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CPS Smokejumpers 1943 to 1946 Life Stories, Volume III

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VOLUME III

LIVES OF CPS SMOKEJUMPERS

More than 100 life stories have been presented in three volumes which is a proud historical record for CPS Camp 103. What other camp group has done half as well?

It is also the 50th year of United Nations operations. A scholarly secretary-general has carried UN activism to new heights. Vigorous thrusts have been made, some withdrawn, and others are waiting the judgement of time. Is the success score of the UN high enough to merit our continued hearty support?

What better options do we have? We can't expect a perfect UN ever. We can expect a UN that does not use military violence in the same manner as a belligerent nation state uses it on a designated "enemy." Can the UN be wise enough to distinguish between violent force applied to masses of people and limited corrective police force applied to individuals? It is a delicate experiment with far reaching consequences. CPS men will monitor UN actions with a critical eye.

Enjoy the memories of these altruistic comrades of Ninemile fifty years ago.

Roy E. Wenger, Editor
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Civilian Public Service, World War II and Smokejumping.

During the fire seasons of 1943, 1944 and 1945, 250 Civilian Public Service men were trained and served as smokejumpers. In those years, all the jumpers except the trainers were CPS men. They were drafted by the Selective Service System and chose to do "work of national importance under civilian direction" (the draft law's phrase) instead of doing military service. The common thread that united all the CPS men was the idea that taking human life deliberately is evil.

Three religious groups have been especially active in adopting this point of view since the early 1500's and their members made up more than half of the group: Mennonites, Quakers and Brethren. The Mennonite Central Committee administered the off-work hours of the men while the US Forest Service organized their training and work projects.

When the first group of 70 arrived at Seeley Lake in April 1943, smokejumping was still an experimental arm of USFS fire control technique, but during that summer, after careful training of the men and an analysis of their performance on fires, smokejumping entered into USFS manuals as a standard fire fighting procedure.

After three fire seasons of exemplary service from the conscientious objectors, the war ended and the men were discharged at the same rate as military veterans, scattering to their homes to get on with their lives. What they did may be discovered by reading three volumes of "Life Stories of CPS Smokejumpers" collected nearly 50 years later. Most of the men look back on their smokejumping experience as a high point in their lives, when they put themselves in danger for the benefit of their country.

A bit of history from
The Missoula Sentinel
August 15, 1943

Parachute Center Of Nation Is Established Here

Recognition of the Missoula district as the parachute jumping training center of the nation has come from Alaska, Canada, England, and points in this country, say Forest Service officials.

Major General William Lee of the Army air corps, now overseas, recently told the world that the Forest Service parachute training assignments and experiments had stepped up or speeded Army parachute developments by six months.

As he is an officer who knows more than most about it, as in 1940 he was in Missoula and on the Nine Mile with the original parachute jumping squadron experiments in this region, which have since been adapted generally.

Alaska sent a Coast Guard detachment to serve as a Forest Service auxiliary parachute squadron while learning the details of jumping in all its phases. They will return home this fall to be ready for rescue work through the north.

Another similar detachment has come from the northland in recent weeks to take up training at Seeley Lake.

Various regions of the United States have assigned their officials and men to training at Seeley Lake and the Nine Mile, working with the Forest Service jumpers.

Joe Coffin - Review and Preview

Born Joseph Herschel Coffin, Jr. on November 15, 1919 at Richmond, Indiana. Lived at 400 College Avenue on the corner of the Earlham College Campus. My father, J. Herschel Coffin, was Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at Earlham College. In 1923, we moved to Whittier, California when he was called to be Dean of Whittier College. That launched the now famous Whittier Plan for Core Curriculum College Education.

Whittier was a Quaker College in a Quaker citrus growing community. Our family was active in the First Friends Church of Whittier as well as college affairs. I walked to Lincoln School where I was well acquainted with Miss Wicker, the principal, because she needed lots of "help to carry the textbooks" or so I thought. Fourth, Fifth and Sixth grades at Johnathan Bailey brought me to two wonderful teachers, Miss Carbert and Miss Lee who drew me into the joy of learning. They were not as successful in re-directing my need to be "king of the mountain" on the playground. Seventh Grade at John Muir opened the door of leadership, my first romance, and the blessing of Miss Gebhart, a firm math teacher who stayed after school to make sure I understood math basics.

These were depression days and our "gang" developed an interesting juvenile economy of lunch money, allowances and odd job earnings. We taught ourselves a lot about credit, honor, honesty and planning ahead in a world of 5¢ malts, 10¢ movies, summer camp, crystal sets, kites and stripped down bikes. In late summer of 1932, my father was invited to be resident director of Pendle Hill, a Quaker retreat center, and to teach at Swarthmore College. In part payment for his service I was given a scholarship to Westtown School. This Quaker preparatory school is built on a 600 acre farm and campus in Chester County Pennsylvania. Built in 1799 by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, this co-educational boarding school was my introduction to scholastic excellence and upscale eastern culture. I had some difficulty adjusting to the academics- Latin in the 8th Grade, coat and tie in all weather, tea time, etc., but I loved it.

Back in Whittier Union High School for 9th and 10th Grades, I used my new found social skills to plunge into everything. Sports, Yearbook, Christian Endeavor, clubs, dances, the works. Because I had failed in Latin at Westtown, I was allowed to take French, normally for Juniors and Seniors only. This put me in class with the college prep group who also were the social and political leaders of the school. Several of these class members were also leaders in our Friends Church Christian Endeavor where I was active so my social status was established early. I was a good swimmer, Class "C" by age and size. I set new Class C Conference speed records but also won enough Varsity races to letter with the "big boys" both my Freshmen and Sophomore years which again enhanced my social status. Life at Whittier High and First Friends was just fine. I even bought my first car - a 1923 Dodge Roadster for \$12.00.

However, when my continued applications for a Westtown scholarship bore fruit, I jumped at the chance to go back east. Bill Bruff, older brother of Jim Bruff, (a smokejumper) and I rode the Santa Fe Chief chair cars to Philadelphia and on to Westtown for our Junior and Senior years. Seniors are special at Westtown and I was assigned to room with a Senior boy in the exclusive Senior wing so I got a fast social start again. Both years were wonderful, full of fun and honors. During the summer vacation between the two years, my parents could not afford for me to return to California so I stayed and worked at the Westtown farm. It was a wonderful experience, 5½ days at \$12.00 per week less \$7.00 for board and room. Several of us worked that summer. I learned to pick and pack apples and peaches, trim the roadways with a sythe, mow acres of campus grass (3 fellows with hand mowers in tandem), clean water grasses out of the lake, and help to install fire sprinklers and new floors in the boys' dorm. It was a wonderful summer, plus I had \$60.00 in the bank for my Senior year. My roommate for 12th grade was Bill Pile, a great guy and a swimmer too. His family became mine - Aunt Florence and Uncle Harold for that year and for years to come, a loving, caring family when some dark times came to me later.

What a great Senior year - honors in scholarship, sports, theatre, student affairs. Romance too. Amid all of this was a deepening religious life fed by my introduction to the blessings of the unprogrammed meeting for worship. First day and fifth day, attendance required for all; looked forward to by me. I don't recall that I ever spoke in meeting but I was always spoken to. "Be still and know that I am God" became a reality for me. Westtown left an indelible stamp on my life.

Returning home I signed in at Whittier College on a faculty family scholarship and a student aid job at 25¢ per hour. The college was now operating on a revised "Whittier Plan" and the rigorous academic training from Westtown made it easy for me to do well. Old friends from Whittier High School and First Friends Church gave me a warm social welcome. Westtown theatrical experience led me to some success in college dramatic work from the beginning. When a friend of my mother offered drama coaching during the next summer, I went along. His deal was "no charge unless you earn the money for motion picture work". This deal turned out to be both a blessing and a bane.

Shortly after school began in September, 1938, some bit parts in the movies came along and by October, 1938, I was under contract to Columbia Studios for a feature role in "Blondie Meets The Boss" at twenty times the pay for my summer job on the Westtown farm. The movie work was glamorous and exciting, including a preview at the famous Hollywood Pantages Theatre and a special showing in the local Whittier Theatre. However, the inner conflicts precipitated by these new experiences raised havoc with my emotional life. Early in my Junior year, I became withdrawn. I found myself involved in a failed romance and in conflict at home. Gradually I just quit going to class. Instead, I took that time to work on my "hot rod", a souped

up Model A Ford Roadster. (Just a point about how God works in our lives - this self taught Hot Rod auto mechanics program which helped me work through my depression was instrumental in giving me the Auto Mechanics teaching career in which I was so happy for 23 years).

Finally, in April, 1939, I packed myself and my tools into that car and headed to Philadelphia to be with my "family" of Aunt Florence, Uncle Harold and Bill Pile and to visit my older brother Tom in New York. Bill Pile got me a job at an Atlantic Oil Co. service station in Philadelphia. This was a third regular job, 60 hours per week for \$15.00 with a July promotion to assistant mgr. at \$18.00 weekly.

By September my head was a little straighter so I sold the car and took the Santa Fe back to L.A. and a new start at Whittier College. The 1940 new student reception changed my life again - Audine Meyer, a beautiful and talented transfer from Fullerton Jr. College became - and still is - the central focus of my life. The following months were filled with extra wonderful campus courtship and on October 2, 1941, we were married "after the manner of Friends" in Whittier Friends Church where we are still very active. We continued our studies to earn teaching credentials.

Everyone was aware of war clouds building and we were active in many peace groups. I was registered as 4E but was given a student deferment to complete my secondary credential. The war was raging by June of '42 when Audine graduated with her elementary credential and I sat in the audience with a July induction notice in my pocket.

Going to CPS was almost automatic for me. Born to Quaker parents, raised in the Friends Church, attended a Quaker prep school and a Quaker College in Whittier, California, nicknamed "Quaker-town". Audine took me to the L.A. bus station at 6 AM that morning in July and 440 miles later the camp truck picked me up at 11 PM in Coleville, California. Eleven miles east of Highway 395, a dirt road brought me to CPS 37. This resurrected CCC Camp was just a cluster of weathered wooden bunk houses on a gentle slope of high desert in the Mono National Forest of eastern California. Full of disillusioned eastern CPSers from Petersham, Buck Creek, Patapsco and others who had been recruited to open this new western camp in time for the forest fire season. On the hill above the camp stood one lone pine tree while for miles in every direction was a sea of sand, rocks, sage brush and mesquite with an occasional 20 ft. Pinion pine. It was hardly the vista they expected nor were the fence building and sheep trail clearing projects truly "work of national importance". Morale was bad. There were no "happy campers" here and I began to think seriously of walking out.

However, in October, Dr. Conway, the Superintendent of Eastern State Hospital near Spokane, Washington, visited camp to select 25 men to join him as CPS #75. I was chosen and elected to be Camp Director which launched 3 years of very special experiences similar to those documented by writers from other hospitals. It was a difficult but rewarding experience. An additional exciting project we started

in Spokane was an International Fellowship Center which, because we had room for visitors, introduced us to Smokejumpers coming from Missoula to the "big city". How fortunate I was to be given the opportunity to join the Smokejumpers. After over 3 years of indoor work I was soft and very concerned about succeeding at training for the demanding role of smokejumping. I qualified and experienced a truly wonderful summer including my introduction to the Savanac Stomp. Incidentally, I had never even been in an airplane so I jumped out six times before I had ever landed in one. Audine and our baby son came to Missoula with me and were able to share the excitement and fellowship. When the season ended, I was transferred to San Dimas Camp and put on hardship leave until finally discharged.

In the 46 years since CPS, I spent the bulk of my work years teaching in High School. I taught Auto Mechanics and I always enjoyed it. Every September a teacher gets to start fresh, bringing new ideas to class and meeting new students. For me it was rewarding.

Occasionally other opportunities cropped up to expand our horizons. In 1949 Audine and I invented a new Television Program Rating Service and created a survey company which later merged into the national company American Research Bureau. It was very exciting. We were actually pioneers in the vast enterprise which television has become. After the merger, I was asked to set up a research department for a TV station. For another dozen years my hiatus from teaching continued until in the summer of 1964, I signed a contract with Covina Valley Unified School District. The task was to set up 2 new high school auto mechanics programs and to teach in one of them. Eighteen years later I retired from Covina High.

Over the years we have continued to be very active in our Friends Church and in Quaker affairs generally. Peace and working for peace have been central to our family activities. On the other hand, I have been deeply involved in our church's concern for care of the growing number of elderly in our society. Our concern has blossomed into a beautiful life care retirement facility with over 300 residents under the sponsorship of Southwest Yearly Meeting of Friends Churches. I was on the first Board of Trustees and was Chairman of the Board when we built a subsidized rental facility in Whittier. I start another term next month. This labor of love has been one of the most satisfying activities of my life.

Notwithstanding that last sentence, the truly important thing in my life is the 51 years with Audine. Add four wonderful children and eight grandchildren to make a full and complete life.

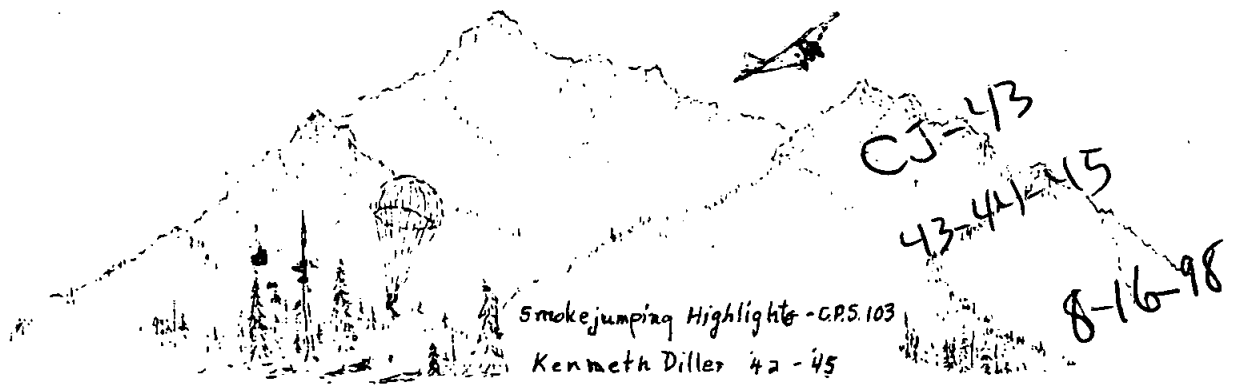
Retirement is great. We've traveled by trailer across the beautiful country and Canada and been free to put even more time into several causes. But the most exciting thing for me right now is my invention of a way to turn scrap auto tires into 6 foot lengths of 3/4" x 6' steel reinforced construction material. I started scrap tire experiments 22 years ago in my auto shop and last year I submitted my application for a patent on "laminated structures made from pieces of scrap pneumatic tires. I'm busy now setting up a

shop to build samples of these steel belted rubber "planks" which can be fabricated into a great variety of useful structures. The environment is one of the next great theaters of progress for our world. I feel fortunate that I can look forward to a significant role in this drama. These "planks" represent a solution that can use a large portion of the 240 million tires being fed into the solid waste stream each year.

Writing this review has been an eye opener. Life for us has been one long series of interesting and exciting challenges - usually causes. Not everything has been a dramatic success but most have been satisfying for us. Now in our so called "twilight years" Audine and I remain fully active in our church, serve as officers in the California Retired Teachers Association, and are both on boards of Friends United Meeting. Audine is president of United Society of Friends Women and Joe is president of J.H. Coffin & Co., developer of a great new national resource.

HOW FULL CAN LIFE BE?

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I was born on January 17, 1919 to Chris and Arvilla Yoder Diller at their farm home near Bluffton, Ohio. This farming community in Northwestern Ohio was settled in the eighteen thirties by people who came from Switzerland - both Reformed and Mennonites.

I grew up on the farm with an older brother and sister and two cousins (after their mother's death). We attended the Mennonite Church in the area and walked to the one room brick school house a mile from home until the district was consolidated. From then on we travelled by bus to the new school in Pandora. When I was in the eighth grade my parents died in an auto accident. In high school, I participated in football and music. I graduated from High School in 1937.

We continued to live and work on the farm. I worked for various farmers and at a custom cannery. I also did work migrants did between the Belgian and Mexican migrations such as weed and block beets and harvest potatoes until I went into C.P.S.

My days in C.P.S. began at Galax, Virginia in November of 42. The project there was follow-up work building the Blue Ridge Parkway. The work consisted of scraping and leveling the berms in preparation for seeding. The Park Service wanted no scars showing where the road cut through.

The project had no one willing to be the blacksmith to sharpen and temper mattocks and hoes used daily on project. I gave it a try, along with a helper who turned the bellows and kept the fire going.

During the winter, I answered an ad in a publication that asked for volunteers to be trained for smoke jumping. In May, I was at Seely Lake, Montana. With a few weeks of training completed, I was accepted to go to Cave Junction, Oregon where the ten of us started the first smoke jumper base in Oregon which existed until the mid-eighties.

The first year there, we constructed a parachute loft out of old C.C.C. barracks parts. Ray Hudson, our architect and crew member designed both the loft and also the hanger which we built the second year. During the first season we lost Winton Stuckey due to crushed vertebrae caused by opening shock from his Eagle chute. Winton finally got relief from that injury years later when spinal fusions came in.

During the second season in Oregon, Cal Hilty and I were on our way to a fire jump when the '29 Fairchild developed engine trouble. Cal and I were suited; Walt Buller, who was to push out our firepacks, had on a harness but no chute. I gave Walt my chest pack and in the meantime as we kept losing altitude, our pilot Larry Solar, finally got back to the airstrip. Larry spent the rest of the day tearing down the Scintilla magneto. By Sunday the plane was ready to go, and Cal and I unknowingly made the last jump out of it, and possibly the first fire jump in California (7/30/44). We both landed on a narrow logging road. When Cal and I got back from the fire, we took our turn on K.P. when we learned our plane had crashed and burned on take-off with Fred Frank as pilot (8/2/44). We found that a short time before they attempted a take-off with crew and jumpers, the engine failed near enough to the runway to avoid a crash. At that point, the pilot thought he had corrected the problem. Our crew leader, Jack Heintzleman, requested that if the pilot felt the plane flyable, he should make a test flight, alone. When the engine failed, the plane was at about 50 feet and climbing, and in no position to recover from the stall. Fred died instantly with no chance of rescue.

Later in the '44 season, ten of us were called on the first or one of the first "Joint Venture" operations between Region 1 and Region 6 U.S. Forest Service. We boarded a DC-3 at Medford, at 5A.M. (9/8/44) with a lunch stop in Wenatchee, Wn., and were over the Lyall Ridge Fire in Chelan N.F. by 2:00 P.M. The crew from Montana had arrived a bit earlier by tri-motor Ford and jumped below the fire.

We put out drift chutes twice, and both failed because of the higher speed of the plane we were using. Walt Buller offered to be our test chute, and things turned out okay.

My third jumping season was at Twisp, Washington where we either started the jumper base that still exists today, or simply re-started smoke jumping where it originally began in '39 with four men making the first test jumps and developing suitable suits and equipment. In '40 the project moved to Missoula.

I loved the scenery in Washington even though the trees were less tall than the 225 footers of coastal Oregon. There is less brush, the ridges are steeper, and there seem to be more alpine meadows.

At this point in smokejumping, we were no longer using the Eagle Chutes, so we were getting easier openings. Our crew leader, Francis Lufkin, was one of the original four that started smokejumping in '39. Francis was all any of us could ask for as a leader and a friend.

Elmer Neufeld and I were to jump on a fire in the Wenatchee N.F., and when we arrived in the area we found five fires scattered along both sides of a ridge. Francis asked us which one we wanted, and the one we picked turned out to be in the Snoqualmie N.F. We had a line around it and were mopping up when two men on horseback came in to relieve us, and let us know we were on the wrong side of the ridge.

On July 27th we were working at the airport between Twisp and Winthrop when we saw a huge cloud develop north of us. It turned out to be a 250-acre fire near Bunker Hill lookout about a mile from B.C. We ended up sending in three plane loads of jumpers; eight or nine men. There was quite a strong wind blowing which had all of us bouncing and being drug upon landing. One ended up with ankle injury and had to be stretched out after the fire was out. We managed to get a line around the fire during the night, and about sun-up five DC-3's flew over. One started dropping equipment about a mile from us and the fire before we were able to direct their attention to the landing area near the fire. By this time the wind had died down providing ideal conditions for the 100-all-black-airborne-group-from-Camp-Pendelton-to-land. For the next three days, each of our group had from ten to fifteen men under us, mopping up.

The fire Elmer and I were on in Snoqualmie N.F., and the one with Bob Goering in Mt. Baker N.F. were the first fire jumps in those forests. Today, it is the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie N.F.

At that time there was no North Caoss Highway, and the red brick highway, Rt. 3, between Hope and Princeton in British Columbia was in mid-construction.

On the way out from the Mt. Baker fire, we packed our gear up the back and down over the front of uncompleted Ross Dam; that day turned out to be V-J day. Very few government workers were on duty.

Smokejumping to me had to be a high point in a farmer's life. The nature of the project with it's promise of a mixture of adventure and hard work seemed to attract some very worthwhile people with whom I'm always able to relate. Although there seem to be no two people who think alike, we found it interesting to consider and respect all points of view.

When I was released from C.P.S. I returned to Ohio. Here I joined my brother in grain farming and fattening beef cattle. In 1948, I married Jeanette Flora, a registered nurse, and we established our home on the farm where I was born. Two children, Calvin and Kathleen, were born to this union. When they were in High School, Jeanette died of brain cancer.

Two years later, I married Verla Carpenter, also a nurse. The children both graduated from college, Calvin in Engineering and Kathleen in music. Kathleen is married and lives nearby. Her daughter is in High School. Kathy does substitute teaching and Calvin is an Engineer at Techtronics in Portland, Oregon.

Eight years ago I retired from farming and now I rent the land to a young farmer. After several years of retirement, I returned to work as Night Man at the nearby Mennonite Memorial Nursing Home. I enjoy the regular hours, exercise, fellowship, and it has improved my health too! I've also done maintenance work for Bluffton College and Ohio Northern Univesity.

Throughout the years, vacationing and free time is spent traveling and camping throughout the National parks and Forest Service campgrounds. My experiences in the West can be recaptured in paintings of favorite scenes from the mountains and the Northwest.

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1-16-04
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DALE ENTWISTLE, MY LIFE

(As told to Roy Wenger on October 28, 1994)

I was born in Athens, Ohio, on October 14, 1917. It was on the west side of town, the "rough side", and although Athens is the home of Ohio University, the oldest state university west of the Alleghenies (1804), that fact did not influence us much. My father was a railroader and I grew up knowing about the New York Central and the trail of stories concerning its history and operation.

We were Methodists, and my name was duly entered on the church Cradle Roll in 1920. I attended a west side elementary school and the one high school in the city. I liked industrial arts, especially printing. The sports program got a lot of my attention. In the summers, I would attend Methodist camp retreats. I remember especially a discussion group led by Don Timmerman, a pacifist, on World Peace. He influenced me a great deal. I kept thinking about these things as the war in Europe began to draw the USA ever closer to supporting it.

I was working on the New York Central railroad early in 1942 when my draft number came up and I appeared before the board for an interview. I told them that my choice was Civilian Public Service. On the draft board was a neighbor who taught religion at Ohio University and he knew my thinking. The board voted unanimously to give me CPS status and I was sent to Camp No. 8 at Marietta, along the Ohio River. Quintus Leatherman was director of this Mennonite Central Committee camp and his wife was camp nurse.

When the call came for volunteers for smokejumping, Weir Stone and I volunteered together. However, before we got a reply on smokejumping, Camp Marietta was closed and both of us were transferred to Camp North Fork in California. It was there we got our notices to report to Missoula in April, 1943.

We came into Missoula on the Northern Pacific RR on schedule early one April morning and were met at the station by Earl Cooley and Ralph Hand. Earl took us to Seeley Lake and started us on a project cutting brush. I remember asking Earl, "About how high do you bounce when you hit the ground?" Earl got a good laugh out of that and it seemed to break the ice.

Early in our training program at Seeley Lake, I broke bones in my foot which put me out for the season. I was afraid of getting sent back before the next season, so early before training began I cautiously asked Earl what my chances were. "Well," he said, "We've been feeding you all winter so I guess we'll have to get some use out of you this summer." I was greatly relieved!

I did have two good fire seasons, helped in several spectacular and grueling rescue missions, and finally was discharged early in 1946. I loved Missoula and the West, and although I went back to Athens and the New York Central railroad, I managed to return to Missoula and worked both for the Northern Pacific RR and later the Milwaukee RR. Altogether, I worked in Ohio over a period of 16 years and in Missoula over a period of 25 years. At one important point, I was able to persuade my long-time New Lexington, Ohio, friend Virgie to marry me and come to Missoula. We lived there until retirement. After retirement, I was asked by my uncle in Florida to help him in his old age, so Virgie and I have spent much of the last several years in the village of Nokomis, just south of Sarasota.

I must recall one of the great events in my life. I read a book by Dr. Gordon Zahn describing the life of an early Nazi opponent from St. Radegund, Austria, who was imprisoned and then put to death for his beliefs. His name, Franz Jagerstatter. He said that at the very least, Austrian Catholics should not be killing Polish Catholics; in fact, no group of people should be trying to kill any other group of people. The Hitler forces had him executed.

I wrote to the widow of Jagerstatter telling how inspirational the story of her husband's life had been to me. I told her of my wish to bring to Austria a plaque honoring her husband's work. She gave my letter and the proposal to a priest at her church -- a priest, I later discovered, who had lost a leg in World War I. The priest replied that the idea was a good one and that the plaque could best be placed on the side of the church (built in 1420). The upshot of all this was that I went to Austria in August of 1968 and in a meaningful and touching little ceremony, helped place the plaque on the side of the church where Jagerstatter once worshipped and where he was buried. It was 25 years to the day from when he was beheaded. This experience I will always treasure.

A closing thought. Many times over the years I have said to myself: wouldn't it be nice if the whole world were made up of people like those we met while in CPS!

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?

T.Richard "Dick" Flaharty
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4/20/92

I. THE AWAKENING

Even though my family was living in Winnetka, Ill. at the time I was born there is no truth to the rumor that this event was commemorated by the jazz tune entitled, "Big Noise From Winnetka"! The date was April 29, 1920. I was a Taurus right from the start, and that's no bull. I was sandwiched in between two brothers, - Edward who was 2+ years older and Earl who was a bit short of 2 years younger.

We always lived in, and around, Chicago during my formative (And what a formation!) years. My family moved quite a few times, - but I always found out where, and caught up with them. Most of the time we lived on the North side of Chicago with the rest of the Cub fans.

My father tried to make a living as a fireman, a cab driver, a policeman, an auto mechanic, and ran a restaurant for a brief spell. He was away from home much of the time, and finally deserted the family when I was about 8 years old.

My mother was born in Altona, Germany and came to this country with her mother and siblings when she was 4 years old. Her father was to join the family in the U.S.A. a short time later, but became ill and died in Germany. Then her mother died when she was in her mid-teens and, to escape living with a crotchety maiden aunt, my mother jumped into an unfortunate early marriage with a fireman-cab-driver-policeman, etc.. Things could get worse, - and they did! We had a capital-D Depression!

II. THE NURTURING

In true Hollywood fashion the grey clouds parted and there was Humboldt Park Methodist Church, just a block away from where we now lived. It became our social, recreational, spiritual, and economic (Mom got the job of custodian.)center. It became apparent, however, that a custodian of a small inner-city church could not make enough to raise three rambunctious boys, so the minister saved the day by referring us all to Lawrence Hall, A Home for Good Boys. Mom was given a job in the Hall laundry, and my brothers and I became part of an institutional crowd of 150 boys, ages 5 to 18.

The Lawrence Hall experience is a book unto itself (and I know Roy wants this held to just a few pages.), so I'll attempt to give you just a few of the high-lights. This covers my years from 10 to 16.

We lived in dormitories by age group, 22 to a dorm with two older boys as "officers", assisting a matron (housemother would have been a kinder term.) in providing the love, control, guidance, and discipline in varying degrees. We attended the local public schools and tried to blend in, but were occasionally referred to as, "one of those Hall boys" when we would gang up on classmates who dared pick on one of us (Pacifism came later!).

The Hall had its own summer camp, Camp Hardy, located on Little Blue Lake in northern Michigan. We were there shortly after school let out in the spring until just before Labor Day. I excelled in swimming, becoming one of the fastest crawl & backstroke men on the Junior team, - and later became a lifeguard. I also excelled at another of the favorite camper sports: turtle catching. We were given lots of encouragement to learn about nature and I learned most of the trees, wild flowers, birds, and butterflies of that area. I also started finding and collecting indian arrowheads, - which may have led into my current rockhounding hobby.

The Hall started its own band shortly after we arrived, and I was given a drum and told to, "Beat it!". We got in much more practice than our classmates at school, so the Hall boys usually ended up in all the first chair positions. There were about ten of us in the Von Steuben Jr. High band when we won first place in the City of Chicago. When I entered high school I was the first chair drummer over 5 older fellows. My music became very important to me, and in my senior year I was top percussionist in the concert band, the ROTC marching band, the concert orchestra (where I played tympani), and the theatre orchestra. - My two brothers and I had our own drum major dynasty at our high school, Ed holding the position in his senior year, I in my junior & senior years, and Earl in his senior year.

In my junior year I was invited to join a dance band formed by some older classmates. Since we all were students or in other lines of work, our playing was usually on weekends. Courtland Day & his Knights of Rhythm (Theme: Night and Day) played everything from cheap bistros to the finer hotels and I learned the basics of swing music. But it was later, in small combo work, and another bigger band that I developed an ear for jazz (Surely you've heard of playing by ear, - but on the drums?).

As I entered my senior year in high school Mom got a job outside the Hall, so she rented an apartment and Earl & I moved in with her (Ed was off in the CCCs.). We were back in the Humboldt Park neighborhood, and the Methodist church again became our center of activity. After graduating from high school I spent a summer selling Good Humor ice cream (eating almost as much as I sold), then became office boy and ultimately a billing clerk in an X-ray Factory.

It was after leaving the Hall that I started frequenting the downtown theatres on occasional evenings to see all of the big bands that came through town so I could study the techniques of the various drummers. I also found myself memorizing the routines of the vaudeville comics who would be sharing the stage with the bands, - and would entertain my friends with "repeat performances". You would probably know Red Skelton, Bob Hope, and Milton Berle, but do you recall Ben Blue, Jimmy Savo, Jerry Lester, Billy DeWolf, or Willy Howard? What classic routines they had!

III. THE PLOT SICKENS

The minister at Humboldt Park Methodist was a militant pacifist, - a real fighter for social justice, - and a great inspiration to those of us who were growing up under his influence. He even ran for city alderman on the Socialist-Labor ticket (The only ticket he could get

on.) in an attempt to fight the corruption in Chicago politics. Ultimately the local bishop became too embarrassed by all of this "bucking of tradition", and had the Rev. Bailey Waltmire transferred out to the ultra-conservative community of Libertyville, Ill. to cool off.

But Bailey left his mark on a number of us. We had learned about Jesus, Kagawa, Gandhi, social action, the evils of prejudice, the power of non-violence, - and I was one of several who got acquainted with the World Peace Commission of the Methodist Church (Then located in Chicago.) through Bailey's efforts. There were 26 young people who were called into service from our church in WW II; 20 into military service and 6 of us into CPS as conscientious objectors.

The local draft board didn't try to challenge my beliefs because I was a member of "that church", and in February '42 I found myself on a "Pennsy" coach bound for Coshocton, Ohio (CPS #23). It didn't take long to locate about 5 more anxious C.O.s on that train, Murray Braden included. To think that 3 of my 4 years of CPS would be spent in the good company of Murray boggles the mind!

IV. C.P.S., HERE I COME

The work at Coshocton was all geared into a soil conservation project, experimenting with various techniques for the farming of hilly country to prevent soil erosion. Some of the college-educated CPS men were able to take over some of the more technical aspects of the experimentation, much to the satisfaction of the government men (who took all the credit) while the rest of us "peons" did the ditch digging, the tree planting, and other back bending jobs. I was assigned to a survey crew much of the time, and enjoyed the outdoor work. In the winter months, and on rainy days I worked in the drafting room, putting the survey data on paper.

The camp continued to grow until we had about 300 men in mid-'42. We were somewhat isolated, being 10 miles from town, but developed all sorts of activities to maintain our sanity. We set up a library, a co-op candy store, a recreation hall with a stage for various dramatic productions, a woodwork shop, a tennis court and a baseball diamond (affectionately referred to as "Fracture Field" because of the gopher holes). We organized an orchestra of about 12 musicians which gave concerts spasmodically, and we also had an excellent male chorus with Murray Braden as one of the tenors. Any number of study and discussion groups were organized to fill the evening hours, - and the Friends would occasionally have guest speakers visit the camp to keep our minds active. But all of this happy community life was to be short-lived.

A congressman of the Coshocton area who had earlier taken credit for providing all of this "cheap labor" began to get complaints from the locals about those 'yellowbellies' who were coming into town, attending their churches and ogling the local belles. This congressman did a quick switch and began to build a new reputation for being the man who rid the area of this yellow menace. In short, the camp was soon reduced to 50 men.

Much more could be written about the Coshocton experience (But not now, Roy!). I was just recovering from a furlough in Chicago, during which

I was dumped by a girlfriend whose parents didn't appreciate her association with a CO, when a bevy of beauties from Denison University paid CPS #23 a visit. Betty Putnam was one of the bevy. They were using a converted hearse for transportation to the camp, giving me that well-worn line, -"I met my future wife as she stepped out of a hearse". It took several visits between Denison U. and Coshocton to firm up a life-long commitment. Then came the additional test of a trial separation while I joined the Smokejumpers in '44.

V. SMOKEJUMPING

Early in '44 I knew I was getting into poor work habits and felt a great need for a change in my CPS experience. I volunteered for the Smokejumpers, and was crushed when they accepted Braden, but not me. I was just about to volunteer for the Malaria Experiment when word arrived that the Forest Service realized what a great mistake they had made, and that they would train one more crew to accomodate me (Lee Miller, George Leavitt, etc., eat your heart out!).

The first of my three firejumps is the most vivid in my memory. Braden and I were on stand-by at the loft in Missoula with about eight other jumpers. About 4 PM we thought it too late in the afternoon to be called for a fire, so we went across the street to a small shop where we treated ourselves each to a bottle of orange soda. Seeing a flurry of activity at the loft, we chug-a-lugged our pop and ran over to learn that we and six others were to head for the airport, suiting up in the truck on the way. Shortly we were all aboard a Tri-motor heading for western Idaho. Since the main fire we were called up for was in private Potlatch timber, the Forest Service men decided to check out several other fires in the area that were on F.S. property to be certain they were covered first. Two men were dropped on one of these fires, - but in all of the circling Braden became ill and up-chucked his orange soda. The thought that I had a bottle too began to prey on my mind, but I found a small air leak behind the pilots' cabin and did some deep breathing to keep my stomach in check.

The remaining six of us were jumped on the Potlatch fire (which was of fair size by now), two in each of three passes. Since it was very late in the afternoon no time was spent looking for a clearing; we were told to hit the timber up the ridge from the fire. As a measure of mercy we let Braden go first. I went out on the second pass and aimed for a nice big spruce, trying to hang my chute over the top. I overshot slightly and my chute started to roll up behind me as I tumbled down through the branches in the top 50' of the tree. Next I felt like I was falling down a 100' elevator shaft as the trunk of the tree flashed past me. I could see the log on the ground I expected to crash in upon when suddenly my chute unfurled enough to wrap around the trunk, and a snag of a branch ripped up through one gore. I found myself dangling with my toes touching the log. After a brief prayer of salvation, I shifted my weight onto one foot, unsnapped my harness and stepped down onto the log.

Phil Stanley had hung up in the top of one of those 150-footers and was literally at the end of his 80' rope a good distance from the ground. The rest of us (Minus Braden!) gathered under Stanley's tree to make plans. It was agreed that three fellows tackle the fire while I find the missing Braden and then use the climbers to get my rope up to

Stanley so he could get down. When I found Murray he was just coming to his senses, sitting on the ground in a daze. I found an impression in the duff where he had apparently landed from an estimated 40' fall out of the tree above him. He had unsnapped his harness and tried to signal the plane with his streamers before he passed out. His memory was a complete blank about the plane trip from Missoula, his jump into the timber, and he had a vague recollection that he knew someone who had the name, Geraldine. Fortunately, Murray hadn't broken any bones, but he did seem to have a minor concussion, - and, though groggy, did assist in putting out the fire.

Back to Phil in the tree. The tree trunk was too large for the safety belt so I had to jerry-rig a piece of rope to serve as I made the ascent to Phil with my rope. We were soon both back on the ground, and Phil took over as squad leader. - Checking in at the fire, we found things pretty well under control since Potlatch had sent some men in to help. Phil then dispatched me and one other jumper (Ed Vail, I believe.) to find an old Forest Service trail showing on our map so we could lead the group out in the morning. We got about a mile or two away from the fire and walked into a small clearing. There, what seemed to be at least 15' up a tree, we saw the fresh claw marks where a bear had marked off his territory. We did a quick U-turn and rejoined the group at the fire to find that the Potlatch men were treating us to a real dinner of canned ham and all the trimmings (No K rations tonight, boys!). - I remember laying out my sleeping bag in a game trail, and then lying awake most of the night wondering if elk were nocturnal wanderers.

My second fire was a small one near the Indian Post Office, somewhere west of the Powell Ranger station and north of where the Lewis and Clark Highway now runs through. Loren Zimmerman and I had the fire out in short order, then settled down to a soggy night as a rainstorm closed in on us.

On my third, and last, fire jump I was in the company of Ad Carlson. We jumped on a small fire just below the lookout tower on Wahoo Peak in the Bitterroots. A high school youth who had been the lookout through the summer had left the tower a week earlier to return to school, so Ad and I had to take care of this small lightning-set fire just about 300 yards from the tower. We radio-phoned in for follow-up orders when we had the fire out. We were instructed to remain at the tower and assist the packer in closing the place up for the winter. The packer didn't arrive until the next day so we had some time to kill. As we hiked down to the spring for some fresh water, Ad demonstrated his marksmanship by hitting a 'fool hen' in the head with a rock and we had fresh meat for dinner.

The next day, after the packer departed, we started the long hike out on a trail that headed toward Hamilton, Montana. It was the beginning of elk mating season and they were bugling all around us. I started imitating them and before long I was getting answers. Ad finally stopped dead in his tracks, turned and looked this 'greenhorn' right in the eye and asked, "Have you ever met a bull elk in mating season?" I got the message! - Later we heard voices coming up the trail, and began to guess how many were in the party. At least 3 or 4 we thought. Then around a bend came Art Cochran's father leading his string of mules and talking to each one of them as he rode up the trail.

After a brief stint of apple picking in the Bitterroot Valley with a dozen other jumpers I was soon on a train heading east, heading back to Coshocton for the winter.

And wasn't the '45 crew lucky that I didn't return to team up with Bob Searles? Betty and I decided that we would get married in June '45 when she finished her graduate work at Western Reserve University (I was now having to hitchhike up to Cleveland on my leaves and furloughs.). Marriage accomplished with very few glitches, and we even managed to eke out a short honeymoon on my new wife's salary. My \$2.50 a month didn't help much.

Selective Service turned me loose in January '46. After shipping my worldly goods (drums & record collection) to my home in Chicago, I went up to Cleveland to join my bride. Our plans were to settle in Chicago long enough for me to get a college degree while Betty worked to keep us solvent. We almost had our first quarrel when she insisted we hitchhike to Chicago to save money. I tried every way to dissuade her with dire tales of being stranded on the highway at night in the middle of nowhere, but to no avail. We were picked up in five minutes by a friendly truck driver who took us all the way to Chicago in one hop!

VI. SCHOOL, MORE SCHOOL, AND JOBS

Thanks to Betty's willingness to slug out a career with Family Service so we could eat and pay rent, - and a starter scholarship from the American Friends Service Committee, I was able to enroll in Roosevelt University in Feb. '46. It used to gall Betty that I could play my drums one or two evenings a week and earn as much as she would get for a full week of work as a social worker. After 2 & 1/2 years at Roosevelt I had a BA in Sociology/Drama, and we moved to Pittsburgh, Pa. so I could attend Pittsburgh U. to earn a masters degree in social work. Betty worked for Family Service of Pittsburgh until, in the middle of my 2nd year of grad. work, she decided to try out motherhood. Our first son, Bradford was born on Jan. 5th '51, so in that year I became a father, got my MSW degree, moved the family to Milwaukee, Wis., and got my first job as a professional. I was a group worker and assistant program director at Neighborhood House, a settlement house serving the inner city.

We had 8 pleasant years in Milwaukee, adding a second son, Larry to our family, buying our first home, and making some long lasting friendships. Then we moved to the Detroit area, settling in the suburbs north of the city where I worked for a few years in Community organizational efforts before returning to child welfare work as the resident director of Methodist Childrens Village, an institutional setting for emotionally disturbed children. - While in Detroit our boys had grown enough for Betty to feel comfortable in returning to work on a part time basis, again with a Family Service agency.

While in the Detroit area I decided to pick up on my growing interest in folk music (which started when we were in Pittsburgh), and took up the guitar. Before long I had made the acquaintance of several other folk singers, and we soon has a group known as the Barefooted Philharmonic performing at PTA meetings, Masonic Halls, and any other get-togethers where they wanted cheap entertainment. I have been told I play the guitar like it was a drum but, as those of you who have

attended the Smokejumper reunions know, I'm strong on beat and not on tone.

Living in residence was rather constraining to family life so, after five years at the Village, we packed up in '66 and moved to our present home in Granada Hills, California. I took on the task of developing a new program, known as the Maud Booth Family Center, for the Volunteers of America - Los Angeles Post. The program was aimed at providing services to low income one-parent families. We provided low cost housing, emotional & vocational counseling to the parents, and extended day child care so the children were adequately cared for while the parents were working or in job training. - Meanwhile, Betty once again went to work for a Family Service agency.

VII. NOW WHAT?

So we have been a part of the Southern California scene for a tad over 26 years now. Both boys have families of their own. Brad lives with his wife, Jayne in San Rafael, son Morgan who is almost 2 years old, and daughter Esther who is 2 weeks & 2 days old. Jayne is a commercial graphic-artist working for a big sign company, and Brad has his own shop, turning out most unusual functional furniture when he isn't doing various wood finishing projects for a variety of clients. - Larry and Sharon live a few miles from us here in the San Fernando Valley with their 5 1/2 year old daughter, Meagan. Sharon stays close to home as a banquet waitress, but Larry is on the road occasionally with a '50s-'60s rock band named LIL' ELMO AND THE COSMOS. Much of the time they are playing here in the So. Cal. area, but they play Las Vegas and Reno frequently and (Get this!) have been paid to do one-nighters in Boston, Paris, and Hong Kong. You may have seen Larry recently (at this writing) since he is in a TV commercial for the new multi-grain Cheerios. He is the blonde guy on the left (Your right.) of the foursome doing the harmonizing about the new cereal. These are 4 of the 7 LIL' ELMO crew.

Betty and I have been members of two gem & mineral clubs for about 18 years and do lots of rockhounding all over the Northwest. I retired in '84 and Betty retired in '85 giving us more time for trailering about. In '86 we accepted summer jobs at a private ranch camp in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and will be going back in '92 for our seventh year. We have attended the last two reunions by taking a leave of absence from the Teton Valley Ranch Camp to drive over to Seeley Lake, and will be doing the same this year ('92). The camp serves about 125 youngsters at a time, first a five-week boys session and then a five-week girls session. The age range is 10 through 17, but most are in the 11-15 group. - I run the lapidary program at the camp and understand it is about the best in the country since the administrators gave me lots of leeway in setting up a fully equipped shop. - Betty has developed a fine program of outreach to the campers who are having problems of adjusting to camp life. She assists in the orientation of the counselors, does most of the specialized counseling with the troubled campers, and keeps the administrators informed of special cases.

During the rest of the year we visit many gem & mineral clubs all over Southern California where I show slides and give talks on rockhounding in the Northwest. Currently I have six different programs to offer, and I may be working on developing a new one this summer. Betty and I

also take jewelry classes, looking for new ways to mount our rock goodies and learning new craft skills.

We are very active members of the Northridge United Methodist Church, a very large congregation which is just getting used to its new 600 capacity sanctuary. One of my activities was to organize an in-church folk group to give concerts to raise funds for the new building. We call ourselves the ROOF RAISERS, and our last skirmish was to provide the music for our Easter sunrise service. I also take credit for introducing our congregation to jazz services. It started 3 years ago and has become an annual event on the 1st Sunday in November with a traditional jazz band, the NIGHTBLOOMING JAZZMEN, doing the honors. This great crew has been performing at jazz festivals all over the country, and usually includes a gospel sing-along on Sunday mornings. I've been able to get Bob Searles to church one Sunday each year when he attends our jazz service. Heaven only knows what he does with the rest of his time.

VIII. WRAP-UP TIME

Betty and I both feel a sense of satisfaction in our combined years of social service, and hope that we "left our mark" in a positive way on the many lives we touched. It seemed to be very much in harmony with our Christian and pacifist beliefs. - And as the years rolled along I found it easier to talk openly about my CO experiences and my pacifist beliefs, in essence making a witness to a philosophy not readily accepted or understood by the majority of our society. Having been a Smokejumper makes it easier to lead into a conversation about CPS contributions to society than talking about surveying watersheds on a soil conservation project. - I remember once, having to hold my own beliefs in check as I counseled a young gang member to go into military service to escape from a rejecting father who had him on the verge of joining up with another gang who were out committing robberies each night. It wasn't easy, but there wasn't much else he could do. - I also remember letting it be known when I was hired by the Volunteers of America (An American offshoot of the Salvation Army.) that they were getting my professional skills without my becoming an officer in the organization because, as a pacifist, I did not want a military title. In fact, years later, I told the top General that I thought it hypocritical that an organization that considered itself to be based in Christianity still used a pseudo-military structure for its organization. It was about two years later that they dropped the military titles and uniforms.

In closing I would report that Betty and I have spent a good bit of time with Lee and Mary Miller since the first Smokejumpers' reunion, and have great respect for the amount of time and effort they put into making a witness for peace. We also see Bob Searles several times a year (about all we can take!) and enjoy another great friendship out of our Smokejumper contacts.

John E. Garber
My life Story

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4-4-2006
MVC-45

(As told to Roy Wenger on August 7, 1993)

I was born on a farm near Alpha, Minnesota, on November 14, 1923. After five years, we all -- father, mother and four boys -- moved to Filer, Idaho, where our family farmed for five years. When I was 13 we all moved again, this time to Molala, Oregon. There my father worked in a sawmill and I worked with him.

My father was also a teacher at times and we moved to Woodburn, Oregon, not far from Hubbard, where I attended high school for two years. Also, I worked in a store and at logging activities at Sweet Home. On July 14, 1944, I was drafted; I was now 20, chose CPS and was sent to Camp 55 at Belton, Montana, now called West Glacier.

The chance came to volunteer for the smokejumpers, I was selected, and in May 1945 took the training at Ninemile after which I was assigned to the squad at McCall, Idaho. I remained at McCall until the CPS smokejumpers were discharged in late 1945. However, I continued in CPS returning to Camp Belton until 1946.

During the spring of 1946, I helped remove the snow from Sun Road along with Howard King, former smokejumper, when our government foreman, Loris Causoneau was almost swept away by an avalanche of falling snow.

Looking back on my smokejumper experiences at McCall, I would say they were real good -- a positive experience. Dale Fickel was squad leader and among the CPS men were Dave Smucker, Carol Yoder, David Beals, Bob Stutzman, Elon Eash, Al Rodman, Cookie Eberly, Harvey Weirich and Denny Miller. I had six jumps on fires during the summer.

My discharge came on August 7, 1946. A month later I married Vera Lase and started working in a tile factory in Hubbard, Oregon. I ran a tiling machine for several years, farmed some and sheared sheep. Then I became a meat cutter in a slaughter house until the business was moved. Now I went into sheep shearing in earnest, sometimes shearing as many as 150 sheep in one day. By 1960, I had

about seven years of shearing sheep.

For the next 20 years I did building contractor work, much of this time working on my own. In fact, I still work in the field of building contracting, and have a small dozer doing excavations.

In looking back over my CPS experiences I can say it was a wonderful way to get acquainted with many people with a wide variety of ideas and to be challenged with contrasting outlooks on life. There was time and opportunity to discuss all these points of view without any penalty, and one could make up his own mind.

There was also the chance to learn the whole world of the US Forest Service and the US Park Service, their various problems and their differing points of view.

I just took a trip to the North Fork country of Glacier National Park and saw the devastation caused by the severe 1988 fires --- the same fire season that caused so much damage in Yellowstone. It seems to be the Park policy to "let everything lay". Wouldn't it be better to "clean the Park up", salvage many of the burnt snags and make the Park more useful to everybody?

I am a member of the Zion Mennonite church of Hubbard. If you want to know more about the church, read the book just published in 1993 by Margaret Shetler **God at Work in Our Midst: A History of the Zion Mennonite Church, 1893-1993.** (Old Springfield Shoppe, Elverson, Pa. 19520-0171. 264 pp.)

I was ordained as a deacon in the church on May 28, 1961. The activities of this office have varied over the years and have included filling in for the minister. Some time ago, in 1974, my son David and I spent two months in Honduras working with Mennonite Disaster Service.

Much of my life centers around my wife, Vera, here with me, and our eight children, four boys and four girls. We now have 24 grandchildren and arrange to spend some time with each of them. It's a wonderful life!

CHALMER C. GILLIN JOHNSTOWN, PA.

I was born Jan. 25, 1925, in my parents' home near the small town of Mineral Point, Pa.

I was the ninth child in a family of 10 children. My father was a coal miner during his earlier years, and, at the time of my birth, was a rural route mail carrier. During the 1920s and 1930s he carried the mail by horse and buggy, and in the winter by horse and sleigh. My mother was one of the best homemakers and cooks in the community. My father was 96 years old when he died in 1971, and my mother died at the age of 84 in in 1967.

The first eight years of my education were spent in a four-room public schoolhouse. I walked about a mile to the school and back home again. I then attended four years at East Conemaugh (Pa.) High School. (The building has since been demolished, and area schools have merged.) Conemaugh was five miles away, and students had to provide their own transportation. We either hitchhiked, paid for public transportation, or asked our parents to drive us to and from school.

I didn't excel in any subject, but was an average student in all of them. I was very interested in all athletic activities, and played, football, basketball, and participated on a gymnastics tumbling team. I enjoyed music, but couldn't carry a tune in a bucket.

My first job at age 16 was working at a warehouse for a Johnstown, Pa., department store known as Glosser Brothers, which has since developed into Gee Bee Stores, a 20-store discount chain.

Then I went to work for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad freight station. In 1944, I was drafted into CPS.

I previously had been an active member of the Conemaugh Church of the Brethren, where I still attend today and serve as a deacon and trustee. I spent many summers at Camp Harmony, the Western Pennsylvania District of the Church of the Brethren camp in Hooversville, Pa. A few of those years I served as a counselor and a lifeguard.

One of my most memorable vacations as a youth was spent at Washington, D.C., where my father attended a mail carriers convention. I took a boat ride down the Potomac and received an autographed baseball from Walter Johnson, a great, great pitcher for the Washington Senators. I was between 12 and 14 years old at the time.

In 1944, after knowing I could not take part in the taking of life in the Armed Forces, and after many court hearings from the draft board, I was drafted and sent to Camp Kane, Pa., in March. I remember Camp Kane as being a very cold place. We cut timber for two months before I was sent to the west coast with about 50 other men. Cascade Lakes, Ore., was my destination; others were being sent to Walport, Ore.

I remember my first impression of CPS as wondering, where did all these guys come from? I expected all conscientious objectors to be religious objectors, but, to my surprise, many were not.

After my stays ^{at} Cascade Locks and many other side camps, I volunteered for the atypical pneumonia experiment at Pinehurst, N.C. We "guinea pigs" were isolated in a hotel room for three months under the care and observation of Army doctors and nurses.

From there, I was sent to Bedford, Va., where a few of us signed up to serve as Smokejumpers. This was the most interesting and satisfying venture among my CPS experiences.

At the Nine-Mile Camp at Missoula, Mont., the initial training was tough, but good for the conditioning needed for the summer firefighting and rigorous activities. My summer assignment was to Cave Junction, Ore., at the southern tip of the state. I was one of about 18 or 20 greenhorns. Our Forest Services superintendent was Ken Heinzelman and ~~of~~ Nordyne pilot was Larry Kohlar. The Forest Service staff included two good women who did our cooking, and we ate like kings. At the end of 1945, we were a close-knit group of comrades.

After my service with the Smokejumpers, I was sent to New Windsor, Md., to work at the Brethren Relief Center there. I drove truckload after truckload of baled clothing and relief goods to the Baltimore shipyards to be sent to the war-torn countries of Europe. After about three months on this project, I signed up to be a cattleboat attendant. In order to perform this service, we had to join the U.S. Coast Guard. I made two trips to Poland with cows and mules given to the farmers of that area.

Upon being discharged from CPS, I returned to Johnstown, only to be turned down from returning to my former job with Baltimore and Ohio Railroad because of my CO status. My previous employer, Glosser Brothers, then hired me as a delivery truck driver. About 15 years later, I was made shipping department manager for the store. I retired from the company in 1987 after 44 years of service. During many of my years of employment, I was a member of the Teamsters union.

In 1947, I married the former Margaret Ruth ("Peggy") Hohan. We have three living children— Carol, William and Mona. We lost two children to spina bifida. Carol is married to James Olivieri of Roaring Spring, Pa., and has four beautiful daughters— Michelle (married to Matthew Hepner of Armagh, Pa.), Diane, Jennifer and Staci. Jim is employed as a dispatcher by the Pennsylvania Electric Company, Johnstown. Bill (Assistant Director of Development and Public Affairs at the University of Pittsburgh at Johnstown) and Mona (employed by Bestform Foundations, Inc., of Johnstown) both are single.

Retirement has been one of the hardest adjustments I have ever had to make. After being retired five years, I find the days going faster and faster. I spend many of my days serving as a groundskeeper for the church and for Headricks Cemetery.

I hope I have helped many people over my 67 years, both to find salvation in a living God, and to build a better future for all of mankind. I have come from the "Tin Lizzie" age to the space age, and I am prepared to meet *my Lord* in eternity when He calls.

— Chalmer C. Gillin
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Louis Goossen

I was born April 19, 1919 in Beatrice, Nebraska. I grew up on a farm near Beatrice and attended a one room school for eight years. Times were tough on the farm. My parents sold out when I was 13 years old and moved to Beatrice. In 1936, I graduated from High School. Times were tough in our family.

I took my first job with Postal Telegraph peddling messages. This job paid \$27.00 per month. I had to furnish the bicycle and my uniforms were furnished. I took my second job with a New Rural power district for \$60.00 per month. We put in considerable overtime during storms, but that was expected with no added reimbursement. I had the opportunity to take a job with the Iowa-Nebraska Light & Power for \$100.00 per month with overtime paid for and meals payed for when out of Beatrice. This I appreciated and especially when I was transferred from the line crew to city service man. I spent evenings studying and spent time at the dispatching office obtaining help and information from an electrical engineer on duty.

Along came the draft. I applied for a 4-E classification which was denied and I appealed. The F.B.I. developed a large file investigating most of it at the work place. I felt my superiors at the power company were very fair with me. After a hearing I was granted the 4-E

classification, Walter Dyck , pastor of our church, was an extremely capable helper during this time.

In May, 1942, I was inducted into C.P.S. camp 31 in Comino, California. I enjoyed the acquaintance of many new fellows. We had the opportunity to grow and learn much from each other. I recall when the Missoula project was introduced. "That's not for me." In the next few days my feelings made a turn around. "Yes, maybe that is for me. The meals will be furnished by the Forest Service, and I am not in C.P.S. for a sheltered position." In visiting with my good friends Dale Yoder and Edgar Nafziger, we all had the same feelings.

The three of us were excepted and that was the beginning of 2 years and 9 months of good experiences. During my C.P.S. time, with the exception of the last two weeks, I was always looking forward to going back to the power company. They seemed to be willing to make an opening for me. The last weeks, an inner voice seemed to be saying, "Why don't you try going into the electrical wiring business for yourself." The First Mennonite Church had put away a small nest egg for those of us in C.P.S. This I could use for a little cash beginning. I took the challenge. Having lost my father in 1944, my mother had an old Terraplane car that I could use. I put a step ladder on the bumper and a few tools and supplies in the trunk and the back seat. After operating for a time, I turned in my name for a new Chevy pickup. At that time, you had to wait for your turn. The time came and they called. "We have an orange pickup for you." Orange!!

Who can live with an orange pickup? Repainting would cost \$65.00 and a customer told me Orange was the best advertising color. So we decided to live with an orange service truck. At the request of some of my dairy customers, I had asked for a Surge Dealership in my area. One day the Surge representative drove up and said you can have the dealership for one county. One of the requirements is that you have to use an orange truck and we see you have that. Coincidental?? You answer that. I was thankful.

At this time, I want to insert something about our family. In 1950, with my employees, we built a modest new home. In 1951, Martha and I were married. We have three children. Mary, in Pittsburg Texas with two children. Her husband is a medical doctor. Patti, in Goshen, Indiana is single and an interior decorator and sales person for a home developer. Marvin is married and working with us.

The Surge Dairy Business was very good to us. When Martha and I were married we had a few shelves of supplies in our utility room. We promoted the dairy farm industry in southeast Nebraska by planning and building facilities that were profitable for the dairy farms. I have always enjoyed planning and building.

As building is somewhat seasonal, with good employees we wanted something for them to do in the winter. In the beginning we rented a building from the fairgrounds so we could do a little manufacturing. This was not too satisfactory so we built our first factory building of 10,000 sq. ft. and a few years later added a second.

At this point, it became evident to me that I should focus my attention in one or two areas, but that dairy equipment, construction, and manufacturing was too divided. I approached three top employees in the dairy equipment business if they would like to take over that business. They agreed they would like to do that. We had a retirement profit sharing plan since 1973 and they had some funds in there with which to begin their business. They rented our retail store and warehouse from us and have been successful over the last six years.

Four years ago, we were becoming overcrowded in our two manufacturing buildings so we purchased a tract of ground at the industrial park and put up a building for assembling of equipment, warehousing, and shipping. The products we manufacture and market are: 1) A bale chopper in 9 different models, used mostly for mulching in the landscaping industry and agricultural industry. 2) A chipper and shredder, as land fills do not want to receive limbs and leaves. Ours is a small industrial type model. 3) Vac & Load equipment which attaches to large mowers. 4) A Super Rake that power rakes large grassy areas and is used by municipalities, parks, and golf courses. 5) Dairy Parallel Milking Stalls and the Goossen Moo-ver crowd gate.

I am extremely grateful for the many fine employees and the good leadership in all areas. Martha and I have both enjoyed good health. Martha is a little more faithful in her walking (over four miles per day). I like to get my two miles in early in the morning before I go to work.

Yes, by this time I was 65, I still had things not finished, so I am still putting in my time. I enjoy planning with customers for their construction needs and in the factory developing new machines and new products. As long as I can come up with ideas and someone else does the work, I get along fine.

In the winter of 1990, we spent about three weeks in Australia & New Zealand. We walked the Milford Trek, 33 1/2 miles of beautiful, but rugged terrain. The walk took three days. It taxed this body to the limit. I lost 10 lbs but enjoyed it. Bill and Margaret Friesen from North Newton, Kansas joined us for the walk.

I wish to thank all of you for the work and effort for planning and having these reunions. The load usually falls on the local people.

In closing, I wish to say that our Christian faith has been a tremendous asset in our lives. We have much to be thankful for.

Albert L. Gray, Jr.
28 Third Avenue
Berea, Ohio 44017

My thanks to Roy Wenger for prodding me to look back to my smoke jumper experiences, and to note the events before and after that have shaped my life journey. But in no way is this to be a pre-written obituary, for I believe that wonderful experiences lie ahead and that tomorrow will offer new opportunities for growth.

The decision to enter CPS as a conscientious objector did not come suddenly. My pacifist philosophy incubated very early in my life. Both my parents (and grandparents) were active members of The Methodist Church in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania. They read the Bible and filled their lives with prayer. We were taught to avoid violence and encouraged to seek a life of service. Neither my father nor his father had been in the military service. The family picture albums never showed any relatives in uniforms. There were no medals and no guns in my home.

I was active in the Epworth League of young people of the Methodist Church. At that time, in the 1930s, the great preachers and theologians were pacifists. I read their books and heard them preach: Ralph Sockman, Henry H. Crane, Ernest Freemont Tittle, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Kirby Page. War was sin.

Thus on October 16, 1940 my brother Paul and I both registered as conscientious objectors. We were refused a IV-E classification because we were "only Methodists" and not Philadelphia Quakers. With support of my father and our pastor, the appeal officer recognized our sincerity and our obstinancy and gave us C.O. status.

On December 15, 1942 I left my position as an Instrutor of Duexel University, and with my brother, we reported to Powellsville, Maryland, CPS camp 52. The project was to drain a swamp and to straighten out or channelize the flow of the river. Such a project would not be environmentally acceptable today, but was then considered "work of national importance." I cut brush, burned slash, removed trees and drove a tractor. After a few months of this I became the bookkeeper for the camp.

In June of 1943 I was asked to come to Chicago to keep the financial records for all the Methodist men in CPS camps. This work was under the Commission on World Peace and Dr. Charles Boss' leadership. I lived at the YMCA with a Brethren unit of "guinea pigs" on a pellagra producing diet. I greatly admired these men and felt uncomfortable with the easy life I was living. After 21 months on detached service I was accepted into the Smokejumper Unit.

At Missoula, Montana I made five jumps and then with 11 other men we were sent to the side camp at Cave Junction, Oregon. There I made 8 more jumps in the Siskiyou National Forest. On August 6, 1945, while fighting a fire on Horse Mountain, the word came over the radio that an atom bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima. As the only professor in the crew, I was asked to explain what was an atom bomb. As an economist I could tell them nothing, but we all knew that a terrible weapon that killed over 100,000 people had changed the course of history.

Later, in 1945, after a brief stay in China Flats, Oregon, I went to Gulfport, Mississippi to the Mennonite Camp #141 to work in the hookworm control project. I became an instant expert at installing pre-fabricated, all-white, sanitary privies. At long last, in May 1946, I was free again.

The most durable and significant relationship that came out of my CPS experience was with Louise North. After she graduated from Wellesley College she went to New Orleans as a social worker in the French Quarter at a Settlement House run by the Methodist Church. Gulfport was only 100 miles away so I wrote the director of the center and asked if I could sleep in the gym during Mardi Gras. The next day I met Louise and together we participated in the big parade - she dressed as a gypsy and I as a clown (No comments please).

After my discharge in May 1946, I returned to Drexel to teach and Louise went to Union Theological Seminary in New York for her master's degree in religious education. We were married in her church in Summit, N.J. in June 1947 with her father as one of the ministers and Dr. Charles Boss as the other one. Three wonderful children and six fine grandchildren have resulted from that fortuitous meeting at a CPS camp far from either of our homes. Her own pacifist views along with many other values have continued to strengthen me. Together we have been able to witness the pacifist convictions of each of our children. One son was a non-registrant in the Viet Nam War era.

Even before I was drafted I had completed an undergraduate degree from Drexel University and had my M.B.A. from Boston University. With this as background I returned to Drexel to teach economics and statistics. I immediately started course work for my Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. This was a time of stress for me and sacrifice by Louise. I had a full time teaching job, was taking two or three courses at Penn and was the father of two and sometimes a husband.

Life in the center of Philadelphia and teaching at a secular urban university no longer appealed to us. In September 1951 we moved to Elizabethtown College. The college had only 350 students, but it was related to the Church of the Brethren and we wanted this environment for our family. We even bought an old farmhouse on the edge of Elizabethtown with room for a garden, chickens, rabbits, and a dog. Our third child, Stephen was born, nearby, in Lancaster. During this period I completed my Ph.D. dissertation on "Trends and Cycles in the Financial Contributions to Ten Protestant Denomination from 1900-1954." It was later published by the National Council of Churches.

We joined the Church of the Brethren in 1952 and have been active members ever since. Louise has been director of Christian Education at two Brethren churches. I have held offices in the local church, the district, and the Annual Conference.

By 1960 we were ready to move again. This time, it was to Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio. This is a Methodist, liberal arts, co-ed college with about 2,500 students. I have been Professor of Economics now for thirty years. Retirement was mandatory at the age of 70 in 1987, but I have continued to teach at least one term each year.

Two areas of academic interest have stimulated my studies and publications. The first, arising out of my pacifist convictions, has been the economic consequences of military spending. As long ago as 1959 I published an article on the consequences of reduced military spending after World War II and after the Korean War. Later a British University published my analysis of the effect of cut backs after the Viet Nam War. I still keep up to date on this topic and am a charter member of Economists Against the Arms Race.

The other area of academic interest has been the exciting but perplexing problems of economic development in third world countries. In 1965 I had a Fulbright Scholarship to study in Egypt. I returned, with my family in 1969 to teach for a year at the American University in Cairo. Then in 1975-76 I was appointed as Visiting Professor of Economics at Ahmadu Bello University in Zaria, Nigeria. This experience on the edge of the Sahara Desert gave me new insights into the difficult problems facing African development.

Northern Nigeria has been a mission field for the Church of the Brethren. We were able to visit some of the churches there as well as the hospitals and the leprosarium.

Our third African experience was from 1982 to 1984. This time we were volunteers with the Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions. They asked us to go to Somalia in East Africa to teach at the National University in Mogadishu. Louise taught English as a second language, and I taught economics and statistics. Our lives were greatly enriched by the fellowship of so many caring Mennonites serving in Somalia, and by a host of Somali friends. We are still in close contact with many of them even as they endure terrible hardships in a very poor country under a harsh military dictator. In 1989 the University of California in Los Angeles published in one of their African journals an article I wrote on "The Somali Economy in the 1980s."

After each of these over-seas opportunities we returned to Baldwin-Wallace to share our information with students and friends. Since my formal retirement, we have volunteered to teach at two all black colleges in the South: Philander Smith College in Little Rock, Arkansas in the fall of 1988, and Rust College in Mississippi in the fall of 1990.

To retire means to go to sleep, to retreat, to withdraw. This is not for me. There are books to be read, articles to write, interests to be pursued, places to travel, new friends to meet. Forty-five years after my last parachute jump and fifty years after my first college teaching, life is still exciting. We rejoice in God's goodness to us and in Christ's peaceful example of the abundant life.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

Jonas D. Hershberger
12080 Taylor Road
Plain City, Ohio 43064-9732

Born April 8, 1926 at Farmerstown, Ohio to Daniel and Katie Ann Hershberger. Home address RR Sugarcreek, Ohio. I have five brothers and one sister. Raised on a small farm in the Amish Country of Ohio. We were raised in the Amish Faith to adulthood, at which time some of us joined other churches.

I attended grade school through 8th. We attended a one-room school in the country. Most of us walked to school year-round, except in rain when Dad would get us in the buggy. It was about one mile each way. My first job was as a farm hand on a small dairy farm. After that I worked in the blacksmith shop with Dad for three years, until I was drafted.

I was drafted at 18 in World War II in October 1944. The decision to go to the CPS was largely due to the teaching of my parents and also because three of my brothers were already serving in CPS. I started my Service at Powellsville, Maryland in November, 1944.

I heard about the Smoke Jumpers in camp and a couple of us talked about the excitement and decided to sign up. I had to get Dad's consent to go. After arriving in Montana and seeing the vastness of the area and the mountains, I felt honored to be a part of this group to help preserve this great wilderness. After CPS 103 closed to CPS I went to Indiana for the winter, then back out to Glazer Park, Beldon, for the next summer, where I was separated from Service, 1946.

I went back to Ohio and tried to live a good Amish life for a while, but soon I left and bought a car and didn't go to any church. I worked at different jobs for a couple of years, then took a job as a heavy equipment operator. I worked at it for about two years, when I was drafted into the Armed Services in 1950. I took my training in Kentucky and Texas, after which I shipped out to Korea.

After returning to civilian life in 1952 I went back to equipment operating. I was still single then, but had joined the Mennonite Church at Walnut Creek. About 1954 I met Mary Ellen Raulerson of Virginia and we started dating. We married on June 3, 1956. I formed our own land-clearing company, and in 1958 we moved to Plain City, Ohio. The first of our two children, Valerie Ann, was born March 23, 1959, and our second daughter, Shelly Jo, was born February 4th, 1963. In 1972 we bought a 25-acre tract of land for a home site at 12080 Taylor Road in Union County, Ohio and built our house in 1976. We kept the bulldozing company until 1981, when we sold to Shepherd Excavating Inc. and I went to work for his company as an Operator.

I retired from Shepherd Excavating Inc. in April of 1991, although I am currently back to work for him again in another of his companies, Buckeye Valley Topsoil Inc. part time.

About the Life of Ivan E. Holdeman, CPS Smokejumper Who Died July 2, 1992.

First is a letter written by his wife, Anna. Second is part of an autobiography including some pictures. Third is a tribute by his daughter, Liz.

2550 Parfet St.
Lakewood, CO 80215
July 12, 1992

Dear Friends of CPS Smokejumpers:

This is the saddest period of my life as I'm announcing the death of my dear husband, Ivan. He passed away on July 2nd; was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer metastastacized to the liver on May 21st, and in six weeks he succumbed to this cruel affliction. It all happened so quickly, so unexpectedly; such a shock!

Our daughter and husband arrived from their MCC assignment in Vietnam a week after Ivan's hospitalization and it is a great comfort to be surrounded by all our children and supportive friends. Ivan's memorial service was a healing experience; the tributes were abundant! We are grateful that Roy Wenger asked the members to write their life stories for the smokejumper records so this way we have the copies to treasure.

Ivan was hoping he could make it to the 1992 reunion to the last minute but his end came very rapidly.

We cherish the precious times he gave to us as father and husband. Best wishes to all of you as you celebrate the reunion.

Anna Holderman

Ivan Edward Holdeman was born February 14, 1923 on a farm one mile east of Hesston, Kansas. He was the sixth of seven children born to Ezra K. Holdeman and Anna Jantz Holdeman. During his childhood his family moved to several locations eventually settling in Greensberg, Kansas, 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 minorities whatever their background might be." Ivan deviated from Mennonite norms by persuading his mother to give permission for him to play football. In 1941 he graduated from high school and joined the wheat harvest from Kansas to North Dakota. This was the first of many trips away from home on his own. He graduated from Hesston College in 1943.

World War II confronted Ivan 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; 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 cause I would give my life for . . . My family and church values in my case won the day, and I opted to follow my religious convictions rather than patriotic feelings. This inner conflict has been a part of my life's experience to this day. I expect this will always be so."

In 1945, Ivan was drafted and served in several CPS camps and served as a Smokejumper in Missoula, Montana. "I did not want to jump out of an airplane . . . [but] I needed to demonstrate to myself that I had not taken my alternative service position to escape danger." During the summer of 1945, Ivan made 15 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."

Ivan majored in Natural Science with minors in Education and History at Goshen College. He graduated in 1949 and taught his first year in Limon, Colorado. Disenchanted with low pay and overwhelming working conditions, he decided to give up teaching and in 1951 he joined a new MCC program in Germany called PAX. Five months later, MCC asked that Ivan direct the new PAX unit in Northern Greece where he did agricultural rehabilitation enabling peasant farmers to re-establish themselves after seven years of German occupation and civil war. It is at this time that Ivan met Anna Theocharides. They later married on April 26, 1954 at Anatolia College where Ivan taught after PAX.

In 1955, Ivan returned to Denver with Anna, and their first child, Elizabeth, was born ten days after their arrival. In 1958, Bruce was born, and eighteen

months later, Cynthia was born. "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."

In 1964, Ivan received a Master's Degree in History from the University of Colorado and resumed his teaching career. It was at this time that Ivan had a conversion experience: he switched from the Republican to the Democratic Party. In 1965, he received a Fulbright Exchange appointment to Turkey where he taught and with his family traveled extensively throughout Europe and the Middle East. Upon his return to Denver, Ivan taught World History at Arvada West High School for sixteen years until his retirement in 1983. During this time he built the family house which was completed in 1972.

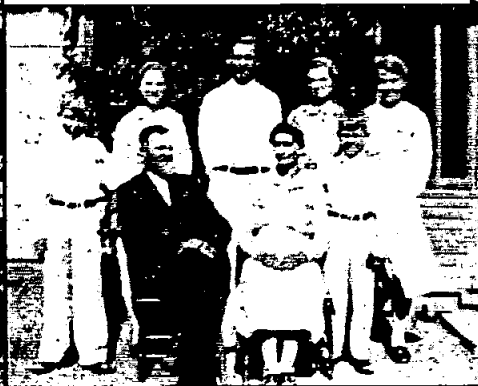
"My retirement has been a hard-working but pleasant experience. I have been able to complete one of my dreams and that was to build a house in the mountains. This task is now complete and we now use it for family retreats. It is a place where we can go for respite from the busy pace of the city. It is at an altitude of 9200 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 . . ." A second life-long dream of Ivan's was achieved one year ago when Anna and Ivan traveled in a caravan of friends overland to Alaska.

"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."

Ivan passed away on July 2, 1992, surrounded by his family and in the home that he had built. He is survived by his wife, Anna, their three children, Elizabeth, Bruce, and Cynthia, and his six siblings, Vesta, Clea, Alma, Menno, Marge, and Paul.

"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."

—Quotations taken from Ivan's autobiography written for
CPS Smokejumpers: Life Stories, 1990.





SERVICE OF CELEBRATION FOR IVAN E. HOLDEMAN

July 9, 1992

<i>Prelude</i>	<i>Selection of Organ Music</i>	<i>Lois Hjelmstad</i>
<i>Candle-lighting</i>		<i>Anna Holdeman</i>
<i>Welcome</i>		<i>David Stevens</i>
<i>Congregational Hymn # 175</i>	<i>Lift Your Glad Voices (Leader: Russ Gregory)</i>	<i>Henry Ware</i>
<i>Eulogy</i>	<i>Including quotations from Ivan's autobiography written for <u>CPS Smokejumpers: Life Stories</u>, 1990</i>	<i>Donice & John Manos</i>
<i>Choir Anthem</i>	<i>..... Amen</i> <i>(Solo: Larry Stoltzfus)</i>	<i>Arr. Jester Hairston</i>
<i>Story</i>	<i>Ivan and Hong Anh's Mother</i>	<i>Dan Wessner</i>
<i>Scripture Readings</i>	<i>Micah 6:6-8 Matthew 5:1-16 Revelation 21:22-22:2</i>	<i>Elizabeth Holdeman & Dan Wessner</i>
<i>Sermon</i>	<i>To Do Justice and Love Kindness</i>	<i>Ann Showalter</i>
<i>Organ Meditation</i>	<i>Sinfonia by Bach</i>	<i>Lois Hjelmstad</i>
<i>Congregational Sharing</i>	<i>1. Elizabeth, Bruce, and Cynthia 2. Congregational Comments and Anecdotes (There will be additional time for sharing in Fellowship Hall after the service)</i>	<i>Paul Holdeman</i>
<i>Piano Solo</i>	<i>Ivan (Slide Presentation: Cynthia Holdeman)</i>	<i>Composer: Ed Pentecost</i>
<i>Poems</i>	<i>Death Came Too Soon ("To Ivan") Goodbye</i>	<i>Lois Hjelmstad</i>
<i>Congregational Hymn #606</i>	<i>Praise God From Whom</i>	<i>Thomas Ken</i>
<i>Prayer</i>		<i>David Stevens</i>
<i>Choir Anthem</i>	<i>Irish Blessing</i>	<i>Denes Agay</i>
<i>Organ Postlude</i>	<i>Allegro Maestoso by Handel</i>	<i>Lois Hjelmstad</i>

* * *

Fellowship *You are invited to the Fellowship Hall for
food, drink, and further sharing of memories.*

* * *

In Memoriam *Gifts in memory of Ivan E. Holdeman
are gratefully received by MCC, 21 South 12th Street,
Akron, Pennsylvania 17501, Attention: Pat Martin*

Liz's Story

It was around midnight in August of 1955 that my parents rushed to the hospital. My father drowsily coaxed me from my mother's womb by telling her to "relax like a wet gunny sack." My mother, having just arrived from Greece, wondered what a "gunny sack" was. I don't know if she did relax or whether her relaxation resembled a wet gunny sack, but I was born into the romantic story of Ivan and Anna--the story that Bruce, Cynthia, and I have heard told many times with fondness.

There were many stories told to us by our parents--the golden coin in the latrine, the shepherd dogs, the evacuation of the Jews from Thessaloniki during the German occupation, Ivan's time in a Greek jail, a childhood in Kansas. In particular I remember lying at bedtime sleepless in Norway where in the summer the sun never sets, my father's voice telling us one story after another. "Tell me again about Vesta's hairless cow or how you and Paul popped the heads off grasshoppers." Some of these stories Cynthia, Bruce, and I could mouth the words, we had heard them so many times.

Turkey was a country rich in layers of ancient civilizations. Each weekend we'd get our VW microbus ready for camping and would go to visit these antiquities. Mom and Dad would sit us on a step or fallen column and tell us what happened in this place that we were visiting. Mom would read from the Blue Book and Dad would help us visualize the armies or the market place or the temple.

And then we'd explore. Rarely did we visit the same place twice and never could we return home by the same road we went by. Ivan would wonder where this road went or would guess that this road was a short-cut to that place. It was on one of these short-cuts that we found the road getting narrower and the Volkswagen having to struggle over rocks and out of holes. We were high in the mountains of Turkey. Snow began to fall and we were running out of gas. We finally came to a village where a family welcomed us in and gave us gas. We were invited to spend the night there in our VW. The family took us into their house for tea, the entire room covered in carpets and pillows, a fire burning in the middle, and a large Turkish family sitting with us. We went to sleep in our camper and at night when I woke and looked out I found that we were surrounded by sheep. My father believed in the goodwill of all people and this love of people and desire to explore would lead us into a rich life of encounters with other cultures. I thank Ivan and Anna for this treasure in our lives.

When my parents visited me in China, it was such a delight to travel with Dad at that time. You see, he was a history teacher and he taught a course on modern China. As we'd travel by train he loved looking out the window at China's vastness. When we visited places off the beaten tourist track and our translator would relay what the guides would say, my father would remember and he'd elaborate and then we'd look for the secret passages from which one Chinese noble would betray another.

Ah yes, my father was a teacher. He felt his highest compliment was when a student's parent said, "we don't agree with your politics, but we appreciate that what you say in your history class stimulates the conversation around our dinner table."

My father was a compassionate man. He love people. He loved being surrounded by people. Cynthia, Bruce, and I were resigned to the fact that we would always be the last to leave church. As long as there was someone there to talk to, we'd still be there. We used to tease Dad that retirement from teaching would be hard because he'd lose his captive audiences. My father would certainly love being here with all of you right now.

He cared deeply for all people. The only ones he didn't care for were certain politicians. His politics were rooted in his compassion. He believed in the "we" and "ours" and not in the "me" and "mine". He treasured that aspect of the values handed down to him through his family and the Mennonite Church.

Once we were walking to our hotel from the Glenwood Springs Pool. We had spent most of our time that day on the waterslide. My Dad told a group of us as we were walking, "I've got a name for that: 'Reckless Abandon.'" Sometimes I would describe my father's optimism as that reckless abandon. He would plunge himself and the family in and somehow we'd all come out having accomplished something and thankful for having taken the risk.

It has been a privilege to be Ivan's daughter.

MY LIFE STORY

Marshall Jensen
229 Cartwright Way
Hamilton, Montana 59840

I was born September 5, 1924 in a hospital in Marshalltown, Iowa, then taken to the family farm in Union, Iowa. We moved shortly to Rockford, Illinois where we lived a couple of years in town. We then moved during a heavy rainstorm to Oskaloosa, Iowa where we lived from 1927 until 1941.

Oskaloosa was a town of 12,000 population, sixty miles southeast of Des Moines. It was a pleasant, hilly area with lots of creeks and rivers.

We were a poor family of eight, but everyone was in the same boat during the 30's. We subsisted on whatever was available and made it through on love, hope and help from others.

I delivered newspapers for nine years and took all the odd jobs I could find. When I was 12, I worked for a contractor during the summer months for \$1 per week helping build houses. When I was 16 I went to La Puente, California to work for my uncle on his citrus ranch. While I was there my family moved to Eau Claire, Wisconsin where my father obtained work as an optometrist. I joined them in the fall and finished my senior year of high school there.

The next summer, 1942, I went to Wichita, Kansas and worked at the Commodore Hotel as a bellhop. In the fall I enrolled at the State Teachers College in Eau Claire. I worked as a salesman at J.C. Penneys, chauffeured a blind elderly woman and carried a late evening paper route. I usually studied until 2:00 a.m.

Wisconsin is a beautiful place to live. We went skiing, ice skating and fishing whenever we could. There were seven ski jumps and one slalom course, plus Half Moon Lake for ice hockey. The E.C. River was full of pike and sturgeon and the lakes were full of bluegill and crappie. Some lakes had tiger muskellunge. My boss caught a tiger muskie that weighed 56 pounds.

When I was 17 we attended F.O.R. meetings which were held in various Northern Wisconsin towns. Several ministers were present and I learned what was going on in politics and churches around the country as concerned the war effort. While in Eau Claire I saw the Duke and Duchess of Windsor who came through on the train. Wendell Wilkie gave a speech at the local union hall. He was running for president and wrote the book "One World." Norman Thomas who ran for president on the Socialist ticket also gave a speech and I bought one of his books.

After I got my draft notice in 1943, I had several meetings with the local draft board to explain my position and my desire to get a 4-E classification. This, they granted, and I went to Milwaukee for my final physical exam with four Greyhound bus loads of army inductees. I was soon on my way to Trenton, North Dakota to

work for the Farm Security Administration project there.

Trenton, North Dakota had a railroad, one store and one white family. Perhaps 200 Sioux Indians lived in substandard houses and shacks and had no work to do. Wild horses roamed the higher plateaus and hundreds of pheasants were along the banks of the Missouri River.

The project there was to level 13,000 acres of river bottom land, create 40-acre homesteads and plant flax and potatoes. The pumping station was in, and a potato warehouse was built by CPS men. We ran mostly D-8 Cats with carryalls attached. It was eight hours a day of eating dust and getting dehydrated.

The barracks were CCC type with 150 men in the camp. Tom Potts was the director. Winter temperatures were 38 degrees below zero and we had canvas hoods to protect us on the Cats. We burned lignite in the barrack stoves which had to be attended all night long. We dug the lignite out of the ground not far from the camp. All our clothes were surplus discards, et cetera, but they were warm. The food allowance was 15 cents per meal. Mostly beef heart and tongue or rice and curry. We ate carrot sandwiches and our cook was known as "White Sauce" Nancy. I spent my \$2.50 per month allowance on a walleyed pike that I would cook in the kitchen late at night - - My one good meal each month!

Sometimes Harless Kinzer and I would hitchhike into Williston to see a movie, then walk the 15 miles back to the camp late at night. The Aurora Borealis was brilliant in the northern sky, blue, green and yellow -- dancing and shimmering constantly. Once in awhile, we'd catch a slow freight or a ride with the Indians. They were often belligerent and intoxicated.

We were invited to a dance at the Catholic church, which was three-quarters underground to keep it warmer. Box suppers were sold for \$2, each box containing a small bottle of whisky. The dance lasted until 5:00 a.m. with everyone mostly passed out by then. It was quite a night!

When volunteers were requested for camp 103, I could hardly wait to sign up. I had always wanted to work for the Forest Service and this sounded really exciting. Wallace Littell and I were both accepted. We rode on the Great Northern to Montana and spent most of the trip in the club car talking to people. I thought Missoula was the prettiest town I'd ever seen and the trout dinner we had on that first night was delicious.

We were taken out to the Nine Mile Ranger Station and began our weeks of training prior to going to Big Prairie Ranger Station in the Bob Marshall Wilderness area. The summer at Big Prairie was spent building jack rail fences at the airport, painting the suspension bridge and removing trees at one end of the runway. We

had practically no fires that year in that area and were allowed to take a long hike up on the Continental Divide. "We" were Jim Hain, Wallace Littell, Frank Newfeld, Sam Zook, Dan Deal, Hubert Blackwell, Leon Ratzloff and myself.

We fished a lot for cutthroat trout, smoked them and ate them while we drank our homemade root beer. The French Canadian packer, Robinette, would come in with his mules, spend the night and join us for card games.

Later that year I was sent to the Sula Ranger Station in the Bitterroot Valley. Later Sam Zook, Dan Deal and Hubert Blackwell joined me for the winter. The ranger, Ralph Hansen, and his wife, were good to us. We cut tamarack for firewood, marked timber and graded Christmas trees. Later we went to the West Fork Ranger Station where I had to be the cook for 16 men for two months.

The summer of 1945 was spent in Missoula mending chutes and packing them. It was a fairly busy season on fires. We jumped at 10:15 at night in Hell's Canyon on the Snake River on one occasion. It took about a week to control the fire and we climbed up out of the canyon at night. We walked 19 miles to the Seven Devils Guard Station, rode in a truck to Grangeville and were picked up by a plane from Missoula. Spare time was spent at the city swimming pool and roller skating rink in Missoula, Roger's Cafe was a good place to eat.

After the 1945 fire season, several of us were sent to Bonner's Ferry, Idaho where we burned brush and cleaned up slash. The snow got pretty deep and it got pretty cold. I think Phil Thomford rode a motorcycle up to Canada and bought some woolen clothes there.

In 1946 I was in New Windsor, Maryland checking on the Heifer Project. The Brethern farmers donated several hundred bred heifers to be shipped to various countries. In April of 1946 I was able to sign on the S. Robert W. Hart and make a trip to Trieste, Italy. I took care of 90 head of Holstein heifers, some of which had calves aboard ship. It took about three weeks each way, plus one week in port.

From 1946 to 1950, I worked summers in Montana, usually working out of Kalispell and Whitefish at various ranger stations. The work was mainly telephone line maintenance with trail work too, if both were near each other.

I started working at the Independence, Iowa State Hospital in 1948 during the winter months, moved on to the hospital at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa and spent about three years in all as attendant, recreational therapist and in the hydrotherapy department.

In 1951 I married Suzanne Henrion from Oskaloosa, Iowa. We had four children, three girls, Sarah, Lisa and Jennifer, and one boy, Karl, over the years, and we were married 23 years. We lived in Oakland, California for five years, Nevada City, California for nine years and in Chico, California for seven years.

In 1953 I went to work for Pacific Bell and worked for them for 30 years. I started as a driver, worked in supply, then was promoted to supervisor in 1965. I spent 18 years in buildings, supplies and motor vehicles as a supervisor.

In 1974 I remarried, this time to Marjorie Meredith from Chico, California. We have been together for 18 years now. She has two daughters, Amoret and Debi, and one son, Joey. Altogether, there are seven children and nine grandchildren in our family.

Marjorie and I lived together in Chico for 17 years, sold our house last year, (1991) and moved to Hamilton, Montana. We brought her mother along also. Her name is Ethel Moore and she is 91 years old.

Marge's daughter, Debi and her husband Michael also live here in Hamilton, not far from us. Debi is a court reporter and is very busy working in Missoula and Hamilton. Michael just purchased a ten-wheeler water truck to be used on forest fires this summer.

These years since 1983 have been spent in more leisurely activities. My wife and I have traveled a good deal and camped out most of the time. Now that we care for Marge's mother, our vacations are quite limited. Earlier this year, I stopped by Cooley Real Estate in Missoula and visited with Earl. He is 81 now, but still active and in real good shape.

Looking back now over the years I have a lot to be thankful for. I have had good health, lots of good friends, and now a lovely wife who has been both loving and dependable. My children are kind to me and doing very well. Most of the things in life I have ever wanted to do, I have done, so there is no emptiness or disappointment in me for things not achieved. I have done my best and have no regrets.

Our hope is that things will improve for our children, both in the work place and in society. We pray for peace in the world and for all peoples to get along together. We still consider ourselves very fortunate to have had the good life we've had.

Our best to all former CPS men and their families.

Marshall Jensen

Norman D. Kauffman
420 Bachelor Grade Road
Kalispell, Montana 59901

MS0-45

6-6-11

MY LIFE AND TIMES

(As told to Roy Wenger, August 7, 1993)

I was born on a farm east of Kalispell near the Mountain View Mennonite Church on July 19, 1923. I joined a substantial family, being the fifth boy among eight brothers. In addition, there were seven sisters. When we were all at home and mother said, "Dinner is ready", 17 of us sat down around the table. Then there were our friends and guests who were always welcome.

Our farm is on a plateau just west of the stately Swan Range of the Rocky mountains, and just west a bit farther are the Hungry Horse Reservoir and the Great Bear Wilderness area. Our view has always been superb.

We farmed our 320 acres and also operated a family sawmill. The sawmill closed in 1944 after a fire, and that same year I was drafted choosing CPS. I was sent to Camp 67 at Downey, Idaho, to do soil conservation work, arriving there April 17. A new camp had opened near Missoula for training smokejumpers. I volunteered for it, was chosen, and began the training in the spring of 1945 at Ninemile.

The one distinctive event I claim during my smokejumping service was that I was the only one who needed to use his emergency chute while jumping on a fire.

Immediately after I was discharged from CPS I joined a cattle boat crew to help take a load of horses from Newport News to Gdynia, Poland. A crew of smokejumpers were on this boat including my brother Dave, Jim Brunk and Ed Arnett. It was the maiden voyage for this ship, the Mount Whitney. When we entered the port there were Russian guards all around. We had 1200 head of horses, more than most ships but we did not lose many of them on the way over. Since we were such a large vessel we had to go around the Skagerrak and the Kattegat north of Denmark rather than through the Keil Canal.

When we left Gdynia to start for home a husky seaman cut the rope with one measured blow of a sharp axe and we were off. For the entire trip we were out of the USA only 26 days.

After CPS, I attended Hesston College in Kansas for three years, 1946-'49. I then attended Eastern Mennonite College in Virginia receiving a BS degree in Bible in 1950. My first teaching job was at Clinton Christian Day School near Goshen, Indiana, teaching everything. During my tenure, the school had from three to ten teachers. I was principal of this school for ten years.

In June of 1950, I married Margaret Stutzman and together we have experienced the various jobs I have held. After teaching near Goshen, I accepted a position at Johnstown Mennonite School in Pennsylvania for two years. Then, in 1962, I returned to Montana teaching at Evergreen near Kalispell for eight years.

In 1970 I received a call to be minister at the White Chapel Mennonite Church in Glendive, Montana, where I served for 12 years. Following that, I was pastor at Elkton Mennonite Church near Harrisonberg, Virginia, for five years. In my late 60's, I joined the work force at Eastern Mennonite College, my Alma Mater, serving on their maintenance staff.

In 1989, the pull to return to Montana was strong and I returned to the home farm of 320 acres of mainly cut-over timberland and built a new house, where I now live. At age 70 I enjoy an active life, try to keep in touch with our five sons (a sixth son is deceased) and do what I can to know what is happening to our extended family -- the children and grandchildren of my 16 brothers and sisters as well as the family of Margaret. In many ways we live a very rich life in one of God's most scenic areas of the earth.

Order of Service
SALEM-ZION MENNONITE CHURCH
May 11, 1987
10:30 a.m.

In Memory of
JOHNNY KAUFMAN

Johnny Kaufman, son of Jonathan and Clara (Graber) Kaufman was born on November 7, 1919 in Turner County. He passed away at his home on May 8, 1987 at the age of 67 years.

His early education was received at a country school—District #66. He then attended and graduated from Freeman Academy.

He was baptized on October 17, 1937 by Rev. H. Albert Caassen and became a member of Salem-Zion Mennonite Church.

For nearly 4 years he served in C.P.S. He was at Fort Collins, CO; Terry, Montana, and at Missoula, Montana where he was a "Smoke Jumper".

After returning home, he started his own business doing road construction. More recently he did earth hauling.

On January 3, 1970 he was married to LaVella Mehlhaff.

He leaves to mourn his passing, his wife, LaVella; two sisters, Mrs. Harold (Gladys) Waltner and Anna Kaufman of Freeman; one brother, Kenneth of Sioux Falls.

He was preceded in death by his parents and a nephew.

in

Remembrance



JOHNNY KAUFMAN
November 7, 1919—May 8, 1987

Order of Service
SALEM-ZION MENNONITE CHURCH
May 11, 1987
10:30 a.m.

Organ Prelude
Call to Worship
Invocation
Worship Music
Scripture Reading Isaiah 43:1-3; 54:7-10;
Romans 8:31-39
Prayer
Worship Music
Message "God's Presence in the Storm"
(Mark 6:45-62)
Prayer and Benediction
Hymn No. 575
Under His Wings

Minister
Rev. Elmer Wall

Organist
Ruby Waltner

Music
Pete and Carrie Graber
Wilbur and LaVerna Friesen
Larry and Anette Eisenbeis
Erwin and Vera Schrag

Pallbearers
Lee Kaufman
Keith A. Kaufman
Ivan Waltner
Jeff Kaufman
Keith V. Kaufman
Scott Preheim

Interment
Salem-Zion Mennonite
Church Cemetery

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He was preceded in death by his parents and a nephew.

Earl Kenagy
6019 SW Lunadel
Portland, Oregon 97219

MY LIFE AND TIMES

(As told to Roy Wenger on August 4, 1993.)

I was born in Tofield, Alberta, in 1925 but shortly moved with my parents to Hubbard, Oregon. My father did general farming --- grain, hay and dairy. The local one room school I attended for eight years usually had about 22 pupils. I was the second smartest in a class of two.

In 1942-43, I attended Hesston Academy in Kansas, but on May 8, 1944, I was drafted and chose CPS, going to Camp 55 at Belton, Montana. In the spring of 1945, I volunteered for Camp 103, the smokejumpers, and trained with the second group that arrived that spring at Ninemile. Among the trainers were Cooley, Derry, Lufkin, Naugles, Wood, Cochran and Dodge.

After training, I went to Twisp, Idaho, with Lufkin as our leader. I had had six training jumps and that summer had seven fire jumps for a total of 13. Walt Buller was usually my jumping partner. Some others in the crew were Otto Bartle, Howard King, Ken Diller, Vince Detweiler, Harold Holden, and Bill Laughlin who ran the loft at Twist.

The war was about to end and in January 1946 I transferred to the Hookworm Control Project building better privies in Mulberry, Florida, under the US Public Health Service. As my discharge came along, I volunteered as a "sea-going cowboy". Our boat went from Baltimore to Gdynia, Poland, with a load of horses. I was in Poland four days and then returned to Baltimore. Then I hitch-hiked all the way to Portland.

There is a story about a girl we met in the seaport of Gdynia. The facts are a bit foggy now after 48 years, but allow me to fill in what I don't precisely remember.

One of our CPS men was fluent in German and in walking a narrow street heard a girl speaking in German to her father. After striking up a conversation and noting how poor and hungry this pair was in this recently devastated port, he brought some food from the ship. They were very grateful.

On returning to Baltimore, the next crew of CPS men about to leave for Gdynia were told about this delightful girl, Inga Helwig, but the chance of ever meeting her again was remote. This crew unloaded their cargo and was walking down the narrow streets of the port, chattering in English, when a young girl from a second story window called down, "Are there any CPS men in your crowd?" It was Inga!. She invited them in and shared a kettle of beans that was cooking. The men again brought food from the ship. Later, a CPS man and former smokejumper returned to Poland and married the girl! {Better check up on this story before passing it on. Ed.}

My smokejumping was during the last year of CPS. The most memorable jump was on a mountain west of Wenatchee where we made a landing within 10 feet of snow. The slope was very steep and Walt rolled down the slope for some distance, but wasn't hurt. A successful food drop was made for us. After putting out the fire, we enjoyed the excellent food and the wonderful rugged and craggy mountain heights so much we stayed an extra day --- to make sure, of course, that the fire was really out! It took us five hours to walk out through very thick brush and no trail.

When I was demobilized, I returned to Hubbard, Oregon, getting into the farm drainage business for 17 years and then into carpentry and home building for 28 years. I met my wife, Lillian, in 1946 and we were married in 1948. We have four daughters and eight grandchildren. We have been members of the Four Square Gospel Church in Portland for 12 years.

My conclusion is that CPS was an eye-opener to me. It got me away from a sheltered home and to places where the input from different personalities gave me a wider point of view. For that I am grateful.

WAYNE D. KURTZ: MY LIFE AND TIMES

Smithville, Ohio 44677

(As told to Roy Wenger, June 1993)

I was born in 1920 on the farm next to the Oak Grove Mennonite church. We did general farming, although my father early was in charge of the milk collection route. He drove his own truck from farm to farm collecting the milk cans and taking them to Akron, 25 miles away. My older brothers later took over this collection job, and then it was mine. At first, in 1937, I handled the ten gallon cans and my father drove the truck. When bulk tanks came in, the job became a little easier, but the technical knowledge required became greater. As you know, our milk is now much cleaner than it was in the early days.

My father's first truck -- one of the first in our community -- was a chain driven GM with hard rubber tires and a top speed of about 18 miles per hour. Great strides have been made in producing, collecting and processing milk in my lifetime. Who knows what will come along next?

I was drafted into CPS Camp 39 at Galax, Virginia, in November 1942, a National Park Service camp. Then to Camp 107 at Three Rivers, California, also a Park Service camp. From there, I was transferred to Camp 52, a Soil Conservation Camp at Powellsville, Maryland. Here I volunteered for the smokejumpers and transferred to Camp 103 where I trained at Ninemile in the spring of 1945. It was an active fire season and part of the time we lived in the "big house" in Missoula, waiting to be called on fires. During longer periods of stand-by, we worked in the forest service tree nursery at Savanak.

I recall how I was on leave in Ohio when the notice came that I was chosen for smokejumpers camp. I did not return to Powellsville, but had my stuff sent to Missoula. Then I rode with my older brother, Clyde, who drove a freight truck, going as far as Chicago. At that point I took the Northern Pacific to Missoula, paying my own way at \$42! Art Wiebe, the camp director met me there and took me to camp.

I kept track of my training parachute jump dates: June 20, 22, 25, 28, and 30. Then training jumps in tall timber July 2 and 3. On my first jump on a fire I hung up in a

90 foot tree. I have a picture of the nine jumpers in that group. When we arrived back in Kalispell, we were treated well. The mayor of the city welcomed us, took us to a swimming pool and told us, "The pool is yours".

On one jump, Archie Keith caught his chute over the top of a tall old snag which broke and dropped him to the ground. He broke a hip and the spot was a long way from a road.. It took us two days of rugged work to pack him out. I also remember Lester Feltis who sprained an ankle and, until it healed, spent time serving as a fire look-out. Lester now lives near here in Kidron, near the ball park.

I went into CPS because it seemed to be the right road to take -- there really was no other way. I am thankful to the the government for permitting the CPS system to be set up and operate so as to give draftees an alternative to the military system. I've always felt good about my choice to go into civilian public service. True, we probably should have been paid a minimum allowance, but money is the least of everything. We found in camp that money was of little matter. At Missoula, the Forest Service at least fed us and provided a good pair of jumping boots. There are lots of jumping stories I could tell -- interesting people I worked with on fires: Dexter McBride, prisoners who were among the ground fire fighters, a squad of black men who had been trained as paratroopers, and the hundred and fifty men who came from CPS camps all over the country.

My wife, formerly Frances Blough, also comes from Smithville, and our children, Becky, Duane and Darinda live near us. I am enjoying retirement in this community where I have always lived and where I appreciate all my old friends.

Allen D
MYC-44

A. DEAN LEHMAN - 1924-1991, Deceased

(Information sent by his wife a year after his death.)

Dean was born September 18, 1924 in Illinois, the son of a minister of the Church of the Brethren, Galen T. Lehman. He spent his early years in Kansas, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana as his father served churches in these locations.

His college education was interrupted by the draft in 1943 after only one year at Manchester College in No. Manchester, Indiana.

He entered C.P.S. at Camp Wellston in Michigan and then moved on to Smokejumpers at McCall, Idaho.

He returned to Manchester College in 1946 where he graduated in 1949 with a B.S. degree in Business Education. He received his Masters Degree from Colorado University in Boulder, Colorado in 1953.

Dean taught Business subjects in the secondary schools of Woodland, MI., Sterling IL., Chelan, WA., and for 25 years in Redondo Beach, CA. He retired in 1982 and moved to Palm Desert, CA., where he resided at the time of his death on May 3, 1991.

Dean was an active member of the local and state Education Associations, having served as President of the Faculty Association at Redondo Beach and also served nine years on the State Board of the California Teachers Association. He was an active member of the So. Bay Church of the Brethren in Redondo Beach, CA for 25 years and then joined the Presbyterian church when he retired in Palm Desert, CA.

He married Waiva Deardorff in 1949 and fathered 2 children,--Cinda Pittman of So Bend, IN. and Randall Lehman of Boston, MA. He left three grandsons.

Dean loved the outdoors and after his experiences in C.P.S. and teaching 4 years in Chelan, WA., he had a special love for the Northwest, so we established a summer home on Lake Chelan in 1978. We spent 3 to 6 months each year there where Dean enjoyed fishing.

Dean attended two Smokejumpers reunions in past years, and I'm sure he would have loved to be there and proud to participate in the 50th anniversary of C.P.S.



Dean & Waiva Lehman
Route 1, Box 95-B
Chelan, WA 98816

TED LEWIS, A DAY IN THE LIFE OF
OR
THE SAGA OF THE SAGGING SILL

How Four Senior Citizen Civilian Public Service Smokejumpers
Squared It Up.

When my wife, daughter and I fell in love with the red log cabin on the western edge of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation just outside Glacier National Park, the slightly sloping floor at the front door did bother me. But not all that much. I was too infatuated with the prospect of long summers at the edge of the Park and the thought of exploring our choice of 800 miles of trails and awesome eternally snow covered mountains. Right at our feet was the beaver pond with its big lodge and the well-built dam whose east end melded right into the center of our spread.

Adding to the serenity were the several families of ducks and geese that made the pond their own from spring to fall, gliding effortlessly among the cattails and snags of the extensive bog. What a great home base from which to explore the million acre Park and the million and a half acre Reservation.

Ten years went by. The slope in the floor by the front door grew ever so slightly each year and the door opened only 20 per cent. The gag, "It's nice we're all slender and can slip in the door sideways" became less and less humorous. But the enormity of the task of replacing the large 14 inch bottom log running the full length of the cabin was paralyzing.

I confided the dilemma to Ted Lewis at the '92 Smokejumpers

reunion, expecting a polite brush-off. Ted is a long-time engineer and contractor, a man who has built schools on Pacific Islands for church organizations, a big time operator who could not be bothered with sagging cabin sills. I was wrong! At the mention of the problem, Ted became instantly aware, alert, enervated, poised for action. "I think I have a small jack in my car that should be just the thing. Why don't we meet at the cabin in a week and take a first hand look."

In a week we were there and Ted had with him Fred Rungee, former CPS smokejumper and now Alaskan homesteader, a jack of all trades. I brought with me Bill Carlsen, cabinet maker, all purpose carpenter, and of course, former CPS jumper. I could see, this lucky outfit of workers could fix anything!

Ted brought out his mighty little jack, maybe six inches on all sides, scratched out a place for it under the bottom log and started to turn the screw. Bit by bit the cabin first creaked and then gave up its sag. Large flat stones were slipped into place. Levels were read and flat stones micro-positioned. Now for the examination of the front door. It swung open easily *all the way!* What a feat. What a team of builders. They could do anything!

Four years later. The front door of the cabin works great. It is used all summer by dozens of guests. Just call me, and I'll tell you where the key is hidden.

Roy Wenger.

Cabinsag

LIFE HIGH-LIGHTS
DENNIS D. MILLER

I was born February 16, 1920, the oldest of four children. My parents were the late Rudy and Jennie Miller. I was raised in Holmes County, Ohio. My father run a saw mill in the winter time and thrashed for people in the summer time. We lived in a community of farming and small towns. This community was made up of Mennonite and Amish people.

When I was in grade school I went to a one room school and others. Most of the time I had a couple miles to walk to school or to the bus which took us to school. The first two years in High School I also walked two miles to the bus which took us to Berlin High School. We then moved to Berlin, Ohio near the school. My best subjects were history and science. I enjoyed basketball and baseball very much. My junior year I played on the reserve basketball team. My senior year I was on the varsity team. That year we won the league trophy and the Holmes County tournament trophy. The team that beat us went to the state semi-finals. I never received any honors but I also enjoyed singing.

I remember my senior year we took a trip through Tennessee and Kentucky. We went to Mammoth Cave. We had two teachers with us. It was lots of fun.

In the summer I helped my father on the saw mill and worked for a hatchery. I had to go out and get eggs and chickens of all breeds.

We also lived through the Great Depression. We didn't have much, but made the best of things. My family enjoyed going on picnics with other families after church. We would go to park, have a picnic and watch a ball game.

My first regular job was in factory. Later I got a job driving truck until I went to C.P.S.

I had no trouble requesting a CO draft classification. The people in the community understood. I was raised in mennonite home. The peace churches preached non resistance. I knew it was right for me to go to C.P.S. I still believe the same way.

In February 1942 I entered C.P.S..#8 Camp Marietta, Marietta, Ohio. It was something new for me. There were around seventy fellows in camp and twenty-two religious denominations. So we had many "bull sessions". Our work was pulling weeds out of pine trees. I didn't think much of it. This was a nursery with many pine trees, where there were many black widow spiders.

I wanted to go west. After talking with Quintus Leatherman and Dale Young, it was within six months I was on my way to Beldon, Montana. I liked that very much. At Beldon I asked to go to the smokejumpers, only one person got to go. I then went to Staunton, Virginia, where I worked in a mental hospital. I signed up again for the smokejumpers.

I made it. I was very happy. I liked everything in the smokejumpers. The training was tough, but I liked it. After basic training, I was sent to McCall, Idaho. I was in the smokejumpers for one summer. (1945) From there I was sent to Luray, Virginia, where I was released January 1946 from C.P.S.

When at Luray I went home a couple times. I met a young lady at a basketball game. After I was released from Luray, Virginia, I married the young lady. October 13, 1946, Mary Conkle and I were married.

After my release I had many odd jobs. I got a job in a strip mine, where I oiled on a dragline, run bull dozer, operated dragline and shovel. I worked in the strip mine more than ten years. At that time I was thinking about getting a business of my own.

I went to school at Cary, Illinois to learn to inseminate cattle for Curtiss Breeding Service. After they went out of business, I continued to work for other major studs as a inseminator and distributor. I retired from this after thirty-three years.

Mary and I have been married almost forty-six years, we have a good married life. We have three children and four grandchildren.

Cathy, our first daughter, was born December 21, 1948. She is married and lives in Arvada, Colorado. Her husband works for Simplex Corporation and she is a Xray technician in Denver hospital. They have a son and daughter. Errol, our son was born May 18, 1950. He is married and lives in Wooster, Ohio. He is a school teacher and his wife is a mother and homemaker. They have two daughters. Jolene, our youngest daughter, was born June 30, 1955. She is married and expecting in October 1992. They live in Findlay, Ohio. Her husband is a loan officer in a bank and she is a medical technologist in the hospital.

Some of my hobbies are flowers, gardening, yard, bees and traveling. When our children were home, we went camping with a tent, throughout Canada and parts of the United States. This was lots of fun and times they will never forget. Since the children are gone we don't use a tent. We had several vans, but now we settle for motel rooms. My wife and I have traveled a lot. We go to Colorado to see our daughter, at least onced a year. We enjoy going to Branson, Missouri, where there is country and gospel music. We think the Ozarks are peaceful and beautiful. I have a brother in Florida, we go visit. As time goes on we'll think of other places to go. I'm sure.

It was hard to stop working, after the many years of working up my business and all the good people I worked for. Now I'm enjoying myself. My wife and I spend lots of time together. We are doing things we never had time for. We have a good and comfortabl life now. We attend church at the First Mennonite Church in Sugar creek, Ohio.

Remembering the four years in C.P.S. I think it has made me a better person. Working on the different projects and meeting people of different back grounds. I learned to respect the feelings and thinking of these people. One thing we had in common was service in an alternative form. All the projects had their importance, but smokejumping was the most enjoyable.

In my lifetime I have seen moral values decline. I believe Gods Word Still Stands.

I would do the same thing over again.

Dennis D. Miller
1431 Cherry Ridge Dr.
Sugar creek, Ohio 44681
7/3/92

LAURENCE R. MORGAN

Born February 1, 1919, in Portland, Oregon.

After several moves the family settled in Spokane Valley where Laurence's father studied for the ministry. Financial problems made him accept the assignment of custodial and grounds manager of Spokane University in order to support his family. The Great Depression years were hard on the income of the University and it closed in 1933. However, the Morgan family was very active in the church and youth groups so, though finances were scarce, the joy of living was assured because of the deep undoubting faith of the family and its committed life within the church.

In 1936, just before my Junior year in High School, my father died of a heart attack. In the midst of the depression, jobs were hard to come by and relief was unheard of. My Sunday School teacher was Leo Oestreicher's wife. She secured me a position after school at Leo's Studio - cleaning and closing the studio. A salary of fifteen cents an hour was somehow stretched enough to keep food on the table for my sister and mother. A cow, some chickens and our 5 acre farm helped also and I was able to finish High School.

As soon as school was completed, I worked full time at the studio and soon was assigned a camera and began traveling - taking school pictures.

My time was filled completely with studio work, keeping the acreage farmed, keeping up with the church youth program and being president of the Spokane Christian Youth Council.

George Huffman (who spent 3 years in the CPS Dairy Program) and I were ardent believers in Christian Pacifism, as were most of the other church youth. At the very time that Pearl Harbor was being bombed, I was in a meeting with the local FOR, planning a city wide campaign through the schools to collect clothing to be shipped to China for relief from the Japanese devastation .

When my draft number came up, I was classified 4F and assigned to Cascade Locks CPS Camp. This was a real hardship on my family, but my mother took care of orphan children for the state and my sister was able to find employment.

At Cascade Locks, I was assigned to the laundry and later became the Forest Service office clerk. When opportunity to volunteer for the Smoke Jumping Unit presented itself, I applied but was turned down. The next year I applied again and because I was working in the Forest Service office and able to see the records, I noted that there was a limit on my assignments because of being underweight. As clerk, I was able to fill out my own application form and therefore neglected to note the "limited service" and this time was accepted!

Training was at Nine Mile and the first summer was spent at Cayuse Landing where this side camp built a parachute loft and cook shed. I was assigned the job of building a bear proof garbage pit - however, after many attempts I became convinced there was no such

thing as a "bear proof garbage pit". I remember the request by the camp foreman to have someone jump the last of the eagle parachutes, as it was time to repack it. No one volunteered as these chutes opened immediately and brought the jumper to an abrupt halt. Finally I volunteered with the proviso that I "spot" myself and the deal was made. When the chute opened I immediately understood why others did not want to jump these chutes - in fact, that was the last time this one was jumped.

Roy Piepenburg and I jumped on a fire at the summit between Seeley Lake and St. Ignatius - which proved to be interesting. I was amazed at the slow descent but then realized the heat from the rocks was causing an updraft that was keeping me aloft. I passed over the north side of the rocks to an area where the winter snows had been protected and was again surprised to find my descent very rapid. I landed harder than I had ever landed because of the down draft caused by the snow! After the fire was extinguished supper was made and as it was late in the day, we decided to sleep there. In the morning the fire was rechecked, the equipment was packed for pickup as instructed and the return to camp begun. The spotter had given us the wrong instruction and sent us to a ranger station that had been closed for years. Night fell and as the sleeping bags had been left with the equipment, we spent a very cold night huddled together by the side of the road. In the morning a car finally came by and the farmer took us to the bus station. The Forest Department was very relieved, as they had picked up the equipment and expected us at Seeley Lake the day before. I don't imagine the spotter (Johnson) got a promotion for his error.

After fire season I joined a crew at Savanac Nursery and soon found myself in the nursery office where Jim Augustine (Nursery Superintendent) and I became friends and visited often after the war years.

I wintered at Glacier Park and was sent to Belgen when the Smoke Jumpers Unit was closed as the war was over and after 3 weeks was released with the great memories of 22 wonderful jumps.

Back to Spokane where I was now the head photographer at Leo's Studio. I purchased the studio in 1950 and married the minister's daughter, Troas, in 1955. We have three children: Julie, who has attended the Smoke Jumpers Reunions each time and been active in local and state FOR in Oregon; John, who with his wife works for IBM; Jerry, who is a bio-chemist engaged in R & D, and is the father of our two grandchildren.

Besides my family and business, I have found a great deal of purpose and fellowship in life by being active in the Gideons International, the local church and as the photographer for several state (as well as local) Masonic organizations. The Smoke Jumpers Reunions have been a particular joy. My thanks to those who have so faithfully promoted and supported them!

Laurence R. Morgan
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Spokane, WA. 99206

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ASA MUNDELL
(As of July 15, 1992)

Apr. 19, 2008

~~LAG~~ Lafayette
OR

It was a dark and stormy night! (No it wasn't either.) It was a beautiful morning on the 14th day of February, 1922, in Pinkstaff, Illinois, in the parsonage home of the Reverend and Mrs. Charles S. Mundell. The older three kids had been sent to a neighbor's home in the early morning hours, while their mother labored on at home, along with a midwife, bringing little James Asa into the world. They all went to school later, bragging about having a special new valentine brother at their house. Reports from the family seem to indicate that they were happier about the occasion than James was, and even happier than their mother. At least James was the caboose of the family. No more dared follow him.

I got my name from four different people, by my father's choice. Mother had done her work, so just "shut up and feed the baby." James was for James in the New Testament, and for my father's District Superintendent, James G. Tucker, or so my father says. My father being a circuit-riding Pastor in the Methodist Episcopal Church, knew his way around the political circuit of his church too, and naming a handsome son after the D.S. didn't hurt a bit. The Asa, came from the Old Testament books of Kings and Chronicles. That Asa, the father of Jehosophat, was King of Judea, and a peaceful king at that, with his compromising with his enemies rather than going to war with all of them. Asa was also the name of my father's favorite cousin, Asa (Ace) Frakes of Nebraska. But then, "what's in a name?" Except that you have to live with funny nicknames, and bad names, many which I've been called.

My father, being an itinerant minister, and subject to moving every so often, took us to several homes and churches in Illinois, and when I was five, to Western Colorado.

I then went to school from the first to the twelfth grades in several towns and communities in Colorado (you name it, I have either lived there or know where it is.) I graduated from high school at Monument, Colorado (Now the home of the Air Force Academy---(cross yourselves) in 1940, the third highest in my graduating class. (Just 13 seniors!)

After working another summer for school expenses, I went to Kansas to begin college at Kansas Wesleyan University in Salina. I attended my first two years there, until my draft number came up in December, 1942, which called me to join C.P.S. #67 in Downey Idaho on December 22, which was no way to celebrate Christmas. Or even New Year's. After applying for Smokejumpers, I was one of three at Downey #67 accepted, and in the last of May, 1943, Walt Buller, Earl Schmidt, and I got on a late-night train, and headed for Missoula. Arriving with the first contingent of "Unconscious Rejecters" for this work of "national importance." You all know what happened then, for the next three or four years.

In the fall of that year I transferred to a base camp, at Colorado Springs. In March of 1944 I transferred again, to the Mental Hospital Unit at Norwich State Hospital, in

Norwich, Conn. I was there until I was released in May of 1946. While at Norwich I volunteered in the first Guinea Pig project for Infectious Hepatitis, under Capt. Walter P. Havens, of the U.S. Medical Corps. All of us together made him a Major, and he just made us sick! Oh, how sick!

Following my discharge at Norwich, I went back to Colorado, and worked the summer at the YMCA Camp, in Estes Park. I had worked there the summer just before I was drafted, so they knew what a good guy I was. Also, Lisle T. Ware, the camp director knew my position on war and peace, and seemed to want me there, which was real considerate. It was at the Y Camp where I met and had a visit with the inventor of the game of basketball. The only world-wide great man who I have ever met. Except of course, Ace Frakes, of Nebraska.

While finishing my college, at Kansas Wesleyan U. on Memorial Day, in May '46, I met Gwenda Jane McIntosh, at the home of my minister, and before long we were in love, and married in September of that year. Gwen, a Kansan, was a bit different than most girls, having gone to Kansas State and the Quaker College, William Penn in Oskaloosa, Iowa. She came away from that last experience with many of the same attitudes which I had, and as we philosophied, and other things, I began to discover what a beautiful and remarkable person she was, I asked her to marry me and she said yes. The big hurdle then was getting past her WWI hero (?) father, who was also a hidebound Methodist Republican in Lincoln Ks., and quite sure that having a C.O. in the family was like AIDS being spread around the grade school in town. But, with our stubbornness, and Gwen's mother's help, the old boy came around, and now in his later years (98), he thinks I am the most trustworthy of his three sons-in-law, the other two who were also WWII heroes (?). It only took him 43 years to come to this position of accepting me. My "Gentle Persuasion"?

Following our big event in Lincoln on Sept. 5, when the whole town turned out for the wedding, all 46 of them, we went to Denver, where Gwen got a job, and I got a scholarship and attended the Iliff School of Theology for three years. In 1947 our first daughter, Kathy (Kay) was born, and we went on working and going to school and working in Washington Park Community Methodist Church, and later Oak Creek Methodist Church, and finally graduating in June of 1948.

In the years that have followed seminary, I have served in Salt Lake City, at the U. of Utah, as a Protestant student worker, as Pastor of churches in Ely and Ruth Nevada, Coburg, Roseburg, Seaside, Eugene, Cedar Mill, and Milwaukie Oregon.

From 1965 to 1970, and from 1977 to 1983, I served in the headquarters office of the Oregon-Idaho Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church as a Program Counselor for 210 local churches. During that time I also began a newspaper for the an. conference, and served as editor and photographer for it and the annual conference. There were many gratifying experiences in this work. I was in charge of the audio-

visual library, communications, worked printing presses, big cameras, plate burners. I also set up education workshops for the conference, taught in them, taught in SHALOM workshops, served as consultant in churches in the areas of church organization, evangelism, social concerns, communications, and coordinated special workers in these areas who went to outlying churches as field specialists. Finally in June of 1983 I requested to be assigned to another church to fill out my last four years in the ministry, and was assigned to St. Paul's U.M.C. in Milwaukie, Oregon, southeast of Portland, and was there for four years until I retired in June, 1987.

Since we had purchased a house in 1978 in Beaverton, OR, we returned to live here in 1987. We still haven't gotten around to cleaning out the garage.

I have given you a synopsis of my life here, but have not included much about my wife and three daughters and their families, which I ought to do. They are the interesting people in the family, I'm the strange one.

As I mentioned, my wife, Gwen went to work in Denver to help put me through seminary. Up until our first daughter was born, she worked as a secretary to the medical examiner of Denver County. Following my internship at Washington Park United Methodist Church, we returned to the student housing at Iliff, and our daughter was cared for while I went to school, and Gwen worked at the U. of Denver, a few blocks away. At that time I also took a train each week-end from Denver up to Oak Creek where I served a small church as a student pastor.

Following my graduation with a Th.M. at Iliff I did one year of student work at Utah U., and then on to Ely Nevada, with two churches. Our next two daughters, Rebecca and Laurel were born there. We left Ely after two years, and immediately after our youngest, Laurel was born and came to Oregon to attend the University, and to serve churches in the process. I did some work at the U. in Eugene in the Psych dept., but lack of money, church work, and family made it impossible for me to continue. Our family grew, and Gwen was able to go back to college. She finally graduated in education at U. of O., took extra work at Portland State U. and acquired teaching positions around Portland, and finally in the Multnomah (Portland) district until she retired from teaching special education in 1990.

Meanwhile our daughters grew up. It seemed to have taken a long time, but now they are mature persons and with their own families and concerns. They have presented us with seven grand-children, all highly intelligent, handsome beautiful and cute. Our second daughter Becky married a mistake for a husband her first time around, but in the process gave birth to a set of identical twin daughters, now 17, and a third daughter now 14. In a later marriage, she has a son, Jay, just six years old, and a lot of fun for me. The twins are in the process of getting their driving credentials, and both work at a McDonald's. Their

names are Kisa Jones and Rachael Jones. They are sweet, beautiful girls, and with high I.Q.'s, and are active with dramatics, debate, public speaking, and boy friends. The third daughter, Kori is also beautiful, will be a freshman at Tigard Hi this fall, along with her two sisters, who will be seniors. She is a good student too, popular with her fellow students, a responsible baby sitter for little brother Jay, and neighbor families. She makes more at babysitting than I have ever made on an hourly job. She saves it very well. All three girls make enough to buy all of their school clothes, and extra activities, which is a help to their mother, who is now a single-parent, who works at the U. of Oregon hospital in Portland, as a night nurse on the Psych ward. She got her B.S and Nursing degree, while caring for four kids, and going through some forms of hell, but making it. We are proud of her and her children.

Our youngest daughter, Laurel, married a student at Portland State while getting her teaching degree and credentials. She was a teacher in Beaverton for several years before getting her present position as Principal at the Nehalem Elementary School in Nehalem, OR, out on the coast. Her husband is a coast representative of UNISOURCE, a paper supply company in Portland. They have three children, Drew, fourteen, and active in sports at school, Anna Liza, a ten year old and a ballet dancer, and their newest, Louisa Grace, just six months old, and a joy to have around. With all of these seven grandchildren close to us, we know now what grandparents are for, and how much better parents we could be now, than in the past. We also have discovered that as much as we love them, being with them for more than a week at a time is all we can handle. You all know how that is!

You might think that we have overlooked our firstborn, but not so. She attended Kansas Wesleyan also, met her husband there as a student, married here, and went back to college, taught school near Wichita, for awhile, and following a divorce there, came back to Oregon, got a position over in Vancouver, WA with Betz Chemical lab, married a man who is a lawyer, now retired. Kay was never able to give birth to a child, and so she has only Bob's three kids, and one grandchild to call her kids. She has always been our pride and joy, as our firstborn, and we glad that they are only 30 miles away from us. I play golf with Bob as often as we can make it.

So, that seems to be us here today, and our family up to the present.

What do Gwen and I do now that we are retired? Well, we sometimes do just what WE want to do. WE sometimes sleep late, eat out frequently, and this year we have traveled more than any year since we have been married. This year we have flown to Wichita, to New Zealand with another C.P.S. couple, for three weeks of driving both islands, then we flew to Philadelphia, New Jersey and Delaware for a few days. I took a friend from Kansas up to Washington, Vancouver B.C., and Victoria. Then we'll go to Seeley Lake in August, and in

September, we plan to exchange houses and cars with a couple in Massachusetts for a month, and fly round-trip free, because of our frequent flyer mileage buildup with United Airlines. While there, we plan to see New England and Nova Scotia, as cheaply as possible.

And what do we do at home, now that we are retired? Well, Gwen is a great reader, so books are important to her, then she now has the time to try out new cooking recipes, and she is a whiz at it, she has been picking berries of all kinds this summer, making jams, and freezing some. She does a lot of grandparenting, taking kids here and there (I do some too), and general home-making for the two of us. We attend church at 1st UMC in Portland, eat out some each week and go driving, and traveling. We watch TV, listen to classical music and just read ad. Maybe next year we will clean out the garage, or just let it grow, and decide to take a trip around the world.

My other interests, not mentioned above are photography for fun, profit, and free. I try to play 18 holes of golf at least once a week, if not more. I too, have my books, and computer, I have about 24 rose bushes which need constant care like babies, some other flowers and yard work, grandparenting, chairperson for Health and Welfare Committee at my church, Publicity Chair for a statewide committee on drugs and alcohol, always taking and printing pictures for other groups, gratis, and about two times a year, I have been doing my latest hobby, teaching a course at one of our United Methodist Elderhostels nearby on Victorian Houses and Architecture. Tell me about yours! Then with our traveling, and my latest camera, a videocam, I just wander around. I also answer the call to preach at a church filling in for someone, thinking about new projects to do, and contemplating cleaning the garage, from a distance. Did you ever realize that a garage not cleaned out for several years takes on the aspects of an art form? Things thrown here and there, pile up and before you know it, you have a monument to our present day environmnet. And you don't even have to work at it. (I think that this is about the best thought and rationalization I have had in some time.)

This summing up has been good for me, and Roy made me do it. Of course the above five pages are a mere rough sketch, because I am saving my autobio that I am writing from time to time as the great American novel, which you will have to buy then for another \$70. So far, I have only 21 pages done.

I often wonder what I might have done, and been like had I entered the armed brigades, instead of going into C.P.S. I have finally figured out one of the most basic reasons I had but at the time could not know, why I did not go into the military in 1942. It was my growing abhorance of the idea of regimentation, and simply being just one of a mass dumb bodies without a personal voice of my own or personal control. It also had to do with war as a non-principle, and a mad ma-

chine. It was not a matter of discipline-hating, but of just being a non-entity, and smothered in a sea of khaki-colored automatons. I was not taken in by all of the war propaganda. As I continued to seek more reason and spirit for my attitude and reasons for objecting, I realized that my own religious upbringing, and my seeking the way of Jesus, was actually the greater basis of my convictions. I had only heard of "peace movements" and the FOR, and such from brother, and other college friends. Strangely, my introduction to them and their strong pronouncements against war made it easy for me to make the decision for CPS. Interestingly enough, not one of them ever made the commitment for CPS. They just became ministers, and rode through the war preaching pious garbage, and going on through college and seminary. But, they did their good work too. And they encouraged me in my stand.

As for all of us in CPS, it was a growing period for me, from the strictly pious and holy stance, to a mind-growing experience. It was in CPS that my world view, and my rational, and reasoning became a part of my life, and my religious faith. It was through some great discussions with fellow-inmates in Downey, Smokejumpers, Colorado Sprgs. and Norwich State, that I got beyond my own naive world of half-reason, into greater global dimensions. It was like three and a half years of college. I should not even try to mention the names of all the persons who played a part in the growth of my life, but I will always remember Dave Flaccus for some mind-shaking statements that began me testing and checking out some of my own handed-down ideas of life and philosophy. Going on to Norwich State with a greater mix of persons from various walks of life helped me to build on a more mindful philosophy of life and approach to mature experiences. Without those years in CPS, I can't imagine what might have happened to me. And, if we could ALL admit it, we were also much protected and surrounded by less raucous and threatening forces, for our developing and sensitive beings.

CPS and its greatness, and some of its stupid frailties have been a molding influence on me, and I am happy for all of the worthy experiences I had; more than I can write about here. As far as I am concerned, that is the big book which I and the rest of the Smokejumpers have to write about. This is the stuff of which we should talk and share.

I personally want to thank Roy and Florence Wenger, and all other persons for developing these reunions, and renewals of our early and late fellowships as smokejumpers. No other group in my experience can quite match them. They have been like my rose bushes blooming and coming into colorful array, all a bit different, but all a part of beautiful living. We smokejumpers are a great deal more than a get-to-gether of individuals, we are a "group" that has made a difference in the world, even though at times, we cannot believe it.

But now, I have to get out to the garage and see if I can get my garage door to open, it seems to be stuck on something! Probably on one of my big boxes of philosophical or theological books. They sometimes keep doors from opening.

THE FIRST SEVENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE

Frank E. Neufeld

1699 Willow Ave., Clovis, CA 93612

1990

The Beginning:

My great grandfather named Rev. Peter Wall was born January 29, 1837 at the Gemeindeschœferei in South Russia. He attended the Zentralschuls and received his education as a school teacher and a preacher. In this capacity (school teacher) he served for twenty years and taught in different villages in Russia. Sundays he served as a preacher. He was married to Katherina Duek in 1883. This union was blessed with five children. When Peter Wall discontinued teaching they bought a piece of land in the village of Alexanderkron where they farmed till the whole family left everything and immigrated to North America in the year of 1878. Here they bought a farm near Moundridge, Kansas. Here is where my mother, Lena D. Wall was born in 1892. When she was 18 years old she met a handsome man from Buhler, Kansas. They both had much in common. They both belonged to the Mennonite Brethren Church. Both of their parents came from Russia. They were married in 1916 and bought a home in Buhler. My father was also born in Southern Russia and lived with his family in a large Mennonite farm community. Due to political and religious turmoil his family left everything and immigrated to America. He was six years old when he and his family came to America and settled on a farm near Buhler, Kansas.

I came into this world on a cold wintery day of January 12, 1917 in the little town of Buhler, Kansas. My father was a blacksmith by trade and my mother a home-maker. At the age of four, our

2

little family of four decided to go West. So we moved to Reedley, California, where we bought a small farm. That did not work out so my father decided to go back to blacksmithing. We settled in Parlier, a small town near Reedley, where he established the J. B. Neufeld Blacksmith Shop. Here he worked until he died suddenly at the age of forty-one. Our family, now five, lived in a modest home in Parlier. All three children finished elementary and high school here. I was a shy, awkward boy and spent eight ordinary years in grade school. In high school I took an interest in music. I began taking piano lessons and took up the trombone and played in the school orchestra. I also discovered that I had some athletic ability. I played center on the varsity basketball team and did a little pitching on the baseball squad.

After graduation from high school, I spent a year working on a farm near Parlier. I decided that farming was not for me, so I enrolled in Reedley College. Here I pursued my interest in music. I played trombone in the band and orchestra and sang in the school chorus. After two years I received my A.A. degree. During this time I worked part-time for J.C. Penney Co. in Reedley. After graduation I started working full time and was accepted into their managerial program. I was in charge of the shoe department and I remember the great joy of winning an award for selling the most shoes in our area.

War was present in the world and all males age 18 and up were required to enroll. At the age of 17 I had become a christian and joined the Mennonite Brethren Church in Reedley. So when I signed up under the conscription law, I declared myself a Conscientious Objector. Since the Mennonite Church historically

has been a peace organization and my ancestors on both sides had fled Russia for religious reasons.

In 1941, I was one of the first to be drafted from the Reedley area. I was sent to a C.O. camp in Hood River, Oregon, located on the Columbia River, Sixty miles east of Portland. Here I was appointed assistant director. Most of the young men were from Mennonite, Brethren and Friends Churches and worked with the U.S. Forest Service. Soon I was transferred to a new camp in Camino, California, half way between Sacramento and Lake Tahoe.

A new venture and opportunity for service opened up at this time in Missoula Montana. It was to be a base for a parachute smoke jumpers camp, working under a special department of the U.S. Forest Service. I volunteered and was accepted as the assistant director. Here we had some of the top men from the three ^{peace}~~peace~~ churches. This elite group was trained to jump on fires in Montana and Idaho. Later it was expanded to all the Northwest.

I was so impressed with the importance of the program and the caliber of the men (both C.O.'s and Forest Service) that I decided to become a smoke jumper. After a strenuous training program I was accepted as a smoke jumper and sent out to a small spike camp in the wilderness area near Glacier National Park and the Continental Divide. Only access to this little valley was by plane or pack mule. Here a group of us (15) were stationed. We were always on alert during the long fire seasons and did Forest maintenance during the off season. I made 15 jumps on fires in this area. Usually the fires were small and we were able to control them in two or three

4

days. We then hiked out to the nearest road or air strip and were either flown or trucked back to base. The forest service used the old Ford tri-motor planes for jumping.

Our participation in this program reached its peak during the years of 1943-1944. In 1943 Seeley Lake (50 miles east of Missoula) began the first smoke jumper training program. There Roy Wenger and Frank Neufeld established the first headquarters for CPS #103(Civilian Public Service). The wilderness camp called Big Prairie where I was stationed consisted of a bunkhouse, cook shack, corral (for horses), loft (for parachutes), and landing field. Mail was flown in once a week. We were on duty 7 days a week, 24 hours a day. If we had spare time we would go fishing. This, I discovered, was a sportman's paradise. During peace time sportsmen from all over the USA were flown in to hunt deer and moose and of course to enjoy the fabulous fishing. We occasionally ran into bears roaming the rugged mountains.

The training period of approximately 10 days was strenuous and torturios. Every morning we started out with a brisk jog around the camp. Calisthenics followed with exercises to strengthen the legs, arms and back. "Obstacle course next," says the squad leader. Descending into the pit beside the loft, the squad leader exhibited a motley collection of ropes, ramps, stakes, and tables. The impediments of a training and conditioning program. One by one the men run up the first steeply, inclined ramp, grip the edge, drop seven feet to the ground, and roll under the watchful eye of the squad leader. Ahead of them hung a rope to climb from which they stepped to a wooden platform and turned

a flip into a rope net. Next came the neophyte runs uphill toward a series of alternate shallow holes. Then came the tight squeeze, a pair of corrugated tubes through one of which he must wiggle on elbows and knees. One innocent appearing item in the middle of the obstacle course deserves special mention. Called the "tank trap", it consisted of a number of paired stakes, each with a strap near the top. The candidate (boy, did I groan when I did this) straps his legs to the stakes, folds his hands on his stomach, arches his back as far as he can, and attempts a back bend. A final obstacle course tantalizer was a twenty-five foot rope to be climbed, arms only. My body had never experienced torture like this and I was in bed by seven every night during this period. Reserved for the last was the tower. Oh, the tower! What delightful memories it holds for me. Here I was conditioned for stepping off into space and absorbing the opening shock of the parachute. They told me, if a recruit can take this body kinker, he can jump a chute. After the torture chamber, the first jump was almost a relief. Seven training jumps, four from the tri-motor, three from a single engine travelair, prepare jumpers for their first jump. The first jump for me was easy, but by the 3rd and 4th it was a real challenge. After the seventh jump, I received my parachute wings.

Fire In The Mountain

Most fires were called in from special look-outs located in selected parks during the night, mostly after midnight. These fires were usually started by lightning storms and were usually small in size. At dawn we were alerted to be dressed in our jumping suits and at the landing field, where the plane was all

6

warmed up ready to go. We loaded our fire equipment and chutes into the cabin and climbed in. There were six on this fire jump. We had ahead of us a two hour ride over some typically jagged mountain ranges. The three motors growled and roared. We sat stiffly in the crowded cabin, looking like a football team from another planet. When we were about twenty minutes from the fire, we began putting on our back packs and emergency parachutes, the front one first in case the back one doesn't open. Then we saw the fire, it was on top of a ridge. near a river that looked like a silver ribbon in morning sunlight. We circled the ridge and picked out grassy clearings, where we were supposed to land. They seemed very small from two thousand feet up. Our forest squad leader put out two drift chutes to find out which way the wind was blowing. Two of us were to jump first. I was first. I fastened my static line and knelt at the open door. The plane made allowances for the wind. The plane motors coughed out, the plane pitched into a glide and Carter slapped me on the back. I did not think. I just jumped. I heard the chute crack viciously over me as it opened. Eureka! I had made it! Now I was alone in the sky. I began manipulating my chute and soon I spotted the grassy opening. I made it and landed safely. I looked up and beheld five more parachutists heading down towards my spot. All landed safely. Now the Ford Tri-motor made another pass over us and dropped our fire fighting equipment by parachute. On the next pass they dropped our delicious food (K-Rations) and sleeping bags. We now began to build a fire line around the smouldering fire. By dark we had the fire under control. We ate our K-Rations and crawled into our sleeping bags. Next day we stayed to be sure the fire was contained. The 3rd day

we hiked out to the nearest road and called headquarters for a ride back to camp.

What an experience. I had made my first fire jump. No experience in my life has been comparable to this time. Last August 1986, Mary and I drove to Missoula for a smoke jumpers reunion. I had not seen these fellows for over 40 years. We spent 3 days and nights at the Seeley Lake camp. You should have heard the noise the first day, just visiting and reminising about those incredible smoke jumper days. The second day each man made a report on what had happened to him after smoke jumping days. The third day some of the Forest Service leaders were present and also spoke on "memories."

I was still single and still very adventuresome after being a smoke jumper that when I heard that the Mennonite Central Committee was seeking volunteers for a special unit to be sent to China to do relief work and build churches and schools and maintain them, I was interested. This unit would work in mental hospitals in Rhode Island and New York during the day and attend classes at night. I volunteered and was accepted. So off I went by train (big steam-four wheeler) to New York City and Providence, RI. I worked as a special attendant in the admission department of a large mental hospital in Providence, RI. It was a very interesting and demanding position. I even accompanied the ambulance crew to pick up potential mental patients. On weekends I visited New York City and was thrilled by the huge sky scrapers of this huge and exciting metropolis. Later I transferred to Phoukeepsie, NY. Here I stayed until the end

of the war. Note: China at this time was going through a great political upheaval, so this project was cancelled. In December of 1945, the war was over, I was released and took the train to Buhler, Kansas, where I was born. Here I met my Mother and sister for a reunion with grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins for Christmas. While here I decided to enroll in Tabor College (Mennonite Brethren) in Hillsboro, Kansas, near Buhler, for the 2nd semester. I stayed only for the one semester, but a very important time in my life, here I met my future wife, Luella Schellenberg from Shafter, California.

I went back to Fresno and decided to become a teacher. I enrolled in Fresno State College for one year. Then under a temporary credential, I taught a sixth grade class in Tipton, near Tulare. After that year I knew I was to be a teacher. So back to Fresno State to receive my A.B. degree. After graduation I was contacted for a teaching-principal job in a small elementary school in Rockford, near Porterville. I accepted and this began my career in education which was to last for 28 years. I was still single and if I was to succeed in my career I would need a wife. I remembered the lovely young lady I met in Tabor College. She was now teaching 3rd grade in Shafter, near Bakersfield. We were married in Dinuba (her parents lived there) in the Mennonite Brethren Church. We established a home in Porterville. I was at the Rockford School for seven years. I taught grades 7th and 8th half days. My wife taught the afternoon class. This did not last long. We found out that we could not agree on discipline and philosophy. I felt that the kids liked her better than me. So she eventually got a job teaching a 3rd grade in the Porterville City School System. We made some wonderful friends in that

community. During the summers, we lived in Los Angeles. Here I attended the University of Southern California to work on my master of education degree at this time.

A friend of mine who was superintendent of a school near Visalia was leaving to take a larger school. He recommended me for the job. I was hired for the position of Superintendent and Principal of the Sundale Union School with a staff of 15 which grew to 25. Here I stayed for 16 years. My wife taught 3rd grade for the Tulare City Schools. At this time Luella suddenly became extremely ill and was diagnosed as having a brain tumor. What a shock! In spite of surgery and special treatment, she passed away. In my anguish I had resigned my position to be with her during this difficult time. Later I accepted a position as a 5th grade teacher in Dinuba. Teaching was a great comfort to me. Here I taught 5 years and then retired after 28 years of service.

During those 5 years in Dinuba, I traveled extensively. During the first summer, I joined a teachers tour group which traveled ten weeks through 17 countries in Europe by train, including a week in Moscow and Leningrad. The next summer I enrolled in a special Fresno State program which took me to London, England to study teaching methods in that country. The third summer I enrolled in a college program in Hawaii to study Hawain history and culture. The fourth summer was the best. The week after school was out I traveled to San Francisco and boarded a freighter bound for the Orient. There were 12 passengers in all. We had excellent accomodations and ate our meals with the crew. We

10

spent most of our time sitting outside on the deck visiting, writing letters, reading and once in a while saw other ships and even dolphins playfully frolicing around our ship. After 10 days at sea, we landed in Japan. After 2 days we headed for Taiwan and Hong Kong. Here I left the ship and continued my trip by air. What a city is Hong Kong. I was there 10 days. It was tremendously exciting to explore this pulsating and mysterious place. The Harbor was filled with ships from all over the world. Many times I got on the local bus and rode to the end of the line. Many times I just walked the noisy streets to be able to inhale the smells, sounds and sights. My camera was smoking with overwork. I visited museums, department stores and outdoor markets. The shopping is out of this world. Here merchandise from all over the world is available. I had two sport coats made to order for \$27.50 each. I spent a day visiting a boat village. Here families live all their lives on a boat. Schools, stores, churches, everything needed to exist was in this boat village. I was in Hong Kong for two Sundays. I attended church one Sunday in the United Methodist Church and the next in a Southern Baptist Church. From Hong Kong I flew to Bangkok, Thailand. From there I traveled by super express train to Malaysia. The train trip lasted two days and one night. My eyes and camera were getting a real workout. We thundered through jungles, banana groves, and stopped at interesting remote villages and met interesting people on the train. At the Malaysia border I met a young Chinese college student who was referred to me by a retired missionary who lives in California. He had some free time so we rented a car and a driver and drove through the country of Malaysia. What a thrill, especially with someone who could speak

Chinese. We stopped in villages, drove through farm land and ate in interesting restaurants. My friend introduced me to many new and interesting foods. We ended up in Singapore and explored it throughally. I finally had to leave and Yang had to get back to school. He was studying to become a teacher. On my way home my first stop was Manilla, Phillipines. I spent 5 days here. The people were lovely, warm and friendly. One of my days was spent visiting a famous christian school for missionary children. Marcos was dictator at this time and there were strict curfew hours. Next stop was Taipai, Taiwan, again for 5 days. I visited a missionary couple on the other end of the island. I traveled by train most of the day to get there. Rice fields, water oxen and interesting villages were on the way. I participated in their Sunday services at the mission church.

The last stop before home was Hawaii. By now I was worn out from my travels. I needed the 5 days of rest and relaxation (R & R) on the famous beaches of Waikiki and to swim in the tremendous ocean. I arrived home just in time to unpack and report for pre-school meetings and first day of school. The last summer, I joined a group traveling in Mexico and Central America. I flew to Mexico City and joined a group of 15. We traveled by bus. Most of the group were from Australia, Germany and England. Only two from United States. We first headed for the Yucatan area to see the great restored ancient Mayan City. This place is called "Chicken Itza." Six miles in area and undoubtedly one of the worlds most impressive archaeological sites. The city was founded by the Mayans approximately 1500 years ago. Numerous

temples, pyramids and shrines have been uncovered and restored. We continued on to Guatamala where we visited some famous colorful markets, then on ~~the~~ ^{to} San Salvador for several days. Here I left the tour and continued by air to Panama and Columbia, South America where I was the ~~guest~~ ^{guest} of Rev. Ebner and Martha Friesen. I grew up with Ebner. Here I spent an exciting week observing the life of a missionary on the job.

After I retired from teaching, I began a new phase of my life. My missionary friend, Ebner Friesen, came home from South America and got me interested in a new christain book ministry called "Successful Living", whose headquarters are located in Minneopolis, Minnesota. I helped Ebner get started financially and helped him to open up 15 accounts in Fresno. When the mission field in South America wanted him and Martha to return, he turned the 15 accounts over to me and left. I worked hard and soon had accumulated 150 accounts (stores) in Fresno and Northern California, Stockton, Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose and Santa Barbara. I was doing \$100,000.00 volume per year. Lois and Eldon Franz were working full time for me and eventually bought half of the accounts.

During this time I was attending a Christian Singles Sunday School class. Here I met a lovely and exciting lady. She was a reading consultant for the Fresno City Schools. Her name was Mary Conner, which was changed to Mary Conner Neufeld as soon as we got married. My life has not been the same since. She was a Christian, was exciting to be with and we enjoyed doing crazy things together. If I had a theme song, it would be "You Light

Up My Life." We took our honeymoon in England and stayed at her cousins place near London. We both had Britain rail passes and we traveled all over England and Scotland by train. Eventually we had to return to Fresno. Mary had a job and I had to work with my book company "Family Life Books."

Mary is now retired and is helping me with my business which is very flexible. We have time to travel and have been to Hawaii, up-state New York (Mary was born and grew up in Ithaca, New York), Florida (Mary's sister lives there), we also traveled to Minnesota, Mexico, Canada and several times to Hawaii.

Who knows what we will do next. We are so happy doing what we want to do and enjoy our love for each other.

As of January 12, 1987, I celebrated my 70th birthday. I look back and can't believe all that I have done. Wonderful experiences, making wonderful friends and visiting places are some things people just dream about. I anticipate I have 12 years more to live (minimum). I pray that Mary and I will be able to enjoy many more adventures. Here are some of our dreams for the next decade.

1. A trip to Europe, rent a car and see England, Germany, Switzerland, France, etc. from a different angle.
2. Visit the Orient, Mary has never been there.
3. A trip around the world (not non-stop) but travel 25,000 miles seeing places and many stops, for example, the Holy Land.

70 Year Trivia:

Miles traveled (for pleasure) - 100,000 miles

Countries visited - 31 (not counting U.S.A.)

Favorite Country - England

Most interesting place - Leaning Tower of Pisa

Favorite State - Hawaii

Favorite City - San Francisco

Most exciting place - Moscow, Russia

Places That Impressed Me

London - It was a thrill to attend Sunday Service at the Westminster Abbey Cathedral and then walk across the street to gaze at the Big Ben Tower Clock and the beautiful Parliament building. When Mary and I were there, it was the day before the royal wedding of Prince Charles and Princess Diana. We walked the entire distance of the wedding procession from Buckingham Palace to the St. Paul's Cathedral (where they were married) five miles in all. The next day we watched the wedding and procession on television.

Paris - Two places stick out. One is the "Louvre Art Gallery" to see the famous paintings. Two is the Eiffel Tower. We were able to take the elevator to an observation point near the top.

Zermath, Switzerland - We rode a cable car to the top of the Matterhorn, one of the highest peaks in Europe.

Rome - The visit to the Vatican was impressive. We also visited the "Colliseum" where early christians were put to death. We were

15
also permitted to see the "Catacombs" where many early Christians were buried.

Berlin - A city divided West and East. Separated by a wall called the "Berlin Wall". I spent several hours just filling my senses with the enormity and meaning of the wall. Gun towers were set-up every 1/4 mile or so and were manned by soldiers with machine guns. Electric barb wire was strung on both sides of the wall. I was able to visit East Berlin through a special entry called "Check Point Charlie". Here we were searched and pass ports carefully checked, especially to see if the photo matched the person. They kept the passports to be returned when you checked back through. East Berlin is a dismal, run down area, a direct contrast to West Berlin.

Pisa, Italy - The Leaning Tower of Pisa. What an experience to climb to the top and look down from the leaning side. It is considered to be of the seven wonders of the world.

Mexico City - Has become the largest city in the world. Population in excess of 10 million. At the time of Christ, an ancient city stood here called "Tenochtitlan" and inhabited by the Aztecs. Around 1500 A.D. the Indians were defeated in War and driven out of this area. The city lay in ruins for many years and the modern Mexico City was built over the ruins of this ancient place. Building a subway system in Mexico City took many years, because every time excavations were made, great archeological discoveries were found and everything had to be sifted by archeologists.

16

Bangkok, Thailand - Until 1939 this country was called "Siam."
Thailand is wonderful place to visit. Its people are gentle and warm, smiling and helpful. It has a hot and humid climate year around. Bangkok means city of angels and has majestic temples and pagodas. It is a challenging, irresistable city. There is wild traffic and throngs of people. Here I had my first ride on an elephant.

Russia - We were here 7 days, 3 days in Leningrad and 4 in Moscow. We stayed in a new modern hotel. The most impressive place to see in Moscow is "Red Square." What a sensation to feel how close you are to the "Kremlin." It was especially meaningful to me since my ancestors from both sides of my family came from Russia. When I was there I asked the young tour director (a university graduate) if I could attend a protestant church. (I knew it would be underground) She consulted the authorities and the decision was "Nyet" (No) and please do not bring this subject up again.

Venice, Italy - An ancient city where no cars are allowed. You have to walk or take a boat ride in the street canals. Venice is slowly sinking and engineers are working to stop it.

Copenhagen, Denmark - Wonderful people. Spent a lot of time in their great amusement park called "Trivoli." The disneyland of Denmark.

Stockholm, Sweden - Beautiful people. Many blond headed children and stunning blond girls all over the place.

Other Observations of Russia

When we arrived at the Moscow airport, we had to make a report on how much money we were carrying. When we crossed the border, leaving from Russia to Finland, we had to make another report on how much money he had on us. We also had to make a detailed report on any purchases during our stay. In Moscow we were quite free to travel on our own. We rode their excellent subways and buses - also by taxi. One thing - all signs and directions were in the Russian language and taxi drivers could not speak English. All our directions had to be written at the hotel before we went anywhere. We traveled by train from Moscow to Livingrad and to Finland. At the border, before leaving Russia - our train was stopped for a couple of hours - while the border police searched the train top - bathrooms and in-between for stow-a-ways. Also our passports were again scrutinized. Our group was so happy arriving in Finland that we burst our spontaneously singing "God Bless America."

Heidelberg, Germany - I attended a church that had both German and English services. A grey haired lady greeted me and asked my name. She was from Siberia, visiting her children here. She said that she knew a number of people in Siberia named "Neufeld." Is it possible that I have relatives in Siberia?

Madrid, Spain - Visited a small local church. Everything was in Spanish. I read from my English Bible and they, theirs. The ^{songs} ~~sings~~ they sang were familiar. Here I again sang in English.

Hawaii - What a beautiful place. A place to go to get away from the ordinary style of living. It feels like a foreign country but you are still in the U.S.A. The beaches are terrific. One of the outstanding beaches of the world is called "Oahu's Hanauma Bay" situated just outside Honolulu. It is a water lovers paradise and one of the finest beaches for swimming and snorkeling. I rented snorkling equipment and spent an entire day here. Wading out in clear coral waters. It was a pictorial thrill of a life time. Because Hanauma Bay is a fish preserve, its multi-colored inhabitants will thrill you if you bring along bread crumbs or frozen peas and they will swarm around you and feed right out of your hand. Its a common occurance to find yourself in a fit of laughter as colorful, frenzied flashes of pink, yellow and blue dart past you.

Parlier, California - Here I spent most of boyhood years. A town of approximately 1,000 population. The depression was in full swing but it did not affect me. My father made a good income during that time with his blacksmith shop. I remember going to

19

the market to buy bread at 10¢ a loaf. Hamberger was 15¢ a pound, milk was 10¢ a quart. Gas was 10¢ a gallon. Candy bars were 5¢ each or 3 for 10¢. My father died when I was 14 years old. My mother received \$50.00 a month from his insurance and we lived comfortable on that.

Observation - It was wonderful to see all these places in the world. But I realized how fortunate I was a citizen of the greatest country in the world, the United States of America.

Churches - Where ever possible, I attended church. A Catholic Cathedral in Mexico City, a famous church in West Berlin.

Traveling Expenses - Ten years ago the cost of traveling was considerably less than now. I figured my first trip to Europe (17 countries) cost \$2700.00 including air fare to New York, all hotels, rail pass in Europe, meals and sightseeing. My freighter trip was \$800.00.

Obituary of
Lena D. Neufeld

Lena D. Neufeld was born November 29, 1889 and passed away March 11, 1983 at the age of 94.

Her parents, Peter and Kathrina Wall, established a home near Moundridge, Kansas, where Mother was born. Her father (Peter) was born in South Russia and immigrated to North American in 1878. He married Kathrina Duek in 1883. This union was blessed with five children, one son and four daughters:

Mařia D. Martens (Buhler, Kansas) died in 1971 - age 87

Frank P. Wall (Reedley) died in 1982 at age of 96

Lena D. Neufeld died in 1983 at age of 94

Katherine Gerbrand (Buhler) died in 1986 at age of 96

Anna D. Wall (Buhler) still living - age 92

The Peter Wall family then moved to Buhler. Here Lena met and married Jonn B. Neufeld in 1916. John was a blacksmith by trade. Three children were born to this union, six grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Frank E. Neufeld - Fresno

Victor J. Neufeld - Fresno

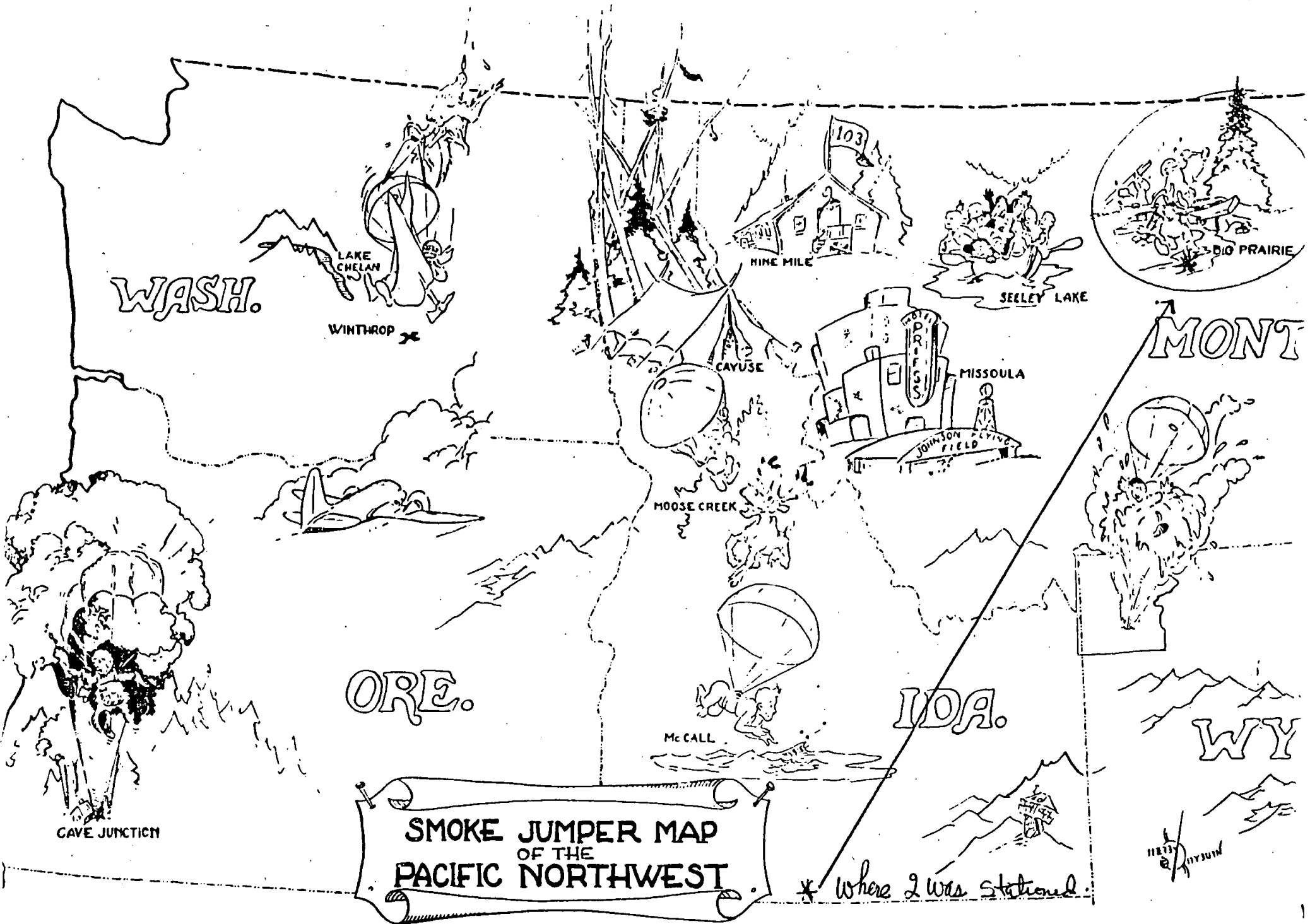
Hilda R. Wiebe - Shafter

In 1920, the family moved to Reedley and then Parlier. Here father established a blacksmith shop. He was active in community affairs. While serving as a member of the Volunteer fire department, he sustained an injury while fighting a fire and as a result died in 1931.

Mother was a wonderful Christian. She saw that we all attended church regularly and we became members of the South Reedly Mennonite Brethren Church, which later moved to Dinuba.

Mother was an excellent cook and we children always looked forward to the week-end when she baked Zweibaks, peach and apricot plautz, luscious home made rye bread and we always enjoyed Borsht and Pluma Mousse and other Russian and Mennonite delicacies.

We children will never forget those wonderful years growing up in Parlier, attending elementary and high school and enjoying a small town environment. After fathers death in 1931, during the depth of the depression, Mother kept our little family of four going on \$50.00 a month (Insurance). During the summers, we all worked for Uncle Frank Wall, on his small farm near Parlier, picking and cutting peaches and helped harvest his grapes.



WASH.

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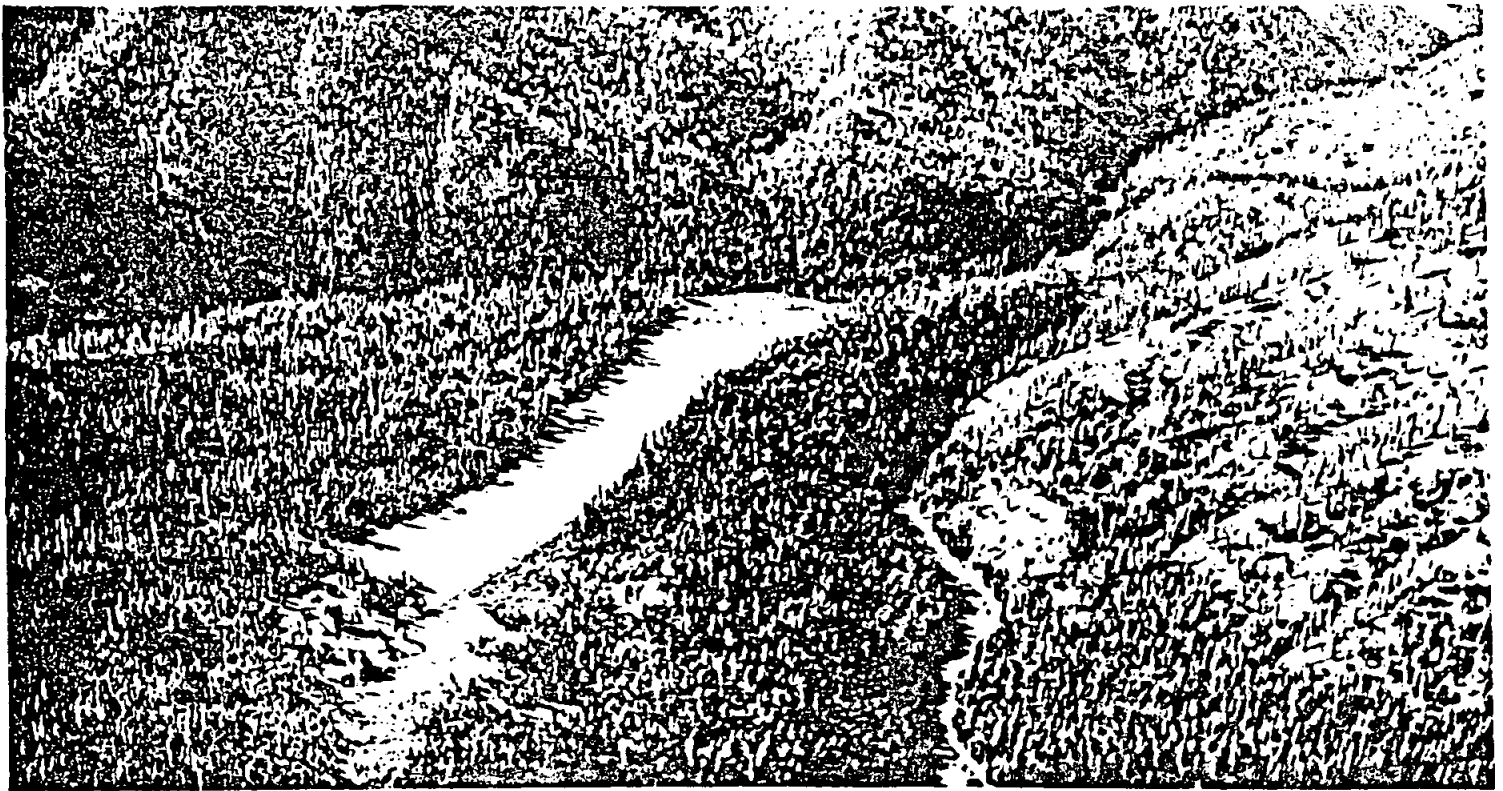
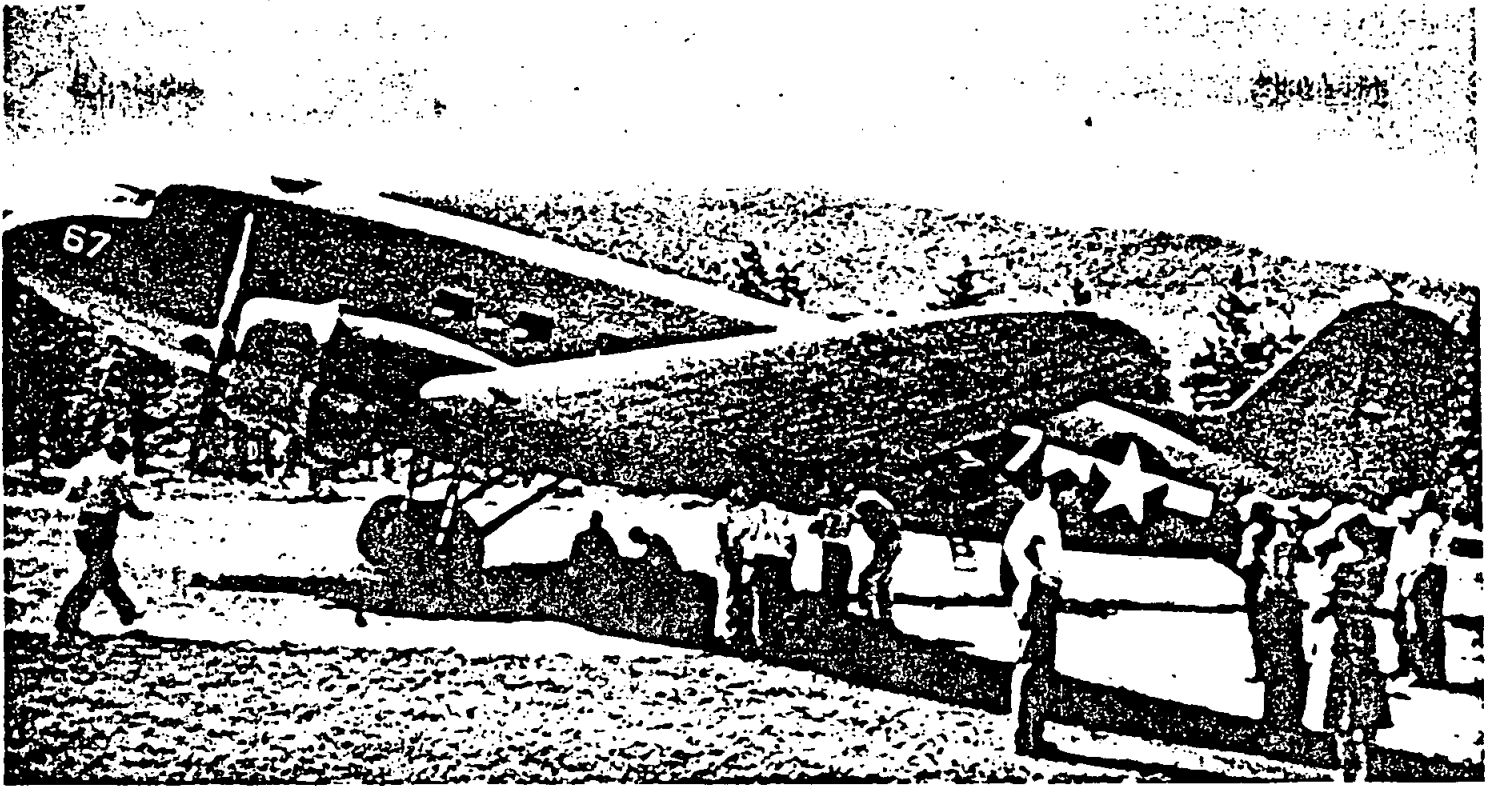
IDA.

WY

SMOKE JUMPER MAP OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

* Where I was Stationed.

NETT & HAYDEN



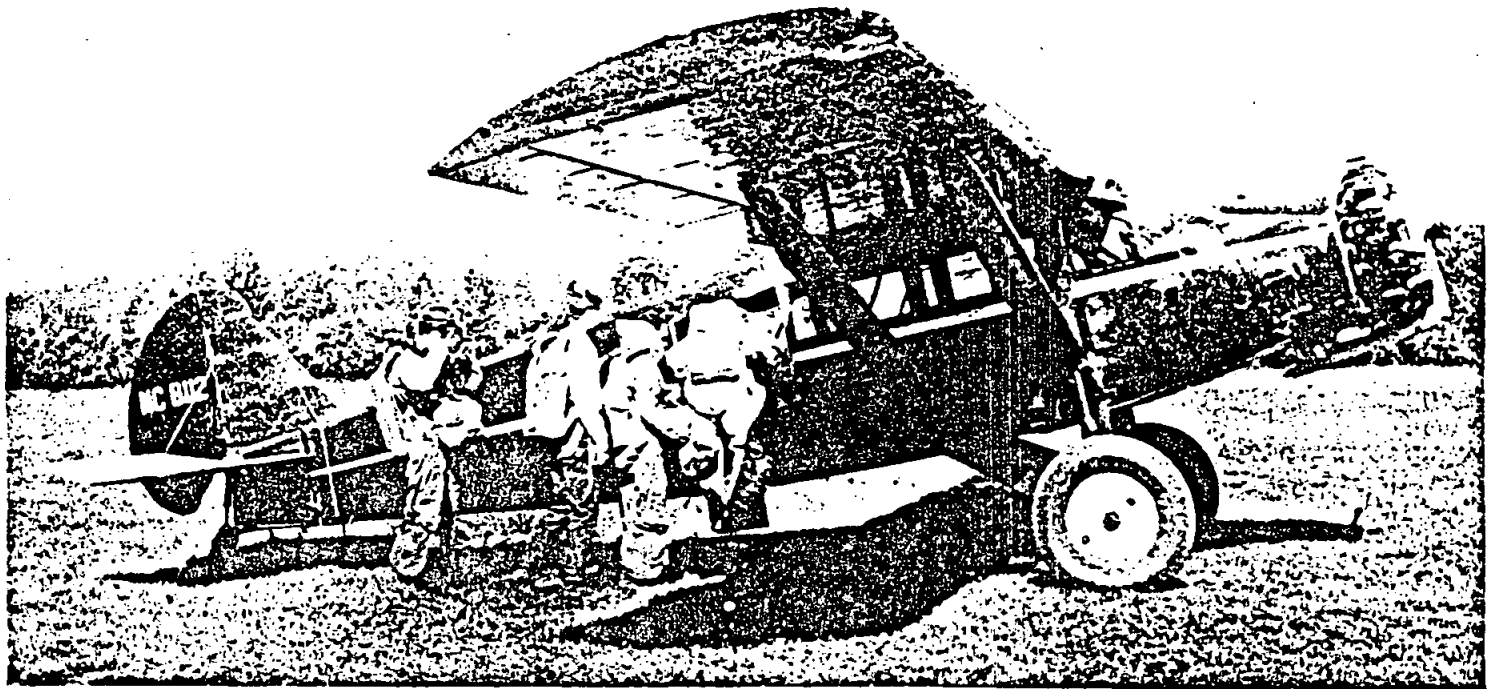
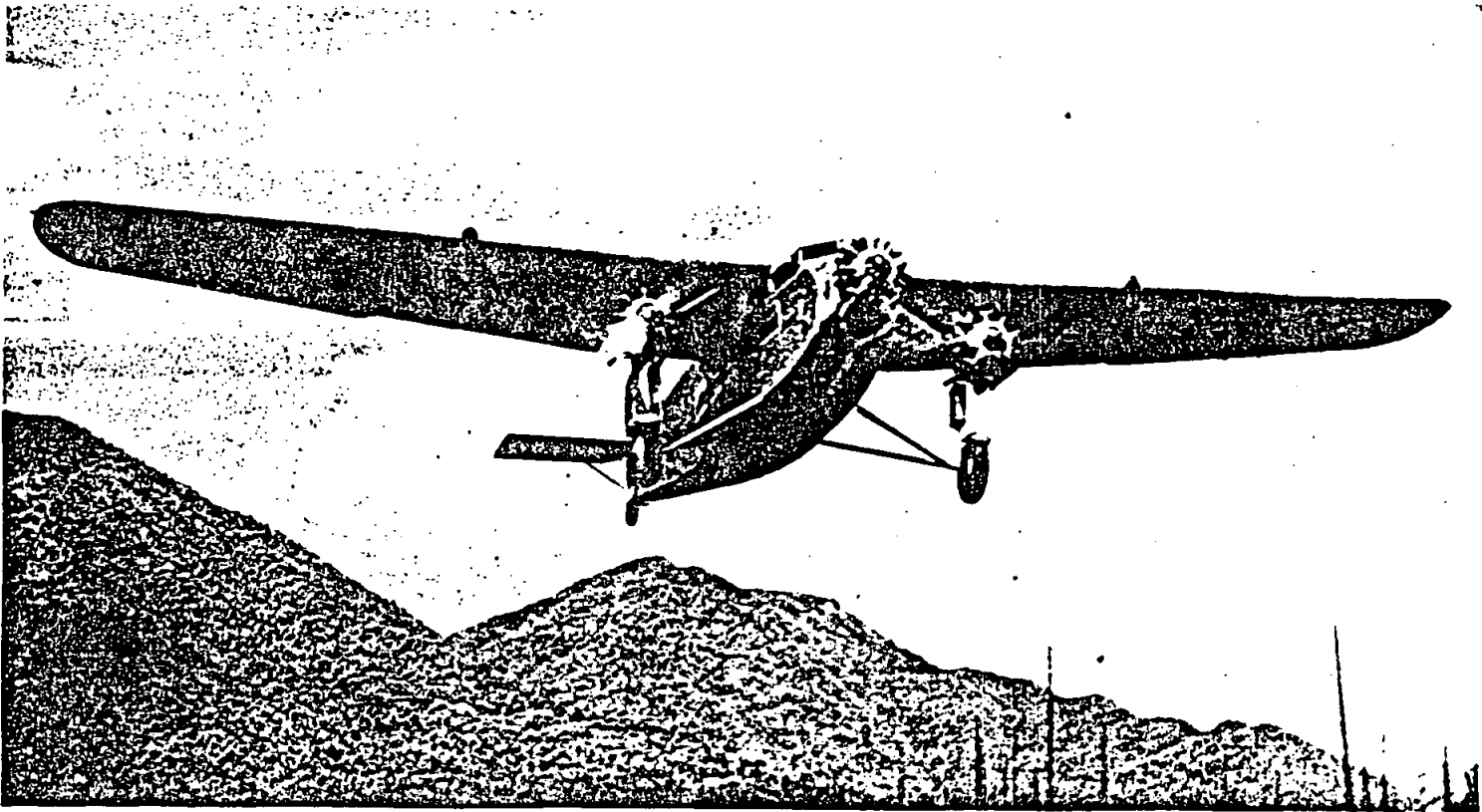
Upper Photo by Ron Wagner, Lower, Eddie Webster, Loviston, Idaho

Regions I, VI

The DC-3 pictured above is a military plane used by the Smoke Jumpers of Region VI on a few fire jumps during the 1944 fire season. Their own jumper plane had persistent motor trouble, finally culminating in a crash in which the pilot, Fred Frank, was killed. This squad of thirteen jumpers has been based the last two years at the Redwood Ranger Station, Cave Junction, Oregon, and is

under the leadership of Forest Service Squad Leader Jack Heintzelman.

Below is an aerial view of the Region I Forest Service landing field at Moose Creek, a back-country ranger station in the Bitterroot National Forest, twenty-five miles from the nearest road. An active Smoke Jumper unit has been stationed there ever since 1940.



Upper Photo by Nafziger

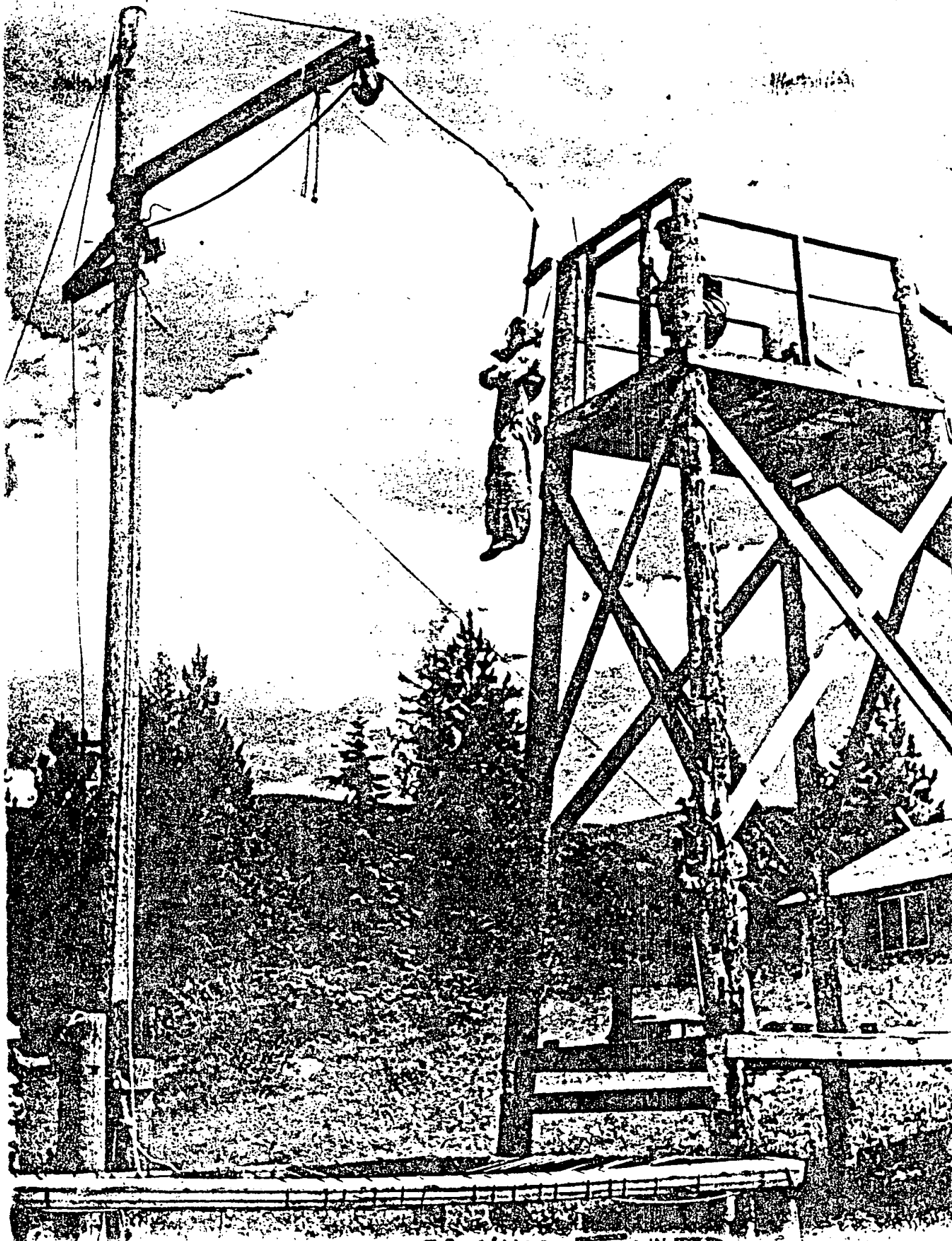
Lower Photo by Gerulline Bruden

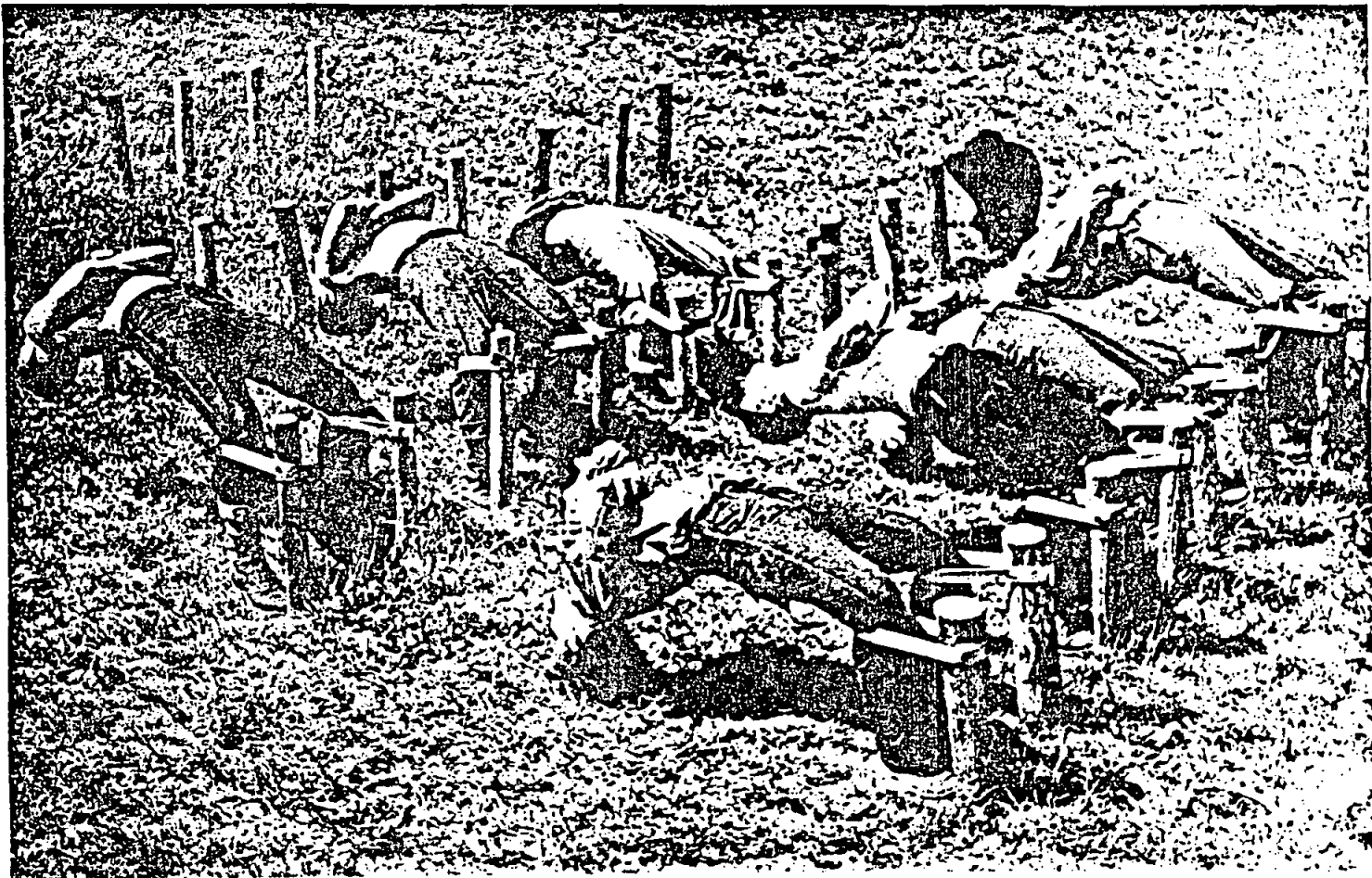
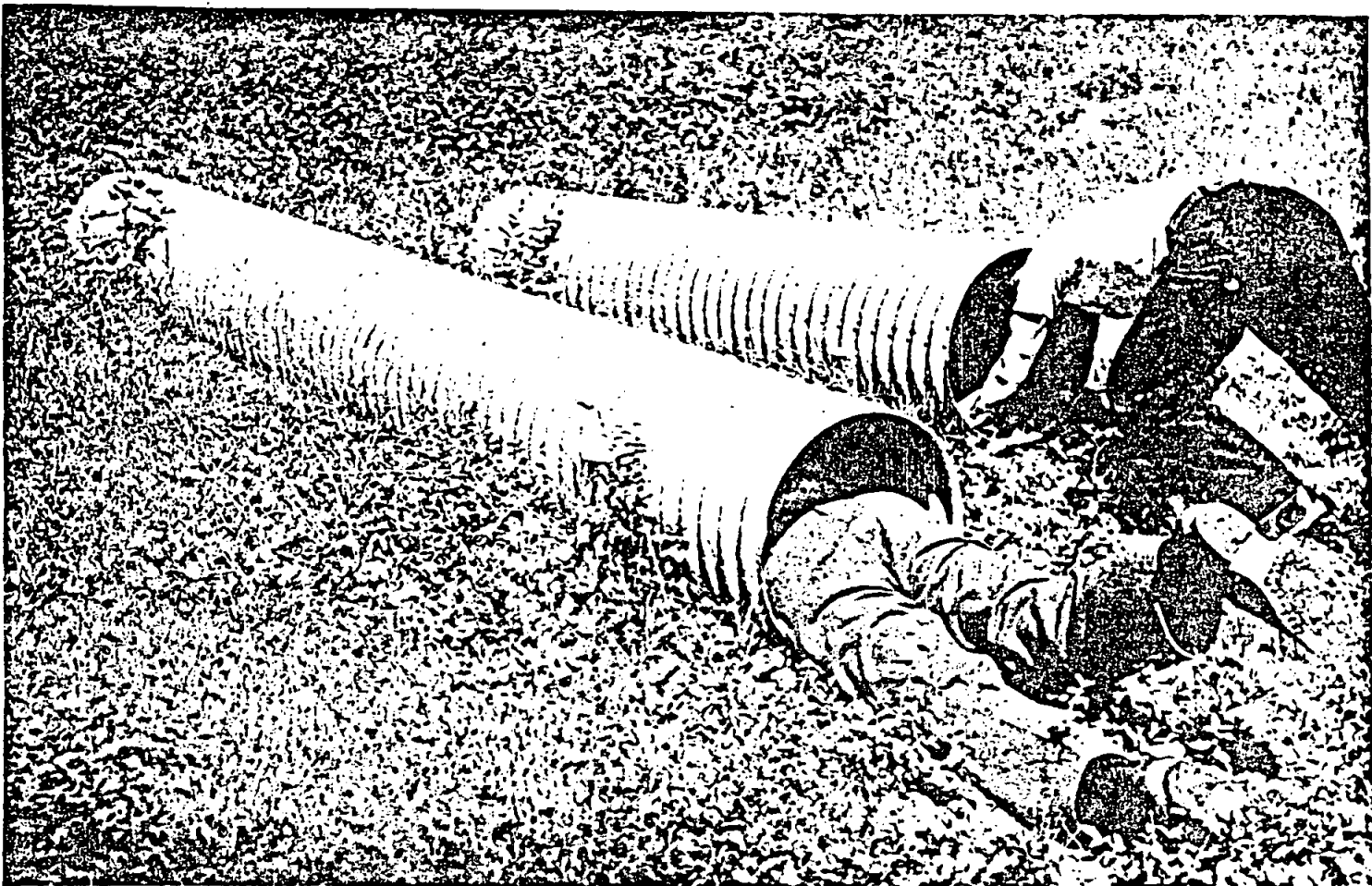
Our Jumper Planes

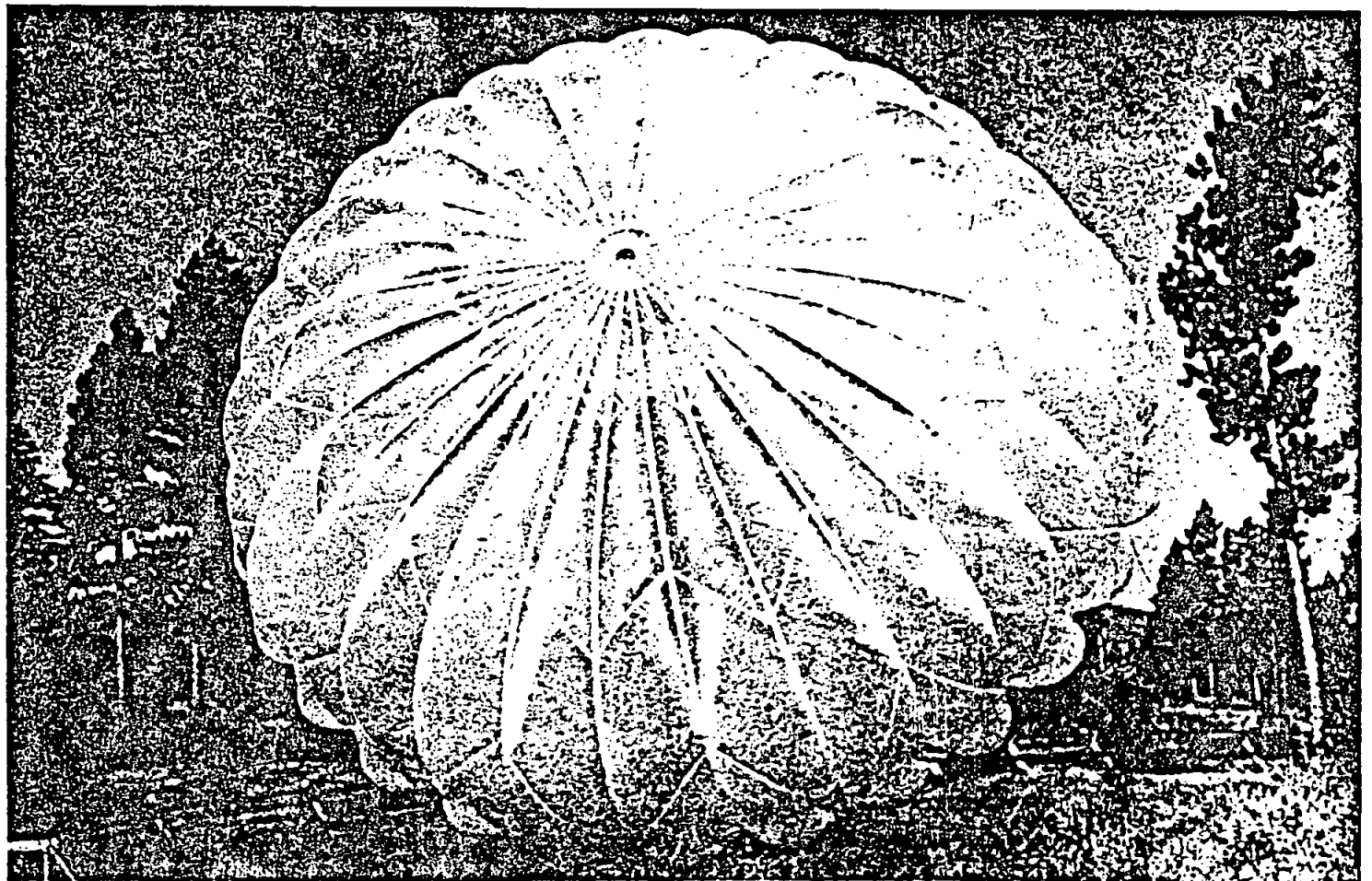
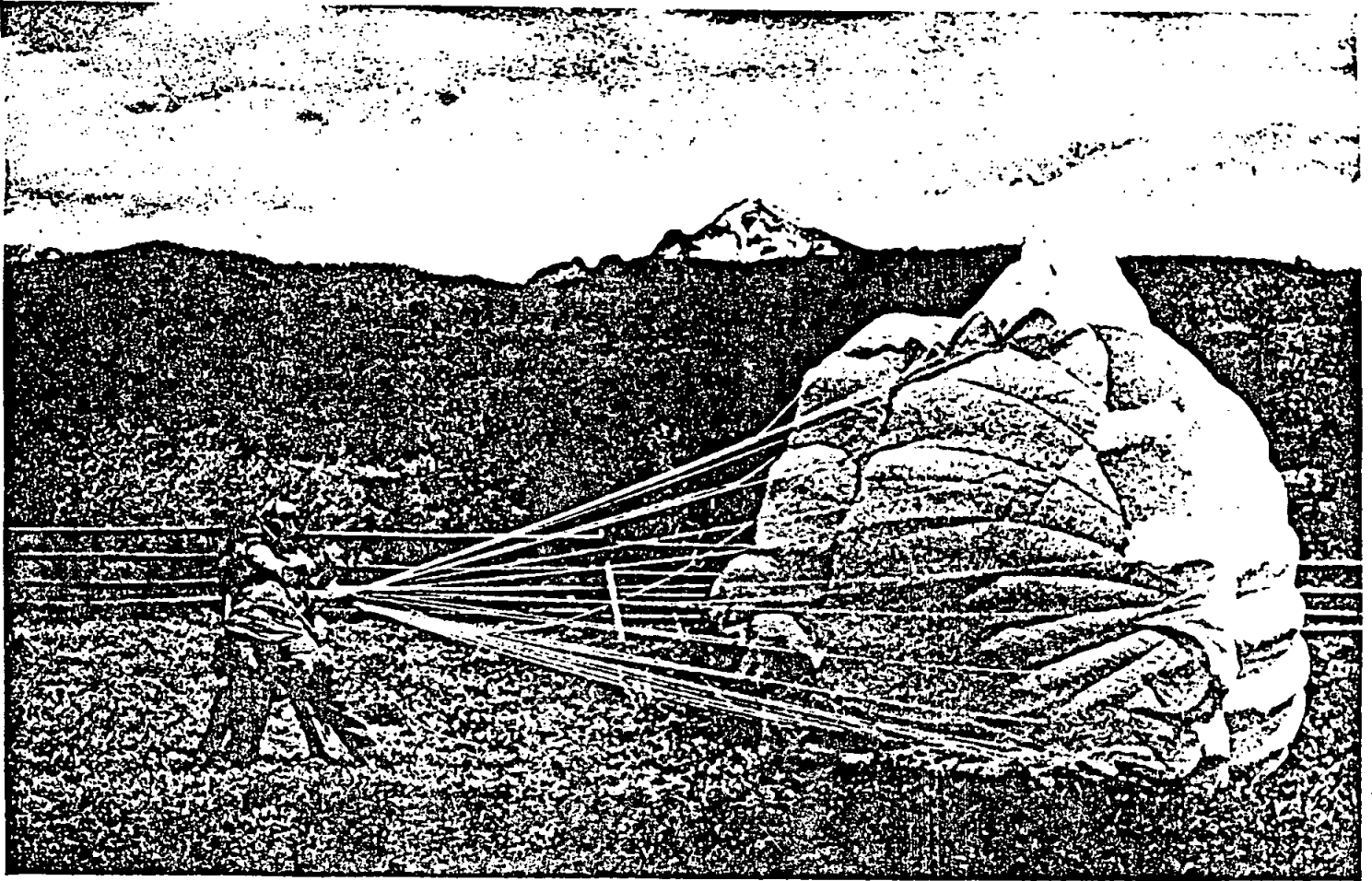
Flying low over the tree-tops in the picture above comes the Ford Trimotor, slow, maneuverable, and capable of carrying eight jumpers, spotter, and all their equipment. Just the plane for mountain flying!

In the picture below, three jumpers and their spot-

ter are entering the Travelair for a practice jump, though on fires two jumpers, spotter, and their equipment completes the usual maximum load. All planes for use in Region I are obtained under Forest Service contract from the Johnson Flying Service of Missoula, Montana.







r Progress

THURSDAY AUGUST 27, 1931

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE

Never Forget



Parlier House Is Destroyed by Fire Early on Sunday

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Echo on Tuolumne street, a frame building, was completely destroyed by fire about 1 o'clock Sunday morning. Mrs. Echo and daughter, who were asleep in the front part of the house, were awakened by the smoke and flames in time to escape. Practically all the household furnishings were destroyed.

Owing to the fire having such headway before the fire department was notified it was impossible to save the building, or furniture, which were both partially covered by insurance.

J. B. NEUFELD CITY TRUSTEE, DIES FRIDAY

Funeral Services Are Held Wednesday in Reedley

Funeral services for John B. Neufeld, 42, who died suddenly here last Friday afternoon, were held at the South Mennonite Brethren Church in Reedley on Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. Burial was in Reedley Cemetery with L. R. Webb in charge of arrangements.

Mr. Neufeld, who was a native of Russia, had lived in Parlier about ten years, having operated the blacksmith shop here for the past eight years. He was a member of the Parlier City Council. He had been at work all day up to 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when he complained of feeling ill and was taken to his home nearby where he collapsed. He died before a physician could be summoned. He had been complaining of not feeling well for two days before he died. It is thought that he might have over-exerted himself during the Herring fire Tuesday night of last week. Death was due to a cerebral hemorrhage.

Mr. Neufeld leaves his wife, Mrs. Lena Neufeld; two sons, Frank and Victor, and a daughter, Hilda, all of Parlier; five brothers, Frank, of Nebraska, Jacob of Texas, Henry, Herman and Pete Neufeld; and three sisters, Mrs. Mary Adrian, Mrs. Lizzie Butler and Katie Neufeld, all of Kansas; and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Neufeld of Kansas.

All the business houses were closed in Parlier in respect to Mr. Neufeld on Wednesday morning during the funeral hour.

RESCUES FAMILY FROM BLAZING CAR AFTER CRASH

H. Rasmussen's Quick Work Saves Lives of Wife, Sons

Four members of the H. Rasmussen family of Parlier had a narrow escape from death about 8 o'clock Tuesday night when they were trapped in their burning car, following a collision with another machine at the corner of North McColl and Dinuba avenues. The other car was driven by R. C. Samuelson of Pasadena, whose sister was a passenger in the machine and was traveling west on Dinuba. The Rasmussen family was enroute to Selma to attend the baseball game.

Mr. and Mrs. Rasmussen and their sons, Virgil and Leroy, were in the southbound machine. Mr. Rasmussen saw the lights of Mr. Samuelson's car, but it was some distance from the intersection and he estimated that he had sufficient time to clear the corner. As he reached the intersection, however, the Samuelson car was ap-

Kitchen Shower Aids Mrs. Owen

DEL REY—Mrs. Ross Owen, whose home was burned about two weeks ago, was the recipient of a shower of money and kind wishes, attended

ALS

Reception Held For Pastor

A reception for Rev. and Mrs. B. C. Brewster and family was held at the Methodist Church Wednesday evening when a splendid program had been prepared by Mrs. Miles Hedrick. Three four tables

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LOWELL C. PRATT, Editor.
ED S. BYFIELD, Business Manager.



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J. B. Neufeld

The Parlier community was shocked last week by the sudden death of J. B. Neufeld, local business man and member of the City Council. He was only 42 years of age and had apparently been in good health. On Thursday evening, one day before his death, he attended a meeting of the City Council, of which he had been a member for nearly four years.

Mr. Neufeld was a man of quiet demeanor but he was popular among the business men of the community who appreciated his fine qualities. He was always ready to do his part in any movement for the betterment of the community and he will be missed by his associates and friends.

Politics or Prohibition?

It is unfortunate for the prohibition cause that so able a speaker as C. W. Cawthrop, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for Northern California, cannot discuss the question without injecting partisan politics. In his address last Sunday evening at the union church service in Selma Mr. Cawthrop presented an admirable defense of the 18th Amendment and touched upon one phase of the present situation which has great significance. He asserted that the greatest contribution that prohibition has made is its revelation of the practically complete breakdown of local government.

We believe that this is unquestionably true, especially with respect to the large cities. It is possible, as Mr. Cawthrop inferred, to obtain rigid enforcement of the prohibition laws if the people of each community see to it that the proper officials are elected.

The speaker could not refrain from touching upon the 1932 presidential election, although he attempted to clear himself in advance of being charged with bias. In dealing with this matter he made several statements which seem to be a bit far-fetched, to say the least.

Opposition to President Hoover, Mr. Cawthrop said, is being manufactured by the liquor interests which are doing everything in their power "to break Hoover before the time for renomination." That sounds more like propaganda than a statement of fact, inasmuch as there is plenty of opposition to Mr. Hoover that does not originate in the liquor crowd.

Mr. Cawthrop went out of his way to praise President Hoover for his strong stand for prohibition, but we do not recall having heard Mr. Hoover say anything himself, further than to declare his intention to enforce the laws, including the prohibition laws. Mr. Cawthrop may be "in the know" on Mr. Hoover's personal views on prohibition, but we would rather have Mr. Hoover speak for himself.

We have never been enamoured of Mr. Naskob so that Mr. Cawthrop's remarks about that gentleman were

(Continued from Page One)

- William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1862), English novelist.
- Thales of Miletus (640-546 B. C.) Greek physical philosopher.
- Titian (c.1477-1576), Italian painter.
- Count Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), Russian novelist.
- Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893), Russian composer.
- Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851), English painter.

V

- Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641) Flemish painter.
- Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Valazquez (1599-1660), Spanish painter.
- Virgil (70-19 B. C.) Roman poet.
- Francois Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778), French philosopher.

W

- Wilhelm Richard Wagner (1813-1883), German composer.
- George Washington (1730-1819), American general and statesman.
- James Watt (1730-1819), Scottish engineer.
- Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington (1769-1852), English general.
- John Wesley (1703-1791), English divine.
- Walt Whitman (1819-1892), American poet.
- Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924), American statesman.
- William Wordsworth (1770-1850), English poet.

X

- Xenophon (c.430 B. C.), Greek historian.

National Summary

The two hundred names which we have published are divided nationally as follows:

- British, 76; French, 27; German, 19; Greek, 17; American, 14; Italian, 13; Roman, 11; Russian, 5; Austrian, 3; Dutch, 3; Spanish, 2; Macedonian, 2; Norwegian, Portuguese, Flemish, Polish, Chinese, Swiss, South American, Hungarian and Carthaginian, 1 each.

The fourteen Americans on the list are Emerson, Franklin, Hamilton, James, Jefferson, Lincoln, Longfellow, Lowell, Marshall, Roosevelt, Sargent, Washington, Whitman and Wilson. It is open to debate, of course, as to whether these are the greatest men that America has produced.

Final Concert Is To Be on Friday

DEL REY--The final band concert for the season will be given August 28 at 8 p. m. The band will play again at the Del Rey Fair September 10, 11 and 12.

The program for Friday evening follows: "America" march, 14th Infantry.

Mr. F. E. Thornton
Correspondent
Phone Del Rey 5-7-5

The birthday anniversary of Mr. Carl Dager was celebrated Monday with a dinner at her home given by Mr. and Mrs. Lon Hotchkiss, Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. and son, of Yuma, Ariz. and Mr. Dave Dager and sons. Those who arrived in the afternoon were Mr. H. T. Armstrong of Sanger, Mr. J. A. Self and Mrs. I. C. McClain. Refreshments of ice-cream and cake concluded the afternoon.

Sunday a party composed of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. McClain and children, Thelma and Clifford W. D. W. Lenecker, Mr. and Mrs. W. Breakenridge and their guests, and Mrs. Harry Trout, Harry Jack Behr, visited Pearson's Ranch above Piedra and returned home stopped at Ward's Oak and enjoyed a picnic supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Trout of Los Angeles and two grand children, Harry and Jack Behr, of Parlier left Tuesday morning for their homes after several days of visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. Breakenridge. Mrs. Breakenridge, Mr. Trout's sister.

Frank Cowan and Willie Wayne Crosby returned Tuesday from a fishing trip in Kings Canyon.

Mr. and Mrs. Helmer Rasmussen of Parlier entertained several guests with a chicken dinner Thursday evening. Present were Mrs. N. Rasmussen, Miss Lydia B. Theodore, Nielsen and Alfred Rasmussen.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernal Owen of Bakersfield spent the week-end with Mr. Owen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Owen.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Stone of Hanford Sunday in the hot sun. Mr. and Mrs. George McNamara and Miss Dora Stone is spending vacation with friends at Blythe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hart of family, Mr. and Mrs. Pearl T. Berry and family, Mr. and Mrs. Powell and family enjoyed a picnic lunch in Roeding Park Sunday, and remained for the evening band concert. Lawrence Hart, cornetist in the band.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Belle daughter, Barbara, and Frank drove to Reedley Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dale Taul.

Frank Beller passed his final examination for the Navy and will leave about September 15. He is the son of Mrs. O. E. H. Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hendrick daughter, Berdine, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Hackney were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. Fresno Wednesday evening. Mrs. Dick Carlsle and daughter.

The Beginning of the Second Seventy Years

January 12, 1987 - I celebrated my 70th birthday. Mary and I are busy with our "Family Life Books" business, which we enjoy very much. We are members of the Evangelical Free church in Fresno and enjoy the friendship of some wonderful people.

January 1988 - We made our trip to the Orient a reality. We spent time in Singapore, Bangkok and Hong Kong. In Hong Kong we visited some of our E.V. Free missionaries and went to church with them.

March 27, 1990 - Was a most crucial day in my life. While in church I developed a pain in my chest and after the service it was decided to call the paramedics. I was taken immediately to a local hospital where the doctors diagnosed my pain as a bonifide heart attack. Result: Major surgery was performed on the heart area. Five arteries were transplanted. After two weeks I was home and feeling a lot better. Now five months later I am on my regular routine, with some changes. I exercise daily, changed my diet and spend more time relaxing. I thank God for the fervent prayers and visits from church friends and pastoral staff.

June 16, 1990 - Was a most crucial day for Mary. After careful doctor's examinations, it was decided to replace her

entire right hip socket. She had broken it a year ago from a fall. The surgery was a success and as of August 1990 she is using a walker. By September 15, her doctor predicts she will shed all restraints and will be able to walk with no pain or limp. Praise the Lord. Here again we are thankful for prayers and support from our church. All hospital bills, doctor fees for both of us totaled over \$100,000.00. Thank God we have excellent insurance - medicare and back up insurance, and all bills were paid.

We live in a modest condominium in Fresno which we enjoy very much. It contains a good sized swimming pool which Frank now uses often for part of his exercise requirement. The rest of the time he walks briskly several miles a day.

We have two daughters and their families, three grandsons.

What the next years will bring, no one knows. We just trust in the Lord and when our time comes we will go to a much better place prepared for us in heaven.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY: JOSEPH C OSBORN

Joseph C Osborn, who died Sunday March 28, 1993 at 81, was born in Muncie, Indiana, on August 16, 1911. He was the only son of the late Frank E. and Romania (Mendenhall) Osborn. He was pre-deceased by two sisters, Marjorie O. Kasun and Rachel A Osborn.

A descendant of many generations of Quakers, he was a birthright member of Friends Memorial Church (now Meeting) in Muncie, Indiana, part of Indiana Yearly Meeting (FUM). In 1955 he transferred his membership to the Lehigh Valley Monthly Meeting (LVMM) in Bethlehem, Pa., part of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting (FGC). Twice Clerk of LVMM, he served on many LVMM committees and also as on Representative Meeting of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting for 11 (?) years. For the past 10 (?) years he served on the Friends Camp Association (Camp Onas) Board in Ottsville, Pa.

During World War II he was a Conscientious Objector (C.O.) in Civilian Public Service (CPS) camps administered by the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) and the Mennonite Service Committee (MSC). He first served at CPS 14, an AFSC camp in Merom, Indiana, from 6/26/42 through 3/43, followed by a month at CPS 94, an AFSC camp in Trenton, N. Dakota, working under the auspices of the Bureau of Reclamation.

In 5/1943 he transferred by application to the MSC camp CPS 103, the Smokejumpers' Unit centered at Missoula, Montana. Here he served as parachutist on numerous jumps to control forest fires under the auspices of the U.S. Forest Service from 5/43 to 12/45. His first parachute jump on a forest fire took place on 6/26/44 his last on 8/26/45. In 12/45 he was transferred to his final camp, CPS 23, an AFSC camp in Coshocton, Ohio and was discharged from there in 2/1946. He maintained close contact through the years with his fellow CPS'ers, faithfully attending many CPS reunions and most of the tri-annual CPS 103 Reunions and all its recent ones (notably in 1983, 1989, and 1992.)

He received his B.S.M.E. (B.S. in Mechanical Engineering) from Purdue University in 1933, following other members of his family at that institution, and his M.S.E.M. (M.S. in Engineering Mechanics) from the University of Michigan in 1946. He taught applied mechanics at Purdue University from 1936 to 1942.

From 1946 to 1948 he taught at Lehigh University in Bethlehem, PA, first as Instructor and then as Assistant Professor. Returning to Bethlehem in 1955 he taught Mechanics at Lehigh until his retirement in 1977, becoming a full professor in 1975. Named Emeritus Professor of Mechanics in 1977, he continued to teach courses through 1980 at Lehigh.

From 1948 to 1953, he served as an Assistant Professor of Mechanics at Montana State University (MSU) in Bozeman, teaching applied mechanics in the Civil Engineering Department. During the academic year 1953-54 he pursued graduate studies in engineering mechanics at the University of Michigan, through the Henry Earl Riggs Fellowship. In 1954-1955 he was an Assistant Professor at Michigan State University in East Lansing, Michigan.

He was an active member of the American Society of Engineering Education (ASEE) for many years, serving for 25 years as Editor of its Mechanics Division Bulletin (later Mechanics Division Monograph) from 1963 until 1988.

He was a member of the Bach Choir of Bethlehem between 1946 - 1948 and 1955 - 1988, singing bass for a total of 35 years. Like many Choir members, as a Bach devotee he was deeply inspired by the transcendent music of the B Minor Mass and other Bach works. A skilled amateur photographer since 1935, he delighted in taking and developing black and white photographs, receiving recognition for many of them. His photographs were displayed by organizations including the Purdue (Indiana) Camera Club, the University of Michigan on traveling exhibits, and the Bozeman (Montana) Camera Club. He also exhibited prints at the Eastman Kodak Amateur Exhibit at the 1939 World's Fair in Queens, NY.

A member of local and national model rocketry societies, he took pleasure in sharing the joy of making and launching model rockets with children. Camping and especially hiking (preferably in the Montana Rockies, although tall Eastern peaks would do) remained an avocation throughout his physically active life.

Family: His marriage to Rebecca (McNees) Osborn of Bethlehem, Pa., produced three children: daughters Julia (Julie) B. Osborn, wife of Marshal Dutko of Kew Gardens, New York; Rachel B. Osborn, wife of Nicholas Butterfield of Allentown, Pa.; and a son Frank E. Osborn, husband of Danielle (Dani) K. Osborn of Downingtown, Pa.; and six grandchildren: Katherine (Katie) and Peter Dutko; Laurel and Theodore (Theo) Butterfield; and Lynne and Natalie Osborn.

Rachel B. Osborn
Allentown, Pa.
215-770-1751

April 13, 1993

OLIVER PETTY: SMOKEJUMPER AND BEEKEEPER

1033 Gibson Hill Road
Albany, Oregon 97321

Life began for me June 9, 1914 on a farm in Oregon, four miles east of the town of Creswell in a small community called Bear Creek. I was the second of four children, an older sister and two brothers.

I come from pioneer Oregon stock: My father's family came west on the 1853 Lost Wagon Trail and settled near Creswell.

My mother's family moved to Oregon from Nebraska in the early 1900s. They took a train to San Francisco, then sailed up the coast to Oregon. They eventually settled in Eugene.

Father Riley Petty farmed and worked part-time as an appraiser for Lane County.

Mother Mamie Sheridan Petty was a school teacher. She taught in the nearby one-room Bear Creek School, about half a mile across the field from our home, and at several other country schools. She was my first teacher. I attended school part-time before I entered the first grade.

Mom needed a car to drive to school, so we bought our first car, a 1923 Model T Ford. The car cost \$700, a lot of money in those days.

I attended Pleasant Hill Union High two years and finished high school in Creswell. Pleasant Hill was eight miles from home and about two miles from the elementary school where Mom taught. She drove sister Ethel and me to Pleasant Hill in the morning. After school, we walked to the elementary school and rode home with her. When I attended Creswell High, I often walked the four miles home from school.

I started school before I was six, so I was younger than other students. I was also small for my age and my self-esteem was low. At Pleasant Hill, I got much hazing from the upperclassmen. I was the pet of one teacher, which only added to my misery with other kids. I fared better at Creswell and also got better grades. I began to mix with the other fellows.

Mom was a Christian. She kept us clean and on the right road to a Christian life. While Pop was away on business or at a lodge

meeting, she read the Bible to us and played the organ while we sang hymns. If Pop came in, we stopped what he considered to be foolishness.

On Sunday afternoons, Eugene Bible College sent missionary teams to Cloverdale Community Church not far from our home. Mom took us whenever possible. Later, we attended the Methodist church in Creswell. This was Mom's preference. The church was not far from the Christian church which was affiliated with Eugene Bible College.

We were always clean but often wore patched clothes and went barefoot. We sometimes took a ribbing from the young people at the Methodist church. They always dressed better.

One Sunday afternoon, I slipped out after Sunday school. I walked down to the Christian church where they'd put up a banner for an evangelistic meeting. The people greeted me with open arms.

I was moved to become a Christian that day and gave my life to the Lord. Mom brought me back that afternoon and I was baptized at a special service. Mom was very happy for me. Pop accepted it.

I graduated from high school in 1931, a few days before my 17th birthday. I now believe I was much too young and immature to go out into the world.

After I became a Christian I was very active in the church. I served as president of Christian Endeavor, Sunday school superintendent and taught a young people's class. I also was elected to serve as a deacon on the board.

I dedicated my life to Christian service. With some support from the church, my savings and money Mom slipped to me, I enrolled at Eugene Bible College, now Northwest Christian College.

With my inferiority complex, I felt I would never be able to preach but I thought I could teach or go into missionary work. Lack of money forced me to leave school after one year.

I spent the next four years working in small gippo lumber mills and saved my money. I finally decided there ought to be an easier way to make a living. I loved the out-of-doors and timber country, so I enrolled in the School of Forestry at Oregon State College (now University) in Corvallis.

I batched with two and sometimes three other Christian fellows. I was still short of money. I did janitor work from 6 to 8 every morning, usually in the home economics building.

I took part in the Corvallis First Christian Church, serving as CE president for college students and a deacon.

This was the early part of World War II and there was talk of U.S. involvement and a draft. I had seen the movie "All Quiet on the Western Front" and believed that war was folly.

Representatives of the Fellowship of Reconciliation spoke to our church young people's class and I signed a pledge never to take part in war, the business of killing.

If I recall, five signed the pledge. One fellow received a 4-F rating. The others joined the military when called. I was the only one who remained true to the vow.

I graduated in 1940 with a degree in technical forestry and a minor in education. I planned to complete the education degree at graduate school. But my draft number was 68 and the board advised me not to return to college.

During college, I worked two summers as a forest lookout in the Bohemia District east of Cottage Grove. While waiting to be called into Civilian Public Service, I took a job with Snow Peak Logging Co. in Linn County as a chainman on the road location gang.

I entered CPS when I was 27 years old. I was supposed to serve until I was 28. When Pearl Harbor was bombed in December 1941, the U.S. entered the war. All 28-year-olds were required to continue to serve in work of national importance. I would serve 4 years, 5 months and 17 days in the alternative to military service.

On June 21, 1941, I was assigned to report to Camp No. 2 at San Dimas, Calif., the first CPS camp on the West Coast. It was later known as Camp 76 at Glendora. The camp was administered by the Friends church.

I had only seen my Dad cry a few times. When I left for camp, he cried and said, "Oliver, at least you will have your hide left when this war is over."

(My brother, Joe, was rated 4-F because of a hernia. Brother Earl served a few months in the Army and received a medical discharge.)

At the Eugene train station, I met Ellis Decker, a CPS recruit from Cottage Grove. We were assigned to share a single berth for the 24-hour trip to Los Angeles.

We reported to Tanbark Station in the rugged hills of the San Dimas Experimental Forest about nine miles from Glendora. I went to work in the soils lab and eventually became the CPS lab manager.

One morning I fell down the steep bank between the wash room and bunkhouse and broke my knee cap. I could still run soil samples although one leg was in a cast: I sat on a tall stool and propped up the leg with the cast on another.

They said I would be crippled the rest of my life because I wouldn't give up and "enjoy" my broken knee cap. It healed and has never bothered me.

CPS 103, the smoke jumping camp, opened in the spring of 1943 in Missoula, Mont. I applied and was accepted. Mr. Coleman, my forest service supervisor at San Dimas, said he would insist I return after fire season.

Thus I would spend summers in Montana and winters in Southern California, all at the expense of the government.

I trained for my first seven jumps at Seeley Lake, then transferred to a work camp at Basin Creek. I worked under Wag Dodge. As the fire season progressed we were transferred to Big Prairie Ranger station by an air strip on fire call. Big Prairie was on the Flat Head River and offered excellent fishing.

I made my first jump with Harry Mishler of Sheridan, Oregon. The fire was in the Spotted Bear District in a single snag that had been hit by lightning.

We spent most of the summer on fire standby, doing odd jobs. As the season ended, they flew in a portable sawmill. We started building a bridge across Flat Head River. The project would be taken over by men stationed there that winter.

I left Missoula on Nov. 20, 1943 on a two weeks furlough. I spent Thanksgiving with my family and attended the wedding of my brother, Joe and his wife, Virginia. Then I returned to San Dimas and ran more soil samples and rain gauge recordings.

In April 1944, I went back to Montana. Headquarters was a rented fraternity building that we dubbed "Waffle Bottom Lodge." The loft and training area was at Nine Mile, an old CCC Camp. I spent most of the summer there except for pre-fire season trail and phone line maintenance at Fish Creek Ranger Station out of Superior, Montana.

During the fire season, I was at Nine Mile on standby and worked around the forest service remount station and at the university tree nursery in Missoula.

It was a busy season: I jumped on two fires out of Winthrop, Wash., around Lake Chelan. We came out by Forest Service boat the length of the lake, about 14 miles.

That summer the camp published the Smoker Jumper, a picture story about smoke jumping. I worked under Gregg Phifer as photo editor. It turned out to be a very big job but an excellent story on smoke jumping.

I left Montana on Nov. 20, 1944, on two weeks furlough. Back at San Dimas -- now Camp 76, Glendora -- I worked in the lab but spent most of the time leading a phone line survey crew between Fern and Tanbark. This was outside work with a quite a pleasant crew brushing out a survey line for a phone line route.

On May 3, 1945, I arrived back at Nine Mile for my last season as a smoke jumper. I spent most of the pre-fire season working on trails and phone lines in the Shafter district on the North Flathead River bordering Glacier National Park.

The high point of our experience took place when Phil Thomforde tried to kill a bear with a splitting ax. It reminds me of a Disney cartoon.

A bear had gotten into our garbage pit. Raymond Phibbes and I were in the cabin. We went to the back door just in time to see Phil poised over the pit with an ax raised in the air. We hollered not to hit the bear, but we were too late. The bear heard us and came up out of the pit. Phil swung the ax with all he had. He hit a glancing blow to the side of the bear's head.

The bear walked off about 20 feet and looked back at Phil as if to say "what the hell are you doing?" Later, the Forest Service packer said he saw a bear with a sore on the side of its head. Phil was lucky the bear was a pacifist.

On the White Cap fire, I took the lead at setting up camp and cooked a meal. As the fire grew and the number of crew members increased, I continued cooking. I became the camp cook and was called the "jumping cook." Later, I was dropped as cook on the Augusta fire.

In August, 1945, the atomic bombs were dropped on Japan. The war was over. We talked about getting out of CPS, but still had our project to do.

I cooked a short time for a timber cruising crew on Boulder Creek out of Butte, Montana. On Nov. 15, 1945; I took my discharge physical.

I used furlough time to hitch hike to Seattle to buy photography paper to do some printing for the other fellows. I went to camp headquarters, now at Savanack. I had photographed newspaper articles about smoke jumping. I printed copies and wedding pictures for our camp nurse, Kathleen Harder.

Phil Thomforde wanted to sell his 1942 Harvey Davis motorcycle which was stored in Bonners Ferry, Idaho. I gave him \$380. On Dec. 4, I took a bus to Bonners Ferry and loaded my belongings into a box Phil had built on the cycle.

I had only driven a motorcycle a few times. I left at 11:30 a.m. There was snow on the gravel beside the road, but the pavement was clear. I made good time to Spokane and decided to go on to Pasco to spend the night.

Near Colville, Wash., I was turning a corner and was blinded by the lights of an approaching car. I ended up in a plowed field. The front fork of the cycle was damaged. I collected my baggage and "limped" the cycle into town. The town cops got me a room in a private home. The next morning, I had the motorcycle repaired, and continued on to Oregon.

Dec. 10 -- the last day of my furlough -- concluded my 4 years, 5 months and 17 days in alternative service. I spent some time visiting old friends around home and in Glendora, then started looking for a job.

Returning veterans had the first chance to join, so there was no chance of my continuing as a smoke jumper. I had seen enough of the backside or inside problems of personnel in the Forest Service. I didn't want to work for the government, unless I could be a smoke jumper.

I wanted to have my own business and be independent. It would cost too much money to go into farming but I thought beekeeping wouldn't take much capital.

When I was a kid, my Dad and I took swarms out of trees. I learned I could handle and work with bees without them being adverse to me. So I decided I would try to learn commercial beekeeping and thus be my own boss.

I talked with and canvassed beekeepers in Southern California. I finally found George Biggers of Ojai, a Church of Christ minister and a pacifist. He put me to work the next day. I got room and board and \$175 a month.

Commercial beekeeping means handling bees roughly and getting stung a lot. I resolved many times that if I lived through a rough ordeal, I would quit. But the next morning would bring hope and a brighter look.

Bee stings are part of the business. I never like to be stung but one gets so he doesn't care.

I worked three years for Biggers, operating around Ojai during the spring months and in the San Joaquin Valley in the summer. I then worked one year for Allen Dyer in Yorba Linda.

Walt Vail, another CPSer who also worked for Biggers, and I decided to go into business together. In the winters of 1949 and 1950, we traveled in the Northwest and even Canada looking for a bee outfit to buy. Time ran out and Walt returned to Ojai. He later married one of Biggers' daughters.

On April 2, 1950, Loretta (Connie) Vaughan and I were married in Santa Barbara, Calif. The next week we loaded wedding gifts and other belongings onto a trailer and moved to Albany, Oregon. Six months later we moved to our home on Gibson Hill in North Albany where we continue to live. We later bought additional land where I planted Christmas trees. Thus I was involved in bees and trees. And I used my knowledge of forestry.

On May 5, I picked up 500 colonies of bees in Chico, Calif., and moved them to Oregon. I was associated with Ralph Heins of Heins Honey Co. until the mid-1960s when his health failed. Then I worked with his son and later, a grandson. Ralph let me use his truck in exchange for taking care of his bees. He extracted and sold most of my honey.

I eventually bought my own truck and built my own extracting plant.

I signed up for Social Security when I was 62 but continued to operate my business. We had three dependent children who received allotments to help with college.

Three years later, in 1980, I sold the bees and leased my warehouse to John Mespelt who had worked for me as a high school student.

I still keep about 100 colonies of bees, help John with the bee operation, extract honey for him and other beekeepers, and bottle and sell honey. The tree farm also keeps me busy.

Beekeeping is an independent life. Although you work long hours, you have considerable free time in winter. This allowed me to take part in state, national and international beekeeping associations. and to travel.

I was secretary of the Oregon State Beekeepers Association 22 years, served a number of times as a delegate to the American Beekeeping Federation, and two terms on the ABF executive committee.

Since 1967, I have attended all but three meetings of Apimondia. The international organization meets every two years in different countries.

In 1967, I took the family with me when Apimondia met near Washington, D.C. I went to the Soviet Union in 1971, when few travelers were able to visit the country. In 1989, I went to Brazil and got to see the Africanized or so-called "killer bee."

Last year's meeting -- in Yugoslavia -- was cancelled because of unrest in the country. Next year's will be in Benjing, China. I hope to attend.

I have also been active as a 4-H beekeeping leader. I am now in my 35th year.

In 1965, Connie started writing for the Albany newspaper. She retired last January and now does freelance work for the newspaper. She also opened a gallery where she has an office for writing and a place where Northwest artists can show their work.

We were blessed with five children, two daughters and three sons. We now have six granddaughters.

Walter and Dean wored for me and owned their own hives to help put them through college. Both chose other careers: Walt, a CPA, lives in Eugene. Dean is a missionary in Budapest, Hungary. Douglas, our youngest son, is a commercial photographer in Portland.

Our daughters both have careers. Sylvia works with programs for handicapped children in Portland and is now attending Portland State University for her master's degree in social work. Martha, an artist, lives in Alaska.

Connie and I attend and are active in Hill Street Church of Christ in Albany.

I have never regretted my stand as a conscientious objector. I cherish the memories of smoke jumping. Since the war, I've not

really been active in the peace movement but have helped somewhat. I've always been too busy to be very active.

I do love the reunions and the fellowship with smoke jumpers. I truly appreciate the efforts of those who plan and promote these reunions.

Oliver W. Petty
July 29, 1992



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January 13, 1994

Dear Roy:

And I thought I was **old** at 75. Not that I really feel old, but after an operation for prostate cancer and acquisition of a hearing aid, I decide that I really am.

Florida is a **LONG** way from Montana. Last time I attended our CPS 103 reunion my daughter lived in Atlanta and I obtained a cut rate flight by (I think) purchasing someone's frequent flier ticket. That might be impossible in Tallahassee.

If I sent you a copy of my Christmas letter, you know that two summers ago I had an operation for a ruptured heel tendon and last year my prostate operation. What will happen in summer 1994 is anybody's guess, but I **HOPE** nothing to match the last two.

I would **like** to be there next July. I can afford it, even at Delta rates, and even at the higher cost for Missoula motels and restaurants. I hate to promise that I will come, but I will certainly consider it seriously provided that a substantial number of our CPS 103 jumpers also plan to make it.

The upshot: **no promises**, but I would like to be there and unless something happens to interfere, would make every effort to do so. I think for most of us from CPS days, this may well be a "last chance." After all, we "graduated" in 1945 and many of us have already died: Dave Flaccus and Joe "Pappy" Osborn being only two of the many. Thank you for the newspaper report on Flaccus from the Missoulian.

At the November convention of the Speech Communication Association (my national professional association), I presented a paper at a sectional meeting of the Peace Communication Division on "CPS 50 Years Later." Technically it may have been 51 years, since I entered Buck Creek Camp (CPS 19) just before Christmas 1942, but 1943-93 seemed much cleaner. I planned to show some of my Smoke Jumper slides, but technical problems intervened. I will enclose a copy of my paper. If we CPSers finally decide to get together, I will bring those slides.

Query: Did anything come of the idea of reprinting **Smoke Jumper**, the slick picture story I edited way back when?

Query: Even if I can't come to Missoula, I still would like to have one or more Smoke Jumper T-shirts. Mine from the Good Old Days are so faded that it is almost impossible to make out the parachute.

All my best,


Gregg Phifer

How many of you know what CPS stands for? It is Civilian Public Service, an alternative program for conscientious objectors to military service during World War II. That was, as we all know, the last "good war," since Hitler was a devil figure seeking to conquer Europe and Japanese treachery wrecked our Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor. Wars in which the United States became involved ran downhill from there. John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson buried us deeper and deeper in the Vietnam morass. Clinton thought our intervention misguided and used what he considered honorable means to avoid military service there. I voted for Clinton, and his opposition to our intervention in this civil war helped firm my decision.

For many American pacifists the attack on Pearl Harbor was the last straw, even for members of the historic peace churches: Mennonite, Brethren, Friends. Only about ^{twelve}~~ten~~ thousand of us held out against peer pressure to join the military crusade and sought IV-E classification. We have no idea—and the military refuses to say—how many obtained I-A-O classification, willing to serve only in non-combat military roles, but guesstimates suggest many times our CPS ten thousand.

CPS began with base camps following the Civilian Conservation Corps pattern. Manpower demands of the military service rendered obsolete the primary function of the CCC, providing work for otherwise unemployed young men. Following CCC meant that CPS assignees served the Forest Service, the National Park Service, or Soil Conservation. Early camps were all under the auspices of one of the historic peace churches. Much to the dismay of many Catholic bishops, a Catholic camp opened in New England. And the Methodists—my denomination—established a detached service unit at Duke University. The military ran the Three Cs, but Selective Service and the National Service Board for Religious Objectors formed an uneasy partnership to administer CPS.

Gradually opportunities for detached service opened. Many CPS units in mental hospitals made a substantial difference in the treatment of inmates. One of my friends volunteered for the so-called starvation unit, living on extremely low calorie meals to let scientists study conditions they expected to find in post-war Europe. Quite a few wanted desperately to serve overseas in the tradition of the Friends Ambulance Units. Eleanor Roosevelt favored the idea and persuaded her husband to endorse it. When influential senators got wind of the project, they brought it to a grinding halt.

During the summer of 1942 while appealing my classification, I took classes at George Peabody, Vanderbilt, and Scarritt in Nashville where my parents lived. Finally my hearing officer approved a IV-E classification and in December I reported to CPS 19, Buck Creek Camp near Marion, North Carolina. I arrived as many North Carolina Quaker farmers were leaving for Christmas furlough. I frapped chestnuts—meaning I cut them down—along the Blue Ridge Parkway, without really knowing what I was doing or why. I fought a couple of fires, including one big one in the Pisgah National Forest.

Then Selective Service closed Buck Creek. Many men transferred to Gatlinburg, but forty of us traveled to CPS 37 in Coleville, California. Again, I fought a few fires, worked in the office one winter, and volunteered for the Dog Valley Pumpers, a crack-fire fighting unit scheduled for service up and down the coast. With more manpower available than they anticipated, the Forest Service dissolved this unit, and I moved to the southernmost spike camp, Mammoth Lakes. There I strung telephone wire between two ranger stations and took part in a mountain rescue in which a CPS crew brought Hershel Asbury down from the mountain with a broken leg.

My efforts impressed the ranger, so when I applied for the Smoke Jumpers in

the spring of 1944, he wrote a strong letter of recommendation. Acceptance meant riding crowded trains to Missoula, Montana, headquarters of Forest Service Region I and site of Smoke Jumper training.

You may have seen pictures of this fire fighting unit using planes and parachutes to reach the back country of the Pacific Northwest. I have some slides for you today. We could reach anywhere in the region in an hour or so. Ground crews would take days to hike in over trails built by the CCC but allowed to fall into disrepair.

We were not the first parachute fire fighters. Frank Derry, Earl Cooley and others created an experimental unit in the late thirties and early forties. But able-bodied men went off to war and few smoke jumpers remained. Then in 1942 Phil Stanley, a young Quaker assignee, wrote both Forest Service and Selective Service suggesting that CPS men could fill the gap. Almost miraculously, both agreed. About 75 men opened CPS 103 in 1943, including three men from my own Buck Creek Camp. They did such a great job that the Forest Service increased the unit to 150 by 1944--when I joined—and to more than 200 by the summer of '45. From a small experimental unit, we transformed the Smoke Jumpers into an integral part of Regional Fire Control. Actually, CPS jumpers served three regions: I, centered in Missoula (my own); IV in McCall, Idaho; and V, stationed at Cave Junction, Oregon.

Training at Nine Mile was rigorous. The tower jump prepared us for the parachute's opening shock. We ran up a ramp and jumped off to learn to hit and roll—none of this standing up straight on landing as some jumpers do today. We had seven training jumps, and on the next to last were supposed to hang up in a tree. I tried, but hit the side of a small pine and slid down almost to the ground. I had only three fire jumps in 1944, which Forest Service called a light year. 1945 was something else. We went round and round the jumping ladder.

I had seven jumps, and others had *even more*!

Before I share some of my Smoke Jumper slides, I can add that I wound up my CPS career in 149, Olustee, Florida, just 150 miles east of Tallahassee where I have taught since 1949. I was discharged in 1946 after a hernia operation and that fall began teaching at Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio.

Inside

One congregation's response to armed conflict / p. 317

Bound to work for a different order / p. 318

Relief sales: good or bad / p. 322-323

★ About Walt and Clara Reimer

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THE

Mennonite

For no one can lay any foundation other than the one that has been laid; that foundation is Jesus Christ.

106: 14
JULY 23, 1991

Instead of going to war

Walt Reimer tells his grandson (center) and friends about being a conscientious objector during World War II.
(See page 315.)



Prologue

Walt Reimer of Moses Lake, Wash., the storyteller on our cover and the subject of our lead article, was one of 12,000 conscientious objectors to war who served in about 152 camps from 1941 to 1945. Civilian Public Service grew out of the suffering of conscientious objectors (COs) during World War I. With no legal alternative to being in the armed forces, many were beaten, coerced to wear the uniform, imprisoned, court-martialed. Several died in prison. CPS was modeled after the Russian Mennonite forestry experiment and the Quaker work camp movement of the 1920s. (See the related article, "Scholars, COs Reflect

on world War II Alternative Service," in our July 9 issue, page 305.)

We focus on peace in *The Mennonite* at this time each year to commemorate the Aug. 6 and 9, 1945, bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, respectively. This year Robert Hull has also gathered responses to the Persian Gulf War. See the insert in this issue.

The next issue of *The Mennonite*, dated Aug. 13, will celebrate our most precious commodity, water. *mts*



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Contents

315 Instead of going to war

Walt Reimer was one of many who chose to take a risk for peace rather than for war during World War II.

317 One congregation's response to armed conflict

Mennonite Fellowship of Montreal learned that prayer is a powerful weapon for bringing peace.

318 Bound to work for a different order

After seeing oppression in Central America, Carol Rose seeks to oppose her country's military support of unjust rulers.

320 Letters

322 Relief sales: two views

Donald Steelberg and Maynard Shelly explore the pros and cons of Mennonite relief sales.

324 Quilting project becomes a community project

325 Who's in charge here?

326 News

- PDC, PCC meet together, show different styles



326

- NDC celebrates 100 years
- CDC, IMC make history
- Mayhue, Miller join MVS
- Record

334 Reviews

- Peacemaking for the '90s
- Dynamic non-resistance
- Serving the poor

336 Preach, don't market, the gospel

Cover: Top photo is by Clara Franz Reimer. Inset photo is used courtesy of Mennonite Library and Archives, North Newton, Kan.

Walter Reimer parachuted into dangerous areas during wartime—but to save life, not to kill.

Instead of going to war

Walter Reimer
(with Clara Franz
Reimer)

World War II changed my life. My brother and I were drafted. He went into the army and I into Civilian Public Service. This was typical in our church, Alexanderwohl Mennonite Church near Goessel, Kan. About half went into CPS and half into the armed services, and the church supported all of us.

I entered CPS at Weeping Water, Neb., then went to LaPine, Ore., and on to Three Rivers, Calif., followed by CPS #103 smoke jumpers at Missoula, Mont. I was discharged at Denison, Iowa, 3 1/2 years later.

Soil conservation was the main project at Weeping Water, where I worked for two months. I went with a group to open a new camp in LaPine for the Bureau of Reclamation, which was building a dam for irrigation. I stayed there as long as it was under Mennonite Central Committee supervision. When the government took over the camp, many of us accepted the option to move to other camps.

At Three Rivers I worked with the National Park Service. I repaired telephone lines and saw a good share of Sequoia and Kings Canyon parks.

Smoke jumping sounded exciting, so when that opportunity came up, I applied. 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 he gave his consent.

I trained with the smoke jumper 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 got hurt on a jump and we parachuted in with an army doctor to carry him on a stretcher to the nearest road. He had suffered a back injury.

One memorable fire jump was in the Seven Devils area along the Snake River between Oregon and Idaho. There were two planeloads 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; the first plane had already started its cargo dump. 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 flown between us.

My parachute got hung up in a big yellow pine tree about 70 feet from the ground. Herb went up to rescue my chute because I chickened out after I got up about 60 feet.

On the walk out that 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, then we walked 15 miles in the dark.

Another memorable jump was above Lake Chelan in Washington. It was in steep terrain. The fire covered more than 300 acres, and our Trimotor load of eight jumpers and another DC-3 load from Cave Junction, Ore., 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 its 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 given 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 large 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 smoke jumpers 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

My uncle could not figure out why I wanted to "give my life for a dumb tree."

4
Prayer is the most important work that we as God's people can do.

One congregation's response to armed conflict

Laura J. Loewen

Our church was concerned about the conflict between Native Canadians and law enforcement officials at Oka, Quebec, last summer. We talked about it and prayed. The local churches' hands seemed to be tied because there was no good link to the communities at either Kahnawake or Kahnéssetake. Slowly some contacts with these communities were established. Our congregation was invited to participate in prayer vigils. Some of us attended. We were invited to be observers at strategic points along the reserve. Eight people from our congregation spent one sunny day in the fresh air, keeping track of ingoing and outgoing vehicles. Was there any significance to this activity? Would we have been as willing to go on a rainy day? These were questions we asked ourselves after a long day of little action.

TV news programs showed angry confrontations between the Native community and the "outside" world. Were there no other more positive images that could be flashed across the country? Out of this concern came the idea that perhaps if a group from the Mennonite church met with a group of Native Canadians at one of the barricades and sang peace songs to each other, the country might also see images of bridge building.

Barricades: The hymn-sing did not proceed as planned. Some angry local residents (not Native Canadians) met us at the barricades. We did sing one song and prayed, but then we left. Our intentions to bring overtures of peace to one group had antagonized another group. We did not question our intentions, but we did question the wisdom of this action. We went home and continued to pray for the people caught in this crisis.

Several months later we invited people from Oka to tell us their side of the story (see box below). Hearing their story was helpful. It was also encouraging to hear that the churches' prayer vigils and network of observers had given the Native community hope. Perhaps our participation in these efforts was not as insignificant as we had assumed.

Praying together as a group has been a meaningful experience. Sometimes I wondered, Is praying *all* we can do? Then I read "Sentences on Peacemaking" by Henri Nouwen, which reminded me that prayer is the most important work that we as God's people can do. Nouwen writes,

"Prayer—living in the presence of God—is the most radical peace action we can imagine. Prayer is peacemaking and not simply the preparation before, the support during and the thanksgiving after.

"Prayer is not primarily a way to get something done. In prayer we undo

the fear of death and therefore the basis of all human destruction.

"...The act of prayer is the basis and source of all action. When our actions against the arms race are not based on the act of prayer, they easily become fearful, fanatical, bitter and more of an expression of survival instincts than of our faith in God and the God of the living" (*Seeds of Hope*, Bantam, 1989).

I am also aware of the continuing struggle that exists in Quebec—a struggle that continues to bring division in our country. Can we find ways of being peacemakers in this context? I pray that we will.



Laura J. Loewen is pastor at Mennonite Fellowship of Montreal. Reprinted from *Weathering the Storm: Christian Pacifist Responses to War* (Faith and Life Press, 1991, \$8.95)

Burden bearers of peace

Last November two storytellers from Kahnéssetake came to our congregation to help us relive the previous summer. We heard another side of the Oka story.

These two women spoke of parents being separated from their children for weeks at a time, of food being dumped or sent back from the barricades, of medicine not permitted to pass the checkpoints and of the support they felt in their cause when they heard of the observer teams and the prayer vigils. Throughout the summer the media flashed pictures of Native warriors across the country. The word "warrior" in the Mohawk language means "the one who carries the burden of peace on his back." While I did not unquestioningly accept the armed "burden bearers of peace," I know that words can have a powerful impact in communication. Using the name "warrior" made it easier for us to invalidate their motives.

As I listened I realized that much of the pain between our cultures stems from our lack of understanding and willingness to see the world through the lenses of our Native Canadians. We have asked them to submit to our ways and our worldview at a great cost to their peoplehood. *Laura Loewen*

the Anaconda area. Besides cruising timber there 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 salable lumber. In Anaconda it was to determine the number of power poles available.

After the 1945 season CPS #103 disbanded and dispersed to different base camps to await discharge. I went to Denison, Iowa, where I was discharged in April 1946.

Walter Reimer's address is 4211 W. Lakeshore Drive, Moses Lake, WA 98837. He is a member of Menno Mennonite Church near Ritzville.

Grandpa made a good choice

At a Reimer reunion my cousins and I were bored. So I asked Grandpa Walt Reimer to tell us the story of his smoke jumping. We went into the camper, where it was quiet, and listened to Grandpa. He said he wanted to do something for our country during World War II other than fighting in the army. He was drafted but didn't go into the armed services.

He jumped 21 times from a Trimotor plane. Once at night it was hard to see, and he got hung up in a tree and had to lower himself from a rope.

I'd say that Grandpa made a good choice by not going to war. I liked his smoke jumping story. It isn't what I want to be when I grow up, but it's OK. I would probably choose park service of some kind if I had to. *Eric Reimer*



Compile a conscientious objection file

Mike Bogard

Every Christian 16 or older, male and female, who is a conscientious objector to participating in war in any form should have a conscientious objector file. It will help you think through your position regarding participation in war. It will document over a period of time your conscientious objection to participating in war in any form. Compiling a CO file is essential at this time for young men in the United States because COs must prove that their beliefs are the result of training over a period of time, that those beliefs are deeply held and sincere. Canadians and U.S. women could well be required to register as well in the future.

Include these seven in your file:

1. Registration form (copy). Men 18 or older in the United States are required by law to register with the Selective Service System. You may write on the registration form above your name, "I am a conscientious objector to participation in war in any form." Make a copy of your form for your CO file.

2. Registration acknowledgement form. After registering you should receive this document. It includes a form for notifying Selective Service if you change your address. Keep

copies of this and any additional correspondence.

3. Christian peacemaker registration. This document helps you think through and record your convictions regarding participation in war. Update it annually. For a copy, write MCC, Box 500, Akron, PA 17501-0500.

4. Letters of support. Ask for these from people who know you well and believe in your sincerity. A CO file should contain three letters. Should a draft begin, ask for an additional two or three letters.

5. School papers or speeches. Add any written documents that speak directly to your CO beliefs. This verifies that others know your beliefs.

6. Church documents. Anything that identifies your church's support for the conscientious objector position is helpful. These can be from your local church, your district conference and your denomination. Certificates of baptism and church membership and diplomas for church-related schools identify you as a person who has embraced your church's teaching.

7. Peace organization. Include documents that verify your participation in peace organizations, clubs, rallies and other peace-related events.

Maintain your CO file. Use a pocket folder labeled with your name,

address, phone number and social security number.

Maintain two copies of your complete CO file. Keep one and put the other in your congregation's office. A third copy may also be sent to the General Conference Mennonite Church, Box 347, Newton, KS 67114; Conference of Mennonites in Canada, 600 Shaftesbury Blvd., Winnipeg, MB R3P 0M4; or Mennonite Central Committee U.S. Peace Section, Box 500, Akron, PA 17501-0500.

Keep your CO file current. Consider doing this each year on your birthday. It would be wise to complete a Christian peacemaker registration each year to document your CO position over a period of time. Speeches and letters can be added as they happen.

As you work through these issues related to war and the draft, be constant in prayer, rigorous in your study of God's Word and steadfast in your commitment to follow Jesus Christ. Remember that supporting you is a network of friends and family, the history and faith of our church and the compassion and strength of the Lord.

Michael Bogard is Western District Conference youth minister, Box 306, North Newton, KS 67117.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HOMER ALLEN RICE
ONE OF LESS THAN A DOZEN RICES

I was born in Greenford, Ohio, in the year 1925, in the month of November, day 25. Soon after, we moved to Columbiana, Ohio, eleven miles south of Youngstown, Ohio, near the western border of Pennsylvania.

My parents were Leo F. and Emma Rice. In all they had 11 children, six boys and five girls. I was the middle in age of the whole flock. My parents were of the Mennonite faith. We attended the Leetonia Mennonite Church.

One Sunday the Bishop, A.J. Steiner, preached about questionable activity on the Lord's Day, which included playing ball. Dad said, "If he had as large a family as we, he would see things differently." So Dad played softball with us a lot on Sunday afternoons after church, because it took all week working to keep food on our table. In order to have a place to play ball, we had to clear out an old apple orchard. Dad taught us three older boys to use a crosscut saw, felling the trees, trimming or limbing with an ax, burning the brush, then making firewood for winter fuel. This was between 8 - 12 years of age. Years later making firewood for nine mile camp, I had difficulty finding a partner knowledgeable in operating a crosscut saw.

I started first grade at the Fairfield Centralized School, a combination elementary and high school. I completed 11 grades there.

School was fun! fun! fun! It was an enormous natural escape from farm work, still had evening and morning chores but daytime was pure bliss. My earliest recollection of school was near the first day or so. The teacher, Miss Albright, began to teach us a song that went like this. "Bow wow wow, who's dog art thou? Little Tommy Tinker's dog, bow wow wow." I had a sudden inspiration to change the lyrics on the third line to "Little Tommy Stinker's dog." She had no sense of humor whatsoever and rapped me on the head with a yard stick. The rest of the class however was on my side. They gave me an A with their gleeful laughter. I took that as an omen I was to be on the entertainment committee for years to come.

Math was my worst subject. For two consecutive years I sat near the heating radiators and I discovered the vertical tubes in the radiators were in sequences of tens, so instead of counting on my fingers, I used the radiators, perhaps somewhat like an abacus. However, in the third grade, I was moved to the other side of the room and the radiator was far from view. Life has its adjustments! Incidentally, all

through my elementary and high school years, we had the same president, yuk! And we were republicans too.

In my senior year, an opportunity presented itself to expand my horizons. Mom and Dad asked Betty and I if we wanted to go to a Mennonite parochial school in central Kansas. I jumped at the chance. I was getting to be quite a sizeable duck and my pond was diminishing rapidly. Why not go for a bigger pond even if it meant being a smaller duck. So I gave up my longtime school friends, my varsity spot on the basketball team, football, baseball, and track, and my Sousaphone in band. Hesston is the name of my new school. In it I learned to study and to appreciate learning. I also enjoyed discovering new friends. Intramural sports were just as exciting and even more fun. While at Hesston, I had to register for the draft. I did this on my birthday at Harper, Kansas, in Harvey County. I transferred all the necessary information to Columbiana County, Ohio. Somehow it was sent to East Liverpool, Ohio instead of our local draft board in Lisbon, Ohio. East Liverpool board would not grant me a 4-E classification. You see there are no Mennonite people in that area. They also did not want to bother with accommodating anyone in that matter.

Several months passed and I got my notice for pre-induction physical at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. At the very end of the physical when your papers and you are standing before the final officer and he says to me which do you want Army or Navy? Seeing the 1-A-O classification on my papers, I said to him neither one, I want a 4-E. He began to shout and swear extremely vile language insomuch that in this huge building hundreds of typewriters stopped and silence reigned except for this officer chewing me out for being a blankety blank yellow so and so. I like attention but this was a little much for a naive farm boy like me. I appealed again and asked for my case to be sent to the proper board and three months later received my 4-E, also enough time elapsed that I finished my senior year. I was drafted in October, 1944, went to Grottoes, Virginia. We did soil conservation work and also emergency farm labor, such as harvesting apples, filling silos, cutting, and husking corn.

One particular day a crew of 12 or 14 of us was dispatched to a farm to husk corn. It was a blustery cold snowy day near Stewart's Draft, Virginia. We sat huddled in the corn shocks, trying to keep from freezing while we husked. Dinner time came, we weren't even invited into the barn or out buildings for protection against the storm for lunch. During the afternoon it was discovered that the day was so inclement, the farmer himself who worked in a defense plant with two of his sons who were deferred from the draft for farm work could not go to work that day and were

lounging around in the warm house while we froze our butts. So the next day we were to return there to work. Four of us refused to work for that particular farmer, so they put us on other projects till the government would take proper action against us.

Meanwhile a call came to Grottoes Camp for volunteers for the smoke jumper unit. Weir Stone, an ex-jumper, arrived in camp about that time and gave such exciting tales of the wild, wild, west, Montana country, that we signed up eagerly. For the first time in my life I got to ride first class on a train from Grottoes to Missoula, Montana, in a pullman sleeper with tips for services rendered just like a real American.

I arrived at Missoula, found my way to "Waffle Bottom Manor". On entering the administrator's office, a man sitting behind a desk was singing a song that went like this, "To hell with selective service, to hell with the administration." I was both shocked and giggled at the same time. The camp I had just come from was a Mennonite Camp run by Mennonite personnel, many of whom were active preachers. Life in these camps were well regimented. Every one complied with all the rules and regulations. One even had to go to the "Blue Room" to smoke and anything unseemly had to be secretive. But here the assistant director was verbalizing my very thoughts. I love this place.

My records show my first jump was on June 19, 1945. Chute No. 169, Plane Trimotor Pilot Slim Phillips, at Cayus Hill, Montana.

I was thrilled to be involved in a work that I felt was of national importance. I was 19 years of age, care free and daring, also scared. I completed training with 7 practice jumps. The first fire jump I didn't record the exact date nor chute No. but Slim Phillips flew the Trimotor to the WeirPoint fire in the Lolo National Forest.

In the succeeding months to the end of September, I helped on 6 more fires, 7 in all. Other pilots I have records of on my fires were Bill Yeagy, Jerry Verhultz, and Bob Johnson.

Many experiences of this fire season gave fodder for bedtime stories to my three sons years later after I moved to Oregon and got married.

At the close of the 1945 fire season, I was transferred back to Luray, Virginia in the Skyline Drive Shenandoah National Park. During my stay there I painted Ranger's homes, fought some late fall fires and painted park signs in the park maintenance shop. 1946 went on a cattle boat for U.N.R.A. We took 780 horses to Gdynia, Poland. We left

Newport News, Virginia the forepart of August and came back to New York Harbor during the worst maritime strike in the history of the U.S.

After cattle boat, I returned to the farm in Columbiana, Ohio. Fall of 1947, journeyed to Oregon to new frontiers. Worked in a brick and tile factory near Hubbard. In July of 1948, married Josie Eileen Kenagy of Hubbard. Together we have 3 sons, Dennis, Fredrick, and Peter. We farmed for 4 years on the Kenagy family farm. Then the next forty years, I spent painting and trained my 3 sons to do the same.

As of today, Josie is gradually retiring from a tree nursery where she works and I am tapering off on painting as the business is being operated by sons Dennis and Fred.

Observations on life: One can't paint 40 years without having something else on your mind while doing it. That's the secret. Faith in God, music and humor daily, play lots of volleyball, spend lots of time with family especially wife, children, and grandchildren.

Homer

Homer A. Rice
941 Silver Falls Dr. S. E.
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MR. GREASY WRENCH
(John Scott's Story)

I started out quite young, at approximately zero years, at about five years I can remember a few happenings. I remember they always made me wear shorts when we were going to town etc. and shorts weren't even invented then so I hated them with a passion. Later on when I arrived in Elton, Oregon C.P.S. all or most of the guys wore shorts, cut off overalls etc. and everybody had a beard. This threw me for a loop again as the only men with beards at that time were the House of David Ball Team.

However, back to my early youth, I was born on the home farm, homesteaded by my Grandfather in 1878, went to school at District 222, walked most of the time 2 miles, I tell the kids it was $3\frac{1}{2}$ but I think they're wise to me. At about the sixth or seventh grades the girls would grab us boy's caps and run with em, we would run after em and retrieve the cap. It wasn't until a few years later that we figured out that girls were different than boys. Everybody took their lunch to school in a syrup pail, in the warmer months the pails set on the porch of the school, one onery kid took great joy in kicking the pails out across the yard. Some contained a glass jar of soup or etc. these rattled when kicked which seemed to give the kicker real ecstasy. I had the pleasure one day at noon hour of placing a good sized mark on his left temple with my right duke at which time the school bell rang, or I would have probably become a peace loving man much earlier in life.

We, my Dad and I, farmed a small 160 acres with horses and a used 1921 Fordson tractor. We had some livestock so this required putting up several stacks of hay. Every summer I seemed to always draw the job of building the stack, standing in loose hay up to my waist at 90 degrees F. plus in the shade. To this day I have to carry a paper sack with me when out driving in the summer in case I pass by a hay field.

In the Depression years we didn't suffer to any great lengths as my Dad just happened to have his meager savings in a bank that didn't close. Crops were poor however and many in this area suffered quite a bit. One fellow told of shipping a cow to South St. Paul stock yards and they had to stand one on each side of her and hold her up to get her onto the truck, I wonder if she made it?

I married Marvel Christensen in January 1937 and approximately a year and on half later she died at child birth, both she and the baby. This is no doubt the time I started thinking about life and death and what to do next.

I lucked out when I met Bill Van Dyken a young minister a few years out of the New York Seminary. Bill was every inch a liberal and he preached in his gentle way but he preached peace and continued right on thru Pearl Harbor. Once in a while a good church member would walk out. Years later one of the statements made at his retirement was "When God made Bill Van Dyken he threw away the mold--and He's been looking for it ever since."

I had a lot of trouble with my draft board, they were definitely not going to have any C.O.'s and that was final so I jumped back and forth between 1A and the Farming. I kept on appealing, finally in '43 they said, "You stay home and farm." This tempted me because my Dad was 73 at the time and we had some livestock etc, but I appealed again. The draft board then

sent a Federal judge up from the Cities, he was a tough looking old boy and I thought "here comes Levanworth" but he was fair. He said, "I see you've been offered a chance to farm.....I think you're sincere" so it was off to C.P.S. My Dad passed away just about a year after I left for C.P.S. He had a heart attack while out feeding livestock at minus 20 degrees F.

I arrived at Drain, Oregon late March '43 and was still 15 miles from Elkton where Camp 59 was located in former C.C.C. barracks. I called the Camp and they sent out one of the boys to get me in a '39 Chev. chassis, just front seat and windshield.

I spent just a year at Elkton, mostly at the Big Creek side camp falling trees for a fire access road and driving a D7 Cat. pushing rocks off the mountain side.

After being there for a month or so I heard about Smoke Jumpers at Missoula, Montana, but they already had men needed for the summer so Ed Kirk and I signed up for the '44 season. We were accepted and in spring of '44 we were on our way. One of the things I remember at Nine Mile was that you were expected to follow the Old Logging Camp rules at meal time, no talking except "pass the butter", etc. They tried hard to hold to that rule but when you consider they were dealing with a bunch of C.O.'s, they gave up and joined in.

I was released from C.P.S. in December 1945 with much appreciated help from the Red Cross, as things at home were in need of help because of Dad's death, so by the following spring I was back into farming again.

In 1950 I married Dolores Halvorson and we've made it together for 42 years, which I guess is pretty good for this day and age. In the late '60's I punched a small crawler loader and did some work in the local area for a couple of years, but business was pretty slow so when a friend offered me a job driving truck, hauling soft water to farms in the area, I took him up on it. I rented out the farm land to a neighbor and hauled water for the next fourteen years. This part of the country has mostly hard water wells, and most farms have cisterns or buried water tanks and they have soft city water hauled in.

We have two children, Bonnie, now Mrs. Walter Gondrez born in 1952. She graduated as a Registered Nurse, applied and was accepted for Peace Corps, and spent approx. 2½ years in Costa Rica, where she met her husband Walter. She is now living nearby and is Assistant Director of Nursing at Wahpeton Health Care Center, a large nursing home in North Dakota. They have two children, Jackie age 12 and John age 8. Walter works at arranging jobs for Migrant farm workers in the sugar beet fields.

Our son Kirk, born 1953, has a Bait and Tackle store in Fergus Falls and is doing great but working too hard, getting most of his leeches and minnows himself besides working in the store part time. His wife, Dodie, puts up with his long hours, works in the store part time, and is a homemaker besides. They have two boys, Christopher age 14 and Jesse age 8. Can a Grandpa have more luck than that?

I am supposed to be retired now, but I seem to spend a lot of time in my old shop working on my old car or pickup, the sign over the door reads "MR. GREASY WRENCH".

In closing, I've enjoyed C.P.S. and loved the other guys much, I've also enjoyed the reunions and hope we can all meet at the "Big One".

John Scott
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56537

THE LIFE OF LOWELL V. SHARPES
R. R. 3, Box 66, Broadway, Virginia 22815.
1992

I, Lowell V. Sharpes, Jr., am the cutest, first born son of six children to Lucile Kinzie Sharpes and L. V. Sharpes, Sr. I was born in Rockingham County near Harrisonburg, Virginia on May 10, 1924. Dad taught high school and Mom was a housewife after both graduated from Bridgewater College. Dad's summer work with the J. C. Penney Company promised more pay and better advancements; so I became a J. C. Penney youngster very quickly.

We lived in Harrisonburg, Virginia beside Dr. O. L. Miller and his wife and two boys; so two Miller boys, two Sharpes boys (Donald, too, now) with Mom Miller and Mom Sharpes made this foursome walk straight!!! Both Moms paddled well!

My educational experience includes: first grade at Waterman Elementary, Harrisonburg, Virginia; second - fifth at High Point Elementary, High Point, North Carolina; sixth grade at High Point Intermediate; seventh grade at New Bern Intermediate, New Bern, North Carolina; freshman, sophomore, and half my junior year at New Bern High School; remainder of junior year and senior year at Harrisonburg High School, Harrisonburg, Virginia; Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, Virginia from 1941 to 1943; Selective Service from April 1943 to June 1946.

Mom and Dad's economics of the 1930's: raw cord shoes, corduroy knickers, no shorts or long pants proved Mom and Dad's theory through early middle school in High Point, North Carolina. This furniture city seemed to have above the average school system. This fifth grader with a five dollar bill proved Mom's calculations - enough for a week's groceries. A list, a wagon, and four blocks to the corner A&P (in a 20 x 40 building). Mom could really figure. There was always 3 - 6¢ left over after groceries for me to buy a BB Bat sucker for 1¢ (now 40 - 50¢).

Hey! Changes come during the depression years. I chewed tar off the street for gum, played cowboys with the Jewish boys on the street, made our own wooden guns, ate green apples with salt from neighbor's trees, had sand bins under the porch, and tree houses next door. And, yes, we saw the Rabbi kill the chickens for the church women - a rite that must be followed! We smoked glass to watch a sun eclipse one year when I was 11. I thought the world was coming to an end!!!

You all know how it was to be born in this time area (1920 - 1930). We are survivors. We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastic, contact lenses, frisbees, and the Pill. We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams, and ballpoint pens. Before pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes, and before men walked on the moon.

We got married first and then lived together. How quaint can you be? In our time, closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of". Bunnies were small rabbits, and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer jeans were scheming girls named Jean, and having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with our cousins.

We thought fast food was what you ate at Lent. We were before househusbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers, and commuter marriages. We were before day-care centers, group therapy, and nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electronic typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing earrings. For us, timesharing meant togetherness; not computers and condominiums. A chip meant a piece of wood. Hardware meant hardware, and software wasn't even a word.

Back then, "Made in Japan" meant junk and the term "making out" referred to how you did on your exam. Pizzas, McDonalds, and instant coffee were unheard of. We hit the scene where there were 5 and 10 cent stores, where you bought things for five and ten cents. For one nickel, you could ride a street car, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi, or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a new Chevy coupe for \$600.00, but who could afford one? A pity too, because gas was 11¢ a gallon!

In our day grass was mowed, coke was a cold drink, and pot was something you cooked in. Rock music was a Grandma's lullaby and Aids were helpers in the principal's office. We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered, but we were surely before the sex change. We made do with what we had. And we were the last generation that was so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby!

We, as a family, attended the Methodist Church, later on the Baptist Church. Brethren ideals were only upheld by Mom and Dad. Most Brethren were located north of this Carolina area. One church did have an "amen" corner. I saw Aunt Ann shout several times for five or six minutes. At one time she prayed to die in her church pew and did! Mom's prayer partner was an older "grandmother type". She prayed for answers - GOD honored.

School had no physical education for lower classes, only high school people. Middle school did change classes and offered manual workshops, too, but

The year 1937, Dad was promoted in the J. C. Penney Company from assistant manager at High Point to manager at the New Bern, North Carolina store. This New Bern town was the first state capitol of North Carolina, located on the Neuse and Trent Rivers. Schools were so, so, with no physical education, no gymnasium, and no sports except outside basketball, football, and baseball. New Bern, North Carolina was a "tobacco economy" town. Four or five large warehouses bought, sold, and stored for different companies.

Being the oldest of six children, I did my share of washing dishes, rocking my sisters to sleep, cleaning several rooms, changing diapers, and mowing grass with a real mower. Dad moved east of New Bern to the country, which meant garden work, too, now. Mom was a good manager and I was allowed to have twelve laying hens, which kindled a love for a later poultry career. My education grew. I learned to pull weeds, cultivate flowers, fence hogs in soybean fields, whale on a railroad car, and that black boys rode hogs at the collection depot. Much scrap metal was on railroad cars for

Japan. I learned of black boys and of white boys, rocks and sticks, neighbors shelling and eating raw oysters, and of fishing, giggering, and flounders in the Neuse River. I fought my own 1/10 acre fire. We saw the first "Miss Texaco" inboard motor race - 60 MPH. And always, there was "Amos and Andy" after supper. While you were resting from one job, you did another job. You know - pull weeds, rest in the house on the floor rotking sis, then pull more weeds. Canning vegetables with Mom made me think I was Del Monte.

We lived approximately half a mile from the future Marine base, Camp Lejeune. Before this base was built train loads of scrap metal was shipped past home to Morehead City terminals on the coast and loaded on boats for Japan.

Early in 1940, Dad left the J. C. Penney Company in North Carolina and moved back to the Shenandoah Valley in Harrisonburg, Virginia. I was a junior in high school, shy, but knew how to work. I helped Dad at the stores and Granddad on the farm a few miles away.

My first regular job was with the local J. C. Penney store. Yes, the same building Dad worked in seventeen years before. I worked from 8:00 am to 11:00 pm, but only was paid for the "open hours" of the store from 9:00 to 9:00. Overalls were 49¢ and 50¢, chambray shirts were 39¢, dress shirts were 49¢ and 79¢, cotton socks were 15¢, and rayon dress socks were 49¢. In the store during open hours, pants, shirt, and tie were required, but no coat.

The church and family influenced my CO position the most. Two fellows from the church had left for the army and one other to national headquarters as a CO, William Cline who worked most of his early and late years with CROP. I entered CPS April 23, 1943 at Williamsport, Maryland, one of four camps under the Mennonites. There were one Brethren, 1 Amish, and 2 Mennonite, strictly soil conservation units, separating farmland from rocky pasture by fencing. I received my PHD (post hole digging) here at "Hopewell".

Oh yes, there are real memories of there with the hot and cold months on project. Leo Jarrells says it must be a straight fence, 10-46- no sags - "boys, rock the end posts good". Rook was our game for the evening hours. Hagerstown Church of the Brethren provided spiritual and social activities. Dr. Paul Robinson was pastor there before he later moved to Bethany Seminary in Chicago.

CO's riding the trolley from Williamsport to Hagerstown proved interesting several times - name calling and spitting.

Did you see the memo on "Smokejumpers"? Three of us signed the next day even before we talked home. We anxiously awaited approval! This was great!!

The Great Northern-Milwaukee train to Montana was a real experience. Dad said to act like you have been there before and you will be OK. It worked - only a few days and we were at "Nine-mile". You remember, too, how sore you were for several weeks, but TOUGH! Jack, an exmarine, was our squad leader. Moose Creek was my side camp for a two fire with 23 jumps season. There was enough

activity to keep things interesting - fires, garden (no bugs), volley ball, gas lanterns, moose, deer, in camp rodeo, no roads, snakes, and Ranger Gunther. Comp. time off was utilized in Pocatello, Idaho harvesting potatoes (1944). Fire season over (1945), I went to Yakima, Washington to pick apples at 10¢ a bushel. My gross pay finally reached \$16.00.

Forestry and poultry were my fields of choice. I considered strongly becoming a jumping ranger, which would have required more school in forestry. But some social ties and family in Virginia influenced by transfer back to Williamsport, Maryland. With a 1934 Pontiac, a rationed tire, and two transmissions, we finally arrived back East to Hopewell in November of 1945.

Again, another memo came through for "sea cowboys" immediately. With Merchant Marine papers and United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration approval, we were at sea within three weeks with 430 cows on board headed for Brenurhaven, Germany. Final destination was Czechoslovakia, the work of "Heifers for Relief". A family received a cow. The first born female was given to another family for potential milk and so on.

We were through mine waters in the English Channel, and were the first boat with cattle for that area down the Wesen River at Bremen, Germany. I saw Esso Oil Refueling Stations, not bombed, where German subs refueled. This was before radar, that bombing was precision, I saw! My second cowboy trip was from Baltimore to Danzig, Poland with 720 head of horses. One bad storm at sea resulted in 300 head loss - what a mess getting the dead overboard!!! My third trip was to Naples, Italy with approximately 600 cows. This trip paid \$50.00 a month. Relief to countries was really working, but the black market was open also.

During the summer of 1946, I was discharged from Selective Service and began working at the New Windsor Relief Center for 1 year. Also, during that summer, I met Hilda, who was on vacation from Pennsylvania. In the spring of 1947 we were engaged and married July 26, 1947 in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. Hilda Metrick was the youngest of 7 and I was the oldest of 6.

We have three boys - Lowell III, Douglas, and Bob. Lowell died as the result of an explosion at Kawneer, an aluminum framing plant in Harrisonburg, Virginia. He was married to Jo Ellen Gambill and has a daughter, Erica Sharpes who lives in Nashville, Tennessee. He died at age 24. Douglas is a drafting supervisor at EFCO in Monett, Missouri. He is married to Marilyn Benson and has two boys and a girl - Chris, Joe, and Heather. Bob, who has been a farmer from day one, lives in Broadway, Virginia. He is married to Bonnie Biller and has two girls and a boy - Monica (married to Charles Ewell), Megan, and Nathan at home. He has a commercial egg operation and raises holstein feeder steers.

I retired at age 65 from Holly Farms, a poultry contracting complex, to Sharfield Farm after serving the poultry industry in a number of capacities over a 42 year period. The greatest joy was working with contract broiler, turkey, and egg (commercial and breeder)

producers. The grower owned fixed facilities (houses and equipment); the contractor owned the birds, feed, and know how. I was a Flock Supervisor in sales and service through a number of mergers and buy outs - 8 in all.

I never went back to formal education after Selective Service and marriage. While on our honeymoon, the Showalter Company hired me for \$35.00 a week and would train and school me their way. This was a \$5000 potential and doing what I loved to do outside of forestry.

Our farm was purchased for a hobby and retirement income. It is now being operated by our son Bob. I have found retirement income requires labor! We grind and mix our own feed for commercial egg birds, utilizing approximately 3 trailer loads of corn a month. We grew turkeys and broilers prior to our egg operation. Bob now rents a neighbor's farm for poultry waste utilization and corn production.

The Lord, church, and family have been my life. God does honor His own - our choice!!! Once I flew back from an annual poultry meeting in Richmond, Virginia with Jacob Shenk, a Mennonite hatcher man. We taxied to the end of the runway - paused - he said fellows, I always have prayer before I take off - a giant in many ways!

My wife, Hilda, and I have said we wouldn't change much - ups, downs, gains, losses. Hilda has two sisters left. My Mom and Dad are still living at age 93. I do marvel at changes. Medical IV's and nylon tires are tops on my list.

A TRIBUTE TO
WINTON HOWARD STUCKY
August 3, 1916
July 18, 1991

The Bible reminds us of the shortness of our days on this earth, when it says, "As for man, his days are like grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourishes. When the wind passes over it, it is no more..." (Psalm 103:15-16a). Even though Dad lived nearly seventy-five years, the time seemed so short and was filled with activity. Born in a farmhouse near Moundridge on August 3, 1916, Winton Howard Stucky embarked on a full and eventful life. Full, because it was lived serving the Lord and eventful because of his spirit of adventure.

As a young grade schooler, Dad developed a talent for playing baseball, specifically playing the position of catcher. In the fifth grade he was already catching for the school team. He excelled in this position to the point of being invited to play with several semi-professional teams during his high school days and later to spring training with the St. Louis Browns. His camp mates included "School-boy" Rowe, and Jerome Dean, better known as "Dizzy" Dean. He recalled that towards the end of spring training, he and another catcher were trying to make the team. Little did these two catchers know that they had already made the team. But shortly before the end of spring training, Dad tore a rotator cuff in his right shoulder, thus ending his baseball career.

After his injury he returned home in 1934 and joined his father and older brother in the family grocery business, known as J.G. Stucky & Sons I.G.A. But the adventure bug bit again when a good friend invited him to consider a career with the railroad. He moved to Needles, California, and went to work for the Atchinson, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, as a locomotive fireman. Following some time of instruction, he started as a fireman on the big steam locomotives. Starting out as a fireman on the helper engines (engines that pushed the trains up the steep hills and grades) he worked his way up to the lead engines. Dad soon fell in love with the railroad and wanted to make it his life's work.

But the events of December 7, 1941 changed his life along with millions of others. As a Christian, he could not bear the thought of sending anyone into a Christless eternity. When drafted he entered CPS to fulfill his obligations to his country. He was stationed to Weeping Water, Nebraska. There he worked in soil conservation. While in Weeping Water, one of Dad's camp mates showed him a picture of a cousin in California. His camp mate suggested that Winton write to her. Some time later, and after some coaxing, he wrote to her and she wrote back. Before long, letters were going back and forth at regular intervals.

In 1941 Dad was sent to Weeping Water, Nebraska to begin his service. While there he read of the Smoke Jumpers Project in Montana. This sounded interesting to him.

His adventure spirit found him looking into this program. He was really excited to

learn he had been accepted. In the meantime he had also requested a transfer to North Fork, California, a forest service camp. This is where he also met his future wife. Being in the first group of C.P.S. jumpers he finished his training at Seeley Lake, Montana and was among the first group to be sent to Cave Junction, Oregon fire station. This was very exciting for him. He truly enjoyed his work. On his eleventh jump he had a very rough-opening chute and injured his back. This jump ended his jumping career. He married Irene Hagen at the First Mennonite Church of Reedley, California, on November 26, 1943.

Following his discharge, Dad wanted to return to the railroad. However, his father wanted him to come home and work in the family grocery store, which was growing. After much thought they moved back to Moundridge, Kansas and went back into the grocery business.

Dad and Mom settled in Moundridge, Kansas. Three children were born: Howard Scott was born on their fourth wedding anniversary; Randall Winton, on February 7, 1950; Joan Irene, on August 23, 1952.

Later on, Dad became manager of a store in North Newton, Kansas, purchased by his father. In July of 1955, he moved his family to Hesston, where he and Mom purchased a grocery store of their own. The whole family helped with the operation. Despite owning his own store, Dad was able to drive truck to Texas for fruit. He retired from the grocery business in 1977.

In 1971, Dad purchased an ice machine to keep up with the demand for ice during the hot summer months. The supply started to exceed the demand, so the extra ice was sold to a local service station and to another grocery store in a neighboring town. More accounts were added and more equipment. The Polar Ice Company was formed. Dad and his two sons were kept busy during the summer months. The ice business was continued until sold in the summer of 1990.

While living in Hesston, Dad and Mom became acquainted with the International Students at Hesston College. They opened their home to them as a place to go when they were tired of studying and wanted to get away from campus. Sunday evenings were a special time as the International Students came over for fellowship and prayer, followed by refreshments. The International Students asked if they could bring their friends. Mom and Dad welcomed them. What started as a group of six grew to a group of about fifty.

Shortly after moving back to Moundridge, Dad befriended an individual stricken with Cerebral Palsy. He took him to Moundridge High School football and basketball games, both at home and occasionally away. He also took him to church and various other activities. He later helped transport other handicapped individuals to church.

Dad loved to travel. He enjoyed the trips with the truck to haul fruit. He drove the family to California several times. He looked forward to each reunion at Camp Paxton. In the 1980's he and Mom joined son, Scott, his wife, Min Wei, and daughters Chien-Chien, and Chee-Chee, on a trip to Taiwan to meet Min Wei's parents.

Dad did experience some health problems. His back injury, suffered in smoke jumping, gave him much pain. After nearly thirty years of constant back pain. He found a doctor who could give him some long term relief. This doctor repaired the damaged vertebrae. However, in 1976, the doctors found cancer. The cancer was controlled with surgery, radiation therapy, and later with Chemo therapy. He showed a very strong will to live, and kept a positive attitude during his long battle. The Lord blessed him with nearly 13 good years. But the cancer again began to spread, and on July 18, 1991 he entered the presence of his Lord.

Joan, Russ and Drew Goering
Randy and Rita Stucky
Scott, Min Wei, Chien-Chien, and Chee-Chee Stucky

Wilson H. Stucky, 74, of Moundridge, father of Randy Stucky of Halstead, died July 18 at Halstead Hospital. Memorial services were held July 22 at First Mennonite Church of Christian, Moundridge, with James Gingerich officiating. A graveside service was held at First Mennonite Church Cemetery, Moundridge. A native of rural Moundridge, he was a grocery store owner for 40 years in Hesston and Moundridge, and the former owner of Polar Ice Co. at Moundridge. Other survivors include his wife, Irene (Hagen); one other son, Scott of Moundridge; one daughter, Joan Goering of Inman; one brother, Wallace of Moundridge; and three grandchildren.

MY LIFE

Earl Stutzman
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March 30, 1920 at Kakomo, Indiana, I made my appearance on this earth. The log cabin was a cold place for a baby to be born, as the water in the bedroom was frozen.

I attended grade school at the Cornell School between Middlebury and Goshen, which was across the road from our house. I didn't like living so close to the school because we couldn't play with the other kids during the noon hour, but had to go home to eat. When I got in the upper grades I got to build the fire in the school building for 25¢ a week. How great to have a little spending money.

Later on when in my teens I worked on a farm for \$15.00 a month. After this job the family moved to Michigan on State Line Road, and here again I worked on a farm for \$1.25 a day, if I brought my own lunch. Those were the days of five cent hot dogs and ten cent hamburgers.

Like many other families the depression was hard for large families and ours was no exception. My parents raised garden produce, chickens, and ducks to take to the South Bend Market. It took all the children's help to get thirty dressed chickens ready for market along with the garden produce. So it was we children learned to work at an early age.

As the depression was ending my parents heard through relatives that making a living was easier in Oregon. So in 1938 our parents with ten children made their move to Oregon. We settled in the Harrisburg area. I got a job on a farm earning \$1.25 an hour. I felt things were better in Oregon.

In 1941 I started to farm on my own and when war broke out, I was allowed to harvest my crop and was then called into Civilian Public Service. It was not a hard decision to be a conscientious objector because I was always taught from the Bible that we should love instead of hate, and taking another person's life was wrong. I still believe this is what Christ teaches.

Comino, California, was where I was sent. While at this camp we worked in the woods, trimming brush away from fir trees that the CCCs had planted. Also I got the opportunity to go to Forest Hill Side Camp with the trail crew, where I was put in charge of cooking. This proved to be a good deal for me as I sent a lunch with the men and I could go hiking and fishing till time to make supper.

When I heard about the smoke jumping program I signed up the first year but was not accepted. So the second year I signed up again. The officials were reluctant about accepting me because I didn't attend high school, but I said I could fight fires as good as anyone else and got accepted. After our training I was sent to McCall, Idaho, where I stayed for 2½ years. While in Idaho I jumped on 10 fires and 11 practice jumps.

When I wasn't jumping on fires and during the winter I worked at the forest service shop. The forest service had over forty trucks which had to have regular monthly maintenance. Working in this area served a good purpose for me all my life to repair my own farm equipment.

In the winter we were privileged to ski free of charge since the fellows cleaned the ski lift.

During this time at McCall I remember one particular fire we jumped. We had jumped way back in fifty miles from the nearest road. The trees in this area were very impressive to me being 14 ft. in diameter. I developed a special love for nature and being in God's beautiful creation. So I guess it's no surprise that my hobbies through the years have been hunting and fishing.

After my release from C.P.S. I went back to farming, raising grass seed.

The Lord blessed me with a wife, one son, and four daughters. They all helped out on the farm.

The Lord has blessed us abundantly and has been faithful as we've tried to serve Him.

Carl W. Stutzman

RECALLING SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF MY LIFE

Clarence Tieszen

This story is mostly about the first part of my life, the environment I grew up in and the influence it had in my choice to take the pacifist stand when I was drafted to serve in the armed forces of our country, and about how instead I served for our country, with out pay in public conservation projects.

My mennonite parents homesteaded in eastern Montana in 1916 when those treeless sage brush prairies were occupied mostly by coyotes jackrabbits and Indians. Coming from a successful developed farming community in southern Minnesota, they must of had a lot of faith and a great spirit of adventure to venture 25 miles out on the unknown prairies in horse and wagon to stake out their future. Mother used to relate some of the frightening adventures and hardships they overcame to survive.

I came on the scene in 1922 the first born of six, in a building that served both as our living quarters and a barn with a wall separating us from the animals.

Many mennonites homesteaded in the area and started farming. The area was soon and still is known as the Lustre Mennonite Community. Their goal was to establish a christain community and live the mennonite tradition they inherited. They were quite successful with that, living their beliefs, and allowing little influence from the world contrary to their convictions. The community center is still isolated from cities, major highways and no corner drug store. All social activities centered around family, church and their schools. The schools have consolidated to an academy. On sunday all work stops for church services no matter how urgent to plant or harvest the crops may be. During my first 20 years there was no electricity for television or radios. Non violence and pacifism was taught and if persecuted because of their religious beliefs, to turn the other cheek. Growing up in this kind of sheltered community left me quite ignorant about the immorality and lawlessness in this world. So entering my first CPS camp was a different strange world. I was the only one there from my home area and suddenly having to live and work with complete strangers in different surroundings was a lonely and shocking beginning. The thought came to mind that the shock by comparison was however in no way as great as what it would have been checking into an army training camp and on to a battle field.

My first CPS camp was 57 Hill City, S.D. The project was constructing a 600,000 cu. yard earth dam. I enjoyed this interesting and educational project. After a little more than two years I got the chance to transfer to camp 103. In early spring of 45 with a lot of enthusiasm I started smoke jumper training at Ninemile, Montana. After the jumper training and up until the fire season started I was detailed deep into the wilderness to the Shafer R.S. with seven other jumpers to maintain trails and phone lines. Jumping and fighting fires was a thrilling and exhilarating experience and the enthusiasm never waned. Every time I put a fire out I felt I had accomplished some thing worth while. I lost sleep waiting for the next jump. Every jump was a seperate adventure. To mention one I will always remember and that also illustrates how eager some jumpers were when they landed to get started on the fire line. Two of us were called to jump on a small fire. I got the honour of being in charge as fire boss. It was a very hot day, the fire in tall timber with no open spots to land in. This could be a problem and it was. I hung up in a very tall tree. I had an awful time getting down. The trouble was after sliding down to the end of my let down rope it was still a long ways to the ground. I tried swinging my self in

to the tree to grab a branch and climb down, but not without the hazard of falling to the ground if the chute should slide off the tree because it was not caught very well and was slipping a little with each swing. So there I was hung up to dry so to speak, in that heavy jump suit I was about to burn up. I tried to call my partner for help but no sound came forth, my mouth and throat were like dry cotton. I had to do something, I couldn't wait for my partner to come, he could also be in trouble. In desperation I tried swinging into the tree again and the chute held and I got down. When I got to the fire my partner had the fire almost surrounded with a fire line. That was great but I was somewhat miffed that he hadn't first come to check and see if I was hurt or why I wasn't at the fire especially when the fire wasn't going any where fast. When I asked him, he replied with, "Yes, I was about to go look for you, but thought I should first put a line around the fire!" The fire boss didn't get first consideration on that fire.

The fire season ended with 13 jumps and I was sadly transferred to camp 67 Downy, Idaho. After only a couple months I was happy to transfer to Fort Collins, CO. camp 33. My final CPS time was served with two cattle boat trips to Poland and Germany. I hitch hiked from Colorado to Baltimore because I had only 75 dollars. In Kansas City while hiking to another pickup spot I was mugged by a couple guys, they took what little I had in my pockets. Fortunately they didn't find the small travel check I had hidden well. On the trip to Danzig, now Gdansk we had some fire works entertainment. There were still some mines floating in the off shore waters unexploded from the war. Our captain liked to shoot at them with a rifle, A hit would set them off with a spectacular explosion.

After my release from CPS I ventured north to Alaska in search for the gold, but I got hungry looking and applied for a forest fire fighting job with the Bureau of Land Management. I was accepted without question because of my smoke jumper experience. Within a year this developed into a permanent auto and equipment maintenance job that required me to travel all over Alaska. Thirty years with this dream job including four years as an equipment supervisor, building dams in Nigeria, I decided to retire from federal service. The thought of traveling without the alarm clock was too much to resist.

Alaska has been good to me, however after thirty nine years I decided to leave it for shorter winters and fewer mosquitoes. The place I selected is a natural setting on the banks of lake Roosevelt near Rice, Washington.

I've done extensive traveling world wide, and very much value the knowledge I have learned. I feel it contributes most importantly in seeing life and the world in perspective.

CLARENCE TIESZEN
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THE STORY OF LEVI TSCHETTER
Poinsett Hutterite Colony, Estelline, South Dakota 57234
By Roy Wenger
March 11, 1995

Levi Tschetter was a CPS smokejumper in the summer of 1945. He was in CPS from May 1942 through April of 1945, a period which covered most of the history of CPS. Starting out in Camp 25 at Weeping Water, Nebraska, a camp which did soil conservation work, he went on to Camp 55 at Belton, Montana, at the west end of Glacier National Park where he did work for the US Park Service. An opportunity opened for him to serve as an attendant in a mental hospital at Stanton, Virginia, thus giving him a chance to see and serve a section of America's mentally ill people at a time when caring persons for that kind of work were in short supply.

Levi had an inquisitive and exploring mind and thus responded to the call by the US Forest service for more smokejumpers in 1945. He trained at Ninemile and after successfully performing the seven required training jumps, he served the full active fire season. The war was coming to a close by the end of the year, and Levi was transferred to the Dennison, Iowa, camp for discharge back to his home Hutterite colony.

Men in CPS looked at their camp experiences in various ways -- some emphasized that they were required to do work that was not very important and to do it without pay (it was easy to argue that this was a small-minded approach by the US government, as

it was), but others were determined not to let this irritant cloud their opportunities to do good work in the limited areas open to them. The greatest benefits from this attitude were to the CPS'er himself since it spared him from the self-destruction of cynicism and transformed his CPS environment into a school. This was Levi's attitude, and he was one of many who in later years were to say with some feeling, "CPS was my first college!".

Levi went farther than that. He went home to his colony in South Dakota thrilled with his experiences and secure in the knowledge that, for four years, he had rubbed shoulders with a unique collection of people, people like himself in some respects; idealistic, willing to think great thoughts in the fields of religion and philosophy, ready to challenge any kind of "stuffed shirt" pronouncement not carefully subjected to reason. He was able to benefit from people who had experienced the great cities and great universities of the country. These people contrasted vividly with his own rural, agricultural, cooperative upbringing. He pondered all these things.

Back in his colony the position of schoolteacher fitted him well. He concluded his career with 32 years as English teacher in his home colony. There are usually two teachers in every colony: the English teacher who is employed by the state educational system, and the second, the German teacher who teaches the German language, the Bible class and the 400 year history and lore of the Hutterite Christian communal community. Levi was fully qualified for both positions.

Levi arranged with his colony elders to take college work at South Dakota Wesleyan College in Mitchell. He once told me that his father-in-law encouraged him in this. The unique fact is that in a community where an elementary education is considered adequate along with apprenticeship roles for all, Levi actually earned a Bachelors degree and a teachers certificate.

By long tradition, Hutterites have found that when a colony approaches 150 persons, it is time to divide and begin a new colony. Strict time-tested procedures are followed in this move, all of which are accompanied with much study, prayer and advice from other colonies. Levi's colony, New Elm Springs, was destined to divide and his half to move north in 1967 and become Poinsett colony near Estaline. A dozen miles south is Brookings, the home of South Dakota University and the state Agricultural Experiment Station. With the colony's interest in building new efficient automated farm facilities, Brookings obviously became involved. So did Levi with his unquenchable thirst for learning. In due time, Levi earned a Masters degree, a formal learning achievement seldom found in Hutterite colonies of the west.

Two distinctive beliefs among Hutterites are holding property in common and declining to take part in war. Both of these beliefs get them into trouble with their neighbors from time to time. However, for more than 450 years they have persevered, and today they are not only the oldest Christian communal society in the world, but also perhaps the most successful. There are more than 350 colonies in the US and Canada with

more than 40 colonies in Montana. Colonies average about 100 persons each. In Montana where farming and ranching is the primary activity, colonies average about 5000 acres each. Every colony welcomes visitors although they work efficiently and prefer not to be distracted too long from their productive efforts. Stop in every chance you get. Ask the women if they have any hand crafted items for sale.



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Rural Sociology Department
Scobey Hall 226
(605) 688-4132
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March 22, 1995

Mr. Roy Wenger
333 No. Avenue West
Missoula, MT 59801

Dear Mr. Wenger:

President Bob Wagner here at SDSU forwarded your letter of March 10th to me for response. I'm sorry to report to you that Levi Tschetter passed away last Fall 1994. I was invited to his funeral up at the Poinsett Colony by his family which I have known for 20+ years. A turnout of over 200 Hutterites from throughout the State honored him at the wake and funeral.

I first met Levi in 1959 as he was attending school here at SDSU. Over the years we kept in contact and had a chance to visit each other at least 2-3 times/year. He was, to say the least, one of the finest individuals I have ever had the opportunity to know. His sincerity, honesty, friendliness and sense of humor was a unique quality I dearly miss.

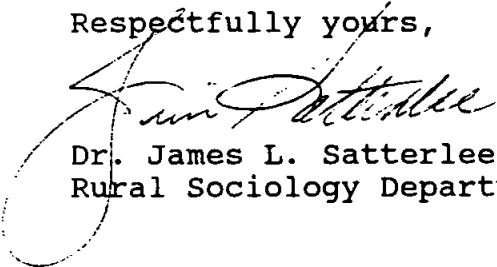
I had the opportunity several years ago to take sabbatical and update some of our work here at SDSU in the area of Hutterite Culture. Enclosed you will find copies of our most recent publication. I know of no other publications specific to our State at this time.

A person who you may want to contact as far as details of his family would be:

Mrs. Edna Riley
1733 Orchard Drive
Brookings, SD 57006
PHONE: 605-692-6648

If I may be of any further help, please feel free to contact me.

Respectfully yours,

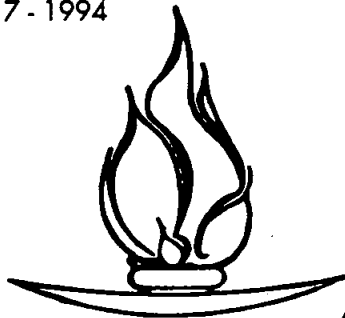

Dr. James L. Satterlee, Head
Rural Sociology Department

Enclosures
cc: President R. Wagner

In Memory Of
Levi P. Tschetter, Sr.



1917 - 1994



IN MEMORY OF
Levi P. Tschetter, Sr.

Poinsett Colony
Estelline, South Dakota

Funeral services for Levi P. Tschetter, Sr., age 77, will be at 2:30 p.m. on Friday, September 30, 1994, at the Poinsett Colony at Estelline, South Dakota. Burial will be in the Poinsett Colony Cemetery.

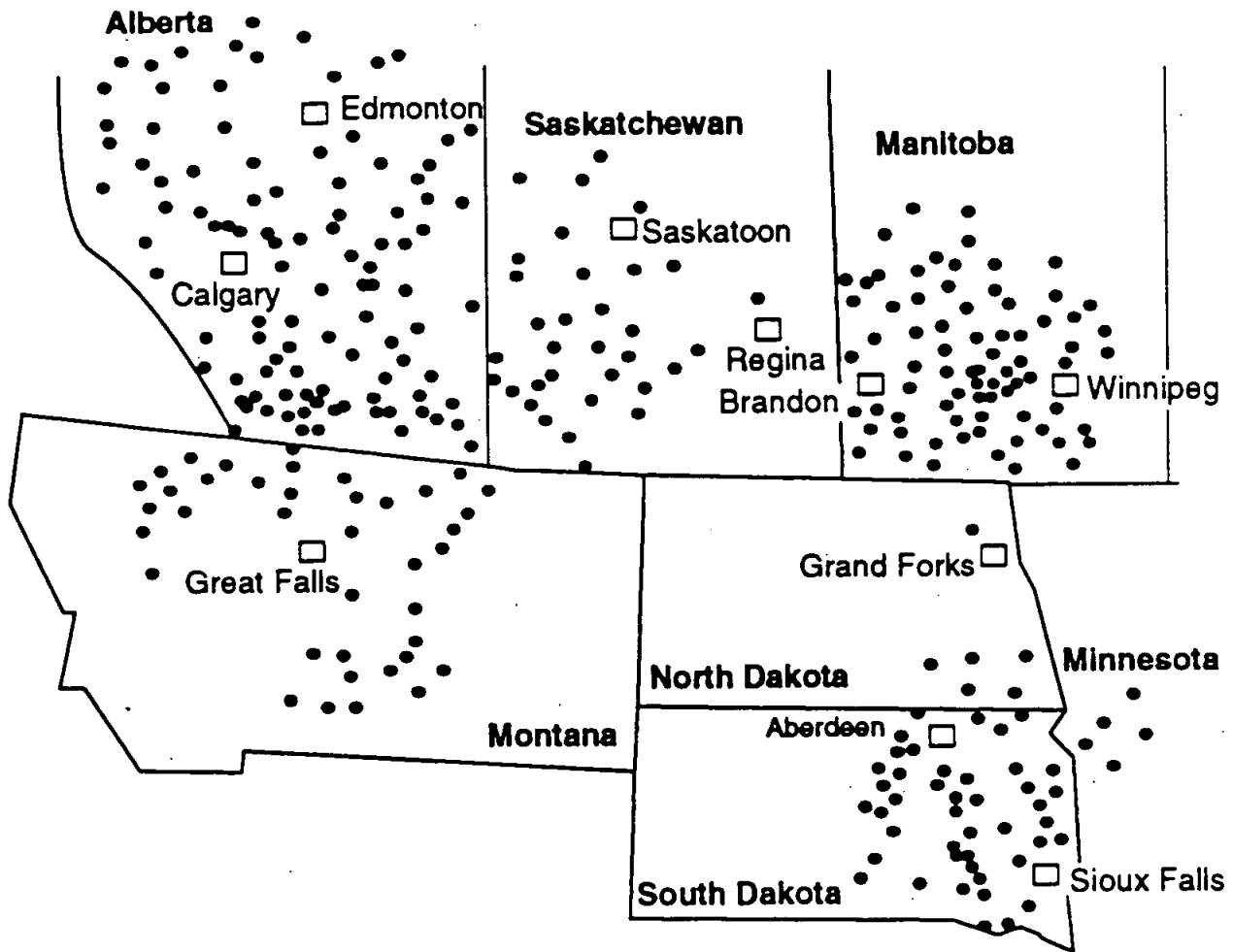
He was born June 2, 1917, at Maxwell Colony, Manitoba, Canada, the son of Paul and Sarah (Gross) Tschetter. He grew up at New Elm Springs Colony near Mitchell, South Dakota. He attended college at Dakota Wesleyan University at Mitchell and taught school for many years at New Elm Springs Colony. Levi was united in marriage to Rebecca Wollman in 1947 at New Elm Springs Colony. In 1968, they moved to Poinsett Colony where he continued to teach school and also attended South Dakota State University in Brookings. He received his Masters of Education Degree in 1973 and continued to teach until retiring in 1986 after 32 years of teaching.

Levi died on Thursday, September 29, 1994, at Prairie Lakes Health Care Center in Watertown at the age of 77 years.

He is survived by his wife Rebecca of Poinsett Colony; three daughters: Becky Hofer (Eli) of Lakeview Colony, Lake Andes, South Dakota, Sussanna Wipf (Leonard) of Rolland Colony, White, South Dakota, and Marian Wipf (John) of Oakwood Colony, Stewart, Minnesota; three sons: Levi Jr. (Barbara), Carl (Leah), and Tom, all of Poinsett Colony, Estelline; 43 grandchildren; 3 great-grandchildren; two brothers: Christ and Dan, both of Pleasant Valley Colony, Flandreau, South Dakota, and two sisters: Justina Hofer (Dave) of Pleasant Valley Colony, Flandreau, and Dora Waldner (Jacob) of Eli, Manitoba, Canada.

Levi was preceded in death by his parents, his son Alvin, and two brothers: Dave and Paul.

Map 1. Distribution of the Hutterite colonies—plains states and provinces, 1992.



RICHARD S. WEAVER
R #5, Box 125
Harrisonburg, VA 22801

"THE NON-JUMPING SMOKEJUMPER"

I was born in Harrisonburg, VA on Nov. 2, 1919 and was the second child of a family of 3 sons and 2 daughters whose parents were Henry D. and Sallie (Wenger) Weaver. My father was a bookkeeper and he worked for his brother in a poultry produce plant. He later became the business manager of Eastern Mennonite School (now College & Seminary) and served the institution for 29 years. My mother was one of 15 children and an artist from the farm. She gave up her painting to care for 5 children and after they were raised she again resumed her art hobby. She painted her last picture at the age of 92 years.

My father lived to be 82 years of age and my mother made it to 94. I never heard a cross word spoken by either of them to each other or to anyone else. The way of peace and love was exemplified to us as children. Their strong Christian faith and faithfulness to the Word of God and the teachings of the Mennonite Church had a profound influence upon our lives.

At the age of 9 years I gave my life to the Lord Jesus Christ and was baptized as a member of the Mennonite Church. When the draft for World War II came there was no question about my stance on war, and I signed as a conscientious objector.

My first assignment was to Medaryville, IN camp #28 where I worked on a wild-life reconnaissance project. The second CPS assignment was Harrisburg State Hospital where I served in the Mental Hospital for 9 months. I then transferred to the Smokejumpers Unit #103, as Flight Instructor and camp clerk.

A number of men from the Smokejumpers Unit had pooled their money to purchase a trainer plane. I found a tandem Taylorcraft which had served as an army liaison plane, but was converted to a civilian-style trainer. This plane was purchased in Harrisburg, PA, and I flew it from Caldwell-Wright Field in Newark, NJ, where I visited my brother Cleo Weaver, who was serving in the CPS Unit at Greystone Park Hospital in New Jersey, to Hale Field in Missoula MT.

This most interesting and challenging trip began in the living-room of my home, where I laid out the multitude of air maps on the living-room floor and plotted, with a red pencil, the proposed route from airport to airport across the country. I must admit that this trip looked bigger to me than I thought when I bargained for it. However, I did not dare let on to my mother or my fiance Virginia Grove, who later became Mrs. Richard S. Weaver, and joined me in CPS as camp matron and nurse. I telephoned my parents each evening so that they knew my progress and approximate location.

The first day out I ran into a squall-line of thunder storms in western Pennsylvania. I found an alternate airport right under me as I did a 180 degree turn from the storms. I landed on the nearest runway to the hanger

and helped the lone operator push his planes into shelter and there was room for most of my plane - hanger door open!

The airport operator took me to a hotel on his way home and picked me up in the morning. On my way again -- I noticed that my flying time between airports began to lengthen the further west I went. The airports were fewer and further apart! My flying time lengthened from 1 1/2 hours to 3 hours between stops. This caused me some concern so I shipped my suitcase which was rather heavy, and purchased a five gallon army surplus gas can which I strapped in the baggage compartment. (In case I had to land in a cow pasture)

I had installed a radio receiver to the rather sparse set of navigational instruments and was able to fly the radio beacons where they existed. I mostly flew on the well defined airways to Huron, SD where I had advice from the local pilots as to the best route to Missoula.

At Huron I noticed that the brass ends on the wooden propeller were opening up from gravel nicks. A new propeller was installed at a cost of \$40 and I was on my way. It was advised that I leave the airway and fly directly west to Casper, WY where I could again catch the airway radio beacon to Billings. There was another pilot there at Huron with a J-3 Cub airplane and he was flying home to Riverton, WY. It was decided that we would fly together since he was familiar with the route to Casper, WY.

When we took off from Huron I noticed that the other pilot remained at a rather low altitude as we headed west. When we landed for gas, I said to him, "You must be a coyote hunter!" To which he replied, "Yes, I am, and we think it is dangerous to get over 100 feet in the air."

As we landed in one small airport for gas, I realized that something was wrong with the tail wheel. Upon inspection it was discovered that the tire had come off the rim. With my meager tool kit, consisting of a screw driver, pliers and adjustable wrench, I reinstalled the solid rubber tire and resumed the trip.

The trip from Huron to Casper took about 8 hours of flying time. During the afternoon I became very sleepy and could sympathize with Col. Lindbergh and his sleep problem crossing the Atlantic 18 years before. Since we were flying only a few hundred feet above the ground to avoid the stiff higher headwinds, we had to watch out for windmills which were many and on one occasion I saw a lone house on the prairie ahead. Two "teenage" girls came running out to see what was coming. I did a quick turn and buzzed the house much to their delight. This took care of the sleepy problem! When I looked back the other pilot was also buzzing the girls -- later he told me that he, too, was very sleepy and was well awake after "meeting" the two young ladies.

The J-3 pilot thought I might enjoy seeing Mt. Rushmore from the air, and so he led me around Rapid City, SD and south by the Mt. Rushmore national memorial. That was a sight to behold and I shall never forget it. We landed for gas at Edgemont, SD in the southwest corner of the state, and then embarked on our last leg of the trip to Casper.

We arrived at the Casper airport just as the sun was setting. We circled the field to the west checking for traffic and the J-3 landed ahead of me. When I touched down on the runway I saw a Northwest Airline plane landing from the east. I did "one quick turn" off the runway and cleared it for the "BIG" fellow.

After a good steak dinner, which the gentleman from Riverton so graciously provided, and a good night's rest in a Casper hotel, I was ready for the attack on Missoula via the beacon-marked airway. Casper, to Sheridan, to Billings, Montana was where the radio beacon led. This avoided the high Bighorn mountains to the west. Below were wild horses, cattle, an Indian reservation and the Bighorn river.

The radio beacon from Billings played a trick on me. The *on course* tone would suddenly appear to be way to the left and when you got back on the beacon it would shift back way to the right. After a few times back and forth I remembered the warning from the Navigational Study Manual regarding this very situation called *mountain effect*. The good part about *mountain effect* is that eventually all the readings lead to the cone-of-silence right over the transmitter and it did lead me to Billings.

Billings airport is high above the city on a plateau. It's much like landing on an aircraft carrier except there's no water below. However, on this day the water was to the north of the field in the form of a thunder storm. As I made a quick circle of the field looking for a close runway and traffic, I forgot that the big airports had control towers. I was reminded of it on the last landing leg when I got the green light. The wind was increasing and somewhat across the runway. When the plane touched down it tried to ground loop -- it took throttle and brakes and careful maneuvering to get it to the hanger. We found a stuck tail wheel needed a good grease gun to free it up.

Rainy weather and cloudy mountain peaks kept me on the ground a day or so. Finally the control operations cleared me for takeoff by Livingston, MT, Belgrade, Butte, to Hale field in Missoula.

In Missoula I stayed in the CPS house which was used by the fellows who were on assignment in town. From here I would walk to the airport for instructing those who had soloed and I took some dual training toward my Instructors Rating for which I was working.

The main Camp was at Nine Mile, west of Missoula, and I spent some of my time there. However, in a few weeks after my arrival the Camp office and Mess hall moved 90 miles west to Savanac Nursery at Haugan, MT. I remember -30 degrees F. and 1 1/2 mile rides in an open truck on cold iron seats, to get to the mess hall for meals.

At Savanac there was a lot of crafts work done in the long winter evenings. I also taught a class in Morse Code with the use of a code Instructograph which Murray Braden had secured from a friend. When Ebner Friesen was discharged, I filled in as bookkeeper for the camp. The 90 mile trip to Missoula in the back of a "closed" pickup truck set the stage for many

chilling memories, but it was the way to get to the airport to participate in the flying business.

NOTE: In 1991 Virginia and I stopped in at the Savanac Nursery location and found that they were restoring some of the facilities and making a Visitors & Historical Center. There were a lot of familiar pictures on the wall and they are looking for any pictures which we as Smokejumpers might have available.

During my 4 month stay at Camp #103 I went to Helena, MT and passed the written part of the Instructors Rating Exam. The day the Inspector was at Hale Field to give me the flight test the weather was completely uncooperative and we were not able to get the plane in the air. With the camp closing in January, I never did catch with the Flight Examiner.

Discharges and transfers were coming in to the Savanac office and many of the men came from spike camps via Savanac on their way home or to other camps. While I handled the names of all the men, some I never met or met only once.

(I wondered at the time of the first reunion in 1973 how those of us who were known as "waffle-bottoms" would be accepted, since we had not made any jumps. I found that there was no distinction and any person who had been in Old #103 was a solid part of the group! Thanks Fellows.)

SMOKEJUMPER CAMP #103 CLOSES!!! As I remember it, on January 20, 1946 Art & Evie Wiebe, another fellow smokejumper, and I loaded up the camp pickup with all the records and remaining CPS office equipment, along with our personal belongings, and headed for Missoula and Hale Field. They discharged me at the airport and then headed for a CPS Camp in Camino, CA.

1 TANDEM TAYLORCRAFT FOR SALE-- Price , \$1800 in good and distributable funds. ----- (?) Fly the plane to L.A. where plane prices are high? No! Too far and too many big mountains!! (?) Fly East with just so many furlough and transfer days? Yes! This seems best, " But, Lord, I have the responsibility of this plane which belongs to the fellows! Please help me sell this plane, Amen." My first gas stop on the trip East was at Belgrade, MT, where I had landed just 4 months before on the trip to Missoula. I mentioned to the gas attendant that the plane was for sale and the reason for flying it East.

Before I was able to leave for Billings MT the operator of the airport ask if he and his Instructor might try out the plane as they were needing another trainer. They flew it around the field, landed, and asked the price of the plane. His comment was, "I'm not much of a horse-trader, but we can use your plane." He wrote me out a check for \$1800 and took me into town to the train. Of all the prayers that I have had answered fast, that is the one I remember most.

The trip home on the train was long. I called the director of Medaryville camp #28 as I went through Indiana. During our conversation he persuaded me to accept the directorship of Camp #28 since he was being discharged.

This worked out well for Virginia and me since we were planing to get married. She would fill the need for a camp nurse.

Virginia and I were married on March 14, 1946, and after a short honeymoon traveled back to camp via train and assumed the duties of camp director and camp nurse. The main jobs for directors as the camps were closing, were transferring and discharging men from the camps. This was what I found at Camp #28, and the camp closed in April. We inventoried the camp equipment to the Government Supervisor and closed the camp.

Virginia and I, with two other couples, transferred to Belton, MT CPS camp in Glacier National Park where I became director and Virginia picked up the nursing duties. I was discharged from CPS on July 26, 1946 and Virginia and I rode the train (equipped with upper berth) back to Harrisonburg, VA in the good old U.S. of A.

Back home I worked with my father-in-law as a plumber for about 2 years and on August 15, 1948 was ordained to the ministry in the VA Conference of the Mennonite Church. We went directly to our local mission field 90 miles west of home at Harman, WV. We served several churches in that area for 4 years. We returned home to attend Eastern Mennonite College . We both finished our college work, Virginia receiving her BS in Nursing and I the BS with a Bible major.

While attending college Virginia worked at the local hospital and I pastored several churches. In 1958 we were asked to go to the Broad Street Mennonite Church which we served for a total of 20 years. I retired from Broad Street and a few years later we started New Covenant Mennonite Fellowship, which I pastored until we found a younger minister. So I retired again. I then did an interim pastorate at Hopewell Congregation in Elverson, PA for 1 year. Then back to Virginia where I became pastor on a 1/2 time basis with the Staunton Mennonite Church in Staunton, VA. This is the church I am currently pastoring and am being recycled.

Our family consists of two boys which we adopted, Bob, at the age of 4 months and two years later, Ralph, who was 7 years old. Bob is a High School teacher in Charlottesville, VA and Ralph is an automobile mechanic specializing in Chrysler products. Ralph is the father of our two grandchildren, Kimberly (16) and Scott (12).

During the 44 years that I have been involved in pastorates I have been mostly self-supporting. I have been involved in various businesses to help support the family; recording studio, recording our church broadcast and general recording; curing Old Virginia Hams; selling miscellaneous items; etc. Hobbies : Amateur Radio (W4JZC), Playing Auto Harp, Photography, Traveling RV & Trailer.

Virginia and I have been to all but one of the CPS Camp #103 reunions and have really enjoyed seeing and getting to know you better. May the Lord bless each of you as you look forward to His coming again.

August 15, 1992

ALL DECISIONS HAVE THEIR CONSEQUENCES

Roy E. Wenger

I was born into this world in an Ohio community of productive small farmers near Smithville. From the start, I absorbed a great deal of respect for farming. We sang, "The farmer feeds them all, the busy farmer feeds them all!" As food producers, we felt needed and important. We sang hearty songs which made us swell with pride:

Hurrah for the jolly old farmer,
The happiest man in the world,
Whose life is so free from temptation,
Whose banner of peace is unfurled.

Our local country Mennonite church supported the life of the farmer. About 80% of the 500 members were farmers while the rest were carpenters or teachers. Farming was basic.

Hurrah for the jolly old farmer,
Who whistles and sings at his plow.
The monarch of prairie and forest,
'Tis only to God he may bow.

The great value of the independence which farm ownership brought with it was the privilege of divergent thinking on issues of the day. There would be no immediate face to face opposition and no immediate economic pressure to conform. One did not need to cater to any one group or political party. One could discuss any school of thought or philosophy or creed as an independent farmer. In simple non-elegant words, this message was taught by my father and mother.

There were old family stories remembered and passed down from my grandfathers and through my father and mother about restrictions and repressiveness in the old country -- in Alsace and Switzerland -- concerning military conscription for Napoleon III's ill-fated wars. There were stories about leaving those countries to find places where military service was not required. The church community from its beginnings in 1816 was opposed to war as an institution -- opposed to all wars -- because no one should train for or carry out acts of violence threatening the lives of others.

As a five year old, my mother kindly but firmly placed before me the attractive red and yellow pop-gun that had been given me by a well-meaning friend and after a long serious talk persuaded me to put it in the morning kindling in the kitchen stove. We then went by horse and surrey to town where we picked out the most beautiful, gleaming red coaster wagon that we could find. It was the substitute. I was almost mollified and I never forgot the point she made in her quiet, loving counseling, that we never point guns at people or threaten them.

World War I began in Europe in 1914, the year I entered first grade in a one-room school called Center College. The 1916 presidential campaign which put Woodrow Wilson in office was won with the slogan, "He kept us out of war." I recall competing avidly for a button with that slogan. But war came and conscription with it. Out of that came three important people who helped me shape my thoughts.

These exemplars from our local community were greatly influential in my younger life. Jesse Smucker lived on a farm halfway between our farm and the one-room school I attended. As I entered fifth grade, he became my very much admired teacher. He was excellent. He taught until the Christmas recess and then left for the Middle East to teach as a relief worker in Aleppo, Turkey. He said he was a conscientious objector during World War I but as a minister, he was not drafted. Now he wanted to do special service in an area disrupted by the war. His letters sent back to our school were exciting. I longed to be just like him.

Jacob Meyer had also been a WW I CO serving in a military camp in New Jersey. He was from our local church. He had been chosen to represent the other CO's at camp in negotiations with Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War. After the war, Jacob Meyer earned a Ph. D. in history at Harvard, and joined the faculty of Western Reserve University. Newton D. Baker, now retired, also lived in Cleveland. Both of these men were very active in the Cleveland Council on World Affairs.

In 1934 I began teaching history and social studies at Cuyahoga Falls High School about 20 miles south of Cleveland. I noted an announcement stating that these two men would discuss the advantages that could accrue to our country if we were to join the League of Nations. The former secretary and the former CO! I packed a group of my best students into my Ford roadster with a rumble seat and we attended the meeting. It focussed on why the US congress was still unwilling to join the League. Very impressive.

The next Sunday at church I asked Jacob Meyer if Baker was aware that he, Meyer, had been a CO. "Yes," said Meyer, "We sometimes talk about that, but it makes no difference as we work to promote the League".

Ben Gerig, my first cousin and also raised on a farm, was in the same camp with Meyer and also a CO. After the war, he did graduate work at the University of Illinois in international relations. He then obtained an appointment with the Mandates section of the League of Nations, working at this position until the League folded in 1941. By that time, he had earned a Ph. D. at the University of Geneva, Switzerland. When the United Nations was born in 1945, he returned to work for that organization until he retired.

These three mentors taught me many things, but especially that if you do your work as skillfully as you can, if you prepare yourself academically to the best of your capacity and if you are patient with yourself and others, you probably have a chance at doing some of the world's important work in spite of the fact that you are a CO.

After teaching for eight years, I was invited to become a Research Assistant in the Bureau of Educational Research at Ohio State University with the understanding that I would work for a Ph. D. in educational media. My mentor and close friend was Dr. Edgar Dale, brilliant, witty and an intellectual model whom I tried to emulate. He was a member of the suburban Community Church pastored by a former Mennonite who later founded World Vision, a relief and service organization widely respected around the world. Edgar Dale was a member of the American Civil Liberties Union (national president, Roger Baldwin, a pacifist). We bantered back and forth about military service versus the new Civilian Public Service as my draft number came ever closer to the top of the list.

My draft board chairman was a university law professor, also a member of the ACLU, and a good friend of Edgar Dale. These men were both more than fair with me but the time came when a decision had to be made formally. I went to see Edgar Dale. I told him I was going to choose CPS. He looked me straight in the eye and quietly said, "It will ruin your career!" I replied, "None of us really know whether it will ruin my career, and we hope that will not happen." I was thinking of my three exemplars all of whom had creative careers in spite of (or maybe because of) their World War I service as CO's. I also suggested to my father that if he had a choice, he should hold on to the farm until after the war.

When finally drafted in November 1942, I carefully wrapped up my almost completed dissertation, cleaned out my Bureau of Educational Research office, kissed Florence, my wife of five months goodby and rode the bus a thousand miles to the west. My assignment was that of educational director of CPS Camp 5 near Colorado Springs. Florence followed me with the car two weeks later to become the camp dietitian. She had studied to become a home economics teacher and this was a real challenge.

My predecessor in the job was a brilliant young scholar, Robert Kreider, who was leaving for a China Unit relief training school. He left for me a good legacy of educational programs which I tried to carry on, along with much help from a volunteer staff.

Six months flashed by and Florence and I were off to open a new camp in Montana – the smokejumpers camp out of Missoula. Elsewhere I have written on how I happened to become the first director of that camp. In retrospect, I think many aspects of the smokejumpers camp made it a project unparalleled in CPS annals for the following:

1. The requirements for selection (300 applied) were demanding, clearly defined and unambiguous.
2. The main task was without question, "Work of national importance."
3. All were volunteers from other camps and thus a step removed from the feeling of being involuntarily conscripted.
4. The US Forest Service staff was highly trained, capable, reasonably tolerant and determined to make the project a success.
5. The "perks" of the camp were a slight notch above the regular base camps:

--- Food was supplied by USFS according to long established logging camp standards.. These had been set to entice men to the forest and to keep them on the job year-around.

--- The allowance was \$5 a month supplied by the USFS (as compared to \$2.50 at most base camps supplied by church groups.)

-- Overtime for fire-fighting was accumulated and could be added to CPS leave time.

--- It clearly gave men a chance to risk their lives in a cause for the benefit of humanity as a whole

After two fire seasons, I left the smokejumpers camp to serve for a year at the Mennonite Central Committee headquarters at Akron, Pa., where I helped in the supervision of MCC hospital units. In November 1945 I was discharged and began looking for jobs. Fortunately, I had completed my dissertation and received a Ph. D. at Ohio State University in December 1944. The GI bill was causing veterans to flood colleges and universities every where, thereby setting up a bull market for professors who were prepared.

By 1948, Florence and I found attractive openings for both of us at Kent State University, just a one hour drive from the home farm where my parents were still living in semi-retirement. My position was in educational media and Florence taught the University kindergarten. Both were directly in the fields of our preparation. We felt fulfilled in being able put our skills to use. It was a rare time in the history of educational jobs when there were no waiting lines.

After seven years, I followed academic tradition and looked for a sabbatical opportunity which would provide renewal and further personal growth possibility. It turned up in the chance to teach at International Christian University in Tokyo. A Fulbright Lecturer's grant paid my salary. The experience stretched out to three full years, with a leisurely four month trip home through Asia and Europe as a family of three. Our daughter, Susan, was an eighth grader.

Back at Kent, Robert White, now president, encouraged me to try my hand at needed development tasks. In each case, he suggested that after we got the enterprise going on a low key basis, he would bring in an expert to carry it on. Successively, I initiated and became first director of the Bureau of Educational Research and Services, of Institutional Research, and of the Center for International and Comparative Programs. There was a one year stint as acting Graduate School Dean, during which we granted Kent State's first Ph. D.'s. The Center for International and Comparative Programs became the focus of all my interests and I revelled in it. All across the country, university curricula were being internationalized. I helped design Area Study Programs on campus and study-abroad programs in a dozen countries around the world. I was able to join and sometimes lead travelling faculty and students when the

situation seemed appropriate. I remained on the faculty until I was 70. Thus, I am thankful to have been fortunate and even privileged in my professional life.

Our daughter, Susan, lived in Missoula where she had studied journalism and married Patrick Duffy. When it seemed she could use help in caring for her first child, Keough, we answered the call and moved to Missoula. What a great place to live. Here we entered wholeheartedly into the social and volunteer world until in 1989 Florence suddenly succumbed to heart trouble

To help fill the void in social life, I began taking square dance lessons. A great way to get exercise too. There I met Lillian, a wonderful dancer and an unusually congenial person. In 1992 we agreed to go it together, and we are doing very well indeed. Lillian is now a full time student at the university in Social Services and I am self-appointed "dean" of the Golden College, taking a course in International Relations, with Lillian.

We each have one daughter, I have two granddaughters, and we all enjoy life in Missoula. Twice Lillian and I have travelled in Europe with singing groups and we are toying with the thought of going again this summer. With Lillian's ability in German (she lived in Germany until she was ten) and in French (she was a nanny in Paris for half a year when she was 20), travelling in Europe is a delight. If we go, we will be back just in time to attend the Smokejumper Reunion beginning July 7, 1995. So, at 86 I am enjoying life here in the same city near which I put in two years of satisfying work in Civilian Public Service.

This is the year of "The UN at 50." I recently gave two talks on this subject, one to the Great Decisions group of the Foreign Policy Association and a second to the Golden Forum breakfast club. In my reading and discussion, I've reached an optimistic conclusion that much hopeful progress has been made over the 50 years. With continued good leadership and a continued spirit of never giving in to temporary set-backs, I believe we can organize a war-less world for ourselves and our grandchildren. Never give up! Peace be with you.

MY LIFE STORY by DAVID S. YODER

I was born February 13, 1919 Middlebury, Indiana. The second child in a family where eight grew to be adults, several dying in infancy. I had the blessing of parents till I was fifty years old, with brothers and sisters we were taught to share and sacrifice for each other. I was raised on a farm, where there was work for all. Part of my growing up years were during the great depression, when money was scarce. Living on a farm we never had to go hungry, as many people did, even in the country. We lived along a U.S. HWY, and I can well remember the continual string of hitch-hikers along the road, some going east toward Toledo, Ohio and others west toward Chicago all looking for a job. Sometimes a man and wife pulling several children on a wagon. Many stopped for a sandwich or a bowl of soup, or if they might sleep in the barn for the night. Very few were turned away, but we usually had a proving test by having them split some fire-wood until we had something ready for them, just enough to see if they were in need. Don't remember of ever having anyone stealing anything.

We usually raised some extra berries or vegetables to sell, which we took to town and peddled along the homes, for some income to support the family. We also done some extra butchering to have meat to sell and thus survived the hard times. My folks were fortunate in not having any large debts at the time, which was the downfall of many farmers.

My older brother and I done some trapping and caught enough fur that we had money to buy a good dairy cow for \$35.00, which we loaned out to a neighbor. At freshening we were to have a six week old calf as our payment. The cow got a disease and was sold as slaughter, so we took a loss on that project. Several humorous incidents that happened during trapping years. We felt sure someone had been stealing animals out of our traps, which so worked on my brother that he dreamt about it. One night I awoke hearing him shout Sichen Bessie! (our dogs name) I guss I got you this time! This happening has often been recalled since. Another time when I checked the trap-line in the morning before getting on the bus while going to High school, and this morning I had a strong smelling pussy-cat in the trap. I didn't think I had contact with the animal, so after washing good and changing my clothes I got on the bus as usual. But was soon made aware, by the girls, that I should have skipped school that day.

At that time my father took whatever live stock that went for slaughter to a stockyard two miles away, from there it was sent to a market in the east. Well, this time it was a jersey going for slaughter and when we got the returns we still owed money for shipping expense.

By having shares in some livestock, pig, calf, sheep, or whatever, we learned to take interest in farm chores and field work. Which is a good education for any farm child.

My schooling was in a one-room public school, with one teacher for all 35-45 pupils and all eight grades. School years were happy years for me, how we looked forward to those ball games with other country schools, no one wore gloves, but we had fun just the same. School was important, but we were still kept home part of the day to help mother with the weekly washing or other jobs as needed. We had one and half mile walk to our country school, and seldom rode unless someone picked us up or bad weather days. After my eighth grade was finished I attended a town high school two years. At age sixteen I was kept home to help there and my school years were over.

I never had much experience in working away from home as there was enough work for all of us at home. Having an older brother, I was usually the one to help mother with the house and garden work also family washing, this was all to my benefit in my coming camp experience. Our farm life wasn't all work; for social activities we had week-end gatherings at family homes, religious singings, birthday surprises, box socials, corn huskings, meeting the young folks of the community.

I was raised in an Amish home, don't use modern equipment, done all our farming with horses all my life. But the tractor for belt-power in threshing, silo filling and feed grinding. We are living in a rather large Amish community, because of our method of farming and our horse and buggy way of traveling, our area has become a big tourist attraction. Our desire is still to be rural people, helping each other with our work, but with the increase in the community more men are working in factories and shops not related with farming. Wherever we work we aim to do an honest days work and be a good example with our simple way of living, and regret it where there are instances that are not to be praised. We do not seek our salvation in our way of living, but because the author of our salvation, Jesus Christ, instructed us to a path of self-denial humble way of living as His followers; we feel it is a good example to leave for our children.

Until I was of age, that is twenty one, I received no wages for my work, except maybe a little income of some animal I had of my own. The first year I was of age I worked on the farm at home, getting \$275.00 for the year. But I had very few expenses so I had some money to put on interest.

By this time, 1940, the world situation was getting darker and the first draft registration was done October 1940. These were tense days for us young boys, meetings were held to instruct us how to fill out our questionnaire to get a C.C. classification. The army was drafting a number of fellows by now. Those of us with a C.O. classification only got physical examinations at a local doctor and some were drafted that should not have passed.

There were no farm deferments yet at this time and I having a low draft number was in the first group in our county to go as C.O. Our parents were very much concerned about what their boys would have to face, still remembering the trials and tests the C.C. had to face in world war one. I am sure our parents and church send us off with a sincere prayer that we would prove ourselves as honest sincere, Christian religious objectors. I never had any problem in getting my c.o. classification but a few had to appear before the draft board for a hearing. It was rather hard for me to leave for camp at this time because our barn at home had burned off only awhile before and we were in the process of re-building and they were badly in need of my help.

On June 23, 1941 we left for the C.P.S. Camp at Bluffton, Ind.; it was a former C C Ccamp, as most C.P.S. camps were. We being the first men to arrive, some sixty the first day and that many more a few days later. All in their prime of life and most of them ready to do a hard days work; carpenters were put to work making clothe closets and shelves for each one, kitchen crews were organized, laundry help was appointed; and in a few days the men left over were sent to work on the project. I got started helping in the laundry, ironing dress shirts, now the fellows would squeal if they got a little scorched or had a few wrinkles.

This was a MCC sponsored camp and the fellows all came from a Mennonite back ground but various different home teaching, each respected the others conviction and had few problems. There were certain rules that each one was expected to obey. Each fellow brought his own clothe and sheets and pillow-slips along, bunk beds and mattresses were left ther by the CCC group. The churches gave us a monthly allowance of \$2.50 for personal needs.

We were all given typhoid fever shots, I for one had a very hard reaction. After getting adjusted to the camp schedule and learned more of the fellows names, we decided to call it home, we were happy to have such an opportunity to serve our country according to our convictions. At that time we were to be there for six month, getting a 2½ day furlough allowance per month.

There were days when it became somewhat boring and maybe a touch of homesickness, and mail was welcome. Various evening classes were started and a good wood working shop was available, where many fine items were made, and letter writing was quite time consuming for me. Our six month would soon be over, so relax and enjoy your camp life. After three months in the laundry I asked to be transferred to project work to get a more complete picture of camp life. For fellows that were used to a hard days physical labor it was boring to be send out to dig out weeds in the camp lawn on your hands and knees but it was a job.

War clouds were getting darker in the world, December 7, Pearl Harbor was bombed and war was declared; and we are drafted for the duration; many hopes were shattered and plans had to be changed.

Our camp included a lot of acreage along a river and a exciting winter project was catching live rabbits, which were delivered to other areas of the state and released. Another time consuming job we were on, was digging an in-let for an articial lake, the ground was froze about as deep as we would dig in a days time , the next day it was the same thing over, a shovel and wheelbarrow project. By the next spring we were getting out of project work; so the camp was closed and the whole group was transferred to a camp in another area, doing the same type of work.

Another former CCC camp, Medaryville, Ind. C.P.S. Camp #18; again we had the job of getting things in operating order. Most of our work at this time of the year was nursery type, transplanting tree seedlings, and keeping the weeds under control in the new started trees. This grew quite tiresome, laying there on your stomach sorting out the weeds from the young trees, both being about the same size. A number of fellows worked on the game project, where quail, pheasants and racoons were started, to be released in other areas of the state. We were only at this camp about six weeks when one day we recieved some very exciting news from MCC Headquarters; asking for a Pullman car train coach load of volanteers to go to California to open a new camp.

Here I was a free young man looking for a different job; others were married or making plans to get married. So many took a week-end off to see what our parents would think. By this time the war situation was getting more serious along the west coast and threats of being bombed by the Japanese, made it hard for my parents to give their approval. but I did agree to go if they needed me to fill the quota of 36 fellows, no one had to be drafted for this load.

We were on our way to Calif. by late afternoon, for most of us our first trip by train. We were soon aware that we were in war time with all the troops on the move and war equiptment by the train load. We had to do some serious thinking again to think what a privilige we have to serve our country in a constructive way instead of with arms of warfare. After being on the train several days we came to country we had read about but had never seen. We got awake at night with the train groaning and squeaking going around some sharp turn, it was all quite exciting. But after being on the way four nights and three days we were glad to be at our destination, Fresno, Calif. We were transported another 35 miles, by army trucks to our camp. It was a rainy day and the tarps were down on the back-end of the truck to keep us dry, we also had some sharp turns and curves in this 35 mile stretch of road, that we had some car sick fellows when we finally got there.

Quite a different picture to awaken to the next morning; the sun was shining, helping us get our directions straight, surrounded by hills and valleys and evergreen trees in all directions. Camp #35 North Fork, Calif. Again we were the first fellows to arrive at this camp but were soon joined with the same number from Camp #18 and Camp #22, plus some new assignees. This was classed a Forest Service camp, our main purpose being fire prevention, keeping roads and trails clean, telephone lines in repair, and on short notice be ready for fire duty. I applied to help in the kitchen and was given work to help cook, which was my work all my time at this camp. By this time rationing of some food items were in effect, so we had to learn to work with what was available, with the generous donations of fresh fruit and vegetables, we never needed to go hungry. Most of these donations came from the Mennonite settlement at Reedly, Calif.

As time went on more men were transferred in also new ones inducted, so I got to know a lot of different fellows from the western states. With gasoline and tires being rationed, very few week-ends were spend away from camp. I did get to go with a group to Yosemite Nat'l Park over fourth of July, which was an enjoyable trip. Also got to go along to Reedley, Calif. one week-end to pick up fresh fruit, also an interesting week-end. During fire season it was unpredictable how many men to expect for meals, some days most of the men were out on fires. I went along out on one fire call but was soon called in to help prepare sandwiches for those out on the fire.

Mail from home and friends was welcome, and again much time was spent in answering letters. Another time consuming project was rug making out of carpet warp. Bishop Eli J. Bontrager, of our community, and Bishop Ira Nisley of Iowa were welcome visitors several days; they were the Amish representatives on M C C board.

Various new projects were opening up by this time, hospital work, dairy farms, smoke-jumper unit etc., when notice was sent out for applicants for a ^{school} ~~cooking~~ in the east, I signed up. But instead of accepting me to go to the cooking school they asked me to go as cook for the smoke-jumper unit; so I transferred to the new project to open at Missoula, Mont. Camp #103, taking off a few days furlough, with friends, in Oregon, on the way to Montana.

Arrived at my destination in the middle of the afternoon, not knowing one soul I could see; but by keepiny my ears and eyes open, I went to meet several men dressed in forestry worker suits. I had made contact with the right men, and soon more campees gathered around, headed for the same place. We were taken to camp Paxton, where the fellows stayed while taking their training. In a few ^{days} a group of sixty-six had arrived, including my former cooking helper Harry Weirich, who I was glad to see. My job here was to cook for these fellows, the government furnishing the food; it was hard to get adjusted to such good meals. After the training program was completed, the group was divided in small groups to be stationed at different places in the area. I was sent to cook for the group to be stationed at Moose Creek, Idaho; a place back in the sticks 25 miles from the nearest road.

This was a forest-ranger station, where pack string mules and supplies were kept; also tools needed to keep trails and telephone lines usable; also food on hand to feed the workers and now us I2-I5 fellows to be here for the summer. A look-out tower was in the area where a man was on watch duty at all hours and could spot smoke over a large area. Most of the fires in this area were started by lightning strikes; this was a light fire season. So most of ^{the} mens time was spent doing repair work on buildings and trail up-keep. Mule pack strings were the way of transporting supplies from one ranger station to another; I enjoyed watching the packer get his load organized, quite a chore.

I well remember one time that the packer had his mules all loaded and only gone a short ways; with a sharp drop off on the one side of the trail, the back mule got off the trail pulling the whole string with him; several of them kept rolling until they were stopped by a fallen tree. Quite a chore to get mules, supplies and everything back in order. We ate well at this camp also, no shortage of the best, I done a lot of baking, also had a lot of fresh fish, caught in the nearby stream. Besides cooking I done some of the washing for the boys; I had one day a week off, which I often spend away from camp fishing and watching wildlife in the surrounding territory. Where can one feel closer to his Maker then out with nature, in complete solitude?

By the middle of October the fire season was pretty well over with; because of illness in the home family I went on a 30 day furlough. I requested a transfer to a camp closer home and was transferred to Camp #18 Denison, Iowa when my furlough was over. This camp had been going since nearly the beginning of the CPS program and was well established. Many men went through this camp, going on to other projects. Soil conservation was the work project plus farm work in the area, I was on the project to help built dams for water control for farmers having soil erosion problems. After nearly a year at this camp, they were looking for fellows to open a Farm and Community school at Malcolm, Nebraska camp # 138, being another Soil Conservation project. I applied and was accepted, so got to help open another new camp. These campees were all older men with several years of experience, our unit averaged about 30 men. This was not a former CCC set-up but an 80 acre farm with a large three story stone house; where we all lived in until additional quarters were ready to move in. I took up cooking again and was in the kitchen most of my time of the year I was at Camp # 138. Project work was mostly surveying to lay out farms to do contour and terraced farming. To conduct our school, speakers were scheduled to give talks on various topics, pertaining to the rural community.

The war had ended by now, and releases were being talked about. I had been corresponding with a fair young lady for several years, from my home community. We set our wedding date for Nov. 8, 1945; I had a month of furlough coming, which I was going to use up at this time. At that time it was law to get a blood test before you could get a marriage license. So one weather day, a day we could not be out on project, and the camp truck was making a trip to Lincoln, our business town; I arranged to go along and get a blood test taken. But I wanted to keep this a secret until I knew everything turned out alright; I knew several fellows wanted to see the camp doctor and if they found me in that office I'd have some explaining to do. So I decided I'll choose my own doctor; I went into a large building where several doctors had offices, after having decided, doctor I'd try I walked in the waiting room, and lo and behold here sat the camp directors wife "Dave what are you doing in here?" It was a woman specialist doctor. I must say I was rather embarrassed by my choice of doctor; I explained what I was after so she directed me to the camp doctor. And everything turned out alright and we were happily married.

After the wedding was over and my furlough had expired, my wife Ada went along back to camp with me; she also wanted to get a little taste of being a campees wife while in service. A number of men were married by this time and the wives were staying in the city of Lincoln, some doing house cleaning.

My release came through on December 11, having served 4 years 5½ month, in 6 different locations. Before we went back home we decided to spend several days with relatives in the Hutchinson, Kans. area; came back to camp again for our remaining belongings, getting back to Indiana few days before Christmas 1945. Thus ended my camp life experience; many fond memories and some not so pleasant where the time could have been spend in more worthwhile ways. But the Good Lord had His Protecting Hand over me each day.

A farm owned by my father was waiting for us to move on, and farm on shares; the best chance a fellow could wish for, that wanted to farm. But I found getting adjusted to home life somewhat of a struggle; missing the many fine fellows I had learned to know. Having spend all this time with only enough wages for necessities and traveling expenses, we had very little to start out with. Our local home churches were generous in collecting \$17.50 per month for all the time we were in service; making a nice sum to help us get started with our farming. Tools were not easy to find as during the war years very few new farm tools were made, but there were kind neighbors to see us through till we had our own equipment. Farm sales were about the only place farm tools could be found and there were so many looking for things that they had to draw lot to decide who got the item. We had enough acreage on our farm that we needed a hired hand; but we had a dry summer that the corn crop wasn't enough that we needed help to harvest it.

Our house was a two family building; so by late fall we went in partnership with my brother and wife, who had married only a week after we did. We were looking forward to our first born; on December 24, a mild winter day, Ada says we'd better let the doctor know we may need him soon. We planned a home delivery with the doctor and nurse assistance. But little Samuel beat them all and was born about 25 minutes before any help arrived, making the new Daddy somewhat nervous. With the instructions of a First-Aid book we made out alright till some one more experienced arrived. Beings it was the first child the doctor expected he had plenty of time; he had sent a nurse to answer our call and didn't come himself till the next day. Ofcourse grandma was soon there when they heard of what was going on.

One day at a time, time went on with nothing real special happening. The farm we were living on was the old Grandpa Yoder homestead and therefore of interest to many relatives and bringing us visitors from far and near. We were always glad to have ex-cps buddies stop in for a visit.

In another year little Susan was added to our family. Before our third child was born we had bought a farm of our own; we had enough to make a fairly good down payment but Mom thought we'll never make it. But with the Lords blessing and a lot of hard work we got out of debt in six years. This farm had completely different soil then what I had been used to up-till now, heavy clay.

One day we received a letter in the mail from Hesston College of Kansas; asking if I'd be interested in coming and be the head cook of the College, and go to school along with the work. What an unexpected offer; it made me feel good that my cooking in camp had been satisfactory enough that they offered me a chance like this. Our plans had been made and we couldn't accept the chance.

My folks were getting up in years by now and had no more boy help at home; we were offered the chance to move on my home place and take over the farming on share. They had built a grandpa house near by and helped us some; mother being a lover of chickens she looked after the chicken management. By this time there were five boys and one girl in our family; and the oldest ones were able to help a lot with the work. After three years the old Yoder Homestead farm came up for sale; so we bought that and moved back where we started out from. One of my brothers moved home to help the folks with their farm. The Homestead farm was due for a lot of repair work. Since we owned it now we started making some changes tearing down and rebuilding; so there was always plenty of work and the boys learned to help real well. There was always a demand for young fellows to help catch chickens, turkeys, ducks; which the boys enjoyed.

Nearly every summer there were barn raisings to go to. In June 1964 the barn where we had lived, with my folks, was struck by lightning and burned down. So we helped all that we were able, to rebuild; then in the fall of the same year the big house on that farm burned, caused by a hot chimney, while nobody was at home and nearly all contents lost. Again ... we helped to put up a new house. They had just finished the new house enough that they had moved in a few days, when the Palm Sunday tornado struck the area. Our buildings were spared but there were many places where help was needed; so those were busy days for us all.

My parents were getting older and were ready to sell the home farm to one of the children; most of my brothers and sisters were living out of state and had their own homes. So we bought this farm too and moved with my folks again; having eight boys and three girls we had good help and farmed both farms several seasons. Our oldest son was called to do his I-w service by this time. Our children started leaving home about as fast as they came, some marrying others getting work elsewhere. With some of my brothers and sisters living out of state we took the children on short trips visiting. Also had taken some of them to places of interest, Niagara Falls, Colorado Springs Colo., Ozark mountains, caves and Zoo's. So we tried to mix some play with our work. A few of the boys also spent some time in M.D.S. work.

By now, 1991, the children have all married and have homes and children of their own. Several of them living out of state but most of them near enough that we see them quite often. One of the sons has bought the home farm and all management is turned over to him. We are living in the Grandpa house, pretty much retired, altho helping some with the farm work as the need arises, but no obligations what soever. The under standing is the same as it was when we lived with my folks; they helped us while they were still able and we will be here to help them when they need us. Now my folks are both gone and we soon may be on the receiving end of the agreement. We sincerely appreciate the fine understanding that has existed between us thus far and trust it may continue. It is a comfort to know that if the time may come that one of us may be alone, there is someone close by to help us if needed.

With fifty two children calling us Grandpas there is a need for a lot of baby-sitting and entertaining, which we are glad to help out. But as one gets older you need more time to rest and relax; we also still enjoy to do some traveling and visit friends and relatives in other areas. We have had our ups and downs, rain and sunshine during our life. But with the help of God have tried to stay balanced in all circumstances. Praise the Lord!

This pretty well brings my life story up to date. Hoping you will accept it for whatever it may be worth to the reader.

Dear Friend Roy,

Greetings to you. At last in response to your request for a history of my life experience. First I must say I couldn't think of anything that extra special happening in my life that would be of interest to others. Again we had so many Blessings that we want to be Thankful for. Neither could I decide if you had in mind my camp life experience only; so I kept pushing it off till I got more information.

Then the other week I got to talk with Harry Weirich; he said he had met you just recently at a meeting and you were still hoping for a story from me. Would have been glad to have you look us up, Roy. So I got busy and started thinking of the 70 by-gone years of my life and these sheets are what I have come up with.

This is a completely inexperienced subject for me; I tried to get the meaning across but my spelling, punctuation and sentence structure need help. So I expect you to put it in presentable form. And if it is not what you were looking for just put it in the waste-basket. I am interested in the next book still coming out.

Roy, I want to "Thank You" again for the unexpected favor you done for us four years ago, when we stopped at your house. I would be glad to hear how you are making out since Florence is gone.

Sincerely Yours,

1100 N 1150 W, Middlebury, IN 46540

David S. and Ada Yoder

LOREN ZIMMERMAN

Electrical Contractor

GRIDLEY, ILLINOIS

I was born in north central Illinois in rural Flanagan on January 21, 1917. I went to a rural school for all of the 8 grades and then drove to Flanagan for 4 years of High School.

I was the oldest of 4 boys. Brother Merlo, who was also a Smoke Jumper, was a year and a half younger than I. I worked with Dad at farming until I was 21. With 3 younger brothers, I just sort of got squeezed out of the nest, so I went to electrical school at Coyne's in Chicago. After graduation, my father and 5 of the neighbors were getting electricity for the first time, so I was in business. A year later the REA south of us was organized and I was asked to do many of the houses.

I was carried to church as an infant and at the age of 13 accepted Christ and joined the Salem Evangelical Mennonite Church. I have attended there all my life. Church jobs included teaching Bible School, Junior Highschoolers, church council, and now team-teaching 4 and 5's with my wife.

In 1941 came the draft and even though I was married, I was drafted and sent to Bluffton, Indiana CPs. In early '42 the camp was moved to Medaryville, Indiana.

Early in '43 came the call for Smoke Jumpers and I signed up immediately. I wrote to my brother, Merlo who was in camp at Glacier Park, Montana. A few days later I had a letter from him saying that he had signed up also. Our letters had crossed in the mail! We have 3 children and 2 of them have made parachute jumps. I guess it is in our blood.

Along with Phil Stanley and Dave Flaccus, we got to make the first CPS fire jumps in Idaho.

I was on the fire jump when Ed Harkness broke his leg. On the way to meet the packer to direct him to Ed, I found a small lightning fire and put it out. They called it the Zimmerman fire. That was in the Moose Creek District.

During my last year, I was in the Continental area patrol project with "Hoot" Moyer. Wag Dodge was our squad leader on that project. Later in '49, Wag jumped with (I believe) 15 men of whom 13 perished when the fire blew up behind them. I just had a letter from USDA stating that they are setting up a memorial for the 13 men at Aerial Fire Depot on May 8 of this year.

After CPS, I began my electrical business in Gridley, Illinois. That was in 1946. It is from this spot that I am writing this letter.

Our best work has been in grain elevators and farm grain drying systems. I have been semi-retired for 9 years now, but still do some electrical work, in some cases for 3rd generation customers.

I've travelled a lot having made 3 trips to the Holy Land. This included Italy, Greece, Lebanon, Israel, Jordan and Egypt. I made a farm tour to Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina. I made a trip to build in the Dominican Republic for our church. Also I did electrical work in our mission in Carracus, Venezuela. Last fall I did electrical work for 2 weeks at the hospital Albert Schweitzer in Haiti.

Berneice and I have taken tours in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. I have also seen China, Hong Kong, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the Fiji Islands.

We have our second motor home and this one has 107,000 miles on it. We have motorhomed 5 times in Mexico, and have been in all 50 states and the 12 provinces of Canada.

At present we are in good health and still serving the Lord wherever we can.

Gridley, Illinois is on US #24 between I55 and I39. If you go through, stop and see us - (if we're home).

LOREN ZIMMERMAN

Electrical Contractor
114 W. 4TH ST.
GRIDLEY, ILLINOIS 61744

Loren Zimmerman