AFSC CPS 37, Buck Creek Camp. Roy Binford, formerly of Guilford College, was the camp director; the Park Service directed the project. There I frapped (felled) dead chestnut trees along the Blue Ridge Parkway, hauled wooden rails from where our rail crew cut them to a central location for use fencing at a park along the Blue Ridge Parkway. I worked for a while on the "work jerk" rock crushing crew, paving a service area for the Park Service. One day a small piece of steel broke from a wedge and entered my knee. It was removed in Marion by a doctor under contract to the Park Service (or the Selective Service System). We received some fire training and I fought several fires.

Some interesting campers came to Buck Creek. The largest single group consisted of sons of North Carolina birthright Quakers. We assignees organized some classes on the off chance that we would be permitted to do reconstruction work in Europe (never panned out). Some JW's were assigned to Buck Creek; a number of assignees were convinced that aluminum cookware would poison us all. Firefighting (a new experience for me) provided relief from some of the boredom of ordinary project work. And returning from a forest fire we had all the eggs and other eatables we wanted--probably paid for by Park Service fire fighting funds.

Then came notice that Buck Creek was to be closed and many campers transferred to a new camp at Gatlinburg. But fifty or us were to go to CPS 37, Camp Antelope, in Coleville, California. Selective Service furnished transportation across country in the sleeping car Vendome. We stopped several places enroute, including Kansas City, where I visited my Aunt, Nora Warren. From there west we were several times attached to troop trains. On station platforms we were usually identified as selectees being transported to military camps and told "You'll be sorry." I do not remember any special friction between our car of COs and soldiers on their way somewhere. We made the last part of the journey by bus from Reno to Coleville and CPS 37, an former CCC camp a long way from anywhere.

In 1943 the Forest Service worried about availability of firefighting manpower, so authorities decided to create at Dog Valley spike camp a flying squadron available to fight fires all over the region. I volunteered and worked for a while along the old Lincoln Trail not far from Reno. Then, seeing blister rust boys and Mexican laborers, FS directors decided we were superfluous and I transferred through base camp to the Inyo Spike Camp. At Inyo we worked at 8,000 feet in the mountains. My assignment was stringing telephone wire between two ranger stations, not a bad project. I could have had the salad detail (collecting garbage from Forest Service campgrounds nearby). Climbing trees to hang phone wire was more fun.

My Big Adventure at Inyo was a rescue mission in the high Sierras out of Bishop. I did not do the mountain climbing to bring Herschel Asbury back off the mountain where a falling rock broke his leg, but I served on the crew that carried him in a wire stretcher across the glacier. We struggled all night and finally reached the terminal morain (where ice yielded to rocks). There the doctor decided that Hersch could not stand a horseback trip, so we carried him down that long trail to the nearest road, where a Forest Service pickup took him to a hospital. My souvenir, from all-day and all-night exposure on the glacier, was a badly chapped face. A Los Angeles paper carried a short paragraph on the mountain rescue.

That fall a call came for more volunteers for the CPS Smoke Jumper unit. Several Buck Creek men had volunteered a year earlier and served with a group of perhaps 75 at CPS 103. Now the unit was to be increased to 200 men and I entered my name. My ranger (who had led our rescue expedition) wrote an excellent recommendation for me. Smoke Jumper minimum weight was 130 pounds and I just made it. After Buck Creek and Antelope experiences I was in the best physical shape of my life. In the spring of 1944 I rode crowded trains from Reno to Missoula and was met there by someone from the Forest Service. Base camp was at Nine Mile outside Missoula. Even though many prospective jumpers were Mennonite farm boys and the rest of us had been hardened by project work, we still had lots of work with the misery whip (crosscut saw) and regular 7 a.m. runs and exercises before breakfast.

Smoke jumper training began in earnest. We learned to let ourselves down from the trees in which we were expected (from time to time) to hang up. (I was never very good at this, but somehow I got through.) We jumped from the tower, held by a harness and rope that jerked us more severely than I was ever pulled around on a real jump. And we had the mock up in which we stood with one foot on the step and learned to jump out at the pat on the back from the spotter. I hurt my shoulder on the obstacle course and finally completed my work with C squad, some new arrivals brought to bring camp strength to the desired 200 limit. I remember repeatedly jumping from an inclined platform to "hit and roll."

On my first jump I followed Harry Burks (fellow Nashvillian) out the door and suddenly realized that I was falling through space toward a fence beside the air strip. I didn't hit it, nor did I do a good roll (I did much better on later jumps, including some of my fire jumps). On my second jump I rode the step myself waiting for the pat on the shoulder from the spotter before stepping off into space. Since I had nothing to match heights with, jumping soon became less scary than leaning over the railing of a tall building. I was lucky. During my twenty jumps I had a perfectly functioning parachute every time and I reached the ground all the time, including jump six when we were supposed to hang up in a tree. I succeeded in hitting a tree sideways and slid down until my feet were practically on the ground. On jump seven we set up a fire camp of our own.

While waiting for fire calls, we worked at the Forest Service Remount station putting up hay for their horses and mules. This was scarcely challenging work, but I suppose it hardened us for the jumps ahead. Then one night I was sleeping in an upper bunk at Nine Mile when a squad leader came by with a flashlight to wake me for my first fire jump. A Forest Service stakeside took us to the Missoula airport. There we suited up and climbed into the Ford Trimotor for the trip to the Clearwater National Forest in Idaho. I remember hitting on a slope and doing a beautiful roll backwards over my left shoulder. FS should have been proud of me.

We got the fire under control quickly; it really wasn't burning hot or going anywhere. But we had a big snag in the center with fire established halfway up the trunk. So we had to fell it. Unfortunately, the crosscut saw dropped to us had been lost in the underbrush, so we "chewed" it down with the axe side of our pulaskis (one sharp side, one digging side). Not easy, but we did it! Even though our crew included our radio man, Chuck Chapman, the radio dropped to us crash landed and never worked. We could not rouse Missoula no matter how we tried. Forest Service planes flew over a couple of times and once dropped us some ham sandwiches. No luck! The bears got them before we did, so we existed on the remains of our K rations. These had no cigarettes in the dinner box but included a much-prized chocolate bar. If memory serves some boys manning a nearby fire tower walked down to the fire and brought us something more edible. We flew in, got the fire under control, killed the last embers, then walked out. Once we jumped we were the responsibility

of the ranger of that district. So at the closest road a Forest Service pickup took us to the nearest airfield, and a plane picked us up and took us back to Missoula. I remember on the flight in watching the sun come up and singing to myself softly, "Comes the dawn, we'll be gone. . ." A fragment from somewhere! Walking out from that first fire we passed a cold mountain stream and enjoyed washing off some of the grime that accumulated during several days of mopup work and the sweat from beating on that tree before it finally dropped.

I had two more fire jumps that season of 1944. As fire seasons go, this was relatively mild. I did not get in on the largest campaign fire, where 40 jumpers attacked a fire beside Bell Lake. From base camp we fought a "walking fire" or two. For smoke jumpers that was no fun at all. Then the first snows powdered the hills around Missoula and we dispersed to various side camps for the winter. After working in the potato harvest near Pocatello, Idaho (the Forest Service was really quite generous with "compensatory time" for all that work on fires), I went to the Quartz Ranger Station at Lozeau, Montana, to work on a Forest Service bridge project. There I worked in the kitchen part time, then helped with various parts of the bridge-building enterprise until late spring and the new fire season.

We were brought back to Nine Mile for renewed conditioning and three refresher jumps. I remember that on one of them we persuaded the pilot to take us up to three or four thousand feet--higher than the usual 2000 foot jumping altitude. (On fires, where we had to hit a certain spot or hang up in trees or snags, we often jumped from 1500 feet or less.) That gave us a minute or two longer to ride the chute to the ground. Between seasons a change had been made in the slotted Irvin parachutes we used for transportation to give us better control of our direction. In 1944 a few jumpers still used the Eagle (a very pretty chute with "porch and ears," as we called it), but these silk chutes vanished before the training period of 1945. I never jumped one.

My refresher jumps proved uneventful, and I was assigned for project work to the Savenac Nursery along the main road to Spokane (where we paid a quick visit with one of the jumpers from that city). I helped set a lot of seedling trees in a relatively short time, but then we were called to Nine Mile and before long to Missoula. If 1944 was a quiet fire season, 1945 was not. We went around and around the jumping ladder. We hardly got back before our names came up again. We went from the fraternity house on the University of Montana campus (rented for our use by the Forest Service) to the airport, jumped to the fire, controlled it, (mopup work would often be done by local crews after we got the fire under control), walked out to the nearest road, Forest Service pickup to Grangeville airport, and back up the Bitterroot Valley to Missoula by plane. All but one of my fire jumps took me to Idaho national forests. My one Montana jump came at the end of a long day of patrolling; two of us jumped a fire in Indian country.

One fire followed another. We had no chance to get bored in 1945. I had seven fire jumps that summer, and I feel sure that those based in Missoula had several more than that. I remember being dropped on one fire that we could watch getting out of control. Our assignment was to try to corral one finger of the fire. We worked at it for a while, but fire headed our direction from below the hill and we finally pulled off the fire and walk-in crews (blister rust boys, Mexican farm workers, even some military units) took over. I have no idea how much fire training the soldiers had in fire control, but I can't imagine they had much. One unit of Negro paratroopers was assigned to fire fighting duty. Back in the forties some military authorities distrusted Negro service in combat, hence this assignment. How much motivation could they have had for fighting fires? One Negro paratrooper was killed when he hung up in a tall tree and failed his letdown procedure.

Before the 1945 season began Art Wiebe came to each of the side camps to tell us that the Japanese had developed a new threat. They sent balloons aloft to drift with prevailing air currents across the Pacific Ocean. Some contact device would set fire to the woods. Wiebe wondered if we had any objection to fighting fires set this way. I don't remember that anyone did. A few such balloons landed in northwestern forests, but if any caused important fires, I am quite unaware of that. I feel certain that I did not fight any fires set by balloons. If any CPS crews ran across balloon-set fires, no word of that kind reached us in Missoula.

In April 1945 we listened, as did much of the nation, to the classical music played on radio stations following the death of Franklin Roosevelt at Warm Springs, Georgia. And I was in Missoula waiting for my name to come up for the next jump when Harry Truman broadcast his announcement that an atomic bomb had destroyed Hiroshima. We knew nothing of the devastation caused, but even if we had, I imagine we would have seen that as an important step toward the end of the war and our release from CPS. As did--even more strongly--our peers in military service.

My last fire jump proved anticlimactic, as a cold rain put out the fire not long after we jumped. After fire season some of us returned for a second season in the potato harvest. I had requested and obtained a transfer to Olustee, Florida, for a Forest Service experimental unit run by the Brethren Service Committee. I stopped to visit my parents in Nashville, then rode the bus to Olustee. Ours was a small unit, one of several (we learned) under the CPS 149 banner. The Olustee Experimental Forest was our special preserve, and (with the rangers) we measured the height of trees and did other chores. Some men worked in the lab adjoining camp. Somehow we made it to Lake City for church most Sundays. Along the way I developed a hernia and went home to Nashville to have it repaired. While recuperating I received my official discharge from CPS. Some point system was used.

A post-CPS job? Really no problem, for me at least, and I gather for others who had advanced degrees and looked for college jobs. Methodist CPS authorities sent our names and qualifications to Methodist-related schools, and I (for one) received queries from Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia (my first job offer), Evansville College, William Penn College in Iowa, and Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, my second job offer (at the magnificent salary--and for that day it really wasn't bad) of \$3,000. I took it, and for the next two years taught speech, helped coach B-W debaters, served as adviser for the Baldwin-Wallace Exponent (school paper), and taught all the journalism courses offered. My Boss, Dana Burns, wanted a change in 1948, so I spent that summer working on my dissertation. I wrote Iowa asking for help for graduate study. A call from E.C. Mabie, chairman of the Department of Speech, offered me an instructorship teaching Communication Skills at \$3300. Luxury! Believe it or not, I saved money.

So I spent 1948-49 in Iowa City teaching Com Skills, taking a class a semester, and rewriting my dissertation. Before I graduated I had tentative offers from Ouachita College, Michigan State University, and Florida State University in Tallahassee. At Michigan State I would have divided my time between Speech and Com skills, whereas at FSU my job was to direct forensics. So I accepted Clarence Edney's \$4800 offer by telegram without visiting the campus. I had been through Tallahassee but do not remember seeing the school, in 1949 just two years coeducational after forty years as the Florida State College for Women. A large contingent joined the faculty that year to develop programs in the sciences (especially), but we in the humanities and social sciences tagged along. A self-respecting university had to have us as well as physics/chemistry/biology. Last year (1989) we celebrated our fortieth anniversary at Florida State with 28,000 students instead of 4,500 on our arrival.

I have been tempted a couple of times, but never left Florida State and do not now regret the decision to remain. FSU has grown from an excellent liberal arts college (FSCW) to a big research University with an excellent reputation in many different fields (including my own). We obtained authority to offer the doctorate in Speech in the early fifties and I have served on many graduate committees and been major professor for a dozen or more. Two doctoral candidates finished just last year, one a faculty member at Tennessee State in Nashville and the other at the University of West Florida.

Betty Flory came to Tallahassee in 1954 as my debate assistant. She earned her master's in 1955; I directed her study of Peter Marshall's ethical proof. She remained as an instructor and debate assistant in 1955-56 and we were married June 8, 1956. Three daughters resulted from our union. My life style changed dramatically--and for the good, I feel sure. All three girls are now married and living in Valdosta (Margie Tullos, the oldest), in Decatur, Georgia (Linda Rogers, and in West Palm Beach (Dorothy Presson, my youngest. All three earned undergraduate degrees elsewhere and all three won master's degrees at Florida State. My four grandchildren are Margie's three (including twin boys) and Linda's Betsy. They help keep me young in heart if not in body.

I made associate professor after five or six years, then full professor. My editorial responsibilities included state, regional, and national journals. My early publications were in the history of American public address, since my doctoral dissertation concerned the 1866 swing around the circle of Andrew Johnson in defense of presidential reconstruction. My most recent work has been largely in parliamentary law, where I am a CPP (Certified Professional Parliamentarian) of the American Institute of Parliamentarians. I serve as parliamentarian for our Faculty Senate, for the Legislative Council of my national professional association (SCA), and for the Florida Credit Union league's annual convention. This summer I will join for the third year the faculty of AIP's Parliamentary Practicum at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg. AIP certifies me as a Professional Parliamentarian (CPP), and I have earned modest fees several times in that capacity.

A decade ago I started teaching public relations. Two years ago I took the examination prescribed by the Florida Public Relations Association and became an Accredited Public Relations Professional (APRP). Ever since coming to Florida State I have officiated at home track meets and am now a national official accredited by The Athletic Congress, the governing body of track and field in the United States. I work all home meets and have officiated at two national and one international track meet. My assignments are to the long and triple jumps.

A word about my University: FSU has grown dramatically since I came to Tallahassee. A popular measure is football success. In 1949 FSU helped organize the Dixie "simon pure" Conference, no athletic scholarships. Now we are Division One, have played in major bowls year after year, and finished # 2 or #3 in the nation the last two years. Our baseball teams qualify for the College World Series in Omaha. The basketball team made it to the finals some years back, losing to UCLA. The Lady Seminoles track team won a national championship some years ago and women's volleyball and basketball teams enter post-season play consistently. Now that I am totally out of coaching forensics (and have been for some years) I can brag that our debate teams ranked in the top ten nationally in the eighties.

Since coming to Tallahassee I have been active in Trinity United Methodist Church. I serve periodically on its Administrative Board and am currently secretary of the Commission on Church and Society. Ever since Betty's death in 1978 I have coordinated the Advanced Studies class that bears her name. Several of the original members still attend regularly. She had more charisma in her little finger than I have in my entire body. She is well remembered by many in our communities.

I was born on a farm in Chester County, Pa., on August 11, 1916, less than 15 miles from Historic Valley Forge. My middle name is Elwood which was my grandfather's name who raised my father from a small boy, because one of my father's parents had died before he started in grade school. Grandfather Elwood worked as a watchman at the Parker Ford Railway crossing before the time of automatic signals, and the gates were lowered and raised by a hand crank. My father's name was Clarence Evans Quay and he had a half-brother named Ralph. The Quay name is of Welch origin. My mother, Flossie Ruth (Walters) Quay came from a large family and lived in a log cabin, which now is on the Historical Register. Her parents came over from Germany and I well remember not being able to understand them speaking German. My teenage years were lived in Parker Ford, Pa. with my parents and a sister, Betty (Elizabeth Quay) Simon, who is two years younger than I. Dad worked at Bethlehem Steel Company in Pottstown and mother worked at the Spring City Knitting Mill. Parker Ford was a small village with a store, garage, gasoline station, bakery and store/Post Office combination.

I attended Kolbs Grade School, a single room school, and Spring City High School. While in high school I remember being asked to take some of the track team members to the West Chester County Meet. Since I had a car I was glad to take them. They were short one person for the competition and asked me to participate. I did not train with the track team at all, but I remember coming home with two medals which I still have, one for high jump and the other for a relay. During my Senior year of high school I worked on a farm, lived there and helped with the morning and evening chores which included milking the cows by hand. Following graduation I worked at Bethlehem Steel Company where I remained for 5 years until I was drafted. During this time I was Scoutmaster of Boy Scout Troop #29 for 3 years; President of the local Youth Group; Officer in the Chester County Christian Endeavor Union; was a member of the Bethlehem Steel Company Plant First Aid Team and taught First Aid to a community Civil Defense group. I enjoyed working at the steel company and did nearly all of the machine operating jobs in the shop including the operation of the overhead cranes. It was hard work but a good paying job.

My draft number (2800) came up in the early Fall of 1941 and since the steel company was getting shorthanded they got a deferment for me because of the importance of my job with them. That lasted for several months and my draft number came up again. This time I decided to go and serve my time instead of taking deferment. At that time I was told that the length of service would be for two years. I later discovered the 2 yr. term to be either false or changed, because I served nearly four years in Civilian Public Service (CPS)

While in high school the English Teacher assigned the task of writing an essay, and reading it before the class, on a subject of our choosing. I am not sure why I decided on the subject of World War I and wrote an essay on: "The Price of War." Possibly because I was an active member of the Parker Ford Church of the Brethren and also because my Pastor, Rev. Clayton H. Gehman, believed that the Gospel of Christ was a Gospel of peace. Whatever the reasons, during the research for this paper I was surprised to learn that having a war was very profitable. For example, and I quote from the paper: "Three years before the war the average yearly profits of the Central Leather Company was \$1,133,000. In 1916 Central returned a profit of \$15,500,000." "The International Nickel Company showed an increase from a mere average of \$4,000,000 a year to \$73,500,000 a year." Additionally, the U.S. Government bought items that never reached the battle fields. "Uncle Sam was sold 20,000,000 mosquito nets for the soldiers overseas to use, and not one of the mosquito nets were seen in France." In the process of writing this essay for the English Class it became clear to me that war was very profitable for many industries. Although English was not one of my

better subjects, in grade or in interest, I was pleasantly surprised when I received the essay back and it was graded with an "A" and the teacher's comments: "May your subject sink into all hearts. Your essay was well written. You seemed at ease on the stage. Your delivery was good." In addition to the influence of the church and the Gospel of Christ, this essay also had an influence on my not wanting to participate in war. Why should I risk my life so that a few others can make huge profits? To say nothing of the destruction of life and property.

With the influence of the essay: "The Price of War," the teaching of my church, my reading of the New Testament and my gut feeling that I did not want to kill anyone, even in the event of war, I knew that I did not want to go into the military when I was drafted. It was a difficult decision to make because it was not the patriotic thing to do. You are expected to support your country and do your part to win the war against the Japanese who attacked us at Pearl Harbor. I was willing to do my part, but that did not include killing the enemy, as far as I was concerned. My parents said the decision was up to me. I felt I had the support of the church, but not of the community, and I did not know about relatives of the family and I did not know about my friends. But I made the decision not to participate in the military.

My pastor was very helpful in assisting me fill out the various forms for IV-E Classification and even went with me to the local draft board. The first Civilian Public Service (CPS) camps were started in June of 1941, and since I was drafted in early 1942, I knew nothing about the camps. My pastor commented they may be something like the Georgia Chain Gangs in which prisoners were used to do public projects under the watchful eye of a foreman with a gun on his arm. (One of the foreman at CPS Camp #29 did work as a foreman in a Georgia Chain Gang, although here he did not carry a gun) Anyway, I was willing to work, but not willing to kill people, to fulfill my obligation to the government.

Some of the events that led to my induction into CPS were the following:

- 10/16/40 I registered with the Selective Service System.
- 1/23/42 Received my notice of Classification from the local draft board. My registration number was 2800 and I was in class 4-E.
- 3/05/42 Received notice to report to the Phoenixville Hospital for a physical examination at 9:00 p.m. on Monday Evening, 3/09/42.
- 5/06/42 This was the fateful day on which I received my shipping orders. The letter had the following information:

"Order to report for work of National Importance, The President of the United States. To Clarence E. Quay Order No. 2800 Greeting: Having submitted yourself to a Local Board composed of your neighbors and having been classified under the provision of the Selective Service Act of 1940 as a Conscientious objector to both combatant and noncombatant military service (Class IV-4) , you have been assigned to work of National Importance under civilian direction. You have been assigned to the Civilian Public Service Camp No. 29 located at Lyndhurst, Augusta County in the State of Virginia."

I was given instructions to take the Reading Railway to Harrisburg, Pa. lay over in a hotel and at 7 O'clock the next morning take the Norfolk and Western Railway to Lyndhurst, Va. Arriving at Lyndhurst on May 15, 1942, around 3:00 P.M. I soon discovered that this was the first day of the formal opening of the Forest Service CPS Camp No. 29, operated by the Brethren Service Committee.

Since the United States was already engaged in World War II in 1942, it is difficult now to understand the strong public support for the war effort. To say the least, taking a conscientious objector position was not at all popular. There was a song "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," which was popular at the time. Those who were opposed to the war effort, for whatever reason, were called cowards, yellow

bellies and having a yellow streak running down our backs. While I was at Lyndhurst Camp #29, I remember walking out the road, with a couple other fellows one evening and having stones thrown at us. I don't remember anything being said, just the stones coming at us.

A few days after I left home to go to CPS Camp there was an article in the local newspaper titled: "Washington's Spirit Lacking." My parents sent me a copy and this is the article:

WASHINGTON'S SPIRIT LACKING

"To the Editor: One of the uppermost thoughts in my mind is this matter of conscientious objecting. Where would we be today if everyone took the same attitude as the conscientious objector.

What if George Washington and his valiant and courageous army would have said, "Oh, well, if people want to come upon us and kill our families and take all our property, let them do it. We will all resign ourselves to be slaves"?

How many conscientious objectors will allow a thief to steal their families and sit idly by? You say that is different, but what has happened in Europe and Asia can happen here.

These same objectors rejoice when they can go rabbit and game hunting in the mountains and think nothing of shooting them. I guess the animals should not mind being shot. Animals have feelings too, remember.

I appreciate the boys who have the old American courage to register for the draft and say, "Here I am, Uncle Sam. I am at your service. You have protected me and given me a wonderful country to live in and with the Maker's help I will do my part to keep it the land of the free and the home of the brave."

If objectors don't want to protect this land and the inhabitants, why don't they go to some island where there is no protection and let them live that way? However, these objectors do not object to making money, caused by this war and higher living. Why can't we all get the spirit? Take a look at the wonderful flag we have and study what it symbolizes and say to ourselves, "Old Glory, whether it takes blood, sweat or tears, I will always stand by you."

Let us men not be cowards.

Parkerford."

UNK

I did go rabbit and deer hunting. I was active in the Boy Scout organization, the local Church of the brethren, County Youth Organizations and other community groups. I also did some fishing and enjoyed eating the fish. I always thought there was a great difference in taking the life of an animal and taking the life of a person created in God's own image. I never really thought of myself as a coward. This newspaper article may be another reason why I volunteered to be a smokejumper.

FROM LYNDHURST, VIRGINIA, TO MISSOULA, MONTANA, SMOKEJUMPERS

It was probably sometime in early April, 1943, that a notice was posted on the bulletin board at Lyndhurst Camp #29, that parachute fire-fighters were needed in the Northwest to control the fires in the forests. There was a shortage of manpower because of the draft. The next day I signed up to become a "Smokejumper." I reasoned something like this: Some of my friends in the military were risking their life and doing things they really did not believe was right. They were forced to do things in which they did not believe. If that was the case, then, I should be willing to risk my life for the things I believed in and could support with a clear conscience. I volunteered because I believed in controlling forest fires even though it was risky. Early in May of 1943, I was notified that my application for Smokejumpers Unit was processed and that I was accepted. It was gratifying to know that out of about 300 applications I was one of the 62 that was accepted. On May 11, 1943, I received a telegram from the Norfolk and Western Railway Company that arrangements were completed for travel to Missoula, Montana, and I was scheduled to leave Lyndhurst, Va. on May

14. One year to the day that I left home to begin service at CPS Camp #29. It was a long trip by train from Virginia to Montana. It wasn't until the last day that I realized that three days and nights traveling and I was getting farther away from home each hour. This was the train schedule:

May 14	Leave	Lyndhurst, Va.	3:58 p.m.	Norfolk and Western Railway
	Arrive	Roanoke, Va.	7:00 p.m.	
	Leave	Roanoke, Va.	7:52 p.m.	
May 15	Arrive	Cincinnati, Ohio	8:15 a.m.	
	Leave	Cincinnati, Ohio	8:55 a.m.	
	Arrive	Chicago, Ill.	3:32 p.m.	
	Leave	Chicago, Ill.	10:45 p.m.	Northern Pacific Railway
May 16	Arrive	Fargo, N.D.	2:45 p.m.	
	Leave	Fargo, N.D.	2:50 p.m.	
May 17	Arrive	Billings, Mont.	4:46 a.m.	
	Leave	Billings, Mont.	4:56 a.m.	
	Arrive	Missoula, Mont.	2:50 p.m.	

(Remember this was in 1943 and for that time we may have been making good time, even though it sounds like a long time in comparison to today)

The CPS men getting off the train were met at the station by Earl Cooley and other personnel from the Forest Service Experimental Smokejumping Program, Region 1. Earl Cooley asked for a volunteer to help him get things ready to go to Camp Paxon. I raised my hand and volunteered to help. We left the train station and went to Earl's home where we had supper and loaded up his things and mine and drove the sixty miles to Camp Paxon at Seeley Lake. I learned then that Earl was one of the first men to make a parachute jump on a forest fire. On the way out to Camp Paxon we saw 14 deer, the first badger I ever saw and at Camp Paxon a beaver which momentarily scared me with the flap of his tail on the water. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the Camp. I took the bunk that was left.

No time was lost in getting prepared to put out forest fires. Within the first week we received shots from the camp nurse for Rocky Mountain Tick Fever, saw up close a parachute and jump suit, started physical fitness training (rode across Seeley Lake in a lifeboat) to the Ranger Station to the obstacle course; had practise in the use of SPF and SJ short wave radio sets, practical experience in the use of tree climbers and instruction in putting out forest fires, including the use of a map and compass. Ten days after arriving at Camp Paxon I made my first parachute jump at 11:00 a.m. with Eagle parachute #535. I was the ninth CPS man to make the first parachute jump. This is what I wrote about my first parachute jump shortly after the experience.

"I rather surprised myself by not hesitating at all, but left the plane as soon as I got ready. I looked up and for the first time saw a chute above me. Then I looked down and saw nothing but trees and water. It seemed rather strange to see nothing under my feet except an airview of the land."

I must say that the training we received was excellent. Especially from Earl Cooley the Forest Service; and Frank Deery the West Coast Representative for the Eagle Parachute Company. The training was concise, thorough and no question asked was too small or ridiculous to receive an answer. Throughout the entire time there was a strong emphasis placed on safety. This is evident in the fact of very few injuries considering the number of jumps made on forest fires plus the training jumps. Also the excellent training accounts for the fact that not only were we not afraid to jump, but many of us wanted to be the first to make a practise jump and the first to jump on a fire. The Forest Service personnel of the Smokejumping Unit deserve a lot of credit for taking a group of inexperienced and untrained young men from all walks of life and making them into effective smokejumpers for putting out forest fires. I certainly appreciated their training and concern for safety.

My 7th. parachute jump was a scary jump. I was using chute #2616, and was in the door of the plane ready to jump. I noticed that the strap of my pant leg, which is normally around under the shoe, was not fastened and had made a lap around the step of the Travelair plane on which I had my foot. Suddenly the back of my mouth got dry and I could not talk. I got the attention of the spotter and pointed to the step of the plane. He saw the predicament I was in and signaled the pilot to make another circle while we got my leg back in the plane and fastened the strap properly. The jump itself was fine, but I barely missed landing in a stream of water at Freshour's Ranch.

On June 17, 1943, just one month to the day that I arrived in Missoula, I had early breakfast and left Camp Paxon in a truck for Missoula. Left Missoula about 10:45 a.m. in the Ford Trimotor plane, affectionately called, "The Tin Goose," for Moose Creek, Idaho. Along with the smokejumpers and their equipment I remember taking a washing machine along with us. I would spend the rest of the summer and fall season at Moose Creek Ranger Station which was 28 miles from the nearest road. There was a lot of hard work and sometimes very long days, but I really enjoyed my stay at Moose Creek with the other CPS men, Forest Service personnel and even the mule team packers.

Two experiences happened at Moose Creek that I shall never forget. One was on July 13, 1943. Three of us left Tony Point Lookout in the morning to maintain trail and repair telephone line. Telephone repair was completed to the Moose Creek Ranger Station. When we got to the tram, a box attached to a overhead cable with wheels, which crosses the Selway River, the box or bucket was tied up on the other side. Which means we could not use it. We waited for a while but it was supper time and we had no idea if anyone would be by to untie the tram rope, so I decided to try crossing on the cable of the tram hand over hand. We pulled up both ropes as tight as we could and I started across with my feet on the rope, which didn't do much good after 8 or 10 feet. About 3/4 of the way across my arms would not go any further. I saw a large boulder directly under me and managed to move over a couple more feet to miss the boulder. (I have often wondered if it is still there) I left go of the cable and dropped into the raging cold water of the Selway River. With all the strength I could muster I managed to inch my way toward shore. The swift current carried me a ways down the river before I was able to reach the bank and climb out. After a while I was able to untie the rope so the other two men could cross the river in the tram.

On October 05, 1943, Louie Goosen and I jumped on a spot near Lone Pine Lookout where two fires were burning. We worked on the one fire until about 10:00 p.m. and slept in the lookout. Next day worked on the fires and moped up after the fires were out. On this jump I sprained an ankle which was to give me problems for some time afterward. On the way out from the fires we saw some elk hunters and one of them gave me a set of elk teeth, which he knocked out of the mouth of the elk with a hatchet while we were there. Then they gave each of us an apple. The hunters had seen us drop from the plane down to the fires.

Following the fire season I stayed on and helped close out some cabins, work on the Bear Creek Bridge, cut and split wood for the wood shed and worked on tearing down some old CCC barracks buildings. I left Missoula on the train Dec. 15 for the long trip home, arriving on Dec. 18. A full, busy hard working seven months, but I learned a lot and really enjoyed the experience. I liked it so much that I came back for the fire season the next year where I spent the summer at Cayuse Landing. I would have returned the third year but my discharge was expected soon so I went to Syracuse, N.Y. as a dairy herd tester. But I could have gone to the smokejumpers in 1945 also, because my discharge was delayed for some reason and I was not released until May of 1946.

After CPS I returned home and to Bethlehem Steel Company where I had worked before being drafted. But things were not the same. They had to take me back but there was a coolness because I was a conscientious objector. After several months I quit and did

a number of different things: sold vacuum cleaners (Rexair); hauled coal down from the mines in Frackville, Pa.; operated a bulldozer; drove dump truck; worked for a contractor resurfacing roads and did custom farm work. Then I bought one of the first hydraulically operated backhoes to appear in this part of the country. I married Mary E. (Clingaman) and the same year decided to attend Bible School because I wanted to learn more about the Bible. Went to the Church of the Brethren Bible School in Chicago, Ill., with the intention of getting a quarter of Bible Study. Remained for nearly two years then because of interest in agriculture went to McPherson College since they had a good agriculture program. (Did not take a single class in agriculture the whole time there) By attending two summer school programs in addition to the regular class load, I graduated with a major in Education and Psychology. By this time I was more interested in the teaching field and went to Bethany Biblical Seminary with the idea of teaching in the field of religion. It was not until the last year of seminary that I began to take an interest in the pastoral ministry. After getting the Masters of Theology degree I began to serve churches. 24 years serving four churches full time and since I retired (1981) I have served six churches on an interim basis. I have enjoyed the pastoral ministry, especially doing the interim service. If my health permits, I may consider doing another interim or two.

Mary and I have a son, Jeffrey, who is an alumnus of McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas. Jeff and his wife, Lynn, both work at the Brethren Service Center in New Windsor, Maryland. We were pleased to have them with us for the Smokejumper's Reunion in 1989.

As I review the kind of life experiences which I have had, as varied as they were, I am pretty well satisfied with the life I have lived. Even though the Civilian Public Service years took nearly four years of my life without pay, they were a good experience for me. I especially appreciated the opportunity to be a smokejumper with CPS #103. I had the feeling of doing something which was really, "Work of National Importance." The Forest Service personnel did not discriminate against us because we were conscientious objectors. This I very much appreciated. The experience of being with the other smokejumpers, as varied a lot as we were, and learning and sharing together in a task that had many risks, was a challenging and rewarding experience. There have been many experiences that have been a part of my life and I have appreciated nearly all of them. But the total experience of being in CPS, working without pay, being a part of a minority group, learning and sharing together as a group and discovering that, even with different backgrounds and religious beliefs, it is possible (indeed it is an enriching experience) to learn to know one another and share with each other in a sincere and meaningful fellowship. Especially was this true for me with the smokejumper CPS #103 Unit. The fact that we faced some risks together probably had a strong influence on the kind of meaningful fellowship that is shared by the jumpers at reunion time. My life has been enriched because of the experience.

Rev. Clarence E. Quay
276 Homer Street
Marion, Ohio 43302

Walter Reimer - My Saga
Moses Lake, Washington

Goessel, Kansas was my home, Alexanderwohl Mennonite, my church and to many of you that tells a lot. Here in Washington State where I have lived since Civilian Public Service (CPS) days, they refer to that area as the "Mecca of the Mennonites". Born February 18, 1920, I was sixth in a family of nine. My parents were Abraham and Katherine (Buller) Reimer. My grandparents came to Kansas from the Alexanderwohl settlement in Russia in the 1870's. Mother died when I was four and my father died seven years later. We were raised by a stepmother who managed to keep us together, but it was not pleasant. My brothers and sisters did the farming and my oldest brother missed a lot of school because of farm responsibilities. Often there was not money to pay the mortgage and only because of the good graces of the mortgage company were we able to continue living there.

Then World War II changed our lives. My brother and I were drafted. He went into the army and I into CPS. This was typical in our church, about 50-50 to CPS and armed services, and the church supported all of them. Until 1942 when I was drafted, going to Wichita was a big deal. Imagine how my life was changed from the time I entered CPS in Weeping Water, Nebraska, then to LaPine, Oregon and on to Three Rivers, California, followed by CPS #103 Smokejumpers at Missoula, Montana and discharge at Denison, Iowa three and a half years later!

Soil conservation was the main project at Weeping Water where I was for two months. Then I went with a group to open a new camp in LaPine, Oregon, working for the Bureau of Reclamation building a dam for irrigation. I stayed there as long as it was under MCC supervision and when the government took over running the camp many of us accepted the option offered us to move to other camps.

Three Rivers, California, was my next stop working with the National Park Service. I was on the telephone crew and saw a good share of Sequoia and Kings Canyon Parks repairing phone lines.

When the opportunity was given to apply for smokejumping it sounded exciting and I did. MCC wanted a letter from my family giving consent for such a "dangerous occupation" and my uncle wrote that he could not figure out why I wanted to "give my life for a dumb tree", but consent was given.

I trained at the smokejumper unit at Nine Mile, near Missoula. Those of us who had never been up in a plane were given a ride in a Ford Trimotor before our first jump. Of the 21 jumps I made, one was a rescue jump. One of our boys was hurt on a jump and we jumped in with an army doctor to carry him on a stretcher to the nearest road. He had suffered a back injury.

Two of the fire jumps stand out in my memory. One was in the Seven Devils area along the Snake River between Oregon and Idaho. There were two plane loads of jumpers with cargo. The sun was down and distance was hard to judge. Herb Crocker and I were the last to jump from the second plane and the first plane had already started cargo dumping. When we landed, Herb asked me if the first plane had flown above or below me. I was below and he was above, so the plane had actually flown between us. Then to make it more memorable, I hung up in a big yellow pine tree about 70 feet from the ground. Herb went up to rescue my chute because after I had climbed up 60 feet, I chickened out. We had only pole spurs because all the tree spurs were already out on the many fires we had at that time. On the walk out in the evening, the first mile was a strenuous incline until we got to the trail. One of the jumpers passed

out, so half of us stayed until he recuperated and then we walked the fifteen miles in the dark.

The other memorable jump was above Lake Chelan in Washington. It was in very steep terrain. The fire covered over 300 acres and our Trimotor load of eight jumpers and another DC-3 load from Cave Junction, Oregon, controlled the top fire line. Our Ford Trimotor could fly in the canyon to unload, so our landing was much more accurate than the jumpers from the DC-3 which had to stay above the canyon to make their drop. We walked out 13 miles to the head of Lake Chelan. We were picked up by a forest service boat and taken to Twenty-five Mile Creek where a truck was waiting to take us to Chelan. We were provided a steak dinner and allowed a few hours of sleep before being flown out to another fire near Surprise Lake north of Chelan. On that jump a big can of lunch meat slipped from the cargo chute and plummeted to the ground splattering over a big area. One of the ground crew asked in jest if that was all the better care we took of jumpers whose parachutes did not open.

During the two seasons I spent in smokejumpers I did timber cruising in the off season. The first winter I was in the Kingston ranger district in Idaho. The second winter I spent in the Anaconda area. There, besides cruising timber, I also cleared trails in a primitive area and worked on an emergency landing strip. Timber cruising at Kingston consisted of getting an estimate of the board feet of saleable lumber. In Anacanda it was to determine the number of power poles available.

After the 1945 season CPS #103 was disbanded and dispersed to different base camps to await discharge. I went to Denison, Iowa, and was discharged in April 1946. After a few weeks at home in Kansas, I took a job on a wheat ranch near Lind, Washington. I met Clara Franz there and we were married in 1949. We continued to live there working for her father, Julius A. Franz and later Franz Farms LTD for 42 years. We have two sons. Gregory (1952) attended Bethel College in Kansas and Washington State University graduating with an agricultural degree in 1975. He then did two and a half years of voluntary service in Jordan under the Mennonite Central Committee. Greg met Nadia Hazboun in Amman, Jordan and they were married there. Greg, Nadia and sons Eric and Jason live in Washington. Roger (1956) graduated from Bethel College in 1978 with a BS in Industrial Arts and then earned an agricultural degree from Washington State University. He married Carmen Goering from Moundridge, Kansas, and they with daughters Chelsea and Roxanne live in Oregon.

I have been active in the Menno Mennonite Church near Ritzville, serving several terms as deacon. I have been involved in the acquisition, building and maintenance of Camrec, the Washington Mennonite Fellowship campground near Leavenworth, WA. I served 16 years on the building committee and management committee for Camrec.

In 1985, I retired and we built a home in Moses Lake, WA. My wife retired a year later. She had worked many years for the Lind School District, first as a Home Economics teacher before we were married, then did substitute teaching in Lind and surrounding communities. The last assignment was as full time librarian.

We have been blessed with good health, have been active in our retirement with a variety of volunteer work, and have been able to do some traveling. I am satisfied with my life and have few regrets.

Walter Reimer
4211 West Lakeshore Drive
Moses Lake, WA 98837

THE DAYS THAT WERE

FOREWARD

It has always seemed extremely sad to me that those who have preceded us--grandmothers and grandfathers--never took the time or made the effort to record some of their lifetime experiences, many of which would have been extremely interesting as they left the old country and came to a pioneer land with its dangers and rewards. All we have are a few letters, later a few pictures, and fading memories. Most of them had command of the language but never recorded their stories. It is with this in mind that I am taking the opportunity that is presented me and will try to record something of interest for my children, with family history and my experiences as a smoke jumper as the focal points.

It seems to me that when all is said and done the opportunities for service provided by the Church and even by the Government, although completely without monetary compensation through our forced service in CPS, were invaluable and probably enlightened us all considerably and gave us a new feeling of responsibility for our fellow man. The service enlarged our small world considerably and gave us a feeling of appreciation for those who tolerated our views on war and peace even when in complete opposition to their own and allowed us to pursue the way of peace as a course of action.

--Laurel Robert Sargent

I was born in Ness County Kansas, about six miles southwest of Brownell, on April 8, 1922, in a stone house built on the side of a hill where the wind blew the door open (or shut) depending on the direction from whence it came. Our parents (my sister Marjorie and I) were of English and German origin. Both had attended Fort Hays State Normal School at Hays, Kansas, where they met and fell in love. Our father had served a short period in the Army in 1918 as a Methodist CO. His parents came from the Methodist Church and since my mother was a Lutheran, he had no CO background and only earned this classification after refusing the rifle that was issued him on induction. Because of his business training and his ability to type, he served his time in the office. This firm belief in the futility of war was a mainstay throughout his life and he and my mother, and later stepmother, passed this strong belief on to myself, my stepbrother, and the rest of the family. Sometime after the war, in the 20's, the whole family became Mennonite and we have supported the First Mennonite Church in Ransom since that time. My mother died in 1934 after a long and tragic illness when Marjorie was 14 and I was 12. At about that time, in addition to the stress of drouth and depression, the whole family, including friends and in-laws, seemed to be plagued by untimely deaths and troubles.

After our mother died, the drouth got worse. The dust blew into six foot drifts around the stone house, the grass died, the well went dry, and grasshoppers blew in droves. Somehow or another we survived on 320 acres of rough and rolling land at 10% interest, 160 acres on the "Dutch Flats" six miles to the northwest that was my mother's estate, twenty stock cows, four milk cows, four head of work horses, two mules, chickens turkeys, and no cash flow to worry about since there was no cash. Probably one of the brighter moments of

my young life was the acquisition of "Old Dick" from my uncle for \$25 or \$50. "Old Dick" was a spotted cow pony called "Skunk" by his former owner. He was "Skunk" to the old cowboy because of a split white patch dividing at his tail and running down each side of his rump. "Old Dick" had a wonderful canter. He could shy eight feet and when he left you on the ground he never let himself be caught again till he reached the barn. Nevertheless, I loved him dearly--he could chase a cow at high speed, stand with his fore feet on a barrel or stump for a picture, and besides that he gave us some prestige--we were able to graduate from riding the lighter plow horses. He neck reined and when trailing cattle on a hot drive and the pace became too slow, he was not adverse to taking a powerful bite out of the slowest cow's tail.

Marjorie and I went to Ash Grove--one small ash tree, a white school building 24 x 40, sixteen kids and one teacher, a coal house, one dry well, and two out-houses. Dad had taught several terms at Ash Grove throughout the 20's which probably helped with the 10% interest he was paying on the farm, and at that time, he was on the schoolboard. Most of the kids walked but we rode "Old Dick" and the Weeks boys from over east had a black filly. Occasionally, the McGinnis kids tied their plow horse along with the other two behind the coal house. There were iron rings for that purpose and after you loosened your cinch, took the bridle off, and tied the halter rope to the ring, the horses stood there from 9 A.M. till 4 P.M. and by that time they were ready to leave. Somehow or other, the vision of a good horse race entered our minds and at noon, unbeknown to the teacher, we tried it out--one-fourth mile east through the pasture and back. "Old Dick" and the Week's filly came back in a dead heat and the plow horse almost made it to the east end. Two sessions of this and our races came to an abrupt end --someone had snitched to the teacher!

As we headed down the road one evening past the ash tree, Marjorie in the saddle and me behind, "Old Dick" suddenly balked and after fighting the bit he went a little further and then repeated. After much urging, he went up the grade and reaching the hilltop, suddenly reared up and fell over backwards. Somehow, Marjorie and I slid off the side and hanging on to the reins, we led him homeward--all three badly shaken. After about one-fourth of a mile, I decided that this was for the birds and remounted, begged Marjorie to do the same. She politely declined and walked the rest of the way home. After recounting the incident to Dad, he checked the bridle and discovered the chin strap was twisted and was pinching "Old Dick's" tongue, something we watched carefully from then on.

School seldom held anything but abject boredom for me--I passed from the first to the third grade in one year. Since Mother had taught me to read before school and Dad was on the schoolboard, I shed my three classmate friends at the end of the third grade when they were asked to repeat and from then on I became a one man class and I graduated valedictorian of the eighth grade (one man class) in April, 1935.

My idea of a perfect day was to be allowed to stay home and hold one end of a two man crosscut saw while Dad pulled and pushed--a day to be proud of was thirty cuts through a twenty-seven inch cottonwood--firewood used to cook and heat.

We may have been pacifists at heart, but we loved our cap pistols and many a summer morning the neighbor boys with their horse, Silver, and I with "Old Dick" killed the Indians and each other from every rock and stump.

Sunday afternoons were often spent at the community baseball games where we rooted for the home team and jeered for the opposition--there was no rule 52 in those days.

While my small world was developing Dad was courting a niece by marriage who had lost her husband in 1935. In April, 1936, the marriage was performed at Colorado Springs and we became a family of five children. Johnnie had been my best friend so we considered the match had been made in Heaven. We're still good friends--only four of us remain--but a bond was formed that will never be broken.

After four years of high school in Brownell and Ransom, I graduated in May of 1939--no scholarship honors. There were too many classmates this time. War clouds were looming and Johnnie and I were approaching draft age. In January, 1940, I finally succumbed to the pleading of my Uncle John Noll who, after being Ness County born and bred, had moved to Waukegan, Ill., became a lawyer, and through real estate, had amassed a considerable fortune. His plea was to forsake that "God forsaken country" and move to Waukegan where he'd get me a job--any job I could handle. I went and stuck it out till June 1, working in a job printing enterprise for \$12 to \$15 a week. The experience was invaluable but the call of the wild turned by Harley Davidson towards Kansas while Uncle John looked on in disbelief. "How dumb can you be" must have been his parting thought.

When September came I gave in to family pressure and enrolled at Fort Hays State (the folks believed in education, I believed in vacation). The administration with considerable pressure from Dad, allowed me to take some advanced courses with the promise that I would take the freshmen requirements later. I decided to endure at least one year, but the following September (1941), I softened a bit and returned for another nine months. Needless to say, I never regretted it. In fact, I learned to love college so much that Darlene and I put all four kids through 18 or 20 years of it.

By then I was twenty years old and registered for the draft. With the help of our minister, Abraham Albrecht, advice from by Dad, and complete support from the family, I got my LE and shipping orders on November 7, 1942. Johnnie, my brother-in-law Bill Jaehde, and the preachers son were the full CO complement from Ness County to my knowledge. I really don't suppose our going CO impeded the war effort too much. After six weeks at Fort Collins, I transferred to Buckingham where about forty of us built fence--rain or shine--until the winter of 1944 when the news of the new unit at Missoula came down to us. By then the fence steeples had worn holes in all my pockets, so Elmer Neufeld and I signed the paper--they needed us--so we went. Elmer made a career of it, staying on in Washington State after the war.

There were only a few of us at McCall in the service in 1944, about sixteen. During the first year of the experience, only two CPS jumpers and two forest service men answered the call (Lester Gahlor was one of the CO's). After training at Missoula, we rode the bus to McCall--bag, baggage and sixteen boys. The summer actually was pretty quiet as far as fire was concerned--most of us got three or four fire jumps and perhaps another couple of ground fires.

I realize that every fire jump is an exciting experience and the experience has been shared by many hundreds of jumpers since 1944, but there are a few jumps

that stand out in my memory after all these years. These jumps were unique experiences to me and hopefully will be of interest to the readers.

My first fire jump in May, 1944, was an abject disaster. Diz Lehman and I, with Johnny Johnson, Forest Service crew chief, and the Travelaire flew northeast from McCall as our turn came up. It was a small smoldering fire deep among the snags. We circled, properly dropped the drift chute, and tumbled out presumably to a clear spot. Diz reached the ground and I reached the snags--not one but three. After crashing down through the dead wood, I dangled about fifty feet up from the ground. Every move brought a snapping of the deadwood. After a Herculean effort, I managed to rope down. Our equipment landed nearby and after pounding the blaze for a couple of days, we decided it was time to retrieve my chute--his was safely in the bag. With deep apprehension I struggled up the tree and attempted to clear the chute. My trembling seemed only to fasten it tighter (I always was scared of high places, even that time Johnnie and I jumped off the windmill tower and sank into the snowdrift up to our eyeballs). I was scared--some little voice at those times always said, "go on, do it", and I usually did. Anyhow, I chickened out, slid down the snag, taking off equal bits of bark and skin, and after much consultation, Diz and I decided to chop down the trees, lean them together, and pull them up the slope. We did accomplish the first two steps. We gave a mighty heave and the trees that had leaned together leaned the wrong way, hit, bounced, and slid down the hill for 200 feet, more or less. We gathered up the tattered shreds of the chute, put it in a bag, poured our last water on the ashes, and headed for the road which was about two or three miles away. The shocking news when I reached McCall was that a parachute was worth \$125, and a message that the chute will be sent to Missoula and "You're never supposed to drop a snag with your parachute entangled in the top--let alone three snags." As time passed no severance papers with a ticket back to Fort Collins came for Laurel Sargent and I began to breathe easier. Diz said he figured the Forest Service people were probably over on the road watching with glasses all the time !

One other jump in particular still remains as a vivid picture in my mind. The fire was reported to be near the Salmon River. John Johnson, as spotter, Earl Stutzman and myself, loaded aboard the Travelaire in the middle of the afternoon. The air was rough with a few clouds in the distance. We didn't worry ourselves about weather forecasts--maybe we didn't even have them. We were filled with zeal and lacking in experience and off we went. After the best part of an hour, we approached the fire which had already consumed a sizable area--by then the air was really rough and we were hanging on to anything available. A little black cloud filled the Northwest and over to the east roared the Salmon River in its deep canyon. We made one pass and John yelled, "I'll fly low and drop you on the hillside away from the River." He tossed out a drift chute which promptly disappeared. The pilot managed to bring the Travelaire around and on the second pass I struggled into the door opening, hanging on for dear life, the plane tipped to the right, Johnny pounded me on the back and out I went. I looked up and saw the tail go overhead, collected beautiful strawberry marks when the chute opened, tried to locate the landing site, but to my amazement, the wind took me up and over the ridge top at forty miles per hour clearing the snags by at least 200 feet. About then I noticed the Travelaire had turned and headed for the safety of the McCall Airport to fly again on a safer day. They didn't even wait around to see where I landed or if I ever did. By then I was floating out over the River Canyon and to my dismay, I noticed that instead of getting closer to the ground, the ground was getting farther away and the River was getting closer. It occurred to me that the time had come to try the slipping

maneuver that they had taught us at Nine Mile, so I started pulling the lines down (either it worked or the wind let up) because the ground started getting closer and when I finally crashed into the rocky hillside, it felt like a feather bed. I got my helmet off before I was sick and looked up the hillside where a Forest Service employee on his way to the fire was enjoying the show. After seeing that I was all right, he said, "have a good day", and went on up the trail. I got my chute into the bag and followed him to the ridge saddle where we set up a fire camp. Earl Stutzman came back the next day along with others and we spent about a week patrolling the fire lines and earning compensatory time after hours which the Forest Service allowed us to use after fire season either working in the seed potato fields south of McCall at the rate of \$1.05 per hour or adding to our furlough time. They were very broad minded as far as compensatory time was concerned--as long as you didn't add more than 16 hours per day (eight hours for the Forest Service), no complaints were made.

In the fall of 1944--we were veterans by then--the Forest Service people over at Enterprise, Oregon, asked for a demonstration jump at their Pow Wow at the Airport. Again the Traveaire took off--with Johnson, Ed Nafziger and I (Les Gahlor was gone on furlough) to show our effectiveness at hitting the mark and snuffing out the fire. After about an hour the Snake River appeared far below and soon Enterprise came into view. After circling the Airport, and observing the sizable crowd and the X which was the target, we climbed to about 800-1000 feet, dropped the drift chute, made the second circle and at the appropriate spot, fell out the door. Johnnie and I missed the spot by about one-eighth mile. Ed Nafziger came closest and sprained his ankle so bad that he couldn't walk. By the time we reloaded and took off for McCall, we surely had set Smokejumping back at least a decade. We didn't kill the program--that's obvious--but we sure tried!

The winter of 1944 was passed building trail above Riggins on the Salmon. The summer of 1945 brought the atom bomb and the end of the war. Transfers began and I signed for a relief ship. In January of 1946, I boxed up my motorcycle and shipped it to Sacramento after receiving a transfer to Camp Camino, Calif. There I met Pete and Norman Kaufman and they were also waiting for a relief ship. We spent six weeks chopping down manzanitas, setting around the fire, and laughing at each others jokes. Finally about February 20 I got orders to report to Houston on May 6 to the SS Park Victory. A motorcycle ride home through Los Angeles, east across the low divide in New Mexico, and after a few days at home, Houston, -Greece, mules, donkeys, delays, mine damage in the Gulf of Patras, and home on a troop ship with 1000 Greek repatriots. Finally, I got a discharge in June, 1946, and I settled into forty years of the life I love the best. After many moons as a bachelor, a neighbor girl, Darlene Schreiber, took pity on me and completed my existence by marriage. Four kids, 2 girls and 2 boys, and now a little girl and a little boy that call us grandma and grandpa. We've had it all--good times and bad, tragedy and loss. Our oldest daughter, Susan, finally succumbed to the ravages of diabetes about a year ago after a seventeen year battle, at the age of 32. Any lasting contributions to society have probably been few. I've been blessed with a few friends, good parents, a wonderful wife, family, and health--what more can you ask!

LAUREL SARGENT
FARMER--STOCKMAN

Rt. 1 Box 121
Ransom, KS 67572
(913) 731-2541

REMINISCENCES

Earl Schmidt

I was born in South Central Kansas, at Harper, on February 13, 1920, and grew up there on a small farm usually with a big mortgage. At age 3 inflammatory rheumatism, or rheumatic fever kept me in bed for 8 weeks and unable to walk for eleven weeks. The results of this were only a malformed right hip joint, which terminated my Smokejumping in the middle of the 1945 summer. It deteriorated slowly until it was replaced with an excellent artificial hip joint in October, 1976.

Early experiences centered around an active Mennonite Church, a grade and high school system that, in retrospect was very progressive, an interest in airplanes, and a farm without electricity and running water, and 220 acres farmed with horses. One year of college at Goshen, Indiana was followed by a bout with malaria, and a year on a farm and at a canning factory in Eureka, Illinois.

Discussion with the local draft board at Eureka resulted in assignment on Jan. 7, 1942 to CPS camp #22 at Henry, Ill. Soil Conservation work, foreman of a topographic Survey crew, and winning with Chester Schwartz the camp tennis doubles tournament were high lights. Several months at CPS 67, Downey, Idaho preceded my arrival at Missoula on April 23, 1943, and then at Camp Paxson at Seeley Lake. May 23 I was the eleventh CPS man and probably the 70th man to practice jump for Smokejumping.

Two and a half years as a Smokejumper, with a fine group of men, still generate pleasant memories and make our reunions something special.

June 20, 1943 a Ford Trimotor dropped us at Basin Creek for 6 weeks of fence building. A 14 x 28 foot cabin, 2 (14 x 16) foot tents, and 10 miles of trail to the nearest ranger station! Summer at Big Prairie. One fire jump--8 men with Bill Wood. And we built a 172 foot span cable suspension bridge. Still standing. (Each cable 1½" dia x 256' long, 1600 lb. each). Cut 4" x 12" planks and a 14" x 18" x 28' beam on saw mill flown in on 3 Fords.

We wintered at Clark Fork, Idaho, blasting and building access roads, and Lakeview, Idaho on Lake Pend O'Reille building a log bridge that would be under water each spring.

We trained at 9 Mile and practiced at Remount Depot. Lester Gahler's professional quality 16 mm 30 minute movie documents some of that.

After 2 weeks maintaining trail with Jalmer Laine at Big Salmon Lake in the Bob Marshall, I spent the summer at Seeley Lake. (A beautiful area). One jump--Granite Ridge--at 7500 feet. Took all night to get to the fire from the jump spot. 30 mile winds nullified our efforts and crown fire expanded the fire area. A ground crew came in next AM and with higher humidity & no

wind was able to contain it.

We wintered in northern Idaho & Metalline Falls, Washington. Mostly access road work, with some weed tree cutting and clearing. Harold Toews and I learned in the early spring at experiment station about the Japanese Balloon bombs. It made for exciting prospects for the summer.

Training started at Nine Mile with jumping at 6 mile landing strip. We had a busy summer! By August 1 I had 3 jumps. One very interesting jump was $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the "River of no Return". Hike out started with one mile vertical climb in 7 miles of trail to lookout, then $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles of ridge top to nearest road, 35 miles by truck to nearest Red River Ranger Station, 20 miles to Dixie Landing field and 90 mile flight back to Missoula. Eight men on $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres--put it out in 24 hours from fire call.

I enjoyed cruising timber for a couple months at White Sulphur Springs. Arrived at Medaryville, Indiana on New Years Day 1946 for 1 day working in library waiting on clothes to arrive, 1 day in sick quarters, and 1 day on project. Furloughs and weekend passes completed 4 years 13 days on Jan. 19, 1946.

In April the Pierre Victory ship took me to Danzig Free State with 791 head of horses, for United ^{Warrior's} Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, as a night watchman. A summer baling hay in north east Colorado, a year working in a feed store in Chappel, Neb., was followed by 23 years working for C. H. Musselman Canning factory in Biglerville, Pa. and 20 years as an insurance agent writing farm risks. One real pleasure was owning, with my brother, an airplane for $2\frac{1}{2}$ years--a 1946 two place 65 horsepower Taylorcraft, and getting a total of about 200 hours solo. Oh, yes, about 3 years ago I was offered a free parachute jump, by the owner of a tandem parachute, but I had to turn it down--40 pounds heavier than I should be, and an artificial hip made it inadvisable.

Twenty years of helping people solve problems of risk of a loss was challenging. Along with insurance and church work I was able to help two financially distressed couples work their way toward financial health. One of the greatest satisfactions of life is to help someone else.

Elizabeth and I have been married 40 years. We have two children--Joyce, now Mrs. Jerry Wenger of Conestoga, Pa., about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours away, who is an RN at Lancaster General Hospital, who has a 6 month old son, Stephen. We think he is great! And Thad, who has Downs Syndrome, and is 29 years old. He is proud of his work in sheltered employment.

We think the Smokejumper reunions are great. The people are great, the warm fellowship especially valuable. The surroundings are beautiful.

We who grew up during the Great Depression feel it was a

hard time, few pleasures. But in retrospect I feel it prepared us for a fuller life, one where possessions are not as important as friends, and a few unscheduled minutes are a blessing to provide opportunity to appreciate a friend, make a new friend, or enjoy God's creation. We've seen and experienced things we did not dream possible in those years.

C P S gave me a chance to re-evaluate life, people, circumstances, and provided the foundation for a fuller, more enjoyable life. At seventy I still look forward to helping others, serving God, and enjoying life--not necessarily in that order.

*Mr. & Mrs. Earl Schmidt
P.O. Box 255
Biglerville, PA 17307*

Charles E. Schumacher
19915 127th Ave. SE
Snohomish, WA. 98290
(206) 668-4912

CPS MEMORIES FROM QATAR

No I did not forget the "U" after "Q" in Qatar (cat'tar) the spelling is correct. I am writing from this little country on the Persian Gulf surrounded by desert. This presents an interesting contrast to our parachuting into forests of trees, as we, as Smoke Jumpers, did to fight fires throughout the Pacific Northwest. At this point in my life, I find my smoke jumping experiences to have been the most interesting and exciting imaginable.

I'm here because my former employer wished to rehire me out of retirement to work on a "Master Plan for Gas Utilization." This country has the world's largest single gas field and they needed help to put it to use.

Once in retirement, it's hard to leave the freedom it affords, but we had just completed a new house with associated landscaping and the opportunity was timely.

I have always enjoyed looking over the next hill to see what was there so Smoke Jumping appealed to me. I like taking risks. Maybe because my father was a risk-taker some of it may have left its mark on me.

We were Mennonites from Bluffton, Ohio. From my father's family of 14, there wasn't enough land for all the sons to become farmers so my dad walked four miles each way to Bluffton College and finished up at Ohio State with an electrical engineering degree. This was when they were still learning the difference between AC and DC. He learned the difference and started converting, as he did for Bluffton, small town systems to AC. During the "mid-twenties" he also became interested in oil and developed a small gas and oil field in Woodburn, Indiana. Then he took the big step and became a security salesman for City Service Oil Co. and Arkansas Natural Gas. It was good while it lasted, but 1929 wiped it all away and my dad went bankrupt. He never quite recovered from that, but he did sell diesel engines to mining operations in Colorado. Next, he was operating a gold mine in Montana. His last job was as an electrician at the Ohio Steel Foundry in Lima, Ohio.

All our family of five went to college. I guess because it was somewhat expected of us since both my mother and father had. I liked engineering and particularly chemistry. After 2 1/2 years at Bluffton College I transferred to the University of Cincinnati and completed with a degree in Chemical Engineering in 1943.

The war was on and we all had to register. Fortunately for us, with membership in Historical Peace Churches, the door had been opened for Civilian Public Service (CPS). I opted for this and then requested deferment which was permitted to engineering students. Upon graduation I requested assignment and was sent to Middleburg, Indiana. My first job was to do wildlife surveys - a lonely but rewarding experience. Not long thereafter there appeared on the bulletin board a request for volunteers for Smoke Jumpers. That was it - application made and accepted.

In the two years, 1944 and 1945, I made 21 jumps and had some terrific experiences, both on and off fire fighting season. Some of us learned to really know each other under various circumstances. I'll follow on later with some of these remembrance.

With the war winding down, the paratroopers returned looking for jobs and Smoke Jumping suited their training. We took off for final assignments prior to release. Mine was to Gulfport, Mississippi, Harrison County Health Service where a group of CPS men were building out-houses. This effort along with other activities was organized to help stamp out the intestinal parasites that infected a large portion of the rural population of the country. My contribution was to educate with movies and talks to all the school children in the county on ways for prevention and treatment. With samples and laboratory checks we were able to identify those who needed treatment. The medicine was provided. By going to their homes for delivery and further instructions, I received some real eye-openers to their plight and received some rewarding praises for our efforts. I'm sure we did much good there.

Release in 1946 left a void and it wasn't long until I was on a cattle boat under UNRRA bound for Poland with a load of horses. We went through the Kiel Canal headed through mine cleared waters for Danzig. We unloaded the horses that were branded "U.S." and saw the Russians add "S.R." to the brand. Here we saw the complete devastation of war as Danzig was bombed to smithereens by first the Germans, then the Russians. There wasn't much left but piles of bricks.

Back in the United States it was time to go to work. The first job was with Firestone in Akron, Ohio as a process engineer. After 4 years, I found my wife Mary. Now after 40 years, I'm sure that was the best decision I ever made. She helped me through a Masters Degree at the University of Akron, supported me when I quit Firestone and moved to California to join an Engineering and Construction firm called Bechtel. Now with five children and experiences from living abroad in Australia, England and Saudi Arabia, these 35 years with this company have been good, even to include this last assignment in Qatar.

Money

At \$5.00 a month, the gift from the Mennonite Central Committee was enough for us to get by. The Forest Service provided us with food, clothing and a place to sleep. So our wants were few. The big blessing was compensatory time earned while fighting fires. This was time

off which we converted to money. I picked apples in the Yakima Valley, sorted parcel post packages and did landscaping in Seattle, others picked potatoes in Southern Idaho. I converted my money to my first car, a 1935 Chevrolet Coupe.

People and Memories

Our group was constantly assembled and reassembled as we became available for the next fire call, or winter camp assignment, or sub assignment. Some of these contacts made lasting impressions. Some of mine among the many follows:

Who can forget Earl Cooley. His stories match the excitement of the old West as good or better than those from the books by Louis L'Amour. I hope we incorporate some of them in this project.

Lloyd Hulbert, our agronomist, and my partner on a two-man fire in the Bitterroots. A perfect little one-acre fire next to a small meadow just right for us to land on. The fire was under control in half a day. Mopping up another day and a half was the hardest part as the fire was in the rocks. We were on our hands and knees to make sure all fire was out so we finished up covered with ashes and soot. At night we slept in the meadow and were scared stiff when a bull elk stood between us and trumpeted. When you are laying on your back looking up at the beast, they are REAL BIG!

Larry Morgan, Milton Lamm, Earl Schmidt at Metaline Falls winter operations. We were doing selective cutting and clearing of hemlock out of a white pine timber stand. Larry is remembered for a trip to Spokane at Christmas time. Milt for his accident when a chip flew off a wedge and hit him in the eye causing permanent damage. Earl for his energy at falling trees, trimming and slash burning.

Jim Mattocks was a member of a small task force out of Glacier Park Ranger Station sent out to build a log corral at a way station. Jim introduced me to speed reading and 100% recall. I watched him read a botany book rapidly turning pages. When I asked him if he was understanding what was printed, he assured me he did. So I asked him what was on page 325. Lo and behold, Jim told me the botanical names of the plants on that page. This just goes to show how smart some of the CPS Smoke Jumpers were. Jim is now a lawyer in High Point, North Carolina.

John Scott and Lee Ratzloff were on a timber cruise we performed mid-winter on the continental divide above Helena, Montana in sub-zero weather. John kept hunting for his deer with no success. Lee showed us how to take a bath under adverse circumstances. We took picture proofs of Lee in a galvanized tub sitting in water made from melted snow.

Marlyn Shetler and Lowell Sharps were co-workers who were sent up the Selway river from Moose Creek Ranger Station to Bear Creek Airport to make hay from the airstrip. We did it, but added to our experiences cooking that included pumpkin pie and delicious trout. Somehow the orange juice fermented but we managed to consume it as we had no replacements. Most memorable was my swimming naked across the river, walking along a cliff where a nest of rattlesnakes were waiting. As I fought them I realized Marlyn and Lowell were not great swimmers.

Ralph Spicer was a good friend who is now gone but not forgotten. We developed a strong friendship that started at Nine Mile training camp and extended throughout our Smoke Jumping days and beyond. My best pictures were taken with his camera. After CPS it was under his supervision that I made a cattle boat trip to Poland. Ralph met a Polish girl whom he married and smuggled out of Poland. He went on to college, earned a degree in Civil Engineering and had a daughter. He started working in Cleveland and since we were in Akron, we had some good times together, one family to another. It was a real shock to hear that Ralph, while surveying, had been hit by a car and killed.

One little incident I recall was when we went fishing up the Selway River from Moose Creek Ranger Station. I was ahead of Ralph, walking, when he called out and said "Charlie, is that your reel unwinding?" As I said "no" Ralph realized it was a rattle snake beside him that my passing had alerted. Ralph jumped 3 feet straight up, a record in my book.

Sam Zook was small but mighty. He impressed me with his logging skills. His most amazing feat was the speed he could climb and descend a tall tree using spurs.

There are others too numerous to mention. Some even brought tears to our eyes like the Christmas Eve Murray Baden led us in singing "Adeste Fidelis" to a group of Italian war prisoners in their camp not far from ours at Savanac Nursery.

MY CPS EXPERIENCE

Maynard W. Shetler

Born in Manson, Iowa, October 2, 1922, I am the first of eight children. The doctor for my mother was a woman doctor, unusual for that day. My parents were Christians and lived in Mennonite communities all of their lives. When I was four years old we moved to Flanagan, Illinois. During the fourteen years in Illinois, we lived at Flanagan, Metamora, and Washington. The first eight grades of schooling were received in one room schools. We had 2 miles to one of those schools.

During revival meetings at the Metamora Mennonite Church the Holy Spirit spoke to me. I accepted Christ as my Savior, became a Christian, and a member of the church at twelve years of age. D. D. Miller, my great-great-uncle, was the evangelist. His text that evening was, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

In November 1937, my family moved to a dairy farm at Cochranon, Pa. I graduated from the local high school in 1940. War clouds were gathering in Europe in 1938-1940. Most of my classmates at that time were opposed to war and fighting. As a youth growing up in Illinois, I had heard many war stories and sermons against war. I met persons who had fought in World War I. Some would not talk about their experiences and even acted "funny." I was told they had been "gassed" in the war. They were referred to as "shell shocked" individuals.

The first winter after graduation from high school, I worked in Portsmouth, Virginia, as a carpenter's helper on a large housing project. Returning to Cochranon, I was employed driving truck, hauling Pennzoil gasoline to the farmers in the local community and working in the local service station.

Arriving home from church on December 7, 1941, my father broke the news to us that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. He was quite shaken by the news and at that point was more of a conscientious objector to war than I was. He was in the army in World War I, but never saw action because of his young age and the lateness of his draft.



The mood of society changed drastically. The slogan was, "Kill those Japs." I registered as a conscientious objector. My choice was between noncombatant service and CPS (Civilian Public Service). Upon the advice of a great-uncle, I chose CPS on the theory that it would be easier to transfer from CPS to the military than from the military to CPS.

I was drafted in March of 1943 and sent to a CPS camp in Galax, Virginia, to work on the highway. In April of that year the camp was closed and the men were moved on a troop train to Camp Buckeye at Three Rivers, California. We were assigned to work in Sequoia National Park building walls, roads, bridges, cleaning trails, and clearing areas where trees had been cut down before the park service stopped the sawyers. At one point the army moved into this area on maneuvers. This created an unusual scene. The army sentries guarded their camp and CPS men guarded the fires in the same area. The men walked their beat together, one with a gun, the other with a shovel. Some of the local people thought there would be fights. Instead many questions were asked and much information exchanged. Both soldiers and CPS men went away with a greater understanding of each other.

In the winter of 1943, I seriously considered making the change from CPS to the military (noncombatant). But the Lord reminded me that I was responsible for what I did regardless of what others might do. At that point the call came for volunteers to enlist in the Smoke Jumper program under the U.S. Forest Service, to train for parachuting to forest fires in the northwest of the United States. I volunteered, partly to do something worthwhile and partly to prove to myself and others that I wasn't as "yellow" as some of my friends and relatives were telling me. My brother and I were the only two conscientious objectors on my father's side of the family. The Shetlers were a militant clan.

I spent two years in the Smoke Jumpers, making 16 jumps. The first year, May 9, 1944, I broke my foot on the second jump and so was assigned to the Morrell Mountain lookout for the summer. The next year I did six more practice jumps and eight fire jumps. Persons often ask, "What was your first jump like?" Here is a paragraph which I wrote for English class in college in 1947.

The motors roared as we raced down the runway and into the air. The wind beat against the open door. Hot and cold chills began to play tag through my system. My mouth was dry. I gave a quick glance out and down. I spotted an object, looked again only to see the stretcher bearers running onto the field. "What happened?" "Will it happen to me?" "Put it out of your mind. You've got to do it." I turned my attention to the line of grim faces and the spotter. There's the signaling, we're coming in, and now?? "Okay fellows, be seeing you around a steak dinner," grinned the spotter. I tried to laugh, but it was a slow dry cackle. My mind raced on. "Will I be able to find the field?" "Will I hit the step?" Unconsciously I found myself fingering the emergency parachute. Again I wondered, "Will I remember to use it; what will I do if the parachute catches on the plane's tail?" Visions of myself dangling on the tail stole into my mind only to be stopped short, for the spotter had raised his hand. I held my breath. That slow sickness ran through my system, ending like lead in my stomach. Down came his hand! Simultaneously I swallowed, summoned up all my energy, and put myself through the plane's door.

On my second jump, I got into a down draft. I was the first one out of the plane, and was on the ground and unsuited before the second man reached the ground. Normally the first man out is the last one down. I have a picture of that jump which my brother (also a jumper) took. The parachute is only half open  instead of fully inflated.  I landed (dug post holes with my feet) just a few feet away from the target.

The two years in the Smoke Jumpers were a time of significant spiritual growth for me. The early CPS camps consisted mostly of Mennonites with little conflict on doctrine. The Smoke Jumpers contained a broad spectrum of beliefs all the way from the radical Pentecostals to modernists. Unity of faith was not one of their strong points. In discussions you either proved your point or you weren't heard.

When I was assigned to the Morrell lookout in 1944 because of a broken foot, I decided I had to have some answers. I wrote to my minister uncle, Harold Oyer, and asked for help. I told him I did not want to be told what to believe but I wanted something that would help me in the study of the Bible.

He sent an annotated commentary--just what I was looking for. After one summer of study on the mountain top--with no books other than the Bible, and no magazines, I came down anchored in the Word through my study of it. Through this study it became clear to me there was a difference between being a believer, and being a Mennonite or Methodist or Baptist; and that being a member of the church did not necessarily mean you were a believer in Jesus Christ. My study confirmed the biblical basis for being a conscientious objector. War is contrary to everything taught in the New Testament. Nor could I give "unconditional" allegiance to anyone but God. The military requires this even of the noncombatant.

Earl Cooley of the U.S. Forest Service sent his young Cocker Spaniel along with me on the lookout for the summer to train in searching out grouse. On my daily trips down the mountain (about 2,000 feet to a spring) to get water for drinking and washing, we saw many grouse. Needing to make the round trip on a broken foot helped me to conserve water.

Cooking at a high altitude is an art in itself. Smoke jumpers Erling Gamble and Lew Berg brought my mail to me one Sunday (a 14 mile hike one way). They ate the pie which I made for them and said it was good even though it was pitiful in my opinion.

Life on a lookout during a storm has its moments. You look down on lightning strikes and record them. The phone rings even though disconnected. Every piece of furniture has its own ground wire. A storm is a beautiful sight if you don't think about getting electrocuted yourself.

My second year in the Smoke Jumpers began with a refresher course. The squad leaders apparently did not remember what training I had received the first year. They put me through the paces with others receiving refresher training. This consisted primarily of jumping. To gain experience climbing trees, I volunteered to get chutes out of the trees. The other jumpers seemed more than happy to grant this request to me.

The second year during training we practiced a slip jump. This means collapsing your parachute after it has opened to descend rapidly, and then allowing it to open again. To collapse the parachute, I nearly touched silk but when allowing it to open again I found the load lines wrapped around my neck. I fought to get the lines off and did get them all off but one. Knowing I was hurtling toward the treetops, I had visions of the chute hanging up and snapping (breaking) my neck. I took the hunting knife which we carried on our emergency chute and cut the line. Then I didn't know what to do with the knife. I didn't dare drop it because of the men below. I didn't know where they were as I was concentrating on the lines around my neck. I landed safely with knife in hand, feeling and looking very happy.

At that moment a farmer and his son came through the woods. I asked them where the jumping field was. They grinned and said, "Most jumpers are coming down over in that direction." (I was one half mile from the field.) Cutting a load line was taken seriously by the Forest Service personnel. I expected to be reprimanded for it but received none. Fellow jumpers reported the red line on my neck, which lasted about three days, was evidence enough to confirm my story.

On occasion the Forest Service officials would succumb to showing off. One of our training jumps was scheduled on a windy day because the U.S. Army officials were

there to observe the jumping. When you fall 16 feet a second in a 21 mile an hour wind you "smoke in." I did and had the wind knocked out of me, but survived as did all the other jumpers.

Another time eight of us were dropped on the Potlatch fire in Idaho, which was not a little one. More men should have been dropped, but the Army officials were along and were assured by the Forest Service that the jumpers could handle it, easily!

Fortunately for us, 16 Mexicans were walked in. The fire got away from us once, but with several days of 22 hours of work on the fire line and two hours of sleep, we finally won. We also learned how to communicate with the Mexicans, who did not "savvy" orders, except in the chow line. In the chow line we didn't "savvy." They soon learned to cooperate.

One memorable experience took place in the winter of 1944 at Priest River, Idaho. The morning was icy cold. I was the truck driver and suggested we put on chains before climbing the mountain. Mr. Hoffman (the government man) said, "No, we can make it." We got part way up the mountain with the men in the back of the truck whooping and hollering--in fun, that is--until we started sliding down the mountain backwards. Everyone became very quiet. We slid off the road and over the edge of the mountain and hung up between two trees. The back of the truck was about five feet off the ground. The nose of the truck was on the ground. Our task that day was to build a road from the truck down the mountain and back to the road on the side of the mountain. Then we installed chains! No one was hurt.

We received good map and compass training. This plus memory became valuable on one fire jump. Ray Phibbs and I were dropped on a two-man fire. When it came time to hike out we could not find the trail marked on the map because it was marked incorrectly. We then depended upon my memory and knowledge of the area and finally found a trail eight miles from the fire and walked out.

When dropped on that fire we were given two days' rations, but part of them were spoiled. We were on the fire four days and had eaten everything but the bouillon. We normally used the bread can to make the bouillon, but the can was crushed. I had read somewhere that you can boil water in a paper bag. So we took the paper bag our flashlight batteries were in and filled it half full of water. We cleared a place on the ground in the middle of our campfire and set it down to watch a "miracle." The bag burned down to the level of the water. Soon the water boiled. We gave three cheers, dumped in our bouillon and then used our empty cheese cans to dip out our hot drink.

On our way out we found food at the first cabin on the trail. The ranger had been hunting for us but couldn't find us. He left food which we soon devoured. When we finally arrived at the ranger station, we discovered the war had been over for two days!

In the fall of 1945 I was transferred from Smoke Jumpers to a Luray, Virginia, CPS camp. I was then discharged into CPS Reserves so I could join a cattle boat crew taking horses to Trieste, Italy, to be used by Yugoslavians. We spent Palm Sunday of 1946 on the ship USS Lindenwood in Trieste harbor and began our return trip to the U.S. on Monday. Our crew was made up of ex-CPS men, ex-Army and Navy men, and 18-year-old boys. I received my final discharge from CPS reserves in June of 1946.

In the fall of 1947, I enrolled at Goshen College. In 1949 I took time out to earn money and to get married. Graduating from Goshen College in 1953 and Goshen Biblical Seminary in 1954 I then attended Southern Baptist Theology Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky. I began work at the Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa., in 1955 as trade manager for the book division. In January, 1970, I was promoted to Director of Book Publishing for Herald Press, which is the trade division of the Mennonite Publishing House. I retired in June 1988 after working there 34 years.

We have one son, a daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren--two boys and a girl. Our retirement days have been spent traveling to Alaska, to Smoke Jumper reunions, to other points of interest, and to visit our grandchildren as often as possible.

I'm involved in our church as chairman of the congregation, Sunday school teacher, and a member of the choir. I serve on the local YMCA board, which is currently exploring a two million dollar building program. I really enjoy the freedom I now have as a retired person.

Maynard W. Shetler
501 South Grove Street
Scottdale, Pa. 15683
Phone 412-887-7675

BRADSHAW SNIPES
LINCOLN HIGHWAY
MORRISVILLE, PA 19067
215-295-8914

I am a ninth generation Quaker living in the same community and worshipping in the same Friends Meeting that my maternal ancestors have since they arrived with William Penn in 1682.

My father coming from a country yeoman small farmer background in the Quaker Community in Eastern North Carolina was part of the Teddy Roosevelt era which looked to great progress of the country and people in it. Great things could be done if you went after them. He projected great accomplishments for my two brothers, a sister and me and wanted us to do the best with our lives.

My mother was the sixth generation living on a nursery grounds in eastern Pennsylvania where her ancestors developed a nursery by 1767. Our ancestors donated land which they purchased from William Penn in 1685 for Fallsington Friends Meeting. For several generations, family members went to Westtown Friends School near West Chester, Pa. In Philadelphia Yearly Meeting many families knew each other and their pedigrees because of this close knit association at Westtown. A democratic society is endowed with committees. My mother was active on many meeting, PTA, Friends School and library committees. She also shared my father's goals of advancing mankind.

My father endowed by education at Westtown, Guilford College, N.C., Haverford College in Pa. (Masters), and then a law degree from Univ. of N.C. practiced law. As the depression advanced, he not only, with difficulty held the farm and nursery together, but also those of several relatives, who seemed to be one step away from the sheriff. He ventured with a gasoline station and several roadside stands in an effort to keep a cash flow coming. We children and a few derelict workmen were the work force. We kept a big garden, chickens, work horses, and just occasionally my mother would be lucky enough to sell a big tree to a landscaper. Most investments were lost in the depression.

At an early age I became interested in nature and wanted to see our family take over the operation of the farm which was rented out. Somehow all four children were sent to Friends Boarding Schools for two or three years for three hundred dollars a year, where we were exposed to the Friends "Peace Testimony", Friends child feeding programs in Germany after WWI, and Friends work in protecting Indian and Negro rights.

My mother's relatives were liberal on human rights, but out of a conservative economic background. My father's father was a Whig and then a Republican and for many years was in the "Carpetbag" legislature in N.C. His Friends meeting in N.C. paid a fee to get him out of the Confederate Army. He was thus qualified after the war for political office, because he did not appear on the Confederate Army rolls at the war's end.

The Great Depression and liberal Friends education influenced my thinking toward the Democratic party which seemed more in tune with tackling the poverty problems in the country. The Republican Party seemed less interested in correcting the negative immigration restrictions against orientals, and was against joining the League of Nations and World Court. The rise of Hitler in Germany in part was attributable to the Allies and America's recent policy of strapping the newly formed German Weimar Republic with intolerable war reparations.

Many times during the depression poor men would walk up the lane and ask for a meal, and some were willing to work for a meal. When I was twelve years old, I watched paper hangers re-cover a bill board across from our lane. I asked why they were putting a "New Deal" sign up and the reply was that the Republicans were not doing enough to help the poor people. Although over simplified, this continuously goes on between serving human rights and protecting property rights.

My mother thought that if I continued to want to work the soil and work with horses I would never amount to anything. When I applied to go to George School, she told the admissions officer, "do anything thee can to get him off that three horse manure spreader". My father's advice was similar; he knew no one who was making money working the soil. Our nearby uncles with one of the largest Nurseries on the East coast had gone bankrupt in 1934.

Our Fallsington Friends Meeting had large tea meetings with speakers of re:nown speak on the plight of the American Indians, prison reform, Friends Schools in Tokyo and Ramallah in the West Bank. Leading Quakers reporting on their efforts to try to get the Nazi's to permit Jews to immigrate from Germany. George School further presented world overviews and increased my awareness by sending students to weekend work camps in Philadelphia where we painted the interior of homes for the poor. At these times there were after supper discussions with black families. In 1939 I was chosen by my scout troop to join other country scouts at the New York World's Fair. Part of the fun was to parade in unison and shout slogans. My mother and father came to the Fair one day and saw our activities and were disappointed. They said we were doing the same as the Hilter youth.

At the conclusion of my senior year, I made a big decision whether to go to a Friends work camp on the coast of Maine without pay, to help impoverished fishermen build a cooperative cold storage locker or to work as a counselor in a Friends summer camp for a little pay. I chose the former. This was a wonderful hands-on approach in working with people who need help. There^{wer}e activities nightly as we visited in fishermen's homes, discussed world issues and the economics of the cooperative movement.

In the Fall of 1941 I entered Guilford College in N.C.. New awakening's came my way. I was playing football, was elected V.P. of the freshman class, and participated in many extracurricular activities. So much so that my father wrote a letter asking if I was studying. I wrote my father and told him that I was trying to get my money's worth. My roommate was a Friends minister's son. It appeared that we were placed in the roughest and toughest dormitory to calm down a wild bunch of football players, but we sort of joined

in with them. I never saw any of the football players go to church or become interested in other clubs related to peace, international relations, or race relations. I took part in all of these. Two years later when I entered a special curriculum for peace work and reconstruction work as a C.O., the tough athletes still remained friendly to me but most hostile and bigoted toward other C.O.s. During my second year in college the president called six of us students in to ask for our help in welcoming some Japanese American students from relocation camps. Experiences such as these were building blocks to give strength when one is a minority member, but working for the betterment of all human beings.

Ten years later, I took a course in incident control which taught attenders how to stand up for the rights of others. One of the techniques we learned was to counter a bigoted statement by forthrightly stating "Mr. this is America. In a Democracy you cannot infringe on another's rights." Another tough issue comes to mind. My brother, Sam, an attorney, had handled the property settlement of the first Negro family moving into the new Levittown community. He stood in front of the home and warned people throwing cigarette butts and stones, that they were violating the law and held them off until the county sheriff and State Police arrived. When the same anti-black group approached our school board for a rallying place to meet, I reminded the board that every elected official of local government must uphold the rights granted in the constitution. When I moved a motion to deny this request, I wasn't sure it would pass, but the vote was unanimous and in an easy way any fence straddlers had a way out.

Going to the C.P.S. camps (Civilian Public Service) was a soul searching experience for all members of our family. Our father was quite persuasive in suggesting that we would have a better future if we went into the military service, and we would have the benefit of G.I. tuition payments when we came home. Our mother leaned toward a C.O. stand. Both parents said they would support us whatever our decisions were. Sam, Tom and I all took the C.O. stand, and our father and sister who was in college had to bear up to some pretty harsh criticism. Sam who had just graduated from Haverford College was drafted to Buck Creek, N.C. to Park Service maintenance, then to Coleville, Ca., for forest fire fighting, and then to the Public Health Service in Florida to install privys in rural areas. Tom was drafted in his senior year at Westtown School, and I was drafted after 2½ years of college. We were both sent to Big Flats, NY to a Friends administered camp where we worked for the Conservation Service culling out inferior trees in a timber stand improvement project. Within three months we were transferred to Elkton, Md. for the upcoming fire season. I previously had applied for the Smoke Jumper until under the Forest Service in Missoula, Mont. which was administered by the Mennonite Central Committee. After three days in Oregon my transfer came through, and I was on my way to the Smoke Jumpers.

Being in the Smoke Jumpers was one of the most thrilling times of my life. Getting in shape was equivalent to football training, climbing a 30 foot rope, learning to use tree spurs to retrieve a chute after the fire was out, dropping free fall from the tower to simulate a chute opening, as well as trial work and sawing trees were most satisfying. The Mennonite administration with Roy and Florence Wenger as camp directors was a wonderful

support team who gave us leadership and prepared us for the disciplines required by the Forest Service. Earl Cooley, as the first smoke jumper was and is respected by all. His friendly and experienced example made us want to satisfy him.

Air sickness was a big problem for me, but the thrill in jumping, looking over the territory on the way down, and being on a real fire jump was an experience few people have. Since so many of us have recounted to each other the thrills we had, I will limit my jumping story to one great jump and one great fire. This was the Bell Lake fire on the Montana-Idaho line in the Bitterroot mountains west of Hamilton, Montana. It began by being on standby in Missoula at the close of the fire season in 1944. It began as we were finishing our supper. Eight of us were hurried to a Ford Trimotor and we headed toward the hazy Bitterroots. We soon saw quite a bit of smoke. Finally a large circle of ground fire was observed very close to Bell Lake. Darkness was apparent in the valley, yet the sun was shining up high. It seemed like we circled many times between two mountains as the wind drift was measured. The spot to land on was between the burned out fire area and the lake. The wind drift was such that we had to jump over the lake. After two or three passes as others jumped my crab salad supper was churning ever so greatly in my stomach. That friendly tap on the shoulder sent me forward and somewhat head first. The crab salad came up and partly blocked my vision as it caught in the wire mask. I could tell that I was clearing the lake, and it appeared I was clearing some big trees, when all of a sudden my feet landed on a tree top, which then broke off. I was falling backwards very fast and I was prepared to write that post card real fast. Fortunately the chute caught air again as I prepared to do a backward somersault over a log.

We worked on the fire line until about 2:00 a.m. In the morning we were up and at it again and were making good progress working up the mountain toward the peak of the fire. Dry winds in the afternoon fanned sparks, and before we knew it, we had a fire jumping the fire line and growing at a pretty good speed. We had lost it. A ranger who appeared on the scene told us to run to the creek. There were twenty six men who finally jumped on this fire and were relieved on the third day by a large crew who walked in. It took us a good part of a day to walk out. This was the largest group of men who jumped on one fire that year.

The winter of 44-45 a crew of us was sent to Perma, Mont. at the Forest Service winter range for their horses and mules fixing fence and building colt sheds. It was there I developed a hernia in late winter, and by June they thought I should not jump. Earl Cooley got me assigned to a look out tower at Prairie Reef near Augusta and south of Glacier Park. Seventy five miles to the east was Great Falls, and on clear days the sugar beet factory' smoke stack could be seen.

By early 1946 the Brethren Service Committee was operating its Heifer Relief program via the cattle boats. As the Forest Service was phasing out the CPS jumper unit, I was assigned to the cattle boats and made four trips to Gdynia, Poland and Bremerhaven, Germany from whence horses were shipped to Czechoslovakia. The peace Churches were great at providing us with names of persons who had been discriminated against by the Nazis. On each of my

four trips we carried names of people who appreciated small packages of dried food.

With a year and a half of college to complete, I re-entered Guilford in the fall of 1946, but by mid spring of that school year I had signed up with the American Friends Service Committee to spend the summer building log houses and barns in the work camps in Lapland, Finland. The Germans had applied the "scorched earth" to all homes, wells, and telephone poles, and bridges. Volunteers were mostly university students and came from ten countries. Most of the population were widows and children who had fled from the Karelian peninsula which the Russians over ran. Forty-one years later, in 1988, the Finns are still carrying on the work camps. When I returned to Finland in 1988 we had a reunion with eight Finnish campers who had not seen each other in 41 years.

In the next year and a half, I graduated from Guilford with a BA in history and a masters from Haverford in history, and married Ingeborg Longerich. We met at Guilford, courted for two years and married five days before we began teaching at George School. We had four fulfilling years teaching and living in a dormitory. The school was democratically run with many faculty and student committees. A goodwill affiliation program developed between George School and two German schools, a girl's school in Berlin and a boys school in Dusseldorf. By the end of the first school year (1950) Inge and I were asked to lead the first coed work camp in the Saurland of Germany. Bringing ex-Hitler youth and potential American soldiers together in Germany in their school years furthered international understanding, developed lasting friendships, and was a living example of Quakerism in action.

We were thoroughly happy at George School. I could have worked there the rest of my life, and today I feel I may have let down some of my teacher friends. But, the yearning to work with the soil kept tugging at me. The old farm and nursery was run down. Expenses to keep things in repair were greater than my teacher salary. So with fond farewells we moved back to the farm. That summer with a three month old daughter, Inge developed polio.

In 1953 farm product prices were fairly high, because of the Korean War, but during the rest of the decade they declined. Grain, hay, hogs, steers and contract growing of tomatoes, beans, and sweet corn somehow held us together while we probed better paying crops. All signs pointed to selling produce at a roadside stand and bit by bit nursery stock was introduced.

Thirty seven years later Snipes Farm and Nursery is rated among the top 100 garden centers in the U.S. We grow peaches, dwarf apples on trellises, many types of berries, all pick your own, as well as choose and cut Christmas trees. There are 55 acres of nursery stock. Landscaping developed and led to our entering exhibits in the Philadelphia Flower Show for 18 years. This has given me an entree to regional and national horticulturists.

We have four children who grew up on the farm. They certainly did their share of work by working in the garden center, selling the pick your own crops, milking the cow and tending chickens. The oldest is Hannah who with her husband Fred, now run the garden center and farm and nursery. Amy majored

in business management and Chinese, lives on the farm and works off the farm. Daniel graduated from Guilford College, came home and worked on the farm for eight years, left it and has become a carpenter. Anne, the youngest has always been interested in horses and has pursued it as a career, lives on the farm and trains people and horses for dressage and eventing, and has about two hundred students and several instructors.

During this almost forty years back on the farm there have been many extra curricular activities for various family members to pursue. Besides her motherly support to the children, Inge became very active in the peace movement and was president of the Pennsylvania branch of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom. Our government's nuclear testing and the resulting strontium 90 in the air created great fear for the children's safety. She was active in marches for peace and civil rights. She attended the famous Martin Luther King march in Washington in 1962. In 1963, she journeyed to Poland with a WILPF group to make contact with Polish women. She developed a Re-evaluation counseling Center in an old farm house on the farm from 1967 to 1975. Her latest project has been to manage the Garden Center for the last fifteen years.

In 1955, I ran for school board as a Democrat and our whole slate won, thanks to the swelling population of a new Levittown. When running for re-election six years later we were the first Democrats to win in over forty years. We were accused by the Democratic party of not spreading the spoils system for more Democratic workers. An opposition ticket was developed to knock us out. Besides, there was opposition to my peace stand. However, to my surprise, we won, and I led the ticket.

Bit by bit I got interested in the Pennsylvania Nurserymen's Association which was founded by my great uncle and grandfather and other nurserymen in 1904. They both had been presidents. In the last fifteen years I have served on many of its committees, including eight years as a director. In 1983 to my surprise I was chosen as Nurseryman of the Year and in 1989 I was elected President. I spent over forty days during the year serving the interest of the organization off the farm, traveling all over Pennsylvania and the United States.

In the late 1970's, Inge and I spotted, while visiting garden centers, signs reading "Fall is for Planting". A fledgling group of nursery people and county agents on Long Island were documenting that roots grew very vigorously in the Fall. We thought what a great way to promote a normally very slow time for garden center sales. We took these ideas to Penn State professors and the Pennsylvania Nurserymen's Association and within three years of research and publicity, the P.N.A. launched a horticultural promotion program that is nation wide, and fall sales of nursery stock have been greatly expanded.

Three trips to Europe by Inge and me were interesting. In 1973, we went on a tour to promote peace in Iron Curtain countries, Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, and Hungary. Our leaders were Dr. Jerome Davis, an eighty-five year old ex-YMCA worker who became acquainted with Lenin when his ambulance unit took care of Red Russians as well as Czarists during WWI. He carried

a signed photograph of Lenin and presented it whenever necessary. The other leader was retired director of the Friends Committee on National Legislation, Raymond Wilson.

We met with national "Peace Committees" journalists, party leaders. Some seemed sincere and some gave the party line in Warsaw, Moscow, Sophia, Bulgaria and Budapest, Hungary. All of their leaders defended Russian incursions into Cz. echoslovakia and Hungary as necessary to protect the local people and "besides you are invading Vietnam."

We relearned that people are quite similar everywhere and that partylines of government develop public opinion and hysteria which keeps us from being friendly.

One note on a adventure with Dr. Davis. In Moscow he asked Inge and me to accompany him as he visited some Russian apartments, a half dozen, just by knocking on doors. Some elderly persons lived in one room apartments with shared toilet facilities. A pilot has a well furnished three room apartment. As we left the apartment house some police were waiting, "Pass Ports please". When we arrived at our hotel two days before, we were required to turn in our pass ports. The case was so hopeless that Inge let out a big laugh, my knees began to shake. Dr. Davis pulled out Lenin's signed photo and the police saluted and waved us on.

Other trips to Germany and Scandinavia were related to visiting Garden Center and grower groups.

I haven't mentioned my brother Sam and his wife Barbara. They have six children and live on the farm, have quite similar friends, interests, and have helped our thinking and working on the farm. He has been a longtime solicitor for the township and carried the brunt of work through the years to have U.S. Steel to carry a fair assessment. Likewise, he won a stunning court victory in defeating the New Jersey electric company's plans to build a nuclear energy plant in our heavily populated area. This past fall his youngest son, Howard and just married wife Susan were killed in an auto accident. They were on their way to work with Jimmy Carter in Habitat for Humanity. After a year there, they were coming home to help run the farm and nursery.

At the Smoke Jumpers reunion in 1989 at Seeley Lake we revived memories and became reacquainted with each other and accompanying wives. Time was relegated to update on each persons' doings. Earl Cooley's entertaining and insightful views of his life with the Forest Service led us to respect him more than ever, and several topics related to peace were discussed.

The new awareness that was apparent to me was, that although we kept coming back to these reunions to reminisce on jumping and fire fighting experiences, there was a newer and deeper fellowship developing within this motivated group as they ceaselessly work for the betterment of people's lives and for the protection of the environment. On my last evening at the reunion two Vietnam veterans from Missoula came out to talk with us. They referred to the traumatic experiences they had upon returning home. Their concern was

that just as Vietnam was senseless and a catastrophe, so could be a confrontation between the U.S. and Russia. They had formed a group of veterans who had gone to Russia to meet with Russian counter parts who had hopelessly been fighting in Afghanistan. Now ex-Russian and American soldiers are intervisiting with each other's families as an effort to prevent future wars.

I am convinced that this fellowship of living in love and creating peace is a calling which is inherent in all mankind.

In closing, lets think fondly of Florence Wenger (deceased) and Roy Wenger who as our leaders representing the Mennonite Central Committee gave their all to make the Smoke Jumpers Camp a friendly place to be, and who tirelessly organized our reunions. We must all hear their full stories, for they have served mankind in many places, in this country and in foreign lands.

5-1-90

Bradshaw Snijes

P.B. STANLEY -- KIAFENG TO MISSOULA

Life started in China for my two older brothers and me. I was born April 19, 1919, in Kiafeng, Honan Province. Dad was a YMCA Secretary working primarily with college students at various Chinese universities. Both Dad and Mother came from flat and fertile Indiana farm land just east of Indianapolis. He (Rupert H.) graduated from Earlham College in Richmond, and she (Helen McCorckle) from Monmouth College (Summa Cum Laude). In short order they married and left for China on their Christian mission and to raise a family. While Mother was a full-time homemaker, she was equally dedicated to the missionary effort. In 1927 the YMCA brought us home primarily because it was getting too dangerous for white-skinned people to be in China and partially (this is my assessment) because the missionary zeal of the 1800's was running out of steam and financial support. I was eight, brother Jim was 10, Rupe was 12. Except for a sabbatical in 1919, we had lived all our lives in Northeast China.

A few aspects of our lives are worth mentioning because they are still somewhat unusual and illustrate the old "as the twig is bent" adage.

We were introduced early on to the ravages of war because, less than 30 years after the founding of the Republic, local war-lords were still fighting over territory. Bloody battles occurred close to our home and grade school after which the older boys would pick up shell casings and duds to show off excitedly to friends and parents. I remember a half dozen missionaries and their children sitting in our living room passing a dud aerial bomb from hand to hand with surpassing innocence and curiosity.

Being a member of a minority was a very early experience. I think it's still hard for most Americans to realize what being in a land of a billion people of a different skin color is like. The vast majority of Chinese were very friendly and mainly curious because they had never seen a "white" before. Because all whites looked alike, they could tell who was Russian by the size of their hats. As the local wars escalated, we were easily picked out as targets for zealous foot soldiers who would aim their loaded rifles at us with a finger on the trigger.

We found that we still belonged to a small minority after returning to the States because world travel, at the time, was pretty unusual even up to WWII and the arrival of jet airplanes. Being born out of the country was even more unusual. We learned to avoid any mention of our origins just to avoid the tedious questions.

What seems so remarkable to me now, as I age and try to assess the changes in our attitudes and goals, is the commitment and dedication it must have taken for Dad and Mother to marry a year out of college and be ready to leave hearth and home to spend the rest of their lives spreading the "word" in a foreign country. They were two of 64 people (many looked like young couples just like themselves) who sailed for China in 1912 on the "Manchuria". One change I can

identify is a shift from "What can I do for you?" to "What can you do for me?"

Anyone interested in that era of missionary zeal and YMCA activity in China should read The Call about Roscoe Hersey, a contemporary of my father, and written by his son, John Hersey. He was called home the same time we were but decided to stay on without YMCA sponsorship. I would like to think they had some influence on the budding student movement for Democracy in China. I'll be glad to lend you my copy.

After a brief stay in their old home territory of Indianapolis, my parents were invited to teach at Westtown School, a Quaker boarding school in Pennsylvania. They both taught Religion and History for two years when they decided to pursue their education at Columbia and Union Theological Seminary. Mother got an M.A. in Childhood Religious Education and Dad a D.D. I'm sure they didn't plan it, but the Great Depression must have been excellent timing for going back to school. James and Rupert stayed on at Westtown to graduate. Jim went on to Oberlin and Rupert to Earlham. I enrolled in a private school in New York City founded by Felix Adler and run by his Society for Ethical Culture. At a time when apples were selling for a nickel apiece on the street corners of New York, this school charged \$750 tuition. Luckily I managed a full scholarship and was able to graduate with the help of my folks and the Blood Donors Betterment Association, who bought 500 cc's of my blood about every six weeks for \$7.50/100 cc's. \$37.50 in 1936 was more than a week's pay, and you could eat three meals a day for a dollar.

Dad had just finished the service at the Presbyterian Church in New Rochelle, and both Dad and Mother were greeting parishioners after the service when Mother was struck by a cerebral hemorrhage. She died at the age of 43 after a short but full and rewarding life of dedicated service. However her death left me, thirteen at the time, with serious misgivings about Divine Justice. I can attest to the fact that a thirteen year old boy needs a mother.

What with the beginnings of trouble in Germany, the beginnings of strange new urges in my body, a new stepmother, poorly understood grievance procedures, and a perennial shortage of money, I managed to finish high school and be accepted at Oberlin as a member of the first class to be accepted without having to take college entrance exams. I began to get an inkling that I was not well-suited to academia when our Principal, Dr. Herbert W. Smith, called me to his office and said in effect, "Phil, you have one of the highest I.Q.'s to ever hit this school. What's the trouble?" Youth and inexperience got me involved as a strike-breaker my first summer out of high school, but made it possible to save \$500 which was almost enough to pay for the first year at Oberlin. World turmoil, emotions, lack of any clear sense of direction, grades and money all combined to turn me into a drop-out the second year. A couple of short term jobs with a photofinisher and RCA Victor brought me face to face with the draft in 1942. In retrospect, the decision to request 4E classification should have been easy and predestined--as the twig is bent--but it was far from it.

Brother Jim's number came up first, and he shipped off to Patapsco. My number followed in a few months, and I shipped off to Patapsco. Brother Rupert was classified 4F, partly because his draft board did not want to stain their record with a C.O. Colville was being opened to fight fire and maintain trails, and I volunteered.

Ray Brieding, the Engineer of the Mono Forest, had some intriguing stories to tell of a new method of fire fighting called Smoke Jumping and the great difficulty Region One was having in getting and keeping qualified jumper-firefighters. It occurred to me that C.P.S. had more than enough able bodied men who would probably volunteer for the duty, so I started a two-pronged letter-writing campaign. One was addressed to Region One Fire Control. The other was to brother Jim in Washington who was on detached service with the N.S.B.R.O. to write and edit the Reporter. I asked him to alert the Service Committees to the possibilities in the event the Forest Service became interested. Apparently all parties were interested, arrangements were made quickly, and the first of us arrived in Missoula, Montana, for rigger school and jump training at the Seeley Lake Ranger Station about the middle of May 1943.

Philip B. Stanley
1270 Rocky Point Road
Polson, MT 59860

PHILIP & WINIFRED THOMFORDS
POST OFFICE BOX 541
PLEASANT HILL, TN 38578 USA

Dear Roy,

Like David Copperfield said, "I was born". But until I needed a copy of my birth certificate my birthday was celebrated on the 10th of December (1920), and afterwards, on the 9th. So it seems I might have been born somewhere between the 9th and the 10th, but my mother remembered it was the 10th. Dr. Moore had to drive after dark over roads from West Grove (PA) to Maulton in a one-horse shay, and doubtless spent the night. Unfortunately, I don't recall any of it. But I got off to a good start. My mother thought I was born with a caul and she knew that was a good omen. I was the third of six children.

My sister Peggy started off at the nearby one-room school, but by the time I arrived and grew of age it was by bus to the big consolidated school at Unionville. Since very few graduates ever went on to college, I got to go to The George School at Newtown, PA before going on to The Pennsylvania State University where I trained to be a teacher of vocational agriculture. I received the most up-to-date agricultural techniques (tractors etal) only to find my first job in Indiana County in western PA was in a school where my students plowed with oxen. But Uncle Sam intervned within a couple of years and I was off to CPS at Big Flats mostly weeding pine tree seedling. But then Bill Huntington brought me into his barn-building project there, and introduced me to flying (I got my pilot's license there). And I learned what it was like to be flooded out when the Chemung flooded the camp. But nobody stayed long at Big Flats and I was soon at Elkton planting trees on the Tillamook Burn where John Nickelson taught me how to drive the six-by trucks, which later became invaluable when driving over the Burma Road in China. But living in tents in the rain while possible was not quite the same as parachuting at Missoula where I soon spent a fall/winter with 16 jumps to my record. Levi Tschetter jumped first but I beat him to the ground by enough time to get my chute nearly packed up, but I wouldn't do it again - ever. And I wouldn't engage a bear even when he was in the garbage pit with my distinct advantage over his initially. We had danced around the woodpile until he gave up and beat it. But I thought I could feel his breath down the back of my neck until I reached the porch of the lodge we were housed in. But then the winter snows closed in and I was off to the Welfare Island Life Raft Ration experiment. Years later I was to have an office in the UN building overlooking Welfare Island but by that time the old hospital we lived in for the experieient was in decay.

The Lyons Veteran's Hospital gave me special insights into the aftermath of what war had been for many servicemen: to be locked into security cells where they couldn't so easily kill themselves or someone else. It was not an altogether pleasant experience, and especially when restraining a patient being given the electric shock treatment with convulsions and frothing of the mouth.

After ^Dig Flats again I was asked to go to China as a Regional Agricultural Rehabilitation Office for the province of Shantung, 1946, with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. The effort was helpful to the people of China, but the effectiveness of the effort was dulled as the country became embroiled in a civil war. For me personally I came out way ahead for I met Winifred Hemingway there and later we were married in Shaoyang, Human Province, in 1948 while on a trip from Shanghai to Kunming as volunteers for the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives delivering supplies to the industrial coops.

Back in the USA we returned to farming: poultry and fruit, with my brother. But even after 7 years and four children it seemed best to seek other work and we were off to Iran as advisers to the Government in agriculture education for three years, as an expert under the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). Despite all one reads in the press today about how bad the Iranians are, I say to you there is not a more wonderful people anywhere. And I would say the same for the Chinese.

From UNESCO we moved over to the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations in 1959 in Rome where we were headquartered. There our family, now with five children, lived on the via Cassia in an international village of sorts, near the American Overseas School of Rome where our children went to school, and I travelled into Rome daily to my office in the huge white marble building next to the Baths of Caracalla and the Circo Maximo where I joined the staff of about 3,000 international civil servants administering a program of agriculture, fisheries and forestry in about 150 developing countries. My own work took me to more than 100 countries over 20 years and during the last 7 I specialized in assisting China in setting up projects for technical assistance from FAO and became known as "the Chinese specialist". In 1981 Winnie and I, together with our youngest son Hugh, spent 5 weeks visiting projects in China, having arrived by way of 11 days on the trans-Siberian Railroad from Rome, Italy to the eastern end, then to Japan for a week with the family of a Japanese colleague.

Finally back to the USA on retirement in 1982, selecting Pleasant Hill, TN where Winnie's sister was already established. At the moment I have another year as the city's mayor and a solid commitment from day-one that four years was enough. There are two here who had been in CPS and one who had been in prison. There are innumerable opportunities for public service here, and meaningful, too.

Part of the reason for coming to Tennessee was to be a sort of mid-point for our family, but we were soon disabused about plans. Even in the last six months two of our family have moved to larger homes and two have moved to jobs abroad: Comoros and Cook Islands. But we can accommodate most of them here in a house we helped to build and that Winnie designed, with ample space for garden, orchard and woods.

In 1985-6 we spent a year in China as volunteer teachers at the Nanjing Agricultural University teaching a course on the UN and its Specialized Agencies, and Winnie teaching agricultural English to a group of 20 Ministry of Agriculture staff. While in China 16 of our family joined us for a month of travel in China including where Winnie was born and grew up in Taigu, Shanxi.

While farming I had been the concertmeister of the Kennett Symphony Orchestra and my father was the first cellist. Someday I hope to get back into an instrumental group. And I especially enjoy playing cello duets with my granddaughter (we have 11 grandchildren now) Megan Thomas.

We are members of the Crossville Friends Meeting. Our small Quaker primary school continues as a going concern and a bright light in our wider community.

In looking back, CPS opened up an entirely new view of the world, of the USA, and some new occupations. For instance, my visit to the American Indian settlement in the most NW corner of the US gave me new insights into how our government was making them into second-class citizens.

So here I am: a life-time, 70 years, on two pages. Phil Thomforde
1 May 1990

CPS: A Fine Experience

Edwin A. Vail
P.O. Box 544
Olympia, WA 98507

I was born in a house at 318 W. 2nd Street, Media, Pennsylvania. Mother's parents and brothers and sisters lived in the general area. Dad had been to college at Stanford University in California, although he was born in New Jersey. Both he and mother attended Westtown School, which is a boarding school run by Quakers. It was founded in the year 1799.

Before my second birthday, dad and mother moved to Palo Alto, California. Within a year or so, we were at Pasadena, California, and just before my fourth birthday we moved to Altadena where I grew up. Altadena was our hometown from 1923 until 1959 when dad retired and moved elsewhere in Southern California. During my childhood, we lived at 2684 Ganesha Avenue from 1923 to 1934 or 1935. Later, the Vail family dwelled at two different locations in Altadena. My two sisters and one brother were all born in a Pasadena hospital. Altadena was an unincorporated town in Los Angeles County at the foot of Mt. Wilson, Mt. Lowe and other peaks in the lovely San Gabriel Mountains.

During our early schooling dad sold life insurance and later worked with earthworms, tried some mining and finally had an electrical engineering job for which he was trained in college. All four of the Vail kids attended Altadena Elementary School through grade six. We walked about one-half mile to school. At that time all of the teachers were women.

About two blocks away, a new junior high school was built. I started seventh grade when only one semester had been taught at the new Charles W. Eliot Junior High School. That was in February 1932. My best subjects were mathematics, science, printing and typing. In the ninth and tenth grades, printing was an elective, so I was often in the print shop after school helping to get out the school newspaper. That was more fun than sports. Handball played against one backboard was the one sport I really liked. My idea of sports was hiking, bicycling, rowing a boat, climbing trees--all of which weren't done at school. I've been grateful all of my life for the music that was taught from the second through the eighth grade. We were drilled in the do-re-mi system of learning a tune. When I see a new song in the church hymnal, I can mentally read and sing the tune ahead of time and thus be more familiar with it when the organist plays it for the congregation to sing.

My first jobs were mowing lawns, weeding gardens, sweeping walks and doing housework for older people who couldn't do it very easily. I'm thankful for the sensible disciplines that my parents gave us as we grew up. We always sat down together as a family for breakfast and supper. After supper, dad read the Bible or other spiritual book which we discussed a bit before being allowed

to leave the table to play. Our money allowance was earned by making our beds, keeping our rooms in order, help set or clear the table or other chores. When we were old enough, there were dishes to wash, the lawn to mow, trash to burn, and weeding to do.

Picnics, hiking, camping or going to the beach were my favorite family activities. After Sunday Quaker Meeting, we usually had dinner at grandfather and grandmother's house three blocks away. Most Sunday afternoons we had our hike in the nearby mountains. I especially enjoyed the waterfalls, wild flowers, and exploring away from the regular trails. Sometimes, grandfather would take us to the beach or for a 60-mile drive to see scenery. Other times we called on friends or relatives and had nice visits.

From an early age we were taught the value of money. Each child had a savings account to save our money. When I was around 12 years of age, dad paid half of the price for my first bicycle and I had to pay the other half. Every five years or so, we would have a wonderful trip across the U.S. to see mother's side of the family in Media, Pennsylvania, and vicinity. Usually the trip was paid for by adults. One such trip was when a friend of the family drove mother and us four kids to Media, Pennsylvania, and back. I was perhaps 11 or 12 and I paid for part of the gasoline and auto camp stops along the way. When we children reached sixteen, we had to buy our own clothes and entertainment. It cost us two cents per mile if we drove a family car for our pleasure or errands. Gasoline was 8 gallons for \$1.00 at that time. Dad once said if he was rich, he would not give any of us a car for a gift as we wouldn't properly appreciate the value of it. I used a bicycle for thousands of miles and bought my first vehicle when I was 29.

I don't recall much in the way of family difficulties. If we kids were griping about one of us doing the dishes more than the others, mother said to make a schedule up so we could plainly see in black and white that no one was being cheated. Sometimes my sister bothered me by not giving a real reason for refusing to do a given thing. An answer "Just Because" was not valid for me. All I wanted was the real reason about a situation--not an illogical "Just Because". On a very rare occasion, I might overhear dad or mother having cross words with each other. Then my heart seemed to go down to my shoes. My parents never used bad words towards each other nor did they ever hit each other. To this day I do not like to be around people who are mad at each other or me.

Perhaps my first regular job was mowing the lawns at two girls' dorms at Whittier College, Whittier, California, to pay for my clothes and entertainment. Dad paid the tuition, room and board. I signed up as a C.O. at my draft board and Altadena. The head of the board knew of our family's Quaker beliefs and gave me no trouble. He did say that they couldn't guarantee that I could finish college unless I promised to use my chemistry knowledge in a defense plant. So, I was drafted December 5, 1941, after 3-1/3

years of college, with chemistry as a major only because it was interesting. I didn't really know what I wanted to do for a living.

CPS camp number 2 was only 34 miles from home. Our work was in the San Dimas Experimental Forest where I lived 2-1/2 wonderful years. It was great to be on hand for the four seasons in the mountains. Part of the work involved lovely hikes to read various rain gauges and other weather data after the rain or snow storms. I enjoyed the CPS men as well as the U.S. Forest Service men. During the summer, I fire boss had his two little girls up at camp, so I often enjoyed playing with them after supper. When I had a chance to leave camp after work ended Saturday noon, the Forest Service truck would take men to Glendora. From there I rode my bicycle 20 miles home to see my parents and relatives. Late Sunday afternoon, I'd ride back to Glendora and the truck would take a load of men back to the camp at Tanbark Flats. I had only one gripe at camp and that was the gripers. If they didn't like CPS, they didn't HAVE to choose class 4-E. There was jail or the armed forces. For me, CPS was fine. It was too bad that a war was the cause of it. Otherwise I wouldn't have minded 10 or more years of the kind of work I did.

After a time, our CPS camp number 2 was changed to camp number 76. In the year 1943 I heard of the chance for CPS men getting into Smokejumping. I applied to get in during 1943, but wasn't accepted. The next year I applied again and was accepted. In 1944 I sent a letter with my application "blowing my horn a bit". My weight was at the lower limit and perhaps the Forest Service men thought I wasn't enough of the football type of person. I explained that I could keep up with most men in fire fighting and could hike better than most people. Also I was at home off the trails as well as on the trails.

In May 1944, Oliver Petty and I left CPS Camp 76 and had a very enjoyable train ride from Los Angeles to Butte, Montana, where we got on the Milwaukee R.R. train to go to Missoula. We were then taken to CPS Camp number 103 near the Nine Mile Remount Depot. I enjoyed the lovely scenery and most of the training to be a jumper. Carl Schmidt, one of the squad leaders, gave me special coaching and I finally was allowed my first jump after most of the men had been jumping awhile. My first airplane ride of my life was also my first parachute jump. I never landed in an airplane until my 10th flight. That one was to have been a fire jump, but we got rained out. The Ford Tri-Motor landed at Sandpoint, Idaho, during a rainstorm and we pushed it to a tie-down spot and secured it so the wind wouldn't blow it over. After two days of standby, we had a nice train ride back to Missoula.

I enjoyed haying in between fire jumps in 1944. We gathered hay to make a hay mow and later a stationary hay baler would be brought over beside the mow. Men on the mow would throw hay down onto the table beside the baler. I pitched the hay into the machine that shoved the hay into the baler. Men sitting on each

side of the baler tied wires around the bale of hay before it came out to be moved away by other men. Some men when feeding the hay into the baler would make a bale a foot too short or too long so the bales weren't of uniform enough length. That was one reason I was allowed to feed the baler as my hay bales were uniform enough to suit the boss.

The 1945 fire season was very busy. I had eight fire jumps that season. Between fires, I was stationed in Missoula at the Sigma Chi fraternity house which the Forest Service rented for us to live in during fire season. My work was trimming hundreds of feet of hedges around the tree nursery at the University of Montana. I also drove men to the airport when it was their turn to go to a fire. After work hours, I had a paying job at the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority house which was close enough to hail me in case of a fire call. My job was mowing the lawn there. One evening the girls there had an outdoor party and they invited me to have ice cream and visit a bit, which I certainly couldn't refuse.

During the winter of 1944-45, I and a few others were stationed at the Perma, Montana Winter Range where the Forest Service mules were kept during the winter months. If it snowed too much, we fed hay to the mules that we had baled the previous summer. Most of our work consisted of building fences or taking down unwanted fences. We also built shelters for the mule colts that would be born in the spring. One day when it was 5° F, we enjoyed burning Russian thistle which was regarded as a pest in the range land. In the spring of 1945, one fence project was too far away to drive to and from each day. We were put in a cabin near the project. The men worked on the fences while I was chief cook and bottle washer. I cooked on a wood stove which also heated the cabin. It was there I made my first cake to be baked in an oven heated by wood burning. The cake turned out OK.

During the fall of 1945 after the big fire season, I was stationed along the Lochsa River in Idaho with a crew of CPS and Forest Service men to build a suspension bridge across the river. This was 20 miles by trail downstream from the Powell Ranger Station. The bridge was one of several so users of the Bitterroot-Selway Wilderness Area could cross the river into the area of wilderness trails. I believe there were four tents with four men in each one. The cook had his own tent and two tents were butted together to make a cooking area and mess hall. We each had our turn at K.P. Food and mail came in on mules three times per week. I had walked in for the 20 miles and my suitcase came in by mule. Previously in the summer months, cement, a portable saw mill and other supplies had been packed in on mules. Six 300-foot steel cables for the bridge had been brought in while we were working on the project. Three mules had been trained to carry one cable for each trip, making six trips in all. My friend John Barsotti and I used a horse and two-wheeled cart to haul sand which we stockpiled for the time when concrete would be mixed to pour the bridge piers. After the concrete forms were built, water

was heated to at least 70° F over a fire so the fresh concrete mixture would cure in the near freezing weather. I was inside the bridge pier forms so as to place large rocks in the concrete that was dumped in my wheelbarrow. That saved having to mix so much cement and sand. The men who ran the saw mill made all of the bridge timbers. Two 35-foot log towers were built to hold three of the cables on each side of the tower. The main cables held the smaller suspending cables that were attached to the bridge timbers that made up the bridge itself. There's not enough space here to tell all of the interesting details.

Each weekend, John Barsotti and I hiked two miles to a hot spring and had an outdoor hot bath. It was scenic and fun. The other men weren't very romantic. All they did was to heat water on the wood stove in their tents and bathe in the tent. If it snowed, John and I would hold a raincoat over ourselves and sit in the hot water while soaping up and rinsing off. Before the bridge was all finished I had to leave for my November 29, 1945, physical exam to get discharged from camp. The 20-mile hike on a slipper snowy trail seemed more like 25 or so. My baggage had gone ahead on a mule.

At Haugen, Montana, I had to wait about 3-1/2 weeks for my discharge from camp. Soldiers from Japan were given priority to be home by Christmas 1945. I got on the train to go on Christmas Day, so I wasn't actually home until December 28th. At Portland, Oregon, there was a four- or five-hour layover to catch the train to Los Angeles, California. I had my government R.R. ticket and vouchers to eat on the diner, but had no cash. During the long wait, I walked around downtown Portland and looked for money-- finding a total of 16¢. That got me a candy bar and perhaps a magazine. In the train station I was told that all Pullman space was sole out or taken up. I was sent to a military man to get help. He looked at my CPS discharge and my government ticket and said to go to the Pullman office a few blocks away and to say that he sent me. There I was told that there was one last space in a Pullman car! After getting on the train, I found that the Pullman car was all filled with soldiers except for me. My seat mate said his wife was on the train and he wanted to be with her, so he had me trade Pullman space tickets with his wife. He got his wife and I was in a regular Pullman car full of civilians. We had a real festive time during that ride to Los Angeles. A big storm was going on and I enjoyed watching the torrents of water in the Sacramento River Canyon in northern California. My seat mate was a young man of 18 on the way to Hollywood for a screen test. I never did hear how it came out.

After CPS days I had quite a few different jobs as I couldn't decide what work was best. Nearly all of the jobs were interesting and fun. I didn't try to finish college because none of the subjects I studied were interesting enough to do for a living. There were yard maintenance jobs, two years of working for a beekeeper where Oliver Petty was foreman, and a year with the American Friends Service Committee at Pasadena, California. I

enjoyed building rock walls of field stone and mortar for a man who had an ocean front residence at Laguna Beach, California. Later, up north in Oregon, I had jobs working on mining claims and in a mine too. There was a fun job on a surveying crew who established lines for loggers to cut trees to, or lines to indicate mining claims. The work involved hiking in lovely mountain country which was fine with me. After eight or nine years of various jobs, I was working at Chase Gardens, a large complex of greenhouses near Eugene, Oregon. It then "came to me" that I got all A's in printing during 1935 and 1936 and loved it. So perhaps it was in 1954 I started as an apprentice printer in a shop near Eugene, Oregon. A year or so later, I had a year of printing near Pasadena, California. Then, I heard that Dave Flaccus, ex-CPS Smokejumper, had started a print shop at Missoula, Montana. Souther California by then was way too full of people and smog. I wrote Dave asking for a job and he said, "Come on up." Up to then my printing experience was with letter press where one sets metal type and the type is inked on the press and stamps the ink onto the paper. Dave Flaccus had started the Montana Press which had offset presses which printed in a lithographic way. I learned how to run the presses while working for Dave for 11-1/2 years. That job started in 1956 and ended in 1968 when my wife and I left Missoula for Olympia, Washington, where we've been ever since. It was in 1957 that I met the lady I would be marrying in 1958. I had joined a square dance club to meet ladies and hopefully find the right one. That's exactly what happened. I was a few days over 39 when I married Verona Hayes, a widow of nearly 47. I became a step-dad and a step-grandpa when I got married.

My wife and I greatly enjoy travel, hikes, and camping out. I take pictures with color print film when the subjects are mainly people and take slides of scenery. Verona likes to sew and makes all of her dresses. We both enjoy musical events as well as playing various instruments. I have three accordions and together we own a fine Wurlitzer electric organ and a hammered dulcimer. Verona has an electric "steel" guitar and a regular guitar, an amplifier, and two autoharps which are table models. We enjoy good music from L.P. records on our stereo system. Sometimes we entertain older folks who can't get out much. They seem to enjoy our music.

At present, none of our relatives live in our state. This means that we have fun driving, flying, or riding the train to go and see our loved ones. Our relatives are anywhere from 135 to 10,000 miles distant. They live in Oregon, Idaho, Montana, California, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Ontario, Canada, The Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia, Canada, and Melbourne, Australia. Verona has her son, daughter, nine grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. I have a lot of cousins, nieces and nephews scattered all over.

When we can't see our relatives, our loved ones are the people at church, at the grocery check-stand, at the bank, and at

the restaurants where we eat out. We have received hugs at the grocery store now and then. Some waitresses volunteer hugs to us at restaurants and a few occasionally kiss us on the cheek. A lot of church folks are huggers too. Hugs have even come to me from ladies who have waited on me at the bank. I continually marvel that the various girls and ladies wait on me think enough of me to volunteer a hug. Perhaps things happen that way because of my policy of treating people according to The Golden Rule.

Most people know of many favorable changes in the U.S. during the past 70 years. The other kinds of changes aren't so good. There is a great lack of discipline and too much dishonesty among the people. One sees litter all along downtown streets and also highways are so littered that we pay a lot of taxes to get them cleaned up. Vandals wreck things and write ugly graffiti on walls and buildings. Parents don't teach their kids to leave things alone in the stores. People are so weak and tired they don't walk 20 feet to put fast food containers in the trash can, but leave it on the pavement. Others are so thoughtless that they leave a market basket anyplace instead of wheeling it to the proper area. Air pollution is very bad in many areas. I've read that the lovely Grand Canyon in Arizona can't be seen very well for 100 days per year. At least folks are starting to work to better these negative changes that have come to us.

I suppose that my greatest contribution and joy too is doing an honest day's work at whatever job I'm being paid for and doing it the best I know how. My greatest sorrow has been expressed in the last paragraph before this one. Parents need to stress to their children the importance of spiritual growth in one's life.

We are here on earth to "put on Christ" as the Bible expresses it. From my viewpoint, that task takes much more than one lifetime. The more we make wrong choices in life, the longer it will take before we reach Christhood. Jesus said in the Sermon on the Mount: "Be ye perfect as your father in heaven is perfect." It can be done, but the way people do, it takes many lifetimes to learn all the spiritual lessons there are to learn. Mankind seems to learn spiritual lessons at a snail's pace. I've found that treating others the way I would like to be treated is a step upward. Let's all of us strive to do what we believe Jesus would do if He had our situation with which to deal.

CPS was a great experience for me and it was interesting and fine. I greatly enjoyed working with many different men during my four years and 20 days of service. God bless each one, including the ones who have passed on.

(Florence Wenger wrote her story in July 1989. It was for a collection of retired teacher autobiographies for the celebration of Montana's 100 years as a state. On December 12, 1989, Florence died of heart failure. Had she known her story would appear in a smokejumper collection, she probably would have emphasized her work as dietitian for CPS Camp 5, Colorado Springs, and at Camp 103 at Seeley Lake, Camp Paxson and Nine Mile. Florence cherished her CPS experiences and loved helping to organize the smokejumper reunions.)

Teaching Was a Moving Experience

Florence H. Wenger

When I retired in 1980, one of my colleagues perused my "blue card" and noted that four was very prominent in my career. I had attended four universities, had taught at four levels (pre-school to graduate school), at four universities, in four states and on four continents and was retiring after forty-four years in education. What a great forty-four years they were!

I grew up near Toledo, Ohio, on a farm which has been in our family since the early 1800s when ancestors crossed Lake Erie by boat from Buffalo, New York, and settled in what is now Sandusky County. I remember playing in an almost demolished log cabin which had been their first home. The Ohio Turnpike now divides the property.

At age five, I could no longer wait to begin school and would slip a slice of bread, an apple and a cookie into my little gray granite lunch box and run away to school with older neighbor children. The county superintendent decided that a neighbor boy and I should both be enrolled in school thereby eliminating a first grade the following year. This was great for me but disastrous for Toby, who was immature, and lived with his German speaking grandparents. I received the first of my two school spankings that year for cracking the thin coating of ice on puddles as we walked to school. I still think it was unjust as I wore four-buckle arctics and splashed no one. Another vivid recollection is of the same superintendent, a big, blustery man, telling us gory stories of Indians, long gone from the area, coming down chimneys and massacring families. I checked our high chimneys carefully.

School consolidation began two years later. We were bused in vehicles which would horrify inspectors today to a small village. There we were in a very packed classroom--grades three through six. I loved learning but remember those years as hot, smelly, crowded and taught by an ever-changing series of teachers. In fifth grade I received my second spanking from the same teacher I had had in first grade. Irving, an overage student who sat in front of me, turned over my inkwell and ruined my favorite geography book. I reacted instantly and clobbered his towhead with the inky side of the book. Miss Burkett's reaction was also instant. I can now understand her frustration with the teaching situation. However, she was the only teacher to complete a full year.

Consolidation continued and I completed my education through high school in a fine school in the adjacent county. The freshman class had over 60 students but dwindled to 34 graduates. I was class valedictorian and my main recollection of the ceremony is that Dr. Nash, President of Toledo University, was the speaker and wore patent leather shoes that squeaked with his every move. Over half of the class went to college even though the Great Depression had set in. Over half are still living and we plan our sixtieth reunion in 1990.

I had been very active in 4-H Club work and decided to become an Extension Department Home Economist by attending Bowling Green College for two years and transferring to Ohio State University. However, my plans were altered when I missed most of the first semester due to a fall down the dormitory steps followed by the accidental death of my mother. I was the oldest of four and grew up

quickly. Second semester I returned to Bowling Green and enrolled in the Kindergarten-Primary two-year diploma course. The faculty was excellent and prepared me well for what was ahead.

Teaching positions were scarce during the Depression years and I was fortunate to be hired to teach a first grade in the school from which I had graduated. In 1932, at age eighteen, I replaced a thirty-five year veteran teacher in a classroom of thirty-five children. My salary was \$810 but was cut to the state minimum, \$800, the second year. This was also the year of the Bank Holiday. I had \$19 in cash and my bank never reopened. Soon the combination first and second grade class was eliminated when the teacher married and my class size increased to fifty-four. The bolted-down desks were put on two-by-four skids so rows could be pushed together, leaving almost no room to move about. During the summers I avidly attended Ohio State by borrowing money and working all year to pay it back just in time to borrow again.

In 1939, with a degree and no hope of alleviating the huge class size, I took a position in the Bexley (a Columbus enclave) Schools--a first grade of eighteen and a salary increase of over fifty percent. Two teachers were hired to replace me. The Bexley Schools were among the state's finest and were visited by teachers from all over. I was also able to continue graduate school. After three years, I met Roy Wenger at a graduate school square dance and we were married (almost between classes) in July 1942. My marriage caused great turmoil for the School Board, as Bexley did not permit married women to teach (although one teacher was a divorcee and two were co-habiting with their fiances). After a week's deliberation, the Board had a solution: I could teach at half-salary! Roy was drafted and sent to Colorado so I turned down their solution and a graduate assistantship and followed. I was never paid for that week. There was no recourse as teachers' associations were administration-dominated. Teachers paid their dues and kept quiet.

At Colorado Springs I did a bit of substituting. Soon Roy was transferred to Missoula to be Camp Director and set up the CPS Smoke Jumper Camp at Seeley Lake. To keep busy, I took the strenuous training and was ready for the practice jumps, but was not permitted to. I've always felt a bit cheated. I could have been the first woman smoke jumper. Alas! I was ahead of the times.

I was eager to return to teaching and applied for an open first grade in Missoula but was overqualified. They wanted someone with only two years of preparation. The Dean of Education at UM needed an instructor for Early Childhood Education and I applied. He knew my graduate advisor at Ohio State, called her and the next day I had the position. Harriet Line was my graduate assistant. The nursery school and kindergarten (one of two in Montana) were housed in a World War I barracks building, which was demolished when the Mansfield Library was built. Children were bused in a Forestry School stake truck. This is my claim to Montana teaching, and one I treasure.

After we returned to Ohio, the years were filled with teaching and graduate school. A year in a first grade in Columbus taught me much about a segment of life I had not known about. I had the lowest ability "students" from two first grades--aged five to nine. Most were "street kids" whose families had moved from the mid-South to work at a Lockheed plant. There was almost no family life.

Homes were a couple of rooms in the large old houses. Meals were hamburgers at the White Castle. Some children occasionally slept in nearby boxcars. Two of my students (aged eight and nine) fell asleep and were discovered and shipped back from Pennsylvania. That year still haunts me as I wonder whatever became of those "lost kids". That area is now redeveloped as German Village and one of the swankiest sections in the city.

When our daughter was born, I taught until nine days before her birth in June, with the superintendent's approval. He said I should follow my doctor's advice. Times were really changing. I spent three years out of teaching but we moved about—from Columbus, Ohio, to Bloomington, Indiana, to Westchester, Pennsylvania, and then to Kent, Ohio, where Roy was to develop an Audio Visual Center at Kent State University. Susan was then three years old and I took a position at the University School for a second section of first grade. My student teacher load was six per day which was a planning nightmare. The following year, my challenge was to update the kindergarten program and design, with the State Architect, the kindergarten area for a new campus school. With the Dean's backing, I incorporated all the best things I could find in books and visits to outstanding schools. The plans were carried through but we were on the move again.

In 1954 Roy was invited to establish a Media Center and teach at International Christian University on the western edges of Tokyo, Japan. We took off in June, camping our way to Seattle where we embarked on the Hikawa Maru. For ten days we saw no sign of land and were tossed about in a typhoon a few days before reaching port in Yokohama.

For one year I taught kindergarten at the American School in Japan—a private international school chartered in 1902—which enrolled children of nearly forty nationalities from the foreign community in the Tokyo area. The language of instruction was English; Japanese was taught in all classes and languages from around the world were heard regularly. The following two years I was director of the elementary division. What a rich experience! Parents of all nationalities (and some stateless) worked together to provide a good education for their children. Last summer I attended a reunion of the 60's classes. Former students came from many countries and all over the U.S. The bonds formed in this truly fine international school remain very important. Why can't leaders of the world learn from such schools?

We spent four months returning to the U.S. by land, sea and air, stopped in twenty countries, visited friends and former students and planned our own itinerary. When we landed in Damascus at 11 p.m., a young Syrian woman broke through the gates and ran to greet us. She was a former student teacher seeing a brother off to Switzerland. I had promised her when she left Kent that some day we would visit her in her country. She had just established an elementary school for the international community. I now hesitate to write to her for fear it might cause problems for her.

Once back in Kent, my career took various turns—all wonderful teaching opportunities: Akron University, Bowling Green State University, Kent State, public schools, supervision of student teachers and Ohio Education Association work.

I cut back my summer teaching to do related activities. Roy and I several times took university students to study at Oxford University followed by a month's continental tour. Once I took ten girls for a Eurail continental trip.

The summers his travels did not include me, I did "my own thing". One summer was spent with a small group travelling by assorted means from Cairo to Cape Horn visiting schools, social agencies, parliaments and mission stations. We spent a night in a cotton storage shed in central Uganda when our car bogged down in the mud. The village chief provided us with little red bananas and villagers helped us out of the mud in the morning. I also spent a sleepless night when a large elephant rubbed his behind on our cottage along the hippopotamus-filled White Nile River. A young African man invited me into his mud hut when he saw me huddling behind a large baobab tree as an elephant walked in my direction. Another summer I participated in a teacher education project in Liberia. Nineteen Americans and six Canadians worked with the Ministry of Education. Physically this was extremely tough but the satisfactions were great. When, after a long palaver with a village chief, we were able to persuade him to start a school with A.I.D. assistance and a proviso that twenty percent of the students would be girls, we were thrilled. Another summer found me in Powhatan, Virginia, working with "rising" third, fourth and fifth grade black children to prepare them for integration in the fall. This was a Friends Service Committee project. The three teachers ate with the families and I have never ever been better fed. We had our classes at a Catholic Academy for boys and were assisted by some Sisters from a nearby Catholic girls school. I wrote to book publishers and asked for donations of children's books for the black community library we started. We received over a thousand books. In between we worked in camping trips to Newfoundland, Alaska, most of the U.S. and Canada and found some time for our cabin just out of Glacier Park.

At retirement I went to Washington, D.C. for a few months to enjoy its many treasures. Soon Senator Metzenbaum asked me to join his staff to work on educational issues. My assignments expanded into other areas as needs arose. I learned how to track down answers, use the pages, cope with Logos and Scorpio to get up-to-date information and I was often lost in the network of underground passageways which connect Capitol Hill buildings. I worked there for two great years—an exciting way to ease into retirement. In 1982 I came to Missoula to assist with the care of a granddaughter who had had a tracheostomy and needed constant monitoring. I became her transportation system when, at two, she started at UM Big Sky Pre-School. At three, she also began the Early Intervention class in District I with a full-time aide. I became the substitute aide.

Now, after seven years in Missoula, I feel I belong and keep busy with some of the many activities and volunteer in several community programs.

Teaching has truly given me an interesting and challenging life. We kept moving and no grass grew under my feet. What part did I enjoy most? — Impossible to answer.

The Life of Marie Ediger Widmer

On June 12, 1917 my mother gave birth to a very small, premature infant. Since the baby was born in the home and all they had was a little household scale they were unable to weigh her. She was just too small and fragile. They called this baby Marie Ruth Ediger. My grandmother who had assisted my parents with this birth thought that surely I would not live. Father said I was little enough to put in a shoe box. With good care and my determination I lived.

My parents were from Russian Mennonite background. My grandparents were born in Northern Germany but had moved to Russia because they were promised they could worship as they pleased and that the young men would not have to go to war and fight. They were called conscientious objectors. When this freedom did not last very long they migrated to the USA. I was born in McPherson Co., Kansas. At this time my parents had 2 older sons and 2 older daughters. I was always short and soon became their pudgy, blue-eyed child.

My family lived on a farm. Our neighborhood was all of German descent and all went to a German-speaking church. This was very important to my parents and in our home we spoke only German; therefore, I could not speak English when I started to school.

When I was 6 years old I started school. I began my first grade in a one-room school. There was an average of 25 pupils with one teacher who taught all eight grades. We generally walked the one and a half miles to school except on very snowy, stormy mornings Father would hitch a team of horses to a wagon and take most of the neighborhood children to school. Since we did not have boots and gloves, my mother would wrap up our hands and put wool socks on our feet. I remember a number of times my hands were frost bitten and the teacher put them in warm water. We loved to cuddle up to our hot, pot-bellied stove. We moved three times during my eight years of school. I had many good experiences in my school years--the Christmas programs, spelling contests, much singing, and recess playing etc. One very unpleasant experience I had was when I hadn't learned my lesson along with another boy. This boy still wet his pants which left a bad odor and no one liked him very well. For punishment the teacher stood us on the stage in front of the school and called us "Pete and Repeat".

It was very important to my parents that we did not forget the German language so after eight months of school we had one month of German Bible school. I had learned to read the German script and memorized many Bible Psalms and songs which has been a great help to me since. The teachers in those days were very strict. It was not unusual to spank the children or use the ruler or stay an hour after school. I was 14 years old when I graduated. The next year

I stayed home and got a job doing housework. My parents needed the extra money to send the younger ones to school. By now our family had grown to 2 more younger brothers and 2 more younger sisters, all together nine children.

We lived 10 miles from town and since there were no school buses and we had no extra car to drive to school, we had to live in town 5 days a week. This was a town of about 800 people and our high school had 250 pupils. We lived in a small apartment with cooking facilities. Generally we lived with some friends; there were four of us in an apartment. This was the highlight of my high school years. My favorite subjects were Home Economics, Music, and German. I did not enjoy studying so I never was on the honor roll. I enjoyed sports and even though I am short, I made a pretty good guard. All of our sports were intramural so we didn't compete with other schools. I sang in chorus and glee club and we usually took awards in music. Whatever I did I always had a good time. I dated a lot of boys who took me to church and school activities. My first jobs were housework in town before I went to high school. I did not like this because I was young and got very homesick. In fact, I made myself so sick that my father had to come after me. I worked for some neighbors during harvest time and also for families who needed help when they had babies. During high school I did a lot of baby sitting. I also helped people entertain by getting meals ready and washing dishes.

Our family did not take any vacations or do any traveling. This was not in our budget. One summer when I was a sophomore in high school my folks scraped together some money so I could go to a church retreat for a week. I really enjoyed this because I met many new friends and learned a lot.

Our family of nine children had very many good times together working and playing and going to many church activities. Many evenings we'd gather around the piano to sing. We had many good times at all the holidays--Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. We never got many presents; we were happy to get one piece of clothing and some fruit, candy and nuts. We generally had enough to eat but our meals were always simple.

When my father got married he got a 40 acre farm from his parents, but he had a chance to buy a larger farm. This was just before the depression and with hard times he could not pay for the farm. I was ten years old and I well remember them having to have a sale and sell all our animals and machinery. This was a very sad time in our life. My parents moved to a small house near our country church where they were the custodians and for which they received \$30 a month. My father and older brothers rented a farm in western Kansas. During the summer months they left for a month to sow the wheat and later again to harvest it. These were the years when they had the dust storms and every year there was no crop. The family all worked together trying to make a living. We were poor as house mice but we never needed to go on welfare which happened to many people during the depression. Father finally gave

up farming and got odd jobs of painting, indoors and outdoors. At this time we moved to town. The economy was better and my parents made a little better living.

After I finished high school I stayed home a year to work and help with my further education. I worked in a grocery store and did everything from cutting meat to clerking. My older sister and I lived in an apartment. I liked the work in the grocery store. To further my education I chose to go into nurses training. I was accepted in a Methodist school about 20 miles from home in Hutchinson, Kansas. I had tried to get into a Mennonite training program but they were already full for that year and I did not want to wait another year for school. I saved \$60 that year which was enough to pay for my uniforms and tuition. We did not get any wages during our three years even though we worked on the floor many hours and all summer. I needed more books and uniforms during my 3 years. My family helped me with extra money I needed. This was not very much because I did not need money for candy bars, pop, etc.

During my first year we wore black hose and shoes. Our uniforms were blue, striped dresses with big white, stiff aprons over the dress. After the first year we changed to white hose and shoes. This was such a relief that all the students had a big party in which we made a bonfire and burned our hose and shoes. Our class started with 16 students but only 4 graduated. Because of the strict discipline several girls were caught sneaking out the windows at night and were sent home. Some girls did not make their grades. Another girl was bothered with a rash on her hands and the strong disinfectants kept them from healing so she dropped out. My best friend dropped out to get married. This was really a blow to me and I wanted to quit but was encouraged to stay on. I had never studied as hard in all my previous years of school because nurses training was very difficult. I'm sure it was the happiest day in my life when I got my grades through the mail and I had passed my finals. This was in 1941 and I had to decide what kind of job I wanted to do. Jobs weren't easy to get. My first job was to do private duty. This meant a 20-hour shift for \$8 a day. I slept on a cot in the patient's room at night with one eye open and one shut. Then we had 4 hours off duty from 12 noon to 4 p.m. My first case was a maternity patient. The husband and wife were working on a divorce so there was no money. I did not get paid. I had a lawyer help me and finally got my money. These were really good wages during those years and it was hard for sick people to pay. I had all the work I wanted for which I was happy. After my first year the shifts were changed to 12 hours.

I was glad to be able to buy some of my own clothes. I had always been wearing "hand me downs". The first thing I bought was a good winter coat, shoes and a sewing machine so I could sew my own dresses. My mother needed eye glasses very much so it was my turn to help out after all those years of them helping me.

In early 1942 I heard that the churches were making arrangements for our young men to go into some form of service other than military service. They needed nurses in the base camps so I volunteered and was interviewed. In 1943 I was asked to go to Civilian Public Service camp #103 who were parachute fire fighters near Seeley Lake, Montana. Roy and Florence Wenger were the director and dietitian. Here I had many new experiences like living with 60 men and 2 women. I lived in a dorm by myself. This also housed the infirmary. We had many strains, sprains, concussions and many first aid accidents. About a year later I transferred to Belton Montana Camp #55. This was also work with Forest Service. Most of the men went to live in side camps ready to fight fires from the ground. Here Jess and Mae Harder were the directors and Marie Groening was the dietitian. The Mental Hospitals were beginning to open for men to do service since they were very short of help because the employees had been drafted into military service. Ypsilanti State Mental Hospital was one such institution. Also the church was training men and women for foreign relief work after the war. I was interested in going into relief work so I applied for a job at the hospital and started soon after. I worked on the men's hospital ward where I was the nurse in charge of 150 patients and about 30 conscientious objector men plus 10 other employees. I enjoyed my year at Ypsilanti very much because there was always much activity. Mennonite Central Committee was looking for men and women to go abroad after the war. I was interviewed and asked to go to the Middle East, but while MCC was working on my passport to go with another woman, the unit closed. Then they asked me to go to either Holland or Germany. I chose Holland so in 1945 I left for Holland along with 7 other men and women. We sailed from New York on the Queen Mary. It took about 5 days. Almost everyone got very sick and vomited everywhere. This was covered with saw dust. The meals on the ship were super. We arrived in Paris where we stayed several days. We went sightseeing and saw many places that Paris was noted for. From here we took a train which was not heated and had broken windows. This was in November and we were very cold but we made it to Amsterdam in a day and night. We all worked out of Amsterdam. The devastation was terrible and there was much work to do. My first job there was working in the kitchen planning and cooking the food. This was not very easy because all the food was bought with food stamps. We survived mostly on bread and some kind of spread. We had some beans, potatoes, and vegetables. The first of the year in 1946 we got some food and clothing from our MCC center in the U.S. This was a real God send. We still had not received our trunks and it was a happy day when they arrived but they had been opened and were almost empty. By this time we had found some warm clothing out of the clothing bales from the U.S. Water was rationed and so was electricity. We were each allowed one sink of water a day. So we washed our hair, clothes, and took a bath all with this sink of water.

In January 1946, several new workers came to Amsterdam to help us with transportation and clothing distribution. One was Charles Cocanower from Indiana and the other was Galen Widmer from Iowa.

The house we were living in was getting too crowded so the 4 of us women had to move to a rooming house. Galen was in charge of transportation and it was his job to take us there in the evening and get us in the morning to the headquarters. Every week Galen took about 3-4 workers to a Mennonite area where we had a clothing distribution. This was always in Mennonite churches. We stayed for a week and lived with Mennonite families. At the end of the week he came after us again. One evening Galen asked me to go with him and his Dutch friend, who owned a sailboat, for an afternoon of sailing. This was the first date I had with him and not the last one.

One of the highlights of our Holland relief work was working with the refugees. Mennonites living in Russia escaped from Communism into other countries wanting mainly to go to Holland or Germany and eventually into the U.S. and Canada. Many had relatives in this country. We worked with some in Holland but hoping to process them to a more permanent home. Paraguay was open to them. The U.S. and Canada did not want them unless they had a sponsor. We took care of several hundred in transit. Some lived in Dutch homes and others in group homes. Those that had no relatives had no other choice than to go to Paraguay. Peter and Elfrieda Dyck were in Germany at this time making arrangements for them to immigrate. They had many problems because Russia wanted to keep them. So with much prayer and politics they made it by train through the Russian zone to Bremen, Germany. The ship then came to Rotterdam where the ones from Holland were loaded and all went to Paraguay.

A new unit was started in Kiel, Germany and Galen and I were asked to go work in this unit. We took a big army GMC truck loaded with bales of clothing and food supplies. Galen was gone much of the time working in other parts of Europe. All this time we were dating and about 9 months later he asked me to marry him. In April we were engaged and he had gotten me a beautiful Swiss wrist watch for my engagement present. On June 5, 1947 we were married in the Dutch church in Amsterdam by Rev. Hilkeema, minister of the Singel Doopsgesinde Kerk. He was very supportive in our relief program and especially to our nonresistant stand to war. We were married at 10:00 a.m. first in the Court House, then we were chauffeured by horse and carriage to the church. This was the custom there. We had cars to drive but preferred to do it their way. Wilma Graber Nelson was my stand up and Charles Cocanower was Galen's. Irvan and Ava Horst, the director in Amsterdam, acted as our parents or guardians. After our wedding we took our honeymoon in the Alps in Switzerland. At this time we were transferred to Krefeld, Germany. I helped with food distribution and Galen continued transportation. A typical morning began early by filling big vats with milk, flour, and sugar to make a starch pudding. Sometimes they added raisins to this which was a real treat. Along with this each one received a bun made with flour sent from the U.S. The food was given to school children and pregnant women. Each child brought his own container and we filled it with a cup of soup. Peter Bartel and Katherine Duerkson were in charge of this program.

In the Wiesenberg, France children's home they were in need of a nurse for the children so Galen and I transferred there. This was only for 3 months since Galen's 2-year term had come to an end. I had come 3 months earlier than Galen so I waited for him.

We sailed back but this time on the Queen Elizabeth. These two Queen ships that I left on and came back on were British ships and the fastest of that time. We sailed back in 5 days.

It was time to settle down and start a new life. This was February of 1948. Galen wanted to farm and his uncle had a farm we could rent. It was general farming--corn, oats, beans, milking, hogs, and turkeys.

After 4 years of renting we were ready to buy our own 80 acres and start our family. In the next 4 years we had 3 sons born--Tim in 1951, Gay Lynn in 1952, and Jon in 1954. They were born by Caesarean Section. I did nursing all my married years except the 4 years we had our children. My work varied--Hospital, Head Start, day care and industrial nursing. Finally the last 18 years before retirement I worked in a nursing home. Since retirement it has been hard to not work, and at present I'm working part time in a new, private, 8-bed, retarded adult home.

Our sons were normal, healthy boys who went to elementary school then to our Mennonite high school and to church college. At present they are married. We had foster children in our home while the boys went to high school and college. Some foreign agricultural trainees also stayed with us. One was from the Philippines and another from Germany. One foster son claims us as parents and we accept him as a son. We have 10 grandchildren who are a great joy to us. All our married years Galen was a prosperous and successful farmer. The sons helped Galen in their earlier years and in the summer time. Two sons did some foreign relief work, each a term of 2 1/2 years in Brazil. This gave us an opportunity to visit them at different times. We traveled other places, too. We went to Europe, Middle East, and Africa. We did short term service in Africa and Haiti. In the early 80's our sons came home from college and V.S. and wanted to settle down on a farm. Galen tried to help them set up in farming. Land was high and renting was almost impossible. We went into business with one of our sons and built a turkey shed. With the economy bad and turkey prices low and disease problems we could not make it. We had signed the note and the turkey set up was back in our hands. Two sons took over the 2 farms that we had along with a finance loan. Galen and I had jobs; we bought a house in town and are semi retired. The other son is half owner in the Art and Frame factory and as a side line does "touch up" work for several photographers. Our foster son is connected with a feed store.

We were always busy in church work and community work. We taught Sunday School and Bible School and WMSC. Galen was an elder in the church. In 1961 when our Mennonite retirement home was

built he was on the board, and director the last 20 years. In 1988 he retired from it.

In the summer of 1989 we went to Haiti for our 2nd short term. While there, Galen had congestive heart failure. We rushed home as quickly as possible. He needed to have his mitral heart valve replaced. He was home from the hospital 2 weeks when he had a sudden cardiac arrest. With an alert rescue squad and good hospital technology he recovered. He was in the hospital about 2 months. Doctors thought that because he was without oxygen for a while, he would have brain damage. At present he has a part time job and is getting along fine. It was a miracle and we are very thankful. Life has been very good to us and our children. We would have liked to attend a #103 C.P.S. reunion but so far it hasn't been possible. We went to a camp reunion last winter in Florida. Camp #27. His first camp was #5 in 1941 and then he came home in 1948 from Europe. He feels that his years in service were very good years.

Matie Ediger Widmer
716 Perdock Court
Washington, IA 52353

I was born in Mt. Lake, Minnesota on April 20, 1920, the second child of Rev. and Mrs. Jacob J. Wiebe. At the age of 18 months the family moved to a small town in Western Oklahoma named Corn. My father taught in the local high school for several years and then assumed the pastorate of the local Mennonite Brethren Church.

My native tongue was "Low German" but I also understood and spoke High German. I knew fewer than a dozen words in English when I began school but found that acquisition of the English language came easily. Those were days when access to recreational reading material was limited. A traveling library collection from the Oklahoma State Department of Education was always greeted with enthusiasm by some of us and the weeks following the arrival of new books we read far into the night. Fifth and sixth grades were combined so as a fifth grader who often became bored by assignments that had no challenge I could always escape by tuning into what was happening at the sixth grade.

My high school years were spent in a local academy that provided excellent preparation for college. I enjoyed all the studies from mathematics to German literature. Sports facilities were extremely limited. Tennis and basketball courts were erected wherever the weeds could be cleared and the ground leveled. The limitations of dirt surfaced courts never bothered us. During my junior year I had a fatal attack of falling a love...with Evelyn Fischer! And after 49 years of marriage we are even more in love.

Jobs were available only during the summer time. Chopping cotton for as little as ten cents per hour (fifteen cents represented prosperity) was the early summer job followed by picking cotton in the fall. I even tried raising mushrooms but the experiment ended in failure. During my college years I advanced to working on a threshing crew pitching bundles into the threshing machine. The job was occasionally interrupted by the sting of a scorpion. We had work breaks mid-morning, noon, and mid-afternoon for sumptuous meals devoured in great quantities by all of us.

I was fortunate in that my parents took a major trip at least once every two years. Five times this meant returning my birthplace in Mt. Lake, Minnesota. These visits still bring back romantic memories such as those associated with Lake Wobegone. Twice we made the long trek to California, stopping at numerous points of interest such as Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert.

We frequently had picnics at school and church. The annual "Children's Day" of the church always featured iced red colored lemonade made in 50-gallon wooden barrels served together with plenty of sandwiches.

Weddings in the small community were a frequent and major social event with a major meal served to several hundred guests. It was a romantic time in which singles, particularly young couples, served as waiters and waitresses as they wondered when it would be their turn to occupy the seat of honor.

The first year of college was spent at Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas. The next two (I finished in three years by attending two summer sessions) were spent at what is now Southwestern University in Weatherford, Oklahoma. During my tenure there it has a different name each year. My majors were mathematics, history, and education with minors in physics and business. Immediately after graduation I began my teaching career in a one-room elementary school in a one-school district which was completely surrounded by another district through consolidation. The local farmers were holding out for a final year. I had 10 students with no more than 2 at a grade level. Needless to say, the plan for fifth grade math, reading, history, etc. together with those for all the other grades was quickly discarded and I spent the rest of the year tutoring the students without regard to class periods. Apparently that was a good solution. The students scored highest in the county on statewide tests. Two of the ten later earned Ph. D.s, not a bad ratio.

The August before school started, Evelyn and I were married. War clouds were hanging heavy and the draft was beginning to take larger numbers of my friends. I had to go for a physical exam the morning after the wedding and, naturally, I flunked! This gave me a reprieve from the draft for just over a year but then it was my turn. I had always considered alternative service as my choice, with broad support from the people in our community. Nevertheless, the next years of service were times for much reflection. The result was an even greater commitment to the way of peace. I reported to Hill City, South Dakota on a bitterly cold October evening in 1942. There I worked on the rock crusher, clawing boulders into the jaws. The crushed rock was used to construct a rock and earth-filled dam. The rock dust in which we

worked would now call for a full scale OSHA investigation! Our hair would mat so thickly that the camp barbers would refuse to cut them! By Christmas I had volunteered to go to any of a half dozen projects and ended up at Lapine, Oregon as business manager. The project there was to construct a dam on the Deschutes River, a beautiful trout stream in Central Oregon. Fishing was a common recreation.

At Lapine I decided that we should have our own dairy herd, raise our own beef and pork, and have chickens to supply the eggs. Since we were clearing the area behind the dam of the large yellow pines, there was an abundant supply of raw lumber. We installed a rickety and very elementary outdoor sawmill and produced all of the necessary lumber to build the barns and other farm buildings. The dairy barn cost less than \$100, spent mostly for nails, windows, and gas for the saw mill. Hogs were butchered every second Wednesday and beef once a month. We had unlimited supplies of meat, eggs, and milk in camp since none of this was charged against our ration quotas. When the administration of Lapine was transferred from MCC to government control, I transferred briefly to Placerville, California and three months later to the Smokejumper unit in Missoula. First, I served as Education Director and later as Camp Director when Roy Wenger left. When we closed that camp I transferred back to Placerville where I signed my own discharge papers two months later.

After CPS I taught mathematics at Immanuel High School for 12 years, also serving as principal during the last eight. During this time I completed my master's program at Fresno State University. In 1956 I moved the family to Belmont, California in order to attend Stanford University. I taught mathematics at Carlmont High School for four years, developing a program for low achievers in mathematics that was used throughout the district and was later published by Holt, Rinehart, and Winston under the title *Foundations of Mathematics*. After receiving my Ed. D. degree from Stanford I assumed the presidency of Fresno Pacific College, an unaccredited, tiny, private junior college. During my 15 years as president we were accredited first as a junior college, next as a senior college, and finally as a senior college with a master's program. We currently have more students enrolled in the masters in education program than any of the large public universities in the area and are training most of the area's school administrators.

During my presidency I felt the need to be involved in mathematics education and founded the Fresno Pacific Math/Science Project. This program annually attracts about 1,000 teachers to its summer offerings. In 1982 I founded the AIMS (Activities to Integrate Mathematics and Science) Project. In 1986 we incorporated this program as the non-profit AIMS Education Foundation. Currently, I serve as the president of this foundation which in the summer of 1990 is offering intensive one-week integrated math/science workshops for elementary teachers at 68 sites in 28 states and Canada with a projected enrollment of 6,000 teachers. All courses are by invitation of school districts, educational consortia or state departments of education. The Foundation is self-funding and operates on a two million dollar annual budget. We have just completed and paid for our new national headquarters training center. The Foundation is my "retirement project". I plan to remain active in this effort for as long as health permits.

I travel extensively, lecturing and serving as a consultant in math/science education. This earns free trips so that Evelyn and I can go to Hawaii. It so happens, that the State Department of Education in Hawaii always pays for my trip in return to services to schools in that state.

We have two children (a sample family) with one son and one daughter. Ann, our oldest, is an elementary teacher and AIMS writer and instructor. Richard is the Pacific Bookshop manager and part-time instructor in philosophy at Fresno Pacific College. He is married to Billie Jean who heads the English department at Immanuel High School. This means there is much talk about education at our family gatherings.

I cherish my memories of the many friends in the Smokejumper unit. We have been able to attend only one reunion because of my college teaching assignments which span the entire year but that will always be a memorable occasion. Maybe, with my retirement from college teaching but not from the Foundation responsibilities, we will be able to attend the next one! We hope so!

Arthur J. Weibe
4910 E. Townsend Ave.
Fresno, CA 93727

Yoder Yearnings
Floyd Yoder

On April 13, 1920, near Kalona, Iowa, the second little boy arrived in the home of Chris A. and Barbara Troyer Yoder. In a family that eventually numbered seven, there were five boys; Lester of Denver, Colorado; Floyd of Kalona, Iowa; Delmar of Goshen, Indiana; Kenneth of Wheaton, Illinois and Cecil of Denver, Colorado; two girls; Leola (Mrs. John E. Hershberger of Kalona) and Minerva (Mrs. Emil Yoder of Phoenix, Arizona). We grew up on a very small farm so I began working as a full time farm hand at the age of 13 years.

My formal education began at the age of seven when I walked two miles to a one room country school. After eight years of country school, I began my high school education in Kalona, a distance of five miles which I walked the first two years. I played basketball four years, ending up in the state tournament in my junior year, losing to the state champion in the second round of play. I also played three years of football, being chosen all conference end for two years. I was class president during my junior year. In a class of twenty-three I graduated in fourth place. I was chosen from the boys in our class to receive the "Danforth Foundation" award for outstanding qualities of leadership.

During my senior year in high school, I began working in a large department store in Kalona. I worked mornings, two hours at noon, evenings and all day Saturday for the amazing amount of four dollars per week. My first responsibility was to do some book work, repair shoes, general cleaning and some clerking in the mens clothing department. I would work two hours at noon because the owner of the store had made arrangements with the superintendent of the school for me to do book work at the store in lieu of taking the bookkeeping class at school. The second year at the store there was an opening as manager of the grocery department and the owner asked me to take that position. I remained in this position until I was drafted.

It was, of course, during high school and employment at the store that World War II broke out. When it came time for registration, making the choice to go 4-E was not an easy one for me. Because of the high school peer pressure and working at the store, community pressure to be a part of the great American war effort was strong. It was during this decision making time that I received a letter from my brother, Lester, who at that time was living in Detroit, encouraging me to go 4-E. I never did regret it.

Then on March 16, 1942 I arrived at C.P.S. Camp No. 22 at the age of 21 years, 11 months, and three days. I began working on the project which was soil conservation. I remember one day digging post holes and the hill was so steep that when I cleaned my post hole digger a ground clod rolled down the hill and fell in the next post hole.

Soon after arrival at the camp the director, Leland Bachman, saw on my records that I had been managing a grocery department so he asked me to work in the kitchen as a kitchen clerk. At this job I was required to keep a lot of records so the business office could figure food costs per person per day.

Then one day a notice was posted on the bulletin board that volunteers were needed to go to California to open a new camp. I signed up thinking this was a perfect way to get out of the kitchen. To my surprise, having been in camp only a short time, I was among those chosen to go to California. This was going to be

great working outside and for the U.S. Forest Service. Back in high school I had written a term paper on the U.S. Forest Service.

However, the second day at camp while cleaning up around the dorms, I felt a hand on my shoulder and when I turned there was the camp director, Leland Bachman, who had come from Henry, Illinois, to be the director at Camp No. 35. His words, "Floyd, we want you in the kitchen", sent my spirit on a tumble. I couldn't talk my way out of the assignment so I ended up as kitchen clerk again. After several months at this job, there was a need for help in the business office so I started working in the business office.

One experience in this office I will never forget. One day at my desk I heard a man in the outer office ask if a man by the name of Floyd Yoder was in this camp. I heard the business manager say, "Why, yes, he is in the next office." The man walked into my office, closed the door and flipped open his identification holder and said he was an F.B.I. agent. Back in Kalona, Iowa, a rumor had surfaced indicating that our bishop was coercing the young men of the congregation to sign up 4-E. I could with a clear conscience tell the man that was not true. I never did find out what became of that investigation.

Some responsibilities as assistant business manager were picking up campers in or taking campers to Fresno, making weekly trips to Fresno to buy supplies for camp and filling special orders for campers when we made those trips. Another job was figuring cost of meals per camper per day. I remember very well this cost would be 42¢ to 48¢.

Then one day a news letter from M.C.C. stated that 60 volunteers were needed to become U.S. Forest Service Smoke Jumpers. One requirement was to have approval from your parents, or wife, if married. I decided to give it a try and wrote to my parents. To my surprise they gave permission for me to sign up and I was chosen from 350 volunteers. I was among the first 60 C.P.S. Smoke Jumpers to begin basic training on May 17, 1943 at Seely Lake, Montana.

There again new and lasting friendships were built. Our camp was a new scout camp located on the bank of beautiful Seely Lake. The picturesque lake as a foreground and majestic snow capped mountains towering in the background made an inspiring site for our camp. Our quarters were log cabins neatly arranged in groups of four all of which went to make up a neat camp.

Our training consisted of physical fitness, fire training, lecturing and actual jumping. A great deal of emphasis was put on physical fitness, and we were given rigorous training along that line. Each morning before breakfast we took fifteen minutes of calisthenics to coordinate our muscles and to keep them in good tone. One day's training began by running over an obstacle course, which was to help develop and coordinate our muscles. We were given training on a jumping tower to simulate the opening shock of a parachute. There was also rope-let-down practice to use in case we landed in a tree. In order to coordinate group jumping, we were given practice in a dummy plane. The most important part that was stressed throughout the entire program was coordination. Besides the physical training we were given several lectures on the use, care and maintenance of parachutes. To complete our basic training, we were given some practical fire fighting training.

After training I was among a group of ten fellows chosen to go to Oregon to set up a Smoke Jumper Unit at Redwood Ranger Station, in the Siskiyou National Forest.

Here on September 12, after a serious lightening storm, I was called upon to make a fire jump. Early that morning a look-out reported a fire high on a steep, well-timbered mountain about twenty miles from our station. A fellow jumper and myself were immediately called to make a jump fire. Our plane, on stand-by at the airport, was in readiness to go; the pilot was warming up the motor when we arrived at the airport. After our hurried trip to the airport in the crew truck, we quickly put on our jumping suits.

The suits we wear are well padded on the legs, arms, and shoulders. On the left leg of the suit is a pocket in which we carry a 125 foot rope. This rope we use to get out of trees in case we land in them. We also wear special braces and gloves. As protection against landing in tall brush, we wear a football helmet with a steel wire mask. The feet and ankles take a great deal of shock therefore we wear heavy boots and special ankle braces.

Once in our suits our spotter strapped on the two parachutes. As the last minute inspections were being made before taking off, a grand feeling enveloped us-- a feeling of being on a worth while project serving a great need of our country, that of protecting our millions of acres of priceless forests. That feeling goes down deeper than mentioned above. Being able to serve conscientiously both our God and our country at the same time makes a fellow feel that his time is being spent in a good cause. With everything checked we took off into the wind, made a circle around the airport to gain elevation and headed toward the fire. After crossing several mountain ranges of scenic beauty supporting a fine stand of good timber we began looking for the fire. Our pilot made a wide sweeping circle and we strained our eyes looking out the open door.

"Oh," exclaimed the spotter, "there it is," pointing down to a spiral of smoke ascending from among the trees. After locating the fire we circled around to find an open spot in which to jump. A little brush field about a half mile from the fire was chosen. Two test chutes were dropped to determine the amount of wind drift. They indicated there was a considerable wind and allowance would have to be made in spotting a jumper. My partner jumped first and landed about two hundred feet from the field among some trees, but his signal was soon visible indicating that he was all right. We made another circle and dropped a test chute, my nerves becoming more tense each moment. We were now on the last circle coming over the spot and then that pat on the back and out I went sailing through space. A sudden jerk and the parachute was open.

"Now hold that chute into the wind so you won't overshoot that brush field," I said to myself.

However, I misjudged the wind speed and landed among some 150 Douglas fir trees about fifty yards from the brush field. A strange feeling swept over me as I began to settle among the trees. As I nestled down into the trees, part of the parachute hooked over the top of a tree and broke the top out of it letting me down faster than usual, but the landing was all right.

I soon located my partner and signaled the plane all was well. Our spotter soon dropped the cargo and headed for home. Our cargo landed in a tree and we had some difficulty getting it down. After getting our cargo and equipment all together we ate a K-ration and started to the fire. Things looked quite simple from the air, but once we were down among the trees and brush it was more difficult than anticipated to find the fire. At ten o'clock that night we had the fire under control. By this time we were quite tired, hungry and especially thirsty. Taking my flash-

light, I set out in search of water and after walking for quite some time I finally found a little trickle of water running over some rocks. How could I capture that water? Finally I struck upon the idea of using some bark from a small tree to direct the water into our canteen. After finding my way back to the fire, we ate more K-rations and then cut some pine boughs to sleep on while not watching the fire the rest of the night. After working most of the night we had the fire out at nine o'clock the next morning and filled out the fire report. We then started back to the jumping spot and packed our parachutes and equipment together. Getting everything ready we strapped it to our backpacks and started hiking to the nearest road. After a long fatiguing hike, we at last got to a much welcomed highway and were met by our truck. By three o'clock that afternoon we were safely back at the Ranger Station.

It was while in C.P.S. Camp No. 138 at Malcom, Nebraska, designated as a farm and community school, that I met a lady, Marjorie Yoder. I was from Kalona, Iowa and she was from Wellman, Iowa, just seven miles apart but we had never met before. We dated that weekend that she stopped over in Milford, Nebraska on her way back to Denver. Later I took a furlough and went to Denver to see her. A romance blossomed and we were married on February 24, 1946.

The first two years of our marriage I worked for Marjorie's Uncle Dwight Blosser. Then we moved to my parents farm to begin farming for ourselves. We lived with and farmed with my parents for three years. Then a neighbor's farm became available to rent, so we rented that in addition to dad's farm and we moved to the newly rented farm. That became our home for the next 32 years. At that point our youngest son wanted to farm so we built a new house on the home farm away from the farmstead where we live at this writing. We have lived here seven years. That figures out to be forty-four years of marriage. Marjorie's uncle, my dad and the neighbor, who's farm we rented, were all dairy farmers and all had Guernsey cows. I started farming as a dairy farmer with Guernsey cows and my son is still a Guernsey dairy farmer. There have been pure bred Guernsey cows on our home farm since 1910.

On April 5, 1947, our first son was born. He was given the name of Leland because Leland Bachman was one of my C.P.S. Camp Directors. He is now married, has three sons and is an over-the-road truck driver. Galen, our second son, arrived May 17, 1949. He met Dixie Waters at Hesston College. She was from Hydro, Oklahoma. They have two sons. Galen is a self-employed cement contractor, and they live in Oklahoma. Curtis, our third son, made his debut March 30, 1952. He spent two years in Ghana, West Africa as an agriculture consultant for our mission board. When he came home he started farming with me. By this time we had bought our second farm. Curtis met a math teacher from Pennsylvania, who came to Iowa to teach at our local parochial high school. They were married and have three children, two boys and a girl. Curtis has since decided to quit farming, go back to school and become a C.P.A. He will graduate this spring. Calvin, our fourth son, was born January 27, 1956, and married a girl from our church who is an R.N. They have three daughters and as I said before, he is a dairy farmer. Our fifth son, Kevin, died at the tender age of 14 months. Then finally a daughter arrived at our home. Rhonda Lou was born November 13, 1961 and was named after a little five year old girl I baby sat while on a furlough in Kalmath Falls, Oregon. Rhonda, after a semester of college spent a year in Botswana, South Africa, as a teacher in a school for blind children. This summer, 1990, she will graduate from Iowa State University with a Masters in Anthropology and International Development.

During our busy years of farming and raising a family we never had many opportunities for a real vacation. After Rhonda and Curtis returned from Africa and Calvin had spent three terms at Rosedale Bible Institute, they said it was our turn to go. An opportunity came to go to Ecuador, South America, with the Gospel Missionary Union to do six weeks of construction work. Eldon and Phyllis Yoder, from this community, had spent 15 years in Ecuador as missionaries and were getting a group together to go to Ecuador so we signed up to go. It was truly a great experience to be on a mission field. This was among the Indian tribes in the jungles of Ecuador. Some of the mision compounds were accessible only by small airplanes. The one airstrip we flew to was the strip the five missionaries took off from that were later killed by the Acqua Indians. The winter we were there was the 25th anniversary of this tragic story. Yet some of the widows were willing to return to the Acqua Indians with the love of Jesus and His story. Through that act of love many of the Acqua tribe are Christians today. Never underestimate the power of love.

From the desk of Floyd Yoder

R 2, Box 52
Kalona, IA 52247

REMINISCING WITH DICK ZEHR

I was born in April 1921, the first of three children, to a young farmer and his wife. My dad farmed 160 acres of rich black soil four miles south of Flanagan, Illinois. I have one brother and one sister. We had no electricity or plumbing in our home, and we farmed with horses. We rented the farm from Mennonite owners and our community was a "work together" group with three rural churches in the area besides four churches in our town of 600 people.

My grade school was a one room building that was in the center of four mile square sections. (A section is 640 acres.) I had $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to my school where I was one of four first graders. Our teacher had all eight grades. I could either walk or ride a Shetland pony. During bad weather Dad would take me in a buggy with a cab. The roads were all dirt, so the family Model T was not used if the roads were muddy.

There were no school busses, so farmers with kids in high school took turns driving us, in the area, to Flanagan High School, until we could drive. We had very few after school activities. After school was out for the day in the fall I would get home and help husk corn by hand. I guess Geography was my most interesting course. The Principal was a real good pianist and I sang in the chorus. When school was out for the summer I worked for our neighbor, when Dad didn't need me. Oh, I got one dollar a day. In 1938 we got electricity and a radio that covered AM and Shortwave. That is when I discovered Amateur Radio as a hobby. Each year, in the '30s my folks took us for a week camping trip to a different area in Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, and Missouri.

Our church was the center of our activities outside of school. I grew up in the same church as Merlo and Loren Zimmerman. Loren and I were together during smoke jumper training at Seeley Lake in the first year--'43.

My first regular job was helping in a Feed Mill. I roomed at a private home near the mill. This is where I met Earl Schmidt.

My Dad was a C.O. in W.W.1, so I knew all the reasons to choose that type of service, and I decided that I would register as 4E. On December 28, 1942 I entered CPS 33 Ft. Collins, Colorado. Allen Moyer and I were chosen from there for CPS 103 and I was there until the Camp closed. I also went on a cattleboat for UNRRA from CPS 28. My duty on USS Dearborn was to Bremen, Germany and back. I was discharged in May of 1946.

A girl, that I went to grade and high school with, and I got married on June 22, 1947. We have four children - our first were twin daughters, then a son, and another daughter. We have eight grandchildren. The twins live in Cheyenne, Wyoming, our youngest daughter in Denver, Colorado, and our son lives in St. Charles, Missouri.

My wife, Lois, and I both are Amateur Radio operators for the past 39 years. She plays the electronic organ at home and at our church. I am our sound-recording person at our church. My second hobby is golf. I hold a private pilot license, but am not active anymore in flying other than on commercial lines as a passenger. I learned to fly with Johnson Flying Service Pilots in Missoula.

I retired in 1983 from an implement company as a Parts Manager. Both my wife and I are enjoying retirement to pursue our hobbies, visit our children, and be active in our church.

Dick Zehr
P.O. Box 543
Flanagan, IL 61740

A PERSONAL HISTORY - RALPH ZIEGLER

13 N. 225 Randall Road
Elgin, Illinois 60123

1990

I come from a long line of Brethren on my father's side. I am a direct descendant of Peter Becker who came to America in 1719. The name of Jesse Ziegler, my grandfather, can be found in many minutes of Brethren District Meetings and minutes of the founding of Elizabethtown College. Soon after the Brethren Publishing House moved from Mt. Morris, Illinois, to Elgin my father came from Pennsylvania to work there. He worked there until he retired about forty-five years later. Many years I remember he went to Annual Conference to head up the book exhibit and I had to stay home and pick cherries.

Soon after coming to Elgin, Warren Ziegler met Maude Perkins whose grandfather had been one of the early homesteaders in the Fox Valley. She was Methodist, a member of the much talked about Sunday School class of girls taught by David C. Cook. Warren Ziegler and Maude Perkins were married and about two years later bought a house on McClure Avenue in Elgin; about three blocks from the Highland Avenue Church of the Brethren. I was born in that house on September 11, 1915. My growing-up years coincided with the "great depression". Although my dad was not paid a large salary at the Brethren Publishing House he did keep working. The depression may have influenced my having a paper route at a very young age. I would get myself up at 4:30 a.m. even on sub-zero mornings to walk across town and deliver papers before breakfast. Then I would walk back home and have breakfast before going to school. Luckily school was not far from home.

My dad never owned a car so I had my own car at age fifteen. Of course, the first place I went was to Chicago. Many trips followed that first one to take in all the many things the big city had to offer. I drove my own car to High School and usually had it piled full of kids from the neighborhood. I never owned a new or expensive car until after I graduated from High School.

After High School I went to work in the Brethren Publishing House but work never kept me if I decided to take off to Florida, California or through the East. One memorable trip was when three other fellows and I tied our luggage and camping gear on a little Ford roadster and drove to Yellowstone National Park. With no top on the car we really got a sunburn going across the "Bad Lands". On the trip to California another fellow and I rode across Texas on a flatbed railroad car to get home. This made me sure that I would never be a hobo.

By nature I am a pacifist so when the draft came just before World War II I just sort of naturally became a C.O. The trip to California had been with a World War I army pilot who took us first to the Wright Air Force Museum in Ohio. He wanted to get me a favored place in the Air Force but everything I saw was repelling. I had seen the movie "All Is Quiet On The Western Front". That impressed me with how foolish war is.

I was the first drafted C.O. in Elgin and one of the first in Camp Lagro. I stayed at Lagro approximately one year and the rest of the time served in different camps as a forest fire fighter. I had been to Boy Scout camp as a youngster so I really enjoyed the Forest Service.

From Lagro I went to Santa Barbara, California, working with a fire suppressio crew. The summer of 1943 I was in Montana with the Smoke Jumpers out at Camp Paxson on Seeley Lake. One really funny thing I remember was the night a bear got in the cook house. Another not so funny was when I went for a hike one Sunday and met a bear coming down a trail to meet me.

From Montana I went back to Santa Barbara but soon after the whole camp moved to the Feather River area of Northern California. Belden was the main camp but part of the time I was at the side camps of Brush Creek and Susanville. One summer I helped build the Turner Mountain fire tower near Mt. Lassen. We were really in isolation there but I really enjoyed it. In the morning we would gather a bucket of snow and by evening it would be melted so we could use it for a shower. You know, just pour the water from the melted snow over ourselves.

In all I spent four and one-half years in C.P.S. I was discharged from Belden but had to stay a little longer than the rest because I was considered AWOL when I had refused to help collect scrap iron. I believed this scrap iron was to be used for war purposes.

After C.P.S. I returned to Elgin and again went to work at the Brethren Publishing House. While working there I was treasurer of the Employees Credit Union and also the treasurer for the Fox Valley Chapter of Illinois Credit Union. When the bindery was sold I had to find another job. For some years I delivered building supplies. Then I worked in Electronics until I retired.

On January 6, 1950, I married Dorothy Everidge who had come to Elgin while I was in C.P.S. She had come to give a year of Volunteer Service at the Elgin State Mental Hospital and stayed on to work in the Brethren Service office. She had helped to microfilm the C.P.S. records so she knew what she was marrying. Her ancestors were among the very early Brethren in North Carolina.

Very soon after we were married we started building our own house on an acre of land about three miles west of Elgin. Now the city has come out to our back lot line and the road in front has become a four-lane highway. It took us many years to complete the house because we did most of the work ourselves.

We had four children; three girls and one boy. Rebecca, the oldest, graduated from the University of Chicago and then got further degrees from U.C.L.A. After getting a Ph.D. she decided she did not want to teach so she got a degree in Library Science and is now working in the library at U.C.L.A. She spent a year in Germany on a Fulbright Scholarship. She had worked on her genealogy since age ten and thought she would trace more of the Zieglers in Germany. She found that the Zieglers in Germany were as numerous as the Smiths in the United States.

Son Paul got a degree in Architecture from I.I.T. and is now a licensed architect working in Evanston, Illinois.

Barbara attended the University of Wisconsin Stout but got married before graduating. She now manages the alterations department of her husband's Sewing Center business. She has our only grandchildren; two girls named Molly and Emily. They have spent two or three weeks with us for the past four summers flying alone. For the past three years that family has been with us for Christmas. They live in North Carolina.

Our youngest, Betsy, died at age sixteen after eleven years of fighting leukemia. This experience is something I would not wish on my worst enemy but it was a growing experience for all of us. We took her to the University of Chicago Hospitals every other Friday for all those years through all kinds of weather from blizzards to scorching heat. We feel that God was with us all the way.

Most of the vacations we had as a family were either camping or trips to visit the relatives in North Carolina. Many of the times we took Betsy to Chicago we would make an outing out of it and visit a museum or something to make it a fun time. Also the trips to North Carolina many times included trips to the mountains or sea shore. When the children were small; actually through the teen years, our favorite thing was reading. Almost every night we would sit in front of the fireplace and Dorothy would read to the whole family. We read all kinds of books and some were so interesting we could hardly wait until the next session.

My wife and I are now alone and neither of us is too active. I still do some volunteer work and bowl once a week with a group of retired men. After I was married I did become a deacon in the church. Most of my friends went into the military but we remained friends. I guess they were not really surprised that I as a C.O. because they had given me the nickname of "deacon" long before. I have been a Scout Master and still usher in the church. Dorothy was very active in the church until pernicious anemia forced her to slow down.

I could give many human interest stories of our experiences during these forty years together, but this biography would get too long. Since we live on a four-lane highway many people needing help come to our door, so we say:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

The history of Mennonite Civilian Public Service activities in World War II is described in the book Service for Peace by Melvin Gingerich (Akron, Pa.: Mennonite Central Committee, 1949. 508 pages). The following section on "Smokejumpers" is reproduced from that book.

Smoke Jumpers

One of the most widely publicized Civilian Public Service camps was No. 103, near Missoula, Montana. It was a Forest Service camp under the administration of the Mennonite Central Committee, but with the men chosen from all the agencies.

Credit for suggesting that CPS men could be used in parachute forest fire fighting goes to Phil Stanley, a Quaker assignee from Indiana. In a letter to Axel Lindh, then head of Fire Control for Region One, dated October 12, 1942, he wrote,

It occurred to me some three months ago that you might need men for your parachute fire-fighting corps, either for experimental purposes or to do the actual fire fighting. . . . Of course, if you can use us, the project will have to be okaved by Seieective Service and the Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia. . . .²⁴

Mr. Lindh was favorable to the idea and started action through Selective Service and the NSBRO that led to the approval of the project. "So far as the Forest Service officials here in this region are concerned, we will be mighty glad to recruit parachute firefighting candidates from the Civilian Public Service camps," he wrote to Mr. Stanley.

In a meeting of executive camp directors of CPS agencies on February 12, 1943, "The memorandum of agreement between the National Service Board and the Department of Agriculture concerning the unit to be established to learn the parachute techniques for fighting fires was discussed." It was stated at that time that sixty men were to be chosen, with more to be selected later if additional equipment and funds became available. Each agency was to submit thirty-five names from which the final sixty were to be selected. The NSBRO Board of Directors, meeting on March 8, "approved the plans for the parachute fire fighting unit." A few days later, Albert Gaedert met the Missoula Forest Service personnel and came to an understanding with them on the administration of the unit. The Forest Service agreed to provide maintenance for sixty men. In addition there were the director and his wife, an assistant, a nurse and six cooks, as there were to be several side camps. Food and lodging were to be provided by the Forest Service, as well as housing facilities for the director and his wife, and for the nurse. The technical agency also agreed to provide the director with periodic trips to the side camps and to transport the food to the camps. Cots, blankets, and sleeping bags were also provided. Applications for admission to the camp were to be forwarded to the Forest Service by the church administrative agencies of the NSBRO and were to be accompanied by physical examination reports and statements by the director and the camp superintendent where the applicant was stationed. From the church agency approved list the Forest Service would select its sixty men. Over three hundred men applied of whom 118 were recommended to the Forest Service.

On April 19, the Forest Service personnel at Missoula selected sixty men from this list of 118 applications, choosing approximately twenty men each from Brethren, Friends, and

Mennonite camps. Present at the time of the selection were Albert Gaeddert, regional director of Mennonite CPS camps, and Roy Wenger, director of the Missoula camp. The selections were made with the help of Gaeddert and Wenger, which illustrated the splendid spirit of co-operation that characterized the Forest Service men from the very beginning of the planning for the camp. The government men were pleased with the applications and remarked that all 118 of the applicants could have been used if equipment had been available for them. At the same time five men from each of the three agencies were selected to come to the camp on May 3 for two weeks of intensive training in parachute "rigging" (repair and packing) before the larger group would come on May 17.

These men were first assembled at Camp Paxson on Seeley Lake, about sixty miles north of Missoula. In a parklike site, surrounded by one-hundred-foot-high tamaracks, were fifteen small cabins, a large lodge, and a well-equipped washhouse. As the Girl Reserves were to take over the camp on the twentieth of June, it became necessary to divide the group into two units for training. Those who trained last were moved to the Seeley Lake Ranger Station, just across the lake from Camp Paxson.

While the first group learned to pack parachutes and jump them, the second group did construction work and cut wood for cooking and heating. Later the second group was given its training. After all of the men had completed the instructional program, the unit was broken up into squads of from eight to fifteen men and stationed at six strategic points for fire fighting: Seeley Lake, Big Prairie, and Nine Mile in Montana; Moose Creek and McCall in Idaho, and Redwood Ranger Station in southern Oregon.

By July the Nine Mile camp at Huson, about thirty miles northwest of Missoula, Montana, was made the headquarters for No. 103. It was an abandoned CCC camp, with accommodations for eighty men. Here the campers spent much of their time putting up hay when they were not fighting fires. This work served the double purpose of keeping the men physically fit and of furnishing hay for the hundreds of pack mules used to carry supplies and equipment to guard stations and to and from the fires.

Redwood Ranger camp was located in southwestern Oregon, at the edge of Cave Junction, a town of 120 persons fifteen miles north of the California line, in Josephine County. The men of this group were responsible to Region VI of the Forest Service with headquarters in Portland, Oregon. Big Prairie camp was located in a narrow valley, accessible only by plane or pack horse, on the south fork of the Flathead River, in northwestern Montana. Another group was located at McCall, Idaho, in the southwestern part of the state. The project work here consisted of building a parachute loft, a jumping tower, and an obstacle course, and of road and bridge repair. At Moose Creek camp, located in central Idaho, west of Missoula, the men lived in tent cabins and spent time in putting up hay, repairing buildings, making trails, and constructing tent platforms.

The 1944 season found men stationed also at Cayuse Landing in northern Idaho and in the city of Missoula. In 1945 when the camp strength was up to 215 as compared to 119 for the previous summer, men were located in the following additional places: Savenac Nursery, Hangen, Montana; Twisp, Washington; Mud Lake Lookout, Lincoln, Montana; Black Bear Ranger Station, Coram, Montana; Kelley Creek Ranger Station, Pierce, Idaho; Schafer Ranger Station, Missoula, Montana; Glacier Park, Montana; Augusta, Montana; Lochsa Ranger Station, Pierce, Idaho; Spotted Bear Ranger Station, Coram, Montana; Sentinel Mountain Lookout, near Missoula, and Edith Peak Lookout, near Nine Mile.

Smoke jumping as a means of fire control was first attempted by a small Forest Service experimental squad in 1939. From the first the program was successful. It was estimated that in 1942 alone with only thirty-five trained men there was a saving of \$23,000 to the Forest Service through the use of this technique which enabled the men to get to small fires quickly and to extinguish them before they spread far enough to be greatly destructive. When the CPS men reported for training as smoke jumpers in May, 1943, there were, therefore, some experienced Forest Service men to supervise them. Nine of the fifteen men who reported early in May helped to prepare the camp for those to follow while six were trained in para-

chute rigging and maintenance. This meant becoming thoroughly familiar with the different types of parachutes, learning how to repair them, and being instructed in the correct method of packing them for use.

On May 17 the first group of thirty-three CPS men began their jumper training and completed it on June 16. The second group began on June 12 and finished on July 10. After the rigger training came ground, fire control, and first-aid training. The ground training was considered the most intense and rigorous of the entire training program. Beginning with before breakfast calisthenics and continuing later in the morning with workouts on a difficult obstacle course and other conditioning devices, it culminated in the tower jump. "In this phase, fully equipped men are jumped from a 25-foot tower and are stopped in their fall five feet above ground by a large rope attached to their harness and snubbed to an overhead beam."¹⁶ After at least two weeks of this came the actual jumping. Each man was given seven training jumps from a plane before he was sent to his first fire. In 1943 "as high as 35 men were dressed, instructed, taken aloft, and jumped within the usual 2 to 3 hour period available during the best flying days."¹⁶

During the 1943 training sessions, approximately 500 parachute jumps were performed with nine lost-time accidents, of which five were serious enough to prevent the men from regaining their lost training. There were numerous sprained ankles in the history of the camp. In the 1944 season the most serious accidents to CPS men were broken bones in a foot, and a brain concussion requiring extended hospitalization. The specially constructed suits and helmets plus the rigorous training and emphasis on safety measures kept down the accident rate. Men unable to serve as parachutists because of injuries were placed in lookout towers.

Fire control training was highly important, for the men might spend an hour getting to the fire by parachute and then from two days to a week fighting the fire. Most of the men had had experience fighting fires in other camps before coming to Missoula, but they nevertheless were given intensive training in combating practice fires.

About 80 per cent of the fires in the region covered by the smoke jumpers were started by lightning. Such fires were reported immediately after an electrical storm or smoldered several days before being detected by the man in the lookout station. As soon as it was discovered, the reporter telephoned the location of the fire to headquarters. The call may have come at any time during the day or night, but the smoke jumpers were generally taken out early in the morning when the dampness had kept the fire from getting a rapid start. When word was received, the men and tools for fighting the fire were quickly taken to the flying field. The basic tools included a Pulaski (combination ax and mattock) and a shovel, a canteen, and a two-day supply of "K" rations. After arriving at the flying field, the men were "suited up" in their heavily padded uniforms, the door was removed from the plane, the men entered the cabin, and they were off on a trip of from a few to perhaps two hundred miles.

When the fire was located, the pilot flew over and around it to give the spotter time to select the most suitable landing place for his men. A drift chute was then thrown out to see which way the air currents were moving. Then the plane circled to the correct place and the men prepared to jump. The first man took his position in the door of the plane awaiting the signal for the jump.

The pilot cuts the motor, the signal comes, the muscles in the jumper's arms and shoulders tighten, he pulls himself out of the door and starts falling through space, down, down—and then a terrific jerk, as his parachute opens over him. After that he floats gently (he hopes) to the ground.¹⁷

Guide lines from the chute made it possible to control partly the direction in which it moved. But the most dangerous moment was the landing.

Realization that the ground is near does not come until late, perhaps a hundred feet from the ground. Oscillation, swinging of the jumper under his canopy, must be stopped. Logs and rocks must be dodged. You bend your knees slightly and as your feet touch you roll, clamber back to your feet, deflate your chute, and start undoing your gear.¹⁸

But the men seemed to enjoy it and came back for more jumps. "There's a subtle fascination about falling through space. It gets in your blood."¹⁹ They, however, did not always land in a grassy field. Sometimes they landed in trees, their chutes catching on the limbs and leaving them dangling perhaps fifty feet up in the air. They then used the long rope they carried in a pocket of the jumping suit and after fastening it to the parachute and unhooking their harness according to a much-practiced procedure, they lowered themselves to the ground with it.

The next step was to extinguish the fire. In the meantime a man was dispatched with a mule pack train to the scene of the fire to carry in additional food and bring out the chutes and equipment. Since the jumpers had arrived at the fire quickly, it was probably small and a few men could bring it under control. The 132-acre Bell Lake fire on September 10, 1944, high on the divide between Idaho and Montana, however, was an exception. Eight Seeley Lake jumpers arrived on it first. The next day thirteen more were dropped. Since the group was close to a lake, a marine pump was dropped. Two days after the thirteen landed, it was decided to drop a complete fire camp. When eight more parachuted in, the total number of men on the fire was twenty-nine. A half-dozen plane loads of food and equipment were then dropped in a small meadow a half mile from the camp site. Soon the camp was set up and well-prepared food was being served, enabling the exhausted fighters to regain their efficiency. That evening nine additional men arrived on foot. "As a first in Smoke Jumpers' fire camps, the Bell Lake experiment was pronounced a success by all who enjoyed its advantages."²⁰

The work, however, was not always exciting. In 1943, the smoke jumper squad attacked half as many fires by ground travel as by parachute. In 1944 a larger per cent were attacked by air. When the men were not fighting fires, they may have been busy building fence, building a plane hangar, cutting lumber, constructing a saddle shed, and mostly putting up hay. Others constructed trails and telephone lines and maintained roads. Some were cooks, others procured wood, and a number improved the ranger stations. During the winter, a variety of jobs furnished steady employment.

In 1943 the smoke jumpers suppressed thirty-one fires, and in 1944 more than seventy. By September, 1945, the Missoula region had already attacked 179 fires that season. Fires attacked from the air in that region had amounted to 155 in the 1940-44 period, while in 1945 alone 170 fires were attacked from the air in that area. In addition many fires were fought in Regions IV and VI.

A letter from P. D. Hanson, regional forester at Missoula, to Camp Director Arthur J. Wiebe in December, 1945, called attention to the fact that the 1945 fire season was an unusually severe one with 1,200 forest fires.

Even so, our total area of burned forest at the close of the season was small. Such an accomplishment was made possible by the splendid action of our air-borne firemen, the smoke jumpers. Many of the 181 fires our jumpers suppressed in the nation's most remote wilderness could have become catastrophic had the jumpers not performed expertly and efficiently. To them goes a large share of the credit for a nationally important job well done.²¹

As was indicated above, the co-operation between the Forest Service personnel and the CPS men was excellent. Public relations were never a problem and newspaper publicity was generous. A highly favorable article by Margaret Bean on "Conchies Jump Fires" appeared in the Spokane, Washington, *Spokesman Review* on June 17, 1945. Said she,

Possibly their courage to fight for their convictions, an infinitesimal minority against an overwhelming majority, is responsible for their volunteering for this most daredevil of all jobs, that of the smoke jumper. For certainly it is a rugged job, if there ever was one, both in training and practice.

The article appeared later in the *Milwaukee Journal*. The *Daily Missoulian* also carried several favorable articles.

The morale in the camp was perhaps highest of that in any CPS camp. It was a unit of contrasts.

Men raced to fires at eighty miles per hour, and walked away at three. Having one of CPS's most stimulating projects, 103 also had some of the dullest. Some men lived in steam-heated homes in Missoula, while others shivered in snow-covered tents. A few men worked at office desks, while the majority wielding hand tools, sweated or shivered—depending upon the season.²²

With the wide scattering of the men and the wide divergences in their philosophies and theology it was more difficult to set up a generally satisfactory religious life program in this camp than in the majority under MCC administration. Director Arthur Wiebe reported in July, 1945, however, "About ninety per cent of the men attend church when it is available, especially where they can attend churches of their own choice."

On January 15, 1946, the last man transferred out of the camp and it was officially closed. Fewer than 240 men will ever be able to say, "I was a member of the CPS Smoke Jumper Unit," declared the camp paper. Arthur Wiebe followed Roy Wenger as director of the camp.

SERVICE FOR PEACE

NOTES AND CITATIONS

- ¹⁴ *The Smoke Jumper* (Mennonite Central Committee, Akron, Pa.), p. 30.
- ¹⁵ *Parachute Project 1943 Narrative Report*, Region I, United States Forest Service, May 15, 1944.
- ¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 3.
- ¹⁷ *Smoke Jumper's Load Line*, September, 1943, p. 3.
- ¹⁸ *The Smoke Jumper*, p. 11.
- ¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 12.
- ²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 29.
- ²¹ *Static Line* (camp paper), Jan. 26, 1946, pp. 2, 3.
- ²² *Ibid.*, Jan. 26, 1946, p. 1.