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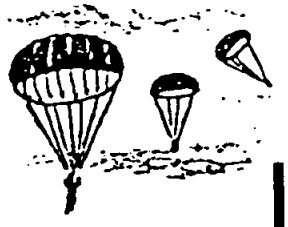
CPS Smokejumpers 1943 to 1946 Life Stories, Volume II

Roy E. Wenger

Volume II

CPS Smokejumpers

1943 to 1946



Life Stories

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Carlsen, Wilmer
Dirks, Clarence W.
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Look for Volume III after January 1, 1993

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

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Continuing the Story

This is Volume II of the life stories of Civilian Public Service smokejumpers who served from 1943 to 1946 as conscientious objectors to war. An Indiana friend wrote about Volume I, "It develops like a novel. One can't stop reading these revealing autobiographies."

Volume I carried the stories of 38 persons while Volume II adds 36 more. There will be a Volume III. Papers for that are due by **April 1 1991**. The target publication date is May 1. Since there were adequate pages for this issue, my own story will wait until the next. As the reader will note, some of the best written articles are by wives of deceased or disabled jumpers, some of whom hadn't met their husbands until after smokejumping days.

With the American people at the beginning of 1991 tensely waiting the disclosures of the next steps in the Persian Gulf crisis and young men and women thinking of possible military draft, these stories may help in practical decision making. If a draft should come, quick decisions must be made: will it be military service or service in an alternative form? "When one comes to a chasm one cannot half jump over it," reminded the old Quaker divine, Rufus Jones, in World War II.

The writers for these volumes deserve our sincere thanks for expressing themselves clearly on how their decisions were made then and how they feel about their decisions in retrospect.

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

WHERE HAS THE TIME GONE?

Murray Braden - - 9/17/90
1666 Coffman - #218
St. Paul, MN 55108

I. Early Years

I was born on June 9, 1918, in Santiago, Chile. My parents, Charles Samuel Braden and Grace Eleanor McMurray Braden, were Methodist missionaries. They had been active in the Student Christian movement at Baker University, in Baldwin, Kansas, and had been caught up in the Student Volunteer Movement, which recruited college students for work in foreign missions. Both parents graduated from Baker in 1909, after which my father enrolled in Union Theological Seminary, and my mother taught school in Kansas. They were married in 1911, and my mother joined my father in New York for my father's final year at Union.

In 1912 both parents went to Bolivia, to serve in a small town. The sanitation there was extremely primitive, and my mother contracted typhoid fever while she was carrying my older brother. He was born in 1914, and it gradually became apparent that that he was crippled, mentally retarded, and epileptic. Further, my mother's health was never again robust.

My parents were reassigned to Santiago , Chile, before my sister, Grace, was born in 1916, and I followed, two years later. By 1922 it had become clear that the missionary life was too rigorous for my mother, and the family returned to the United States - to take up residence in Parsons, Kansas, where my paternal grandfather was the pastor of the Methodist church My father worked for the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions and the Methodist Book Concern, in a job that called for a great deal of traveling.

Our family later moved to Illinois, living in Berwyn for two years, and then moved to the edge of the campus of the University of Chicago, living there for two years while my father earned a Ph. D. at the University's Divinity School. He supported the family during this period by being the pastor of a small Methodist church, located about a mile from our apartment. He joined the faculty at Northwestern University in September of 1926, in the Department of History and Literature of Religion. In 1927 our family moved to Evanston, the suburb just north of Chicago and the site of Northwestern University.

My sister and I both attended elementary, junior high, and high schools in Evanston, and we both graduated from Northwestern University . While in high school I had developed a strong interest in choral singing, in physics, and in the youth program of the Methodist church. I had been strongly impressed by some of the Methodist ministers who made up the faculty of two summer institutes which I attended, sponsored by the Epworth League (the Methodist Youth organization). I also remember being quite moved by being asked, when I was a high school senior, to be our church's representative at a national conference held on the Northwestern campus, concerning the causes of the 1914-18 World War. (We did not know at the time, of course, that this war would be identified later as World War I.)

I also enjoyed athletics, but was hardly of varsity team caliber in a high school with more than 3000 students, or in a university whose football team won the national championship in 1936. I did play halfback on the midget (under 85 pounds) team at our junior high. We, I hardly need to add, did not play before cheering crowds of thounsands.

Several years after we moved to Evanston it became clear to my parents that it was not safe for my brother, Bill, to live at home with us. He had frequent epileptic seizures, and it would have been very difficult for my mother to take care of him, even if she had been quite healthy. After much consultation, and much soul-searching, my parents decided that it would be best for him if he

became a patient at the Dixon State Hospital, about 110 miles west of Evanston. It was very sad for us all when he was moved to Dixon. He lived there for the rest of his life, which ended at age 49. There were staff people at Dixon who took a great interest in him. He became proficient at the piano, and acquired the ability to compose hymns, waltzes, and marches.

II. College and Seminary

I greatly enjoyed my four years at Northwestern. Academically, I majored in physics, and minored in mathematics and philosophy. For several years I had a job checking coats in the school library (for forty cents an hour, with the understanding that I could study when there was no business, and I managed to earn a little and learn quite a bit while on duty.) I played a sousaphone in the school's football band, sang in the men's glee club, and occasionally wrote for the Daily Northwestern.

Whereas I had never had much interest in the Evanston YMCA while I was in high school, I was strongly attracted to the programs of the student YMCA at Northwestern. I became very active in it, and was its president during my senior year. Claude C. (Buck) Shotts was the executive secretary of the Y, and he had a profound effect on many of the students at Northwestern. Most germane to this report, he was a pacifist, and a very persuasive one. (He later worked with the American Friends Service Committee -- being director of the CPS camp at Merom, Indiana, for a year or so, and then moving to their Washington office.)

I also developed a great deal of repect for and was strongly influenced by peace-minded professors such as Paul Schilpp (father of our Bob Schilpp), and by openly pacifist ministers such as Evanston's Ernest Fremont Tittle, as well as Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Henry Hitt Crane, and others.

I worked with the Northwestern Peace Action Committee (sponsored by the YM and YW). In the spring of 1939 I was the presider at a student strike against war (we cut classes to attend), held on the meadow in front of the library, at which something like 700 students took the Oxford Oath (to refuse to participate in war outside the continental United States).

After graduation from college in June, 1939, I enrolled at Chicago Theological Seminary -- not with the intent of becoming a minister, but rather to prepare myself for work like that of Buck Shotts. During my first year at CTS I lived in the seminary dormitory, on the University of Chicago campus. Each first-year student was assigned some sort of pastoral work, and I became the assistant to the minister of a small congregational church about two miles distant from the seminary. I worked with two young-people's groups, and occasionally assisted the minister during the Sunday morning service. I was asked to preach the sermon for a Sunday in May, 1940, and I remember putting a good deal of effort into relating pacifism with Christianity. This was about two months before the "Battle of Britain", when the German airforce tried to bomb England to its knees. My sermon raised the hackles of some of the pillars of the church, but since my apprenticeship was to end a week or two later, there was no serious pressure on the minister to rid the church of my services.

During my second year at CTS I lived and worked at Onward Neighborhood House, a settlement house on Chicago's near-west side. I missed the dormitory life, and had no time for basketball, but it was an interesting and eventful year. During the fall the United States had its first national registration for draft purposes since World War I. Some young men in the peace movement felt they should not even register. My objection was not to national service, but to military service, and I registered as a conscientious objector. It was true that since I was enrolled in a theological seminary I could have had a ministerial exemption, but I was not intending to become a minister Further, I felt it was important to demonstrate that though I was a pacifist, I was not attempting to

avoid service to our country. Several other male students at CTS also registered as conscientious objectors, and I know of at least one, Howard Schomer, who refused to register at all. (He later became president of the seminary!)

During the winter of 1940-41 it became fairly certain that I would be called into Civilian Public Service during the 1941-42 academic year, and I decided to drop out of the seminary in June. Buck Shotts was taking a leave from the Northwestern YMCA, to become Camp Director at Merom, and I was asked to be one of two men brought in to take his place. I continued my work at Onward House through the summer of 1941, and in September became an associate secretary of the "Y".

III. Six Eventful Months

One of my responsibilities at the Y was work with first-year men, and another was work with the Peace Action group sponsored by the YMCA. The YWCA cabinet member (a junior) who was assigned to working with first year women was Geraldine Rugg, and she and her twin sister, Genevieve, also belonged to the Peace Action group.The two Y's engaged in a great deal of cooperative activity, and the Peace Action group met weekly, so that Geraldine and I were working together quite often. As the semester progressed, I found myself growing progressively fonder of her, and also came to appreciate Genevieve's sterling qualities. Their father had died when they were five years old, and their mother, Myra Rugg, had managed to support and raise them in high-rent Evanston. They were both highly musical, and were enrolled in Northwestern's School of Music. And both sisters had been quite active in the peace movement for several years.

Pearl Harbor was attacked in December of that year, and I was scheduled to appear before my Draft Board on the following Thursday. The board was not favorably impressed by my attempts to give rational support for my unwillingness to enter military service, especially so soon after Pearl Harbor, and they classified me I-A. I learned later about other young men, with very little or no background in the peace movement, who had essentially told this same draft board that Jesus told them not to kill, and who had thereby been classified IV-E.

Before I had a chance to enter an appeal of the draft board's decision, and while I was away at a national conference of the Student Christian Association, my father took it upon himself to talk to the draft board. He never told me what he said to them, but they changed my classification to IV-E.

I soon learned that I was assigned to the CPS Camp 23, at Coshocton, Ohio, and was to report on February 20, 1942. During my last weeks in Evanston my appreciation of Geraldine Rugg continued to grow.

IV: Camp Coshocton

I found at least five other young men on the train out of Chicago who were headed for Coshocton. One of them, Dick Flaharty, also joined the Smokejumper unit in 1944. The Coshocton men worked at a hydrologic research station, sponsored by the Soil Conservation Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. There was a great variety of work. At first I worked with Lew Berg, another future smokejumper, on designing a device for measuring water velocity. But for most of my stay at Coshocton I headed up a crew (remember, I was a physics major) that measured velocities of water-flow in all sorts of conditions. We showed very conclusively that the number of plant stems per unit area was the most important factor in controlling the velocity of runoff water.

In June, 1942, I took my first furlough, and went home to Evanston, and promptly proposed marriage to Geraldine Rugg. And she agreed, which may not have said much for her practicality,

but it said a lot for her courage. We were married in July, 1943, after Geraldine had graduated from Northwestern. Newcomerstown, Ohio is a small town about fifteen miles distant from Camp Coshocton, and she was able to land a job as roving music teacher for a system of schools in the Newcomerstown area. She moved to Newcomerstown in September. Some of her schools were quite rural, and even though she had never driven a car before arriving in Ohio, she did a lot of dirt-road driving, in all sorts of weather.

I encountered very little direct harassment during my stay in CPS, but Geraldine had her first taste of it in Newcomerstown. She learned that a committee of local citizens, upon discovering that she was the wife of a conscientious objector, had tried to get her fired, but the district superintendent told them that her work was quite satisfactory, and he could fire her only if they were willing to come up with her salary for the rest of the year. Geraldine also learned that the county sheriff had spent several evenings watching the house in which she had rented a room, hoping to catch me visiting there, "AWOL" from camp. Actually, in the nine months Geraldine lived there, I visited Newcomerstown about 3 times, all on weekend leaves.

I met many fine men at Camp Coshocton, and a great deal of creativity was poured by them into the camp life. But since much of this is described elsewhere, and since these reports have definite space limits, I will move on.

In the winter of 1944 an opportunity arose for volunteering for the smokejumper project, in Montana. I was quite interested, and with Geraldine's encouragement, I applied, and later learned that I had been accepted. So, in late April I left Ohio by train, headed for Missoula. Geraldine had an obligation to finish out the school year, and came out to Missoula in June.

V. CPS 103 - The Smokejumper Unit

Much has been spoken and written about the CPS smokejumpers, and we were quite thoroughly photographed, so, again in the interests of brevity, I will limit my remarks. After our initial training, in May of 1944, I was assigned to the squad stationed at Nine Mile. I had made the standard seven practice jumps, and somewhat later, since there was little fire activity, we were given two more. During the summer we were assigned to a variety of tasks, all of them strenuous, and seemingly related to the production of firewoood or to the nourishment and/or sanitation of the mules at the remount station near Camp Nine Mile.

The 1944 fire season in our region was a quiet one, so most of us made about three fire jumps. My three were: (1) in the Potlatch area in Idaho, (2) Near the Salmon River, in Idaho, and (3), on Granite Ridge, near Hamilton, Montana, but actually also in Idaho. I was also part of a crew that was flown out to the Lake Chelan region, in Washington, but by the time we arrived there the fire danger had passed. As I recall, only three out of our eight parachuted to fires.

I have avoided singling out fellow smoke jumpers, because I met so many very fine persons while in CPS 103. Never before nor since have I been associated with a finer collection of people.

When Geraldine arrived in Missoula in June, she was able to rent the room just vacated by Florence Wenger, who had moved out to Nine Mile to join her husband, Roy, our Camp Director. Geraldine soon found a position as secretary in a Missoula insurance firm. And here again she experienced some harassment. One day one of the two partners in the firm angrily told her that he had learned that her husband was a conscientious objector. He did not fire her, but Geraldine did not wish to work in so hostile an environment, and she resigned her position. Quite soon she was able to get work with the Nursery School at the University of Montana., where several of the CPS wives were also employed.

About fourteen months later, the same insurance man was hunting elk with some friends in one of

the mountain ranges near Missoula, and he had a heart attack. When word was radioed to Missoula, a squad of CPS men was promptly flown out over the area. They parachuted down to the stricken man and carried him through the rough country, on a stretcher, to a road where an ambulance was waiting. I am happy to report that he survived the ordeal.

As the end of the summer neared, I was assigned to help our Assistant Director, Art Wiebe, with some of his work, and , among other duties, I took over the production of the intra-unit newsletter, STATIC LINE. Shortly after this, Roy Wenger, our camp director, was asked by the Mennonite Central Committee to head up another CPS project, and Wiebe became camp director. He, in turn, asked me to become educational director, and I accepted.

The 1945 fire season was an extremely active one, and some of the men jumped on as many as nine fires. World War II ended during the most active weeks, but with the coming of fall came the slow start of the transferring or discharging of the men in our unit. The process was finally completed by the end of January, 1946. I had been transferred to the camp at Terry, Montana, but I had enough furlough time coming so that my discharge papers arrived before I would have had to report to Terry.

VI. Life After Civilian Public Service: Starting a career and family life

During the war years, I had decided to become a physicist instead of a university YMCA secretary. I felt that it would be better to engage in religious work as an avocation rather than than as a vocation. I learned that the Mathematics & Mechanics Department at the University of Minnesota would be very glad to hire me as a full-time instructor of mathematics. I had taken only two courses beyond integral calculus at Northwestern, but Minnesota was being inundated with returning veterans who wished to study engineering, supported by the GI Bill. The Math and Mechanics Department was desperate. Also, the Minnesota Physics Department was willing to accept me as a graduate student.

Accordingly, we moved to Minneapolis, and moved into a house which Geraldine and I would call home for the next forty years. Andy Gibas, husband of my sister Grace, had been a member of the CPS "starvation unit" in Minneapolis, and since he and Gracie already had a child when he went into CPS, they had rented this big old (six bedroom) house near the University of Minnesota. Two other CPS couples moved in with them, and helped with the expenses and maintenance. Their home had become the effective meeting place for the men in the starvation unit.

I started teaching mathematics on a full-time basis at Minnesota in March, 1946, and began graduate study in Physics in September 1946. Our first child, Margaret, was born in December of that year (on Pearl Harbor Day). It was a busy life, and a great change from CPS. I also taught summer school every summer. Our second child, Elizabeth, was born in November of 1948 (on Armistice Day). Somehow, Geraldine and I also found time for involvement in the peace movement.

In 1948 Gracie and Andy decided to move to Circle Pines, a village established on cooperative principles, about fifteen miles northeast of Minneapolis. Also, the old house we were living in was put up for sale, and we borrowed money and bought it. For several years we lived on the first floor and rented out the upstairs rooms. In 1948-49 two of our roomers were ex-CPS men (Lloyd Hulbert and Howard Lutz), and a third, David White, had been in prison for refusal to register. Chuck and Virginia Chapman lived in a trailer parked behind the house, and used the laundry tubs and a water-closet in the basement. (One of the few times in history when people in the back-house made regular trips to the front-house.)

In 1950 I received a Master's Degree in physics. By this time I had found that mathematics interested me more than did physics, and I became a candidate for a Ph. D. in math . It turned out

to be a long candidacy. Our son Charlie was born in 1953 (All Saints' Day), and our youngest daughter, Ann, in 1957 (Ground Hogs' Day Eve). I had taken on the teaching of some night classes in addition to a full-time regular load, and my time and energy for course work, and then work on a thesis, was limited.

In 1956 I learned that Macalester College, a small Presbyterian college in St. Paul with an outstanding reputation for emphasis on international understanding, was looking for a mathematician. With my thesis still not completed, I joined their faculty in September 1956. From September to May I was so busy with teaching and other faculty duties that I made little progress with my thesis. But thanks to a stipend from the college I was able to finish the thesis in the summer of 1957, rather than teaching summer school.

VII. The Middle Years

During the year 1959-60, thanks to a grant from the National Science Foundation, our whole family spent the year in California, where I was able to devote full time to the study of mathematical logic on the Berkeley campus. During the first semester of the 1965-66 academic year our whole family lived in Tuskegee, Alabama. I was a participant in a faculty exchange program, and taught at Tuskegee Institute. We lived in the black community, during a year marked by great racial tension. Each member of the family agrees that it was a very profound experience. Margy and Liz lived in student dorms, and Charlie and Ann, at ages twelve and eight, were each the only white person in the class. Geraldine helped to desegregate a shopping center. In addition to teaching three classes at Tuskegee, I was able to attend a faculty seminar on computer programming, was bitten by the computer bug, and have subsequently been actively involved in using computers and teaching computer courses.

From 1968 to 1972 - - very tense years in the life of Macalester - - I had a year's stint as Director of Summer School, and three years as Dean of the Faculty, after which I was very glad to get back to teaching.

When some of Geraldine's child-care responsibilities lessened, she earned a master's degree in musicology, and subsequently has become a teacher of both the speaking and singing voice. She is presently a faculty member at the University of Minnesota's McPhail Center for the Arts, and has also been a full time faculty member in Minnesota's School of Speech & Dramatic Arts, and during 1979-80, at Boston University.

For many years Geraldine and I have been quite active in our church, and in the F.O.R., though I must admit we are slowing down a little as the years go by. I had a severe heart attack in the spring of 1982, and returned to teaching in the fall. But I never felt very well, during that academic year and retired, at age 65, in 1983. And let's face it - being able to goof off a bit wasn't bad.

VIII. The Golden Years

I had triple by-pass surgery in 1985, and have been feeling much more vigorous since then. We moved to a condominium sponsored by the University of Minnesota Retirees Association in 1986, and greatly enjoy our new neighbors. As do most retired persons, I seem to take on a good many volunteer activities. The one I feel the best about is working with Roy and Florence Wenger in organizing the 1986 and 1989 CPS-103 reunions I also have been able to use computers as treasurer of various non-profit organizations. And I have been deeply moved by volunteer work in shelters for the homeless. I also still enjoy the search for new mathematical principles. Geraldine and I have attended some interesting Elderhostels, and we enjoy our children, and their mates, and our two grandchildren. And we take comfort and reassurance from our awareness of the existence and work of the many fine persons we came to know through the CPS 103 experience.

THE LIFE & JOYS OF RALPH C. BELZER

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Glasgow, Montana 59230

I was born October 20, 1924, in the Deaconess Hospital in Glasgow, Montana.

My parents lived ten miles from town on a dryland farm. They raised wheat, oats, and certified Bliss Triumph seed potatoes.

The farm community was a good place to raise a family. We had good neighbors. Not much money, but we were comfortable, ate good, raised a large garden and Dad butchered beef, hogs, sheep--all of which mother canned. She baked our bread, and Mother and Dad made pork sausage, liver sausage and hams and bacon, which they smoked in the old smokehouse.

I went to grade school in Glasgow. The building was a three-story brick structure. The teachers were very good.
Transportation was by truck with a homemade top in place of a grain box and in the winter we had a bus on a sled pulled by a team of horses.

My first airplane ride was paid for by our hired man, who knew that I was crazy about planes; it was an old Ford tri-motor.

My high school years were spent in the same school building, which still stands but is to be demolished in the near future. My favorite subjects were wood shop and automotive shop, but I did fair in my other classes, at least good enough to graduate in the spring of 1942. I hated mathematics in school, but I now enjoy it. I had many good friends in school, some of which are still in this community.

My first jobs while still in school were a paper route in the winter and in summer starting to apprentice for carpentry, working for my father who, at that time, was a contractor. We had moved to town in 1937, where Dad and I had built our first home in town. I still own that house and rent it out.

My first world travel was in 1939 to a Bible convention in Seattle, Washington, then on down the West coast to Seaside, Oregon. We then headed home by way of Yellowstone Park and Lewis and Clark Caverns. During summer vacation, four or five of my friends and I would walk or ride our bikes to the Milk River or out to the irrigation ditch west of town to fish or go swimming. My sister and I went to Bible study classes three times a week. Later, she married and moved into her own home. I still attended Bible study classes at the Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses, went regularly in the Witness work and held home Bible studies in the homes of interested persons. I really enjoyed that.

In about 1940 Dad bought a used pool table, which we put in our basement and he proceeded to teach me the fine art of pool, which I

still play and enjoy to this day. We also often fished at Fort Peck Lake and Nelson Reservoir, sixty miles away from Glasgow. My mother had a terrific sense of humor and when I would do something foolish she would tell me "small things will please a child and lesser things a fool". Mother often went fishing with us or played croquet.

In the summer and fall of 1942 I got a job driving a gravel truck hauling gravel to the B-17 bomber air base at Glasgow. In January 1943, I traveled with a friend to Central Valley, California, and we went to work on Shasta Dam. I first worked as a laborer and then as a cement vibrator operator. I want someday to return there and see the dam now that it has been completed.

My decision to go to a CPS camp was based on my religious beliefs, as other Jehovah's Witnesses, that a true Christian cannot involve themselves in any world government conflict as the Bible tells us that Christ's heavenly government will soon remove all of this world's governments and replace them with His own government where peace will abide.

In the spring of 1944, I entered the CPS camp at Belton, Montana, now known as West Glacier. I met some fine people there, especially the camp director and his wife, the camp nurse, park service supervisor and many others; one Jehovah's Witness, many Amish and several Mennonites, three from farm communities north of Glasgow.

The first year at Belton I volunteered for the smokejumpers, but was not accepted as I was too light in weight. The next year, after working to gain some weight, I was accepted. At first there were lots of sore muscles from the rigorous exercise, but I think all of us enjoyed the experience. The group was a wonderful bunch of men. Jonas Hershberger and I were nicknamed Mutt & Jeff as he was tall and I was short. He and I and Abe Schlabach got to be the closest of friends. Of the men I especially remember were Ad Carlson, Lee Miller, Ivan Moore and Levi Tschetter, and the two other men that I spent much time with before fire season had commenced. We were placed at Schaffer ranger station, then Three Forks and Challenge Guard Station, all in that same area just south of Glacier Park. We worked maintaining trails, telephone lines and such. At one time we walked as far as 13 miles to work and then 13 miles back. I still can remember working on telephone line repair. The line was #9 wire stretched on trees. When you were splicing that wire and were 10 or 15 feet up in a tree with your climbing spurs stuck into a green tree and someone decided to make a call, they would crank that little handle on the old Forest Service phones. Boy! Did that ring your bell! Those two men were Oliver Petty and Merlo Zimmerman (Zim).

During training, our squad leader was an ex-paratrooper; his name was Carl Naugle. I wish I could locate some or all of those men.

One of the experiences that I will never forget happened while jumping on a fire over in Idaho where I hung up 80 or 90 feet from the

ground in a dead snag. I finally got down with no problem except very shaky knees. You can bet I didn't climb that one to get the chute down. On one jump I lit standing straight up, which gave me a bad stone bruise, which developed into a plantar's wart. A short time later this had to be operated on and removed. This ended my jumping career. A short time later I was transferred back to Belton, where I fought fires, maintained trail and did roadside cleanup until I was discharged.

After CPS, I married and went to work at Swan Lake, Montana, for the Fenby Bros. mill, one of the hardest jobs I ever had--stacking green tamarack lumber and bridge planks, some 3 x 12 inches x 20 feet long. The mill crew was also on fire call at any time of the day or night. I remember one time we worked all day at the sawmill and right after going to bed, getting called out to fight fire. We traveled most of the night on the back of a flatbed truck and fighting fire until the next afternoon when it started to rain. Later, I moved back to Glasgow and have been here most of the time since. I did move to Longview, Washington, where I was employed first at a sawmill and later at a plywood mill. On one other occasion I worked at a cabinet shop in Las Vegas, Nevada. After that, I worked at carpentry and painting, belonged to the Carpenters' Local 1211. I also belonged to the Elk's Club at one time.

I built one home west of Glasgow, which we lived in, and bought a house in Fort Peck and moved it to town, remodeled it, added on to it, and rented it out until I sold the one west of town and moved into the rental unit in town, where we still reside. I have two wonderful daughters--one, Connie Bender, who resides in Santa Maria, California, and the other, Roseanne Sparks, who lives in Elko, Nevada. I have three grandsons and one granddaughter. I am happy to say that one grandson is very interested in carpentry and is very good at it.

My hobbies are quite varied. I owned a Montana agate and gift shop here for about three years, taught arts and crafts until the closing of the Air Force SAC B-52 air base 18 miles from Glasgow, which slowed the economy and made it unfeasible to remain open financially. I still make and sell agate jewelry and started digging Montana sapphires near Helena for the past 20 years. The largest cut stone that I dug is a 2-1/2 faceted blue sapphire. I also started faceting stones about two years ago. My wife isn't interested in agates or sapphires until they are cut and made into jewelry.

We purchased and owned a combination bar/cafe/pool hall for about four years, but sold it three years ago and are now trying to retire. We are finding out that it is a difficult thing to do as people keep telling us "You have lots of time now, will you repair my roof or paint my house?" I also was a painting contractor for about five years. We have a nice yard, lots of flowers, trees and a small but good vegetable garden.

Depression Years--

While living on the farm during the 1930s, we always lived fairly well as far as food and shelter, wore some patched clothes. As far as actual money, we were so poor that we didn't even have lint in our pockets. We used horses on the farm, along with an old 10-20 McCormic-Deering tractor with steel lug wheels. I well remember putting up Russian thistles for hay as I got to stomp and pack them in the hay rack. Dad finally got carpenter work in Glasgow in the mid-30s and hired a man to do some of the farm work. I enjoyed my childhood on the farm--fresh vegetables, fresh eggs, meat, milk and butter, and best was my mother's home cooking and baking. I can remember coming home from school to the smell of fresh baked bread or cinnamon rolls or pie or gingersnap cookies.

Changes that I have noticed during my lifetime are going from Model T and horse travel to modern cars, jet planes and rockets to the moon. One other change is in the people, the change in family closeness and recreation. Instead of visiting friends to play games or cards or pitching horseshoes, both the adults and children are addicted to TV or electronic games. One thing that hasn't changed much is the politicians are still politicians. As the man who saw the tombstone with this inscription on it "Here lies a politician and an honest man" said: "I sure didn't know that they buried two men in one grave."

Our family has never had a family history drawn up and I haven't kept a diary. Just memories, most of them happy ones. I try to forget the sad or bad ones.

In conclusion, my childhood was a happy time, good parents, a good sister, comfortable home and many good friends. I have only spent two nights in a hospital in my whole life, so good health is one more blessing for me to count. I have had some bad or painful experiences as all people do, but I always keep in mind that with no bad experiences we would not appreciate the good ones nearly as much. I believe that, according to the Scriptures, the good Lord will soon put an end to this present wicked system of things and replace it with His promised kingdom wherein righteousness will abide forever.

To me, it is really amazing how fast 66 years can fly by.

ABOUT BILL BRISTOL

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When the Selective Service Act went into effect in 1940, I registered under the act and applied for conscientious objector status. My brother Jim, three years older than I, would have been automatically exempted from the draft as a Lutheran minister of a church in Camden, New Jersey, but he refused to go along with the law and as a result spent a year and a quarter in federal prison. I had no problem about accepting the law and even indicated when I applied for 4-E status that I would be willing to do medical corps work in the army. Since, however, regulations at that time did not guarantee medical corps assignment to those with 1-AO noncombatant classification, I was granted the 4-E. I never even saw my draft board - only the chief clerk and his secretary. In Germantown, Philadelphia, where I lived, there were some Quakers (though I was not one), and the draft board was apparently cognizant of the pacifist position. They even deferred my induction into CPS so that I could use a fellowship for a year beginning in July, 1941, during most of which I travelled in South America doing research for my Ph.D. thesis on relations between that area and the Franco regime in Spain.

My becoming a CO was at least partly a result of the way my mother brought me up. I had wonderful parents. Dad, a businessman, was in advertising, at one time advertising manager for Sun Oil, later moving on to the new and growing Young and Rubicam agency. That move took us from our house in a pleasant residential area in Philadelphia to an apartment in New York City's environs, but after only four months we were back in Germantown, Philadelphia, without my father, who at the age of forty-four died of a heart attack on a New York City street on his way to work. I was then eleven and thereafter, of course, was brought up entirely by my mother. She was the daughter of a clergyman of some stature in the Luthern Church. She read from the Bible to Jim and me each night before we went to sleep, and we also heard about Christian principles as we regularly attended Sunday School and church. The Golden Rule, "Thou shalt not kill", "Love your enemies", etc., seemed to rule out the killing and devastation of war and had a lot to do with my applying for CO classification when the time to choose came. Those views had also been reinforced by my college study of World War I and how it came about.

I had had the good fortune to spend most of my pre-college years at Germantown Academy, a private day school for boys. In addition to giving me an excellent education, the school afforded me the opportunity to play on its graduated football, basketball, and baseball teams for many years. From there I went on to Gettysburg College in 1932, right in the middle of the Depression. My dad had left enough life insurance so that we were able to live securely, though modestly, after he died, and my mother supplemented that source of income with part-time work at a Lutheran publication. Thus both Jim and I were able to continue at G. A. and then go to Gettysburg. My own extremely modest contribution to family finances consisted of meager earnings as a counsellor from 1933 to 1938 at a camp for boys in Pennsylvania's Poconos. There I managed finally to work up to a salary of $100 for my last summer.

Finishing at Gettysburg as a History major in 1936, I moved on that fall to graduate study in the same subject at the University of

Pennsylvania. Just before the academic year began, I dropped in to see Penn's Lutheran chaplain, an old friend of my mother's family who had suggested Penn to me in the first place. He now suggested that I look into Latin American history, a newly developing field in which the university was acquiring that same fall its first regular, and very excellent, professor. Although I had expected to specialize in modern European history, I soon found myself rather in the Latin American field, a change that proved to be most fortunate. Latin America is a fascinating part of the world, and after World War II college jobs were readily available in a field by no means crowded with potential candidates.

After three years of graduate study at Penn, where for a while I helped to mark undergraduate papers and conduct quiz and discussion sections, I went at the age of twenty-four to teach at the University of Puerto Rico for the 1939-1940 session. That was a truly great and highly educational experience for me. Now I was a full-time teacher, which meant a lot of work but also a lot of learning as I prepared for my classes in modern European and English history. I was living for the first time in a basically Spanish-speaking culture, and much, including the blatant poverty of many Puerto Ricans, was new to me. Although I taught in English, I stayed on for a couple of months after the academic year was over to concentrate on really learning Spanish, so that when I left the island I was able to understand, speak, and write it reasonably well.

Five months after returning from my South American travels in 1942, I began my stint in CPS at Cooperstown, New York, in an AFSC camp that worked for the U.S. Forest Service and the New York State Department of Soil Conservation. We cut wood, planted trees, helped combat at least one forest fire, etc. When after a considerable time the camp was reduced in size, I was asked to stay on as the one permanent KP, which meant not only kitchen duty but also cleaning the public rooms in our house, doing the laundry, and tending the furnace. Happy to realize that my skills were appreciated, I willingly remained as KP for several months. Then, with the camp about to break up entirely, I joined the smokejumpers for the 1945 season, figuring that fighting forest fires was a worthwhile activity and accepting the idea of getting to them in a somewhat novel way.

I made a total of eleven jumps, eight in practice and three on fires. After Nine Mile training, I was one of about ten jumpers who made up a unit at Twisp in northern Washington. On my first fire jump, in the Wenatchee National Forest, I made a bad landing on an incline, suffering a sprain fracture in one of my ankles. The fire was already a mile or two long when a number of us arrived on the scene, and before long we were followed in by an all-black army unit of probably two hundred paratroopers. I hobbled around and operated a radio. Later, with my ankle taped up, I made two jumps on much smaller fires with just one other fellow in each case. Being in CPS 103 was a great experience, but I must confess I was not as gung-ho about jumping as some of the others in our unit. I wasn't disappointed when we didn't jump, and I found as much satisfaction in fighting fires reached by ground transportation as in working on those reached by air.

One day in our barracks in Twisp one of the fellows, who was read-

ing to himself a statistical report on the educational background of CPS smokejumpers (or maybe CPS campers in general) suddenly and incredulously exclaimed: "One guy has had twenty years of education!" On reflecting a bit, I concluded I was that guy. But even after I left CPS in May of 1946 (following brief periods in government camps at Mancos and Lapine), my formal education was not yet over. I spent the next year finishing my Ph.D. thesis research and writing the dissertation, and then, with the degree in hand, I was ready for the job market. I had a pleasant, worthwhile year teaching in the History Department at Princeton, and in 1948 took a job in history at Union College in Schenectady, New York. There I continued to teach full-time until I reached sixty-five, after which I operated part-time until complete retirement at the age of seventy in 1985.

After CPS I continued to visit various parts of Latin America from time to time. In the summer of 1949 I participated in an AFSC work camp in a small Mexican town. The following summer one of the campers, who lived in Philadelphia, gave a party for some fellow campers who were passing through the city. She included me and a neighbor of hers, Naomi Gahuse. That's how I met my wife-to-be. Naomi and I were married in August of '51, and from then on my trips to Latin America were made with her and, after 1968, with our daughter Joan, born to us in that year. Our travels also included a considerable number of visits to Israel after Naomi's parents moved there from Philadelphia in 1966.

Naomi continues to work as a librarian in the Schenectady County public library system, while I take things comparatively easy as a retiree. We still live in our home of twenty-five years only three blocks from the college, where I go frequently for games, lectures, concerts, use of the library, the weekly Spanish lunch table, contacts with faculty, etc. Last year we visited Joan in Spain as she was spending her junior year of college there, and this spring we had the pleasure of seeing her receive her degree from Bryn Mawr, with (strange to say!) a major in history.

Thus this current phase of my life has its interests and delights just as have practically all the previous stages. One of those very good earlier stages was CPS, including smokejumping. For me CPS was by no means three and a half years "taken out of my life". On the contrary, they were years when I shared the friendship of many fine fellows, did some interesting, worthwhile things I would never have done otherwise, and gained some good practical knowledge. But I have no desire to go back to those or any other days. In 1956 and 1977 I had major back and heart operations, and in 1988 a pacemaker was installed. Had I lived appreciably earlier in those cases, the operations would not have been known, and I would not have had the basic good health, maybe not even the life, I have continued to enjoy. Every stage, if not at every moment filled with total bliss, has surely brought its real rewards. Even though as an historian I have loved to read and study about the past, I have never wanted to live in any time but the present.

The ramblings of:
Wilmer Carlsen
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Polson, Montana

(Credit Roy Wenger with a large portion of the text of this story.)

I was born on a farm in Iowa on February 3, 1917. Along with my two brothers and three sisters, I grew up on this farm near Harlan, where I graduated from high school, and then remained home for a year helping with the farm work.

By then the Depression had taken its toll and my brother and I were ready to strike out on our own. We wanted to "go west". My parents took us to town one evening, we waved goodbye, and caught a freight going toward Minneapolis, and from that point we headed west. Before we got out of Iowa, my brother and I got separated. He made it aboard a freight, but I missed my try and it was accelerating too fast to try again. I was on a slow moving freight in Laurel, Montana and at that time saw my brother walking on the highway next to the tracks. How it happened, exactly, that we got together, I don't remember but from thereon we managed to keep up with each other.

Our destination was Hamilton, Montana, in the Bitterroot Valley, where heard there would be jobs picking up potatoes. The harvest was underway by the time we got there and full crews were working, so we had to move on. We "rode the rods" on both the Northern Pacific and Milwaukee Railroads. I remember going through the seven-mile long Cascade tunnel between Wenatchee and Seattle. We were in a coal car but that sectio nof the railroad was electrified -- no smoke.

We got jobs in the apple harvest at Omak, Washington. The orchard was a large one, and Mr. Horton had his own warehouse and grading equipment. We were there for over a month and for the first month, we were housed in a new shed built to be a pig house, but we were the first occupants. Straw for a mattress, however. The pay was 25 cents an hour and board yourself. After the apples were in, the two of us stayed on to haul tree props from the orchard to a central place using the bosses' Model T truck.

Though we had saved a few dollars, our mode of travel continued to be the railroad. From Omak, we went back to Seattle, (third time through the tunnel) and stayed in a "Flop House" where dormitory beds were available for 10 cents a night per person. I think there were 50 or more men staying in one room. Also we had meals on "Skid Row" at 10 to 15 cents per depending on whether one wanted to "pig out" or not.

From Seattle, we directed ourselves toward Southern California. I recall we came into Canby, Oregon, (Lester Gahler's hometown, but I didn't know him then). When inquiring for a cheap place to stay, were led by the night watchman to the local jail. Compared to today's standard, I guess we could have sued for having been abused. He came the next morning at 9:00 A.M. --Sunday-- to let us loose. In Northern California we sawed firewood and pulled some weeds for our first income there. In Stockton, we stayed in hobo jungles, but usually had meals in a skid row cafe operated by a Japanese. The date was November of 1936.

At Pasadena, we visited and were invited to stay with an uncle and aunt who operated a fruit stand at 2627 E. Colorado Blvd. the location is now a Denny's Restaurant. Our uncle used his influence to get employment with a dairy which had over 400 milking cows and a fleet of trucks for delivery of milk. We worked in that area for about a year, sometimes helping out at the fruit stand. At Lancaster, California we got work baling hay in the summer and readying ground in the winter for the hay fields. After two years, my brother went to work for The American Potash and Chemical Co. at Trona, California, but I stayed with the hay ranches.

In 1939 came the call to register for the draft. We were working like fools at haybaling, and at that time I didn't give it (the draft) much thought. In early winter I started plowing the selected fields with a small Farmall tractor and that gave me opportunity to argue with myself about everything and still follow the furrow. The mental activity must not have affected, adversely, my job performance for my boss said to me that I was the only man that he had ever hired who could plow a straight furrow. Since that time, it has occurred to me that two times in my life did I do some intensive soul searching. The first time was in regard to the prospect of participating in armed conflict. The second, was when I "fell in love" the first time. In the first case my decision was that "The Authority" could shoot me if they willed, but I would not shoot another man because of an order to do so.

In a paragraph in a column in The Los Angeles Times, I had read about an A.J. Muste who had been an objector in World War I. All that I learned from that, though, was that people like me were called Conscientious Objectors. In the pressure of the day, that didn't help much. A result of the stance that I had taken was that two of my uncles considered me a disgrace to the family. Also all the men that I had become acquainted with, were entering "The Armed Services". That coupled with the act of requesting a 4E classification made it all a traumatic and lonely experience. (In regards to my true love, I'm still stumbling around looking for answers.)

Came the day I was to be shipped off to camp, I reported to the draft board office 6:30 P. M. or thereabout. The clerk sent me to Dr. Snook for my physical exam, which consisted of the Dr. asking me if I had had any illness or injury in the past six months. My reply to both was no. Whereupon he attached his signature to the form and I was cleared for travel to Cascade Locks #21. In one respect the draft board was quite consderate. They ticketed me for a berth on a Pullman, which left Palmdale, the evening of of the same day. The next morning I used a government voucher for breakfast, after which I started toward my seat in the Pullman. Four men approximately my age and in civilian clothes, stopped me and asked where I was going, explaining that they had seen me using the voucher to pay for my food. I replied, "to Cascade Locks, Oregon". They stated, "that's where we are going. We are Conscientious Objectors". These men were the first real live C. O.'s that I had ever seen. It was a relief to find that I wasn't the only "screw-ball" in the world and to know that whatever fate had in store, I would at least have some company. However, I did question, in my mind, whether stating to all who could hear, that they were C. O.'s was advisable in view of conditions at the time.

After about a year at Cascade Locks, I volunteered for Smokejumpers and in May 1943 arrived, along with Bert Olin , in Missoula. We went to USFS Region I headquarters in the Federal Building where Ralph Hand told us how to get to Seeley Lake. We had tim e to go to Jim's No.1 Cafe (named by some as the "The Greasy Greasy Spoon) on E. Main St., for breakfast. Then, following Ralph Hand's advice, boarded the Seeley Lake Stage which left us off not far from the Ranger Station. Soon we claimed a bed in the Bunkhouse at the ranger station, along with 15 others who, like us, were the advance corps to help get the training started. On the bus trip I sat next to Mrs. Henry Pennypacker. My one claim to fame.

When the large group making up 60 men arrived two weeks later, we all moved over the lake to Camp Paxson, quite a new Scout Camp built by the US FS. Several of us were assigned to the work yet to be done, to finish one of the two bathhouses that were to serve the camp. Len Bartel was a master at forming and piecing together the scrap sheetmetal that was used to"line" the wash troughs.

When the April, May, and June training was finished and men were sent to various side camps for the summer, I was assigned to stay at Seeley Lake Ranger Station, so I moved back across the lake to the Bunkhouse. Those who I remember, in this group, were Burks, Andes, Clark, Hammarstrom, Nusbaum, Rehfeldt, and Ratigan (USFS). During this time, there were ten men from the U.S. Coast Guard deployed (?) to Seeley Lake, to learn F.S. methods of training and parachuting, for use in rescue operations. For whatever reason, we had an amiable relationship with the coastguardsmen. Two and more times in our "free" period, I engaged one of them in the sport of wrestling. His skill was --also his weight-- greater than mine, so I always wound-up being the one who was pinned.

The second and third summers I spent at Ninemile. Since the other men have written about the various fires on which we jumped, I will forego telling those stories of exciting events, except to mention that my harrowing experience has already been related in the Smokejumper Magazine. I did have one practice jump that may be worthy of note. In 1944 or '45, whichever, we were to give some exhibition jumps for visiting F. S. personnel from the upper ranks in Washinton D. C. The jumping area was one of the Remount pastures west of the camp. A few others had jumped before Harry Burks and I were to take our turn. The Travel-Air (maybe one word) was the plane being used, the drift 'chute had been dropped, and the spot we were to leave the plane had been selected. Only one person (jumper) left the plane per pass, and Harry was the first one. He came down close to the spot. During the time that the plane made its circle for the next pass, the wind had started blowing. I jumped at the selected spot and soon after the 'chute opened I discovered that I was sailing cross-country so fast that I doubt slipping the 'chute would have been of much help. The wind was blowing toward camp so I just turned 180 degrees and went as far as I could -- over the hill, over a gully, and half way up the next slope -- out of sight. The other jumpers were usually eager to help stretching out the 'chute, chaining up the lines, and stuffing it in the bag. This time I got to do it myself. To the top of the hill and I was in camp.

That was one jump that could have put the parachute fire-fighting program in jeopardy for they might have started thinking that it would be quicker to walk someone in to the fire.

After I received my discharge in 1946, I applied for and was accepted in the Carpenters' Union of Missoula, Most of my time in the years that have followed I have spent as a carpenter and cabinet maker. More recently I have moved to Polson, continuing to work there in semi-retirement and enjoying the boat I built for use on Flathead Lake. I have both a cabin on the lake, next to Phil Stanley's and a house in Polson. As yet, neither one is much to talk about, but maybe next year I'll have the where-with-all to make some very necessary improvements.

11 - 21 - 90

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September 15, 1990

JOURNEY DOWN THE RIVER OF LIFE

I started my journey by being born on the 20th of February, 1923, to Ernest and Alda (Unruh) Dirks, who were members of the Church of God in Christ, Mennonite. I was born in Durham, Kansas. Our Mennonite ancestors had emigrated from Holland to Poland, then to Russia and finally in the mid-eighteen hundreds, to the United States--all in search of religious freedom.

This biography will show how the river of time can influence a person's life. There are rough waters, quiet eddies, and sometimes for a while, smooth sailing. I started out a small stream, as everyone does. This was the start of my journey.

My father, a farmer, moved from where I was born to Western Kansas with our family, of which I was the oldest. In time, there would be twelve children, nine of them born in Kansas. I remember very little until 1929, when the Depression hit. I was in my first year of school at the time, having begun without being able to speak a word of English. It helped me out a lot that the teacher boarded with us that year, where we lived about a quarter mile from the school.

The collapse of the economy must have caused us to move yet again, this time to a place that seemed like the middle of nowhere. I remember moving with a wagon and a team of horses. It seems that things were no better here, since I recall time in a storm cellar because of tornados, sticking our heads out of that cave from time to time to see what was going on--and what might be blowing away.

The folks managed to hang on until 1937 without a crop. Dust almost every day, wet blankets hung over doorways and windows to keep out the worst of it. Those must have been hard times, but to me they didn't seem so bad. I always had some-

thing to eat and a place to sleep.

As far as education goes, my younger years were a process of going to school and still helping out on the farm. As the eldest, I had to help with the chores morning and evening, milk cows, run the separator to skim the milk, feed the calves and so on, and still go to school in daytime during the school year. In the summertime I rode horse from daylight to dark, herding our cows out to some free-range pasture and keeping them separated from others' herds that also used it.

In the second grade, after another of our Kansas moves, I attended this one-room school with one teacher for all eight grades. She also acted as janitor and nurse and whatever else came along for an enrollment of twenty to thirty students.

I remember walking to school against the cold north wind. I'd get to school and my ears and hands would be frozen. The teacher would get a big panful of snow to thaw us out, rubbing our hands and ears with it before she'd let us near the old coal-burning stove. She had only shortly before that started the fire, so it probably wasn't even warmed up in the room yet. She must have been a dedicated teacher, as she came up with a lot of extra things to keep us interested. She introduced me to oil painting, which is a hobby I enjoy to this day. There were school plays and dramas, and every once in a while we'd travel to the county seat and put on a play in the auditorium there--quite some distance in those days. Of course there were spelling bees, and she managed to fit the three Rs into our schedule as well. Nora Alexander was a good teacher and I thank her here for an excellent start.

Finally in 1937 my father gave up on Kansas after running into some real financial difficulties. Everything except for a few basic household necessities was sold, and we ended up $69 dollars to the good, besides being bankrupt.

I had finished the eighth grade when we left Kansas. You've heard of the Okies leaving Oklahoma for California? That was us. We made the move to Northern Idaho in a 1935 truck--all eleven of us. My mother and the smallest ones rode up front with Dad, the rest of us assorted ourselves among the furniture and other possessions we were able to bring with us, under a canopy Dad had made to cover us and the load for the trip. There was a crate of chickens, brought along for the purpose of starting a new flock, fastened to the underside of the truck bed.

As we traveled into Colorado, our first sight of the Rocky Mountains held us spell-bound. We had never seen anything but flat county and sand dunes in our lives before. The farther we drove, the more interesting it became: signs that warned, 'Watch for falling rock!' Falling from where? The little windows in the truck canopy kept us guessing as to what was coming next--a town, a roadside stand, new sights to see with every mile.

Finally we came to the Continental Divide. The brakes on Dad's truck weren't very good and he had to use the hand-operated emergency brake to keep the heavily loaded vehicle under control. But we made it down, and landed in Idaho. The country looked so beautiful to us, after the wind and dust of Western Kansas. How green it was; clean, dust-free air, all those trees, how gorgeous!

Dad told us the trip cost $29.10; he must have kept careful track of every penny he spent.

At first we had little time to just enjoy the beauty of our new home. There was work to be done so we could survive.

Dad went to work on a construction job the second day after we arrived in Bonners Ferry. I remember him coming home that first night and saying at the supper table: "I am earning 55¢ an hour--just think of it, almost a penny a minute!" I suppose

that was the first real money he had seen in quite a while.

I got a job picking up sticks and brush and rocks on a land clearing project for a neighbor. When Dad began to farm again, instead of working the fields with mobile equipment, he bought a team of horses, a walking plow and other machinery. And guess who got to operate all of this: my younger brother and I, of course.

We had a herd of milk cows by then, and chickens and so on, and besides the farm work I had a delivery route--bottled milk, eggs and butter which we'd churn and mold into one-pound bricks. I'd do my deliveries early in the morning, handle the orders and billing and also the collection, which was a little tough at times in those days.

After a couple of years on the farm, I went to work at a local sawmill. I was paid forty cents an hour--when I could collect it. Often they'd just give you a five-dollar weekly draw.

Dad soon went back to wheat farming in the Kootenai Valley, paid off all his Kansas debts and ended up a fairly prosperous farmer. He was a minister in his branch of the Mennonite church, had been ordained in Kansas some years before. For some time, he was the only minister of the newly organized church at Bonners Ferry. Of course at the same time, since ministers of this denomination are unpaid, he had to work to support his family.

There in Idaho, three more children were born to my parents. In 1958, when the youngest was nine years old, my father died of a heart attack. He left his children with the clear message that life doesn't come easy, that you have to do your part.

I continued to work at the mill and in the woods as well. I cut logs with a two-man crosscut saw, skidded with horses, cross-hauled the logs onto a truck to be delivered to the mill. I did this for a couple of years, then took a chance to

work for the U.S. Forest Service. First I went to guard training--how to use a compass and map to locate yourself, how to suppress fires and so on. After graduating, I was sent out to maintain trails and telephone lines. We would move our camp with us, by mule train. It was an enjoyable time. Then fire season came along and I was dispatched to spend the summer on Cut-Off Peak, in Northern Idaho. I was packed in by mules--supplies, groceries and so on. It was kind of isolated and lonely, but it didn't take long to make friends with the wild animals and birds that inhabited the mountain peak.

Mr. Carl Walker was the ranger in that district. I would check in with the ranger station every day, and on damp days with the fire danger low he would let me hike down to the stream toward the end of the day and catch a few trout. It was quite a hassle to find my way back after dark--no trails, just up and down. Good times. The war had started and I was frozen to the job, which was fine with me. I got my monthly wage, plus groceries, cabin and lookout tower, cook whatever I wanted to eat, no rationing in the Forest Service. Supplies were delivered once a week, although I was supposed to order only every two weeks. The packer gave me my haircuts, he was also the mule skinner and the artist.

Then I got my draft notice, which created a turmoil within me: which way to go, stay with my upbringing as a pacifist, or go along with our government. I decided to go with my family's identity, although I stayed in this mental whirlpool throughout the war years.

I was sent to CPS camp at Downey, Idaho, where we were supposed to break rock with sledge hammers, placing them by hand in the bottom of irrigation ditches. I don't remember if we ever accomplished much of that. It was winter time, and riding in the back of the truck out to the job we got cold, so we gathered sagebrush and

burned it for heat. If you got close enough for real warmth, the sage smoke would get in your eyes and you couldn't see for the rest of the day.

There was only one good thing about that place. The Mormon girls in the area gave great parties for the CPS men and we all enjoyed that immensely.

But I felt like I wanted something to do that would be more creative, so I signed up for a change and next went to Curlew, spike camp for land utilization, which I felt would be of more benefit to the nation. That's where I was when I heard of the unit starting in smoke jumping. I knew that was where I wanted to go. I applied for the job and somehow got in. I'm sure Mr. Walker had something to do with it, because he had been transferred to Missoula from the district where I had worked under him. I was happy to be there, it was a new challenge and I felt we were doing something worthwhile.

While in Missoula, I jumped on quite a few fires in the area, including the one in Glacier Park where I had to depend on my emergency chute to get down when my main chute didn't open. I was free-falling and it was my thirteenth jump, pulled the rip cord and it fluttered out. Normally it would have gone over my head, but I was falling head-first and it went over my feet instead. I grabbed the silk and put it over my head, and it opened with the shroud lines wound around my neck. What a professional jumper! I couldn't look down. When I saw a tree top I knew I was ready to land. After putting out the fire and hiking out with our chutes, some of the locals wanted to cut them up for souvenirs, which we wouldn't allow.

I spent some time on Sentinal Peak lookout in the Bob Marshall Wilderness area out of Big Prairie Ranger Station while I was in the Smoke Jumpers. Also cruising timber. Then the war ended and the Forest Service released us.

Evidently I hadn't as yet put in enough time, so I signed up to work at a mental

hospital in Howard, Rhode Island. I was put in charge of a ward with twenty or thirty patients. How depressing. How utterly miserable was the condition of mental hospital patients in those times. I knew I didn't want to spend much time in that place. I signed up for a CARE ship, which was supposed to leave out of Baltimore, Maryland with a load of cattle and sail to Greece. After spending some months at the hospital, I got my discharge, and found out the ship was leaving at about that same time. I never did make it to Baltimore, or to Greece.

Upon my discharge, I was given enough money to get me home to Idaho. I was free, so I traveled the cheapest way I could find, stopping different places, traveling through the country during the day and sleeping in out-of-the-way places at night. It was summertime, and warm. After a few weeks I made it back to Idaho, and to the start of another part of my journey.

At first I worked on the farm, then leased a couple hundred acres on shares. After I was flooded out in two out of three years, I'd had it. In between, I went to Kansas and helped drill irrigation wells, which turned out well, for Kansas.

Then in 1949, I married Phyllis Amoth of Bonners Ferry, and the waters changed again. To make a living, I started work in the heavy construction industry--was a member of the Operating Engineers union for fifteen years. Our three children were born during this period. Teryl, in 1951; Keith (who is the father of our three grandchildren) in 1952; and Jeffrey in 1957. Those were rough years. Working long hours and often weekends, moving from job to job every few months, makeshift furniture, all of which could easily be hauled in the back of my old pickup.

When our daughter started school, I bought a place, hoping it would be permanent. This was at Bonners Ferry again. The job market wasn't good there then, it still isn't. I worked in the woods, building forest specification roads, river levees,

highways, operating and in supervision. I started my own construction company with a partner, who was caught in a fire at his own business. He never came out of that and it was the end of the company.

In 1964, I started to work for the Army Corps of Engineers on a temporary basis, which led in time to a permanent position. At first I worked on the Libby (Montana) Dam, close to home. Then my job station was transferred to Seattle, Washington. I tried to travel back and forth from there on weekends, but the travel became more and more expensive. Then Amtrak didn't stop at Bonners Ferry anymore. The children had completed high school and the youngest was off to college. So we sold our house in Idaho and moved to Federal Way, Washington in 1979, where we still reside. Our children all live here in Western Washington too, which we very much enjoy.

I worked for the Corps of Engineers for twenty-four years, in Operations Division. This led me into all kinds of positions, including disaster relief, exploration and design for new construction and rehab work. I spent two years with a co-worker putting up a new microwave communications system for the Corps, on mountain tops from Montana to the Pacific coast. We used everything from sno-cats to helicopters to do the job. I was supervisor for one twelve-hour shift each day at Fairbanks, Alaska after the flood in 1967--clearing off and repairing the streets, etc. The years I spent with the Corps meant continuous changes from day to day.

I am retired now and have reached the calmer waters of the river. Looking back upstream, I recall all the good people I met and worked with--all the streams coming in with new technology, new people, all integrating with the main stream of the river of life. Some have passed me, some I have left behind, all made their contribution. I hope and pray that I helped a little bit to make their lives better.

It has been a good journey, and I am thankful. It has taken me all the years to

come this far--who knows what else may be in store?

I have one last hurdle, which is the bar at the mouth of the river, before I reach the vast unknown. With God's help, I hope it isn't too rough.

end.

David Flaccus-CPS Personal History Project

My history begins with a strange, almost spooky happening with no real way of solving the puzzle. I would love to join some sort of time machine and travel back to where I could consult my parents about bits of history, such as my birthdate, and why my father traveled to Germany and France at least five times in the decade of the 1920s, not on the 8 to 10 hour dashes of today, but in an era of steamboat travel. The first trip I remember was in, I think, 1922 when he took the whole family to Europe, including all four children. This was on sabatical leave from the University of Pennsylvania where he was professor of Aesthetics.

During the early 1970s my wife and I were preparing a trip to Europe and I applied for a Birth Certificate at the proper Pennslyvania state office to use for my passport. A return letter arrived stating that no child named David Flaccus had been born on October 24, 1917. They went on to say that there was a David Flaccus born a week later on October 31st. I had to accept that date for the Passport, even though I'd spent a lifetime celebrating a birthday on the 24th. Here I was a Halloween Spook in the mind and records of Big government. But not in Little Government; Driver's licenses and endless documents have me born on October 24th. This date I celebrate, and sometimes wonder if I could have really disappeared as far as the draft was concerned.

My first real memories begin in 1922 when my parents, with all four of us children, traveled to Europe. This was during my father's two year leave from the University. Although I wasn't aware of it, my Father was doing something on a sabatical, and we would be there about two years. While he traveled around and across Europe, we stayed with my mother, at first along the Riviera, then for a time in Austria and elsewhere. Little flashes of memory come back, like running away at the instigation of some little English boy in Nice, causing panic among police as we spent the night at the end of a long point jutting into the Mediterranian; a young maid forever crying and sobbing about something; my younger brother sitting on a potty and breaking it with resulting first aid needed on a chopped bottom. Then a diamond lost from my mother's ring through the toilet onto the tracks on a train somewhere. I remember getting kicked off the Palace grounds in Vienna, where my brother and I were sledding; And one day running into the dining room to my parent's dinner table, grabbing a clear glass (water?) and chugging it down, only to find out it was some kind of liquor. I don't remember anything else about this incident! The worst flashback was being put in school in a small town close the the border between France and Monaco. This was my first grade -- in an all-French school! It was a disaster, I learned absolutely nothing, and it set me back a whole year. No wonder I've always hated languages.

What was my father doing all these years in Europe? We, the rest of the family, believe he was helping to assemble a collection of impressionist art, advising and helping buy, the wonderful paintings by Matisse, Cezanne, Picasso, Gaugin, and others, sniffing them out in galleries and studios. Albert C. Barnes, a patent medicine manufacturer with maverick art education ideas and a millionaire, was assembling the collection which has become the famous Barnes collection in Philadelphia. Curators and critics regard it as one of the world's greatest holdings of contemporary art assembled by a single collector. The act of finding and assembling an art collection of this scope was necessarily a very confidential business. In the early 1930s Barnes and my father had a falling out. This is why I'd like that time machine, to learn the complete story. Control of the rich and sophisticated holdings of the foundation recently passed to Lincoln University, a small predominantly black liberal arts college in Oxford Pa.

The bits of memory come back faster now, after returning from Europe. Grade school at Lansdowne Friends School, remembering good teachers, summer vacations coming into sharper focus, first at Little Peconic Bay on Long Island, next at Lake Champlain for three or four years, then to a small New Hampshire cottage in Tamworth, followed by a larger place toward the Sandwich Range, still in Tamworth.

Winter months were spent in school outside Philadelphis, first at Lansdowne Friends School, then high school at Friends Central School, finally at Haverford College, class of 1940. The Quaker touch in my schooling was the work of my mother, a hater of war and an active worker for peace in such organizations as the War Resisters League.

I liked the school years; it was in this era I learned basketball by watching the older boys on the block, then playing with them; soccer, tennis, badminton on rainy days, and many sports and activities honing coordination and athletic skills. I jumped early into school sports, making the varsity soccer and basketball teams in high school and at Haverford, and at times playing baseball, skiing, and football. I was not a top student in school, but adequate, getting into a highly rated college, improving as each year progressed. The summers were particularly attractive. These were days of picking blueberries, swimming in secret pools, eating fried chicken, climbing mountains on what we called "mountain days," playing tennis, summer theater at the Barnstormers, trout fishing, playing a game called "scouts," and Square dancing. They were fun days, though I worked one summer at Pocono Manor Resort teaching children tennis. This succession of golden years gobbled up the summers through college into the CPS years and the war.

I was drafted in the fall of 1941, choosing to be a Conscientious Objector; not an easy decision. A good Quaker friend at the same time chose to join the Naval Air Service. I was taking some flying lessons at the time and had just soloed, giving up about 17 solo hours. My friend went on into the Navy, learned to fly, and became a carrier pilot, spending the war in the Pacific.

I went first to CPS 12 in Cooperstown, N.Y. in the fall of 1941 where we ran timber survey lines through the winter. A small congenial group, we lived in the old Singer (Singer Sewing Machine) mansion, did some skiing at a nearby ski area, and some of us played a kind of semi-pro basketball with the local team against teams along the Mohawk Valley. In the spring a number of us were transferred to Coleville, California, as a firefighting unit. It was an exciting move, to a camp populated with almost as many rattlesnakes as people, but most of all to the Great West, which I had never visited before. We were in California, almost where the Nevada line edged south to California and the eastern Sierras. We were close to Reno, close enough to spend weekends there. Here we did fight fires in the dry, sagebrush country north in northern Nevada. At some point in the summer, Phil Stanley and I were sent to the high Mountains to work on widening a trail into Yosemite Park. This consisted of drilling holes for dynamite, and we became adept at swinging a sledge and hitting a piece of drilling steel more or less accurately. We were camped around 12,000 feet, with a large snowbank serving as a refridgerator. Toward the end of that year we moved north to a tree-planting project north and east of Mt. Shasta, and later the next spring Phil and I left for Missoula and the spokejumper project. This was a great coup for Phil, who came up with the idea and successfully got the project going.

I arrived at Seeley Lake, Montana in May, 1943, after driving up through Oregon, where I briefly visited my brother Ed at Elkton (CPS 59) in the Coast Range west of the Willamette Valley. Missoula and Montana looked beautiful in the green springtime and the small lively group at the Girl's Scout Camp bode well for the coming parachute adventures. After the training period, during which a number of the of the fellows made their first plane ride, and for some time never landed in an airplane, the group moved to an old CCC at Ninemile which became our first base. Here we waited for our first fire jump, which occurred for Phil Stanley, Loren Zimmerman and me on JUly 29th, 1943. To suddenly find ourselves drifting down to dense vegetation and tall trees on a mountain ridge was a great thrill.

And so we were part of the smokejumper unit in CPS 103 for the next three years. Winter seasons I worked for the Forest and Range Experiment Station in Fire Research, counting trees in experimental plots, working in the office on statistical

analysis, and finally being a caretaker at the Deception Creek Experiment Station with Bryn Hammerstrom through the snowy part of the winter. In April of 1944, I married Harriet Line, a wonderful girl I had met early the summer before. I continued to work in the Experiment Station until the fire season began, living downtown in a small basement apartment. I trained as a rigger to repair and pack the parachutes, through the next two years as the fire crew grew.

We were released in November following the end of the war, and after a trip East, I decided to settle in Missoula, as always attracted by the beautiful mountains and climate. My first job was as Assistant Manager of the Bon Ton Bakery, followed in not too many months by starting a printing business. Here I stayed for a number of years, first with one press, then several, as the company grew.

During this period I continued my interest in skiing, and in 1954 joined with Bob Johnson (not the flyer)to explore starting a ski area on TV Mountain, just opened up with a rough road by TV station KGVO. TV Mountain Ski area was started first at the top of TV Mountain, then the following year with a new base below the powerline cuts. After the new Pomalift was destroyed by fire, delaying the project a year, we finally opened in 1957, beginning also exploration of expansion opportunities to the big bowl north and east of TV Mountain. We formed a corporation, raised some capital, were joined by logging contractor Pinky McDonald and ordered a mile-long chairlift. Once having the "bear by the tail," it was impossible to let go. The next five or six years we shaped and expanded the ski area, all the time running the printing business as well. In 1966 we undertook publishing a series of Coronary Care Nurse training books, we were so successful, we ended up as a Publishing company and sold the printing part of the business. In these years things expanded also on the mountain, when we bid on and got the US National Downhill ski championships which were held at The Snow Bowl in February, 1967. this required feverish work and new trails. ~~but~~ At the same time I suffered a heart attack and had to withdraw from an active role. The races were a success, but the fast expansion brought on financial troubles, followed with a period of poor management and miscellaneous owners. My interest was sold at this time, but I've watched the area straighten out and begin to grow again, under the leadership of several doctors. The Snow Bowl is still growing.

(insert in CPS 103 days 1943-45)

Like the early days of the 1920s, the parachuting and fire memories come back in bits and pieces, not always in a proper chronological slot, or even with the fire titles straight. To miss by a year is embarassing, two years inexcusable, but I kept no diaries or notes. I remember a ghost tree falling toward us almost without a whisper of sound. This was on a fire, not too big a one, where the flames had eaten in around the roots. Finally a sighing noise caught our attention and we looked up to see the trunk heading directly at us, and we jumped quickly in opposite directions. The tree crashed exactly between us, splitting the difference. On that same fire, I think it was, our sleeping bags and gear were somewhere off in the timber, away from the fire. Tired and grimy, we headed back for a snack and some sleep. My gear was tucked into a duffel bag, including some fruit, a can of tobacco, a can of juice in the bag. the opening was closed and tied securely. Even with my young fingers, I sometimes had a hard time opening it up. As we approached the camp, I saw the tobacco tin glinting in the sun, nearby a crushed and empty juice can and various extra clothes scattered around. Somehow a bear had untied the knot with his hairy claws, reached in the bag, and had a liesurely snack. Then maybe. just maybe, on the same fire (my memory is so bad I can't remember the name of my partner) the event with the Ponderosa pine took place. I had landed exactly on top of a giant ponderosa pine, had climbed down the branches to the last limb and found I was still 80 to 100 feet from the ground. Nothing to do but use the special rope, drop the last 10 or 12 feet, head for the fire, and worry about the chute later. Later came, and I carefully eyed the tree and the great climb to the first branch with mounting concern. I put on the climbing spikes, finally succeded in throwing a rope around the trunk, and prepared to climb, flipping the rope up and using the spikes. Nothing happened; no matter how I tried I couldn't flip the rope up. Big Ponderosa pines have big rough plates in the bark, so I decided this was the only way to climp the tree. It was a very scary trip up, hanging on to the bark with my hands, but I did make it and succeded in retreiving the chute.

One time fires showed up in the Cascade Range in Washington and a group of jumpers loaded into a trimotor early one morning, droned west across the desert scablands west of Spokane to Twisp, which became a temporary base to attack several fires. Our Pilot was Slim Phillips, a skilled and daring flyer, comfortably at home in a tin goose. Chuck Chapman, Loren Zimmerman, and I were aboard as we started a loop toward some fires, plus a planned supply drop at a fire lookout on the way. Slim waggled his wings and dropped toward the lookout tower in a daring swoop, pulling up over the mountain top as the spotter

prepared to drop the supplies. Very close, I thought, as the left wheel nicked a tree top and began spinning. No comment from the pilot deck as Slim pulled up and headed for the fire. I think those supplies landed right at the kitchen door. We arrived at our fire deep in the rugged Cascades, located on a high, very narrow, ridge top which we all successfully negotiated. Slim temporarily lost his bombing skill, however, and the climbing spikes and crosscut saw, dropped without a cargo chute, missed the ridge top and sailed in a huge arc out over nothing but air and landed a couple of thousand feet down the mountain, never to be retreived. The fire was tiny, complicated only by a nest of yellowjackets. Withgout climbers, we retreived the cargo chute by climbing a small tree next to the one with the chute and pulling pulling it over to allow stretching from the small tree to the larger one. The next morning after a few hours of mopup we ran out of water, so I volunteered to hike down to a rushing mountain stream we knew was two or three thousand feet below us. This I did, which became a mountaineering project of a high order, wiggling my way down around cliffs and dropoffs to the stream. Filling the canteen, I fought my way back up the difficult terrain, making the trip in about 4 or 5 hours.

On almost every fire we had experiences and learned something new -- how to escape a raging crown fire by dropping into a small stream bed, hiking endless miles up a trail from the Salmon River breaks to a landing strip, how a scorching September day could turn into a freezing snowstorm overnight.

MOUNTAIN PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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(The following article on Dave Flaccus appeared in the Missoula Senior Citizen Voice as this book was being prepared. Dave gave me permission to include it. REW)

Wednesday, October 17, 1990

Flaccus' Mountain Press publishing house known worldwide

by Marj Crawford

David Flaccus is owner and chief executive of Mountain Press Publishing Company in Missoula. It is a high pressure business, and one which requires considerable flexibility and planning. The risks are high, and few publishers can stay in business if they publish books which do not sell. So Flaccus and his editorial staff spend a great deal of time selecting the works they will publish and then design a marketing plan which includes travelling to book conventions all over the world. Flaccus is just getting ready to attend a World Book Fair in Frankfurt, Germany where he will probably sell rights for some of the books to German publishers. Most of the books are sold through major booksellers like B. Dalton, Walden, and through publisher's representatives, but the company also sells by direct mail to a list of clients.

Flaccus comes from a Quaker background, born in Philadelphia where his father was a professor in aesthetics at the University of Pennsylvania. As a young man, Flaccus attended Haverford College where he received his degree in political science. He started out in the printing business in 1943 after the Second World War. He was a conscientious objector during the war, so he trained as a smoke jumper in Missoula and after three years he decided to stay and make Missoula his home. He says he was looking for something to do after the war and an uncle who was research director at a paper company in Maine suggested he might like to learn the printing business. At that time David was working on addressograph-multigraph and decided it might be good to learn the printing business, so he went to Portland, Maine and bought a small press.

He moved the press to his home in Missoula, and shortly after that he had a slight heart attack. This led him to an interest in coronary care. He discovered a cardiologist had written a book on nurses training for coronary care units, the book was to be published by McGraw Hill, but Flaccus stepped in and asked to do it and got the job. The next books he published were the roadside geology series for which the company is quite famous. After selling several million books, the company became a general trade publishing company, and they now market the books all over the world,

The company focuses on books of non-fiction, many of which are related to travel. The roadside guides are especially well known, like the roadside geology and roadside histories-books which are great to carry along when travelling and to refer to at any particular point of interest. Mountain Press also publishes a wide variety of other subjects. Flaccus says, "We publish many history books, especially about how history sweeps through an area and touches all kinds of people and events. Our roadside history of Montana

continued on page 6

Mountain Press continued

is presently being written; we have already published roadside histories of Vermont, New Mexico, Wyoming, Washington and Oregon. Sam Reynolds is writing the roadside history of Montana, and we are also in the process of doing a roadside history of Texas.,"

From his home printing, Flaccus moved the business to a Front Street location where they remained for many years. Mountain Press is now located on Strand in Missoula, in an unassuming building. It is, however, a full fledged publishing house where new writers are reviewed, contracts signed, and books are published and marketed worldwide. The material is put together in Missoula, edited and then sent out for printing in various locations.

One is immediately taken with the beauty of these books, the cover artwork is impressive. The Roadside History of New Mexico, for example, won the 1990 Western Writer's of America Spur Award for best cover art, and the fall 1990 catalog cover is from an original painting by Kendahl Jan Jubb.

One of the latest books from Mountain Press is titled "Agents of Chaos", by Stephen L. Harris. This is a book about earthquakes, volcanoes, and other natural disasters. Flaccus says about the book, "This is a book about discovering the earth in geologic terms. There are long periods of quiet stability interrupted by sudden and violent change-gigantic earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, meteorite impacts, and other cataclysmic events-affecting millions of lives. These shocks to human complacency remind us that our planet, subject to chaotic forces, pulsates like a living organism. The book explores the seismic and volcanic hazards that will affect the lives of countless people. It is not an alarmist book, but attempts to answer readers' questions about where, when, and why large earthquakes and volcanic outbursts occur."

So what started out as a small printing company has grown into a full sized publishing firm. Another of David's interests is skiing, and he was one of the founders of the Snow Bowl Ski Area near Missoula. He and two other men laid out the plans, talked to the Forest Service, and chopped down the trees to make way for the slopes.

But David Flaccus has recently suffered a severe setback from aneurysms which threatened his ability to walk. He spent most of last summer with his daughter on her ranch in Bend, Oregon where she helped him learn to walk again. He doesn't know whether or not he will be able to ski again, but he will certainly continue to publish those beautiful books. One planned for next spring, titled "The Range", written by Sherm Ewing, is a history of ranching as told through stock growers, land managers,a and descendants of homesteaders. So whether you interests are geology, flowers, birds, history or anything else having to do with the natural surroundings, there is probably a book published by Mountain Press that you can carry along on your next trip and read as you travel.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LITTLE EBNER

Little Ebner joined the Jacob Friesen family early in the day. In fact it was at 1:30 a .m. on July 31, 1915, when all good people should be sleeping. but people in Aberdeen, Idaho did things differently. Idaho was over run by jack rabbits during that time and homestead land was available, so my parents moved from Minnesota to try their luck at farming. Soon little Ebner had his jack rabbit pets.

My father soon discovered that he had missed his calling. Farming just was nothis "cup of tea." We looked for greener pastures. Eventually, after little Ebner had barely started first grade, we migrated through Oregon, stopping at different places to work in the fruit, while little Ebner slept under the plum trees. Finally, we wound up in sunny California.

It was in Los Angeles where little Ebner finished his grade school and Junior High school. My father had come here to attend the College of Chiropractic. The Friesen family was not very happy in this BIG city, but little Ebner was happy his Dad taught him how to drive the old Model T Ford, even though there was so much traffic. It was, we believe, divinely ordained, that shortly after Mr. Friesen became Dr. Friesen, the terrible earthquake of 1932 hit the Pacific Coast. Now, little Ebner's mom said, "Papa, let's get out of this shaking city!", as the aftershocks kept coming. After consulting with our Heavenly Father, the decision was made to pack up and move to Reedley, California, near Fresno. SInce we are members of the Mennonite Brethren Church Conference, one of the peace churches, it was the most likely place for us to go. Little Ebner graduated from Reedley High School rather shaken up, not just from the earthquake, but because the classes he had and liked in Los Angeles were not available in the little town of Reedley. This may have been to my benefit, however, since I was very bashful. Not finding my favorite classes, I enrolled in public speaking. Later, I also took Argubate Club, a speaking club. I have forever been grateful for this, as it has helped me all my life. In fact at the end of the school year I had made many friends and knew most everyone in school by name. Also our church and Christian Endeavor, a youth group, gave us opportunities to practice what we were learning.

During these days I had the opportunity to start my first job. I was to be a butcher's helper in a Safeway Store. It also turned out to be a time of my most embarrassing moments. A man came in, ordered three pounds of bologna, then he asked me to slice it. So I started slicing away. He said, "I'll be back when you are finished." Then the boss came and told me: "Stop!" "That man will never return!" The joke was on me. (He didn't.)

After high school I enrolled in Central California Commercial College in Fresno, California, taking a general business course, including salesmanship, which was my favorite. During this time I worked in different cafeterias to earn my room and board. It is customary for this college to find jobs for their students before their time of graduation. This also happened to me, but I never returned to the college. Instead I tried my luck at selling, and was doing this when the war broke out in 1941. Sol Leppke, also a Mennonite, was the first Conscientious Objector to be inducted in Fresno by the Examining Board and I was the second. He was roughly treated, both by the Board and by the public. I had no trouble whatsoever. Both Sol and I ended up in Glendora, California, in a C. P. S. camp. Since this was before the war actually started the above camp was the only one available in the West. My education and experience stood me in good stead. I became project clerk, a go-between Forest Service and church administration, being responsible for lining up all work crews as well as fire

crews, and keeping records. Later I wrote to the business college I had attended and gave them an account of my experience and they sent me my diploma.

C. P. S., as most of us discovered, was a time of loneliness and cupid was on his job. Just before being inducted I met a beautiful red haired Christian girl from Minnesota! Now, with the war on, would I ever see her again? I really prayed! Surely, it seemed impossable. Here I was, stuck in the mountains, no money, no hope. Well, I can tell you God is real! He gave me a free train ride (carrying the ticket of a deceased person) to near where she lived. I hitch hiked back in three days, the same time a bus would have taken. After this experience I told God I would always do what He wanted me to do. You will see later what this means. Needless to say, we were married a year later and have never regretted it.

Shortly after I married Martha Klassen in 1943 we heard of an opening for a buseniss manager position in the Smoke Jumper C. P. S. Camp in Missoula, Mountana. My good friend Frank Neufeld, who was filling the position wanted to go into parachute jumping on fires. We volunteered and soon found Martha working in Missoula and I stationed at Nine Mile Camp.

During this time Forest Service decided to open up headquarters in Missoula proper so smoke jumpers from Nine Mile could be quartered here before and after they jumped on fires. Arthur Wiebe was camp director. His wife Evelyn and my Martha were hired to make meals for the crews and the staff. This was a new challenge for all of us staff, especially since it was a first and good advice was hard to find. It was winter and around twenty degrees or below. We had no deep freeze. We purchased a side of beef and left the cut up meat out doors. Would you believe it, it turned warm suddenly. What happened? Much canning! Problems? Yes. But even if it was long hours and hard work, Martha and I were together.

Suddenly we heard peace talks were under way. Gas rationing went off. We all had a free week end. So we took a ride to Yellowstone Park, arriving there at midnight. Somehow we turned on the car radio and what did we hear? The signing of the peace treaty aboard the Battleship Missouri, on September 2,1945 by Japan and other countries involved! Peace! What feelings this generated!

Shortly after this we were released. We piled all of our belongings into our old 1936 Plymouth and headed West and North to California. There we dropped off our belongings and then during the cold winter days, drove to Minnesota where Martha's mother was dying. She passed away the day after we arrived. Saddness!

Returning to where my parents were in California, we explored the possibilities of enrolling in Pacific Bible Institute in Fresno, California. We were both able to receive part-time employment, as well as receive our Theological Education. During this time the Lord used us to start a church in the West Park area which is still functioning. After graduating we spent some time pastoring home mission churches and I also attended Seminary.

In 1956 we left the good old U. S. A. to serve our Lord in Colombia South America. Thus keeping the afore mentioned promise to our Lord. For the first three years we were house parents, working in our Conference Missionary Children School. Then our Mission Board sent us to Costa Rica for three months of language study. Returning to Colombia we worked in Cali, a beautiful tropical city

of ideal climate and a population of around two million people. We enjoyed teaching the Bible in churches in the cities, country, and in the jungles of the rain forest. We were used of the Lord to start a number of new churches in new suburbs. The last one was in the capital city of Bogotá with a population of over five million and over 900 different suburbs! Here, coming in as complete strangers in a foreign land, God gave us a charter membership in one year! As I said before, "God is real!" I say the above not to brag, but to give credit to the reality of a personal God. We are so grateful to Him!

In 1980, after twenty four years of service in Colombia, we returned to Fresno, California to retire. During our Bible School days we were able to adopt a beartiful dark-haired baby boy who has since become a good sized man, involved in the travel business in Seattle, Washington.

Colombia also presented us with a beautiful "recuerdo" (rememberance), a pretty curly-hair happy little girl, who is now married and has given us three lovely grandchildren of two boys and one girl. They have a precious husband and father.

Retirement years have been filled with visiting our dear children and grandchildren and taking other trip in the U. S. and Canada. We are active in our local church and in teaching home Bible classes and in personal Bible study. There have been sicknesses, operations, failures, disappointments, and other problems in life, but God has carried us through them all. We trust Him to continue to do so.

In conclusion, I have learned that any education you may have received, any experiences you may have had can be a stepping stone to your next step in life. Also, that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. I often wander how many blessings I have missed in life by not being more faithful to the teachings of the Bible as God has given them to us.

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 oportunities 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 Epwouth 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 thier 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.

Calvin Hilty's Life Story

This has to begin with my father Peter Hilty who was born in 1871 near Bluffton Ohio. He was the oldest of eight children. His mother was a second generation Swiss. She was one of sixteen children. Dad was one of 168 first cousins on the Schumacher side. This was even recorded by Ripleys Believe it or not as the largest recorded family at that time. We always thought of him as being well educated as he had gone to both Bluffton and Bethel college but we never knew how long at either place. He taught school and then went in the furniture business and of course was an undertaker which went with the furniture business.

He felt the call of the Lord to become a minister. He preached in some of the local Mennonite General Conference churches and then got a call to go to Donnellson Iowa to preach in the Zion Mennonite church. Here he was pursued by many of the local ladies but chose Barbara Koller. She was the oldest of the family and had lost her mother when she was twelve years old. They were married in Feb. of 1907. Esther came along in December of that year, Carl in 1909, Winifred in 1911, Hiram in 1913, Paul in 1915, Calvin in 1919. We have wondered if mother had a miscarriage in 1917. Peter arrived in 1921 and then in 1926 Dorthy arrived to be loved most of all if that was possible.

It was in 1919 That Dad got a call to go to the Bethel Mennonite Church in Fortuna Missouri. They tell me that I rode in a baby swing hooked from one of the top bows in the new model T ford. It was quite a journey, with some of the relatives coming along part of the way. Uncle Dans came along all the way. Uncle Walter rode in the freight car with the horses cows and furniture. The parsonage was almost new and a lovely two story house with four bedrooms up stairs. I saw an angel come for the soul of a good friend who died at four years old but in later years I had to confess it was a lie.

We stayed here until I went to the first grade in West View. A one room school with about twenty five pupils. I remembered being a good student but years later Mom told me I only passed on condition. They found I was memorizing my reading lessons that mom read to me at home. I almost died from Scarlet Fever and stayed out twice with the mumps and then dropped out in the last month because Dad bought a farm about six miles away in the Prairie Valley district. No wonder I almost was a repeater.

The farm was a great excitement to all of us and I was especially excited because it had a silo and a storm cellar cave of cement. The house was a far cry from the parsonage but we were sure we would soon build a new one. Dorthy was born that year which was

a great surprise to me I just thought Mother was fat. In a year or so the silo blew down as we were in the storm cellar. The great depression hit with hogs dropping to three cents a pound and corn at a nickel a bushel.

I graduated from grammar school in 1933 and stayed out for a year as it was just too costly to go to High School as we had to pay 32 dollars tuition. I worked for my sister Esther and husband Roy. It was a good experience but I had to work rather hard. Many times harnessing 12 horses after milking four cows and various other chores. I was up before the sun and to bed after it went down. Sis was an excellent cook and took special care of me. The next year they gave me five dollars to buy books for high school.

This was a great experience for me. Going to town every day with the Kauffman children who drove an old chrysler. The freshman class was composed entirely of town kids as the country schools only had graduation every other year and by staying out a year I was the only one from the country. They treated me great and the teachers knew I would be one of those smart Hilty kids. I fooled them just barely sneaking by. I loved to look at the girls but was too bashful to talk to them. The next year we drove the model A and took sister Winifred to teach at the Ball school and then drove on to school. Brother Peter was a freshman and truly filled the bill as a smart Hilty kid.

In my Junior year brother Paul bought a new GMC truck and built a box on the back with plywood and this was our school bus. Paul also attended high school and was in my class. This was the first school bus in the area. He hauled the basket ball teams and I got to go along. I was never athletic as were none of my brothers. We were all loyal boosters and I was looking forward to the day when I would be 18 and could be a school bus driver. The day finally came and I got my official badge to drive but Paul would never get sick so I could drive .

I graduated in 1938 about number 15 in a class of 26. I have often wished that I would have never gone to class with out reading my lesson. Paul got a job in a drugstore and a local Ice cream store wanted to hire me for 12 dollars a week but I wanted to farm the 110 acres that we were living on, the old home place. There was an opening for me to work my way through the University of Missouri but I really thought I was needed more on the farm. I really enjoyed the challenge of it, and thought with the 500 dollar loan from the government I could get started in the dairy business. It was hard to get any spending money and I helped a neighbor build a barn and did a few extra jobs like that. I did manual labor on a state highway project and had to get a social security card. The 35 cents an hour was good money and I was sorry when it was over.

playing ping pong, monopoly and just talking to the fellows. But the pangs of homesickness came to me. If it had not been for the letters from home It would have been very hard. Every letter included a dollar bill. This really touched me as I knew how scarce the money was. One day we were kept in for fire fighting training for the forests. The instructor thought we might be used up in the Dakotas, but not out west. Some one asked him about parachute fire fighting and he said that was very dangerous and we would not be used for that. It was some time later when we were given a chance to volunteer to go to California. It sounded exciting to us and in a short time we had a train car load. We were given a furlough to go home. The war had started and my good friend David Kauffman had been killed in training as a Navy flier. It was hard to go and see his parents but they were glad to see me and even offered me some of his clothes.

It was a sad goodbye again but like the rest of the fellows at Dennison we all looked forward to the new experience. The pullman was new too all of us as was the dinning car. Then the mountains and the great West were so amazing to us. Northfork was 65 miles above Fresno. The camp was a far cry from camp Dennison. In a short time new friends were made. We went on a fire or two but I opted for an easy job as a telephone operator. One week end I had a chance to go with the quartet as far as Strathmore to see the Aeschbachers. I took a friend along and we were really treated great. Arline had a lawn party for the young people but she didn't have much time for me. She left for college that Sunday afternoon and that was that.

A notice came out in some paper that they wanted volunteers for parachute fire fighters. Why not, I had it real easy as a telephone operator and was ready for something else. A letter from home told me they were not too happy about my doing that. Four of us passed physicals and were soon on our way. It was a different bunch of fellows here. Instructor Frank Derry said,"I can tell by the looks in your eyes you can do it". I am sure we psyched ourselves up for that all important jump. When it was my turn I was determined to do it like the rest of the fellows. I was all but out of it on that first jump but as the chute popped open I was king of all that I viewed below. What a felling of achievement. I spent two years with the Cave Junction group and it was an experience that gave us a felling that we were not afraid to take a chance to make a contribution to our country. After 26 jumps and work at various other jobs in the forest such as timber cruising, which was estimating the lumber in the various sections, building and maintaining trails, servicing lookout stations even cooking a little I felt it was all worth while. It was here that I formed some of the closest friendships of my life. Floyd Yoder, Ken Diller, Gus Jansen, Winton Stucky, and Ray Hudson to name a few. I can truthfully say I admired all of the fellows that I worked with.

There was talk of a draft registration and the church came up with some sort of an alternative service program. I was pretty sure that I wanted to go in something like that, if I was ever drafted but I knew that was a very remote possibility. I was needed on the farm as Dad was sixty some years old, Brother Pete was working his way through Bluffton College as our brother Hiram had done. The local dentist thought I should go to work at some defense project to pay my 15 dollar dentist bill but that didn't appeal to me. Then I got a 4E classification and would be drafted when my number came up. I thought I would of course get a reclassification as I knew all of the draft board. They invited me in for a hearing. They respected my belief as a CO and never tried to get me to change that but they thought my brother Peter could farm and my classification remained.

About this time in August of 41 a friend of mine asked me to go on a blind date with a cousin of his girl friend. It was a girl from California, Arline Asechbacher. She was very exciting to me coming from the West that was all new to me. We had a real fun evening together but she was on her way to college and I was afraid that was it.

One of the draft board members stopped me on the street and said I see your number has came up. It was the first I knew of it. I went to the Court House, and sure enough my name was posted to report to Dennison, Iowa on Nov. 7th. It was serious thinking for me. I had been baptized when I was in my early teens but I'm afraid I had never given my faith very serious thought. The church seemed behind me in every way. The had a sort of shower for me to get the clothes that were recommended, a foot locker that went with me for four years, shaving kit, and even a Bible that was autographed by all the young people.

It was a cold blustery day that the family came with me to the little train depot. I knew that home would never be the same. The conductor came to me, "Where are you going Sonny". To Dennison Iowa, I said I've been drafted. Well thats funny their isn't any army base there. Well thats were I'm going and we left it at that. I had never been in a large train depot like Kansas City but Dad had told me how to find my way around and it all went O.K. I met a couple fellows on the train from Omaha that were also going to Dennison so I knew I would not be alone. The ground was covered with snow at the camp. It was quite a sight to see some 150 fellows come in that evening from the different projects. First they scrubbed the mud off their boots came into the dormitories and were real friendly. To a man they said how long they had been there and when they would get out.

In a short time I almost felt at at home. I was assigned to a survey crew and really liked the work. The evenings were pleasant

After two years of this I guess I was just getting restless to move on to other places. My good friend from my home church wrote me about his work in Beltsville Maryland which is just outside of Washington DC, it really appealed to me. It was a relief training unit on an experimental dairy farm. I applied for a transfer and was thrilled when I was accepted. I got to spend a week at home on the transfer.

The place was very exciting. A group of dedicated fellows working on the most modern dairy farm that I had ever seen. The stories of hand milking all of those 500 cows, the trips to Washington DC, the various churches to visit and an opportunity to work at taping sheet rock to make money seemed all I could ask for. It was even an exciting social life to go with Earl Loganbill to the Calvary Methodist church in DC and meet those nice girls. Earl was very good to me another friendship was formed that helped me a lot. While there President Roosevelt died, the war ended in Europe. While on my way home for a tonsillectomy the news came of the first atomic bomb explosion. The war ended in the Pacific.

What was I going to do now. It was so nice being at home but I just wasn't too sure I wanted to stay there. When I returned to Beltsville The place was buzzing with excitement. I heard of an opportunity to go on a cattle boat as a cattle attendant. I really didn't believe I had what it took to go into relief work. My discharge came through for November 27th. It was a little over four years that I had not been free to make all of my own decisions. I still have dreams about this feeling. What will I do now? I had received a very nice letter from Arline and I had the feeling she would be in my plans.

I will never forget going to Portland Maine to the Morgantown Victory. It was bitter cold as I arrived and was met by Emmert Studebaker and Al Adsmond. We were assigned three decks down to take care of some forty big pregnant mares. These horses were covered with snow as they arrived and in a short time they were coughing and the Vets were shooting them with penicillin. It was a long rough trip for a bunch of land lubbers. (As I write this we have just returned from a reunion of 15 of the 35 fellows that were on the boat together. Emmert Studebaker is the tail twister that has kept the group together. They have had reunions every five years but this was the first that we have attended. Another group of fellows that I am thankful that I have met). We got a look at the devastation of total warfare. Danzig Poland was completely destroyed and covered with a blanket of snow. We met people that told horror stories that we will never forget. Many horses had died on the trip. They were tossed overboard for the sharks but the ones that made it were a welcome sight for those poor Poles. I feel that it was a worth while opportunity of service to humanity. I was paid

$150 for the trip. It was just like mustering out pay.

The most exciting thing on arrival back at Beltsville to pickup what belongings I had, was a Letter that was waiting from Arline. It was even signed With Love. I was really glad to be home at last. The family was so good to me and forty five years later I can truthfully say I could never have asked for a more loving Mother and Dad and all of the brothers, sisters, their spouses and families. I certainly thank God for all of them.

But free at last! I was anxious to go to California to see Arline and to find out if this could work out. I had recommendations from my boss in Beltsville to get a job in one of the many milk plants. Arline mentioned that her brother need help on his cotton farm and after meeting them it was a chance that I couldn't turn down. We were engaged in a month or so and married Sept. 21st of 1946. Along with millions of other returning service men. We were on cloud nine. In a couple of years her folks helped us to buy 80 acres of undeveloped land for $6,750. It seemed like a steal but by the time we built a 24 by 26 house, drilled an irrigation well, leveled the land, and bought some equipment we were in debt $24,000. Cotton paid off good and in a few years we were debt free. But life was not without disappointments. Arline had a miscarriage and it looked like we would be one of those childless couples. We signed up for adoption and after five more years we had all but given up. Then we got a call to come and meet a 6 month old girl. Of course we went and we have been more then glad that we had Wanda come in our home. Now we were a family or so we thought. Arline started having morning sickness in a few months and Norma was born in May of '55.

Duane was born in '58 and Jim in '60. Who could ask for anything more. Farming and raising a family kept us real busy. We bought another 40 acres in '59 and Arline's folks built a house on it. They were able to live there for about ten years before passing away. Our children all grew up on the farm where we started out on. Arline's brother Carroll and family lived down the road a quarter mile and it was really a nice relationship. In the early seventies they traded the farm for a motel in Barstow Ca. We hated to see them move. We were all active in the local Church of the Brethren. We have a lot of good friends, we have been happy with the schools and all in all it has been a good life.

Our family all graduated from the local schools and went to a Junior College in Visalia. They were all married soon after college and we have been proud of all of them. We now have 5 grand sons and 5 grand daughters, that we love to dote over. Wanda lives in Tulare and works for a local dairy herd improvement association. Norma lives around the corner from us with her four children, Her husband Randy works for the local dairy co-op. Duane is our farmer. Jim was

always interested in flying, I think my smoke jumping stories got him started. He and Sandra live in the bay area where he has been a helicopter pilot for a number of years. He has a lot of stories to tell when we get him started. He has flown such celebrities as Bill Cosby, Gov. Ducacus, rock bands and a lot of tourists. He was flying around Alcatraz when the earthquake hit the area. Oh yes, his son is David Calvin. Duane has three girls and his wife Carol is expecting in Nov. Wanda's two boys live in Three Rivers. We see them quite often and love the whole bunch a lot.

About five years ago Duane told me, Dad I would like to take over the farm and you retire with social security and farm rent. Well why not. But what in the world would I do. Never had a hobby in my life. I thought about it for a while and thought I would like to try and make something. That was the start of the Calvin's Cap Rack business. It has been growing ever since. We now have ten employees and make about a thousand to fifteen hundred a day. We have a broker in Chicago who has us in a bunch of magazines. We hope to gross close to that magic million this year but taxes and expenses will keep us from getting rich.

That is about the story and it would not be complete without giving that dear girl that I married 44 years ago. She has stood by me through thick and thin. I have to give her the credit for our great family. We have a common faith in our Church, our family and in our business. God has been good to us and we thank Him for it.

CALVINS CAP RACKS
16985 Ave. 192
Strathmore, CA 93267

Jacob M. (Jake) Hisey
P.O. Box 1496
234 - 3rd Avenue. S.W.
Castle Rock, WA 98611

Mon., Sept. 17, 1990

Dear Roy:

Thanks for your good offer and effort for a second volume of our Smokejumper report.

We, Judy and myself are now eighty years old and happy to be still kicking, but not complaining. Thanks be to our Good Lord for providing for our every need.

My experience with the CPS Smokejumpers was probably one of the briefest, and it deserves no mention. I was almost last in and first out; arriving in Missoula on Sunday, June 3, 1945, and getting to Camp Menard, near Huson, Montana, on Monday, June 4th. Art Wiebe was our director at that time. I was released on Saturday, Novemeer 3rd; although officially discharged by the writing of November 24, 1945. I had a total of 16 jumps; 7 practice, 6 on lightning fires, and 2 rescue.

The highlight of the season was in getting to help carry Archie Keith from the Paradise Primitive Area. He had a broken right femur (thigh bone) and a broken left foot from a fall of July 31, 1945.

Thanks again.

Sincerely yours,

Jake

Dear Roy,

We were in a state of moving when your first letter regarding "the Book" arrived. I am sorry it was so neglected.

Jake wrote a bit to you today, but as I feel your request needs a fuller answer, I shall add such as I can.

Thank you for all your wonderful efforts for the present and for posterity.

Sincerely, Judy

SERVICE... From a "House boy" to a "SMOKE JUMPER"

Jake Hisey was his parents first-born son, arriving March 5, 1910 in Everett, WA .

He grew up on what he called "a stump ranch" near Lake Stevens, WA . Jake was the oldest of twelve children, all of which are still living. None have been divorced, but two spouses have deceased.

As to his schooling, one might say, "He worked his way through",... beginning at home.

Being the oldest of such a large family, he had to do plenty in helping his mother after school hours with the household cares, and the younger ones growing up.

Out doors, there were barnyard chores to tend;there was always wood to chop and carry to satisfy the unsatiable appetites of two hungry stoves. His study, then, had to come in after hours by a kerosene lamp that periodically would have to be cleaned and filled.

While at Business College, Jake worked as a "house-boy" for his board and room, and did janitor work for his tuition. At times he was a substitute teacher in Book keeping and accounting.

When Jake was encouraged to attend the College of Forestry in the University of Washington...washing dishes gave him most of his board. To meet further of his expenses, he worked Summertimes with the Forest Service in a variety of work...from office work to spotting fires on "Look Outs",and training others for the job, brushing out trails, mending telephone lines, training fire fighters, checking out Camps and recreation areas, etc., etc.. Just "being a handy-man", he says.

Of interest to Jake was chemistry. He thought that when finished with his schooling, he would like to go into such work at some Pulp and Fibre Mill. He even went to the Chicago World's Fair in hopes of gainning further enlightenment on that subject, but a job in that line was not to be his. Instead, he became a Forester.

Another interest that may have seemed more like a dream was a desire to learn to Parachute.

Tho' his first interest did not materialize, his second one did after choosing to become a C.O. As such, he was given the opportunity to become a member of the CPS SMOKE JUMPERS, and he went, arriving in Missoula, MT June 3, 1945 ...a thirty five year old man.

Fighting Fires was not new to Jake, but fighting fires by approaching them from the air certainly was.

When in the Forest Service, he had made the Camp arrangements for aquipment, the call and directing of fire fighters; but now, he was the one hearing, "HUBBA, HUBBA, HUBBA, eight more men", and he would be one of them.(The half done laundry would have to sit) There'd be the roar of the Ford Tri-Motor Plane; then , from a mile high would come a "slap" on the back , and Jake would be on his way down,down...would the wind carry him the wrong way? Are those boulders, or brush down there? Will he miss that snag ?...and he's down, still in one piece. Now to fight the fire ,and then find his way out on foot. Yet, all precious to remember are the 16 jumps (6,lightning fire, 2, rescue, 7, practice)

Jake,and Judy, his wife, did not meet until <u>after</u> his Smoke Jumping experiences . (Spring of 1947)

Judy was a teacher at the time in Castle Rock, WA . Her birth place was at Driscoll, N.Dak. on a homestead where her parents had newly moved to from S.Dak.

She grew up on a farm being her Dad's "only boy" helping him where needed in the business of caring for the stock, in planting grain, in haying, and in harvesting...and she loved it all; but, it became time to seek other fields of endeaver, via Seattle, Ellensburg, WA, and then Castle Rock, WA ...the best spot of all! There was where Judy met her " Smoke Jumper" Jake, and there they still remain.

BY Judy
(Mrs. Jacob M. Hisey)

THE LIFE OF MERLE HOOVER

508 W. 700 North
Huntington, Indiana 46750

Dear Smokejumpers,

Soon after being discharged in the early Spring of 1946, I helped take a shipload of western horses to Poland.

It was on this trip that I decided to go to Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana, just to see if I could do it. Enrollment was in the summer term of 1946. I liked school, so finished in 1949 and found my first job teaching elementary school.

My Master's degree was finished in 1957. From then on, my work was in administration until 1972.

At this time my wife and I bought some land in Albion, Indiana. The work of developing a mobile home park required so much time I left administration and returned to teaching in the classroom.

Retirement came in 1982. We sold the park on contract in 1984 so we could enjoy our retirement with a degree of comfort and less responsibilities.

I married Helen Deihl in 1948 while I was still in college. In fact, she helped with expenses my last year of school.

We have a son, born in 1950, and a daughter born in 1952.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Dorothy Hudson
7000 Uva Drive
Redwood Valley, CA 95470

Charles Raymond Hudson was born in Madras, India in 1914 during the time his parents, the Reverend Charles H. and Anna Belle N. Hudson were missionaries in India.

Ray attended the Kodaikanal School up in the hills in a beautiful area of lakes, waterfalls and distant mountain peaks.

His family returned to the United States when he was 12 and moved to Eureka, California in 1927. His father was minister of the Congregational Church.

While at home, Ray learned how to handle carpentry and plumbing tools under the direction of his father. He also became adept at painting houses.

After graduating from Eureka High School, Ray started college at Humboldt State in Arcata, where art classes became the focal point of his studies. He finished at the University of California at Berkeley in 1936 with an AB in Letters and Science and a major in art. Soon he had a job in Berkeley with A.C. Mauerhan, Interior Furnishings.

In Berkeley, Ray sang in the choir of the First Congregational Church and participated in the activities of the youth group. It was during this period that the stimulating exchange of ideas in discussion groups crystallized his feeling that he could have no part in war.

In 1937 Ray and I sat together at a pot-luck dinner for members of the choir and our friendship began.

I was born Dorothy Atkins in San Francisco, California in 1918. My father, David Atkins was born in England as was Ray's father. They both became U.S. citizens.

My father studied metallurgical engineering and for 20 years after he came to this country was involved mostly with gold mining ventures. Later he became a partner in an importing and exporting firm. He married my mother, Mary de Fremery in 1910.

My early years were spent in San Francisco while at school and at Coastways Ranch during summer vacations and on long weekends. My parents bought the ranch in 1917, a beautiful spot on the coast about 55 miles south of San Francisco.

After highschool, I entered the University of California at Berkeley, graduating in 1938 with an AB. I also majored in art.

In August, L939 Ray and a friend, Don Macfarlane left on a sight-seeing, job-hunting tour of the United States. During the summer they had worked on Ray's La Salle convertible to install an additional carburetor, a separate fuel tank, fuel line, etc., so

the car could run on either gasoline or fuel oil. Gasoline proved more effective on hills.

House painting as well as washing and waxing cars along the way kept them in food and fuel money. Don got a job in Cleveland and Ray went on to the East Coast, stayed with friends and relatives but was unable to find the job he wanted.

From October to January he did odd jobs such as painting houses and doing landscape work. What was important was that Ray attended a number of sermons by Harry Emerson Fosdick and lectures by Lewis Mumford that dealt with various aspects of architecture. He visited museums, did a lot of reading and toward the end of his stay attended a Frank Lloyd Wright seminar.

Two friends and a cousin left with Ray for California toward the end of January. The high point of their trip was an overnight visit to Taliesin West, where Frank Lloyd Wright spoke to them for an hour and took them on a tour of his project. They were invited to have meals with the students.

Back in Eureka, Ray designed and built a home for his parents. It was a house that had three wings emanating at equal angles from the center of the house with smaller bays between the wings. The house attracted much attention. Before "Three Wings" was completed two doctors who had been watching its construction wanted Ray to design homes for them. And so his work as a designer began.

After much letter writing and some visits back and forth, we were married at Coastways Ranch in September, 1941 while these homes were under construction. We promptly returned to Eureka to the jobs in progress and more importantly, to start our life together.

On December 7th, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and the following day, the United States declared war on Japan.

In 1942, seeking work of national importance, Ray worked for the Forest Service as a relief lookout during the fire season. Then he worked as an orderly at Eureka General Hospital until he was assigned to C.P.S. in January, 1943 on a tree planting project at Elkton, Oregon. While he was at Elkton, our son Charles (Woody) was born. On approval of his application for the smoke jumpers unit, he received his training in Montana. From his journal for May 28, 1943 after his first jump:

"Our day stepped up one hour earlier. Was last jumper, first flight. Early morning air still compared to yesterday. Palms dry this time, flight not bothersome. Still, quite a job to step out the door. I went right out after Louis Goossen, altho it seemed like I had fumbled with static line. We both made good take-offs suffered no bad opening shock, hollered at each other on the way down. Louis hit within 50' of target, I, 75'. Had fun maneuvering chute. Landed hard, pulled a muscle under the gastronoemius, limped most of the day. Phil Stanley, Bryn Hammerstrom sprained ankles. Ad Carlson pulled something. Entwhistle broke a bone in his foot."

Ray was stationed in Cave Junction for the fire season. During that summer the crew dismantled a building at Cedar Guard Station and reassembled it into a parachute loft for which Ray had made plans and elevations.

During the 1943 fire season, Woody and I made two visits to Cave Junction and became acquainted with the rangers and Ray's fellow smokejumpers.

In October the men were moved to a camp about 20 miles from Gold Beach Ranger Station. From Ray's journal on October 19, 1943:

"Arrived at G.B.R.S. about 6:00 - met Mr. Bracken, foreman. We loaded some tools, sleeping bags, he drove us out to camp - north on highway 13 mi, 7 into hills. Had to push truck at one place.

Cook had supper, but hadn't lit any lights. We got some going, ate, then unloaded truck. Bunk house filthy - full of empty whiskey bottles, etc. We just unrolled bags, shoved beds around, turned in - although the bags were very dirty - smelled; probably been used all summer. Got good laugh out of foreman's 'Well we got a good set-up - water, stoves...' "

Ray saw Woody take his first steps when Woody and I were visiting Cave Junction in the summer of 1944.

While Ray was on an extended furlough in September, 1945, Jon was born on our 4th wedding anniversary. About a month later, Ray received a telegram:

INDEFINITE EMERGENCY FURLOUGH AUTHORIZED
HUDSON PENDING DISCHARGE. ART WIEBE

Back to the drawing board! Ray got his contractor's license in 1946. Ten years later he was required to be licensed as a building designer, for which he had acquired the necessary qualifications.

Most of his work was residential, but he collaborated with Jack Hermann, A.I.A. on a medical dental building in Eureka and while he was in partnership with William Van Fleet, A.I.A. he designed the new Congregational Church in Eureka.

Beverly was born in September, 1950 with Down's syndrome, which was hard to accept. We had never known anyone with Down's syndrome and knew very little about it but we soon began to learn, reading everything we could find on the subject.

Ten years later, we were to hear a talk by the administrator of the Sonoma State Hospital who said that parents go through three stages: first, why did this happen to us; second, what can we do for our child; and third, what can we do for all such children.

Tom was born in December, 1951 at the time that Ray and Bill Van Fleet were setting up their partnership in Eureka.

We moved to Redwood Valley, California in June, 1953, leaving the architectural practice to Bill. After building our home, Ray continued custom design work and also did some speculative building.

Our home was built on acreage that included a producing vineyard. The house was framed with four by twelves reclaimed from the Elk River Lumber Company dock in Humboldt Bay. The windows were sheets of plate glass salvaged from store fronts.

While the house was being built, we camped in a two-car shed with a tin roof and nothing between us and the ground but tar paper. We put up a tent for Woody and Jon. At first there was no running water. We had only an electric plate to cook on. We had to do wash in a tub with water bucketed from the well and heated over an open fire. We bathed the children the same way. Ray installed a flush toilet in an outhouse but we had to fill the tank by bucket.

In a few days a pump was installed on the well. An electric stove with an oven was installed. Cold water came to the sink by means of a hose. The washing machine was hooked up and Ray fixed pipes to the toilet. About three weeks later, we were finally able to get a hot water heater. That was really living!

Tim was born just ten days before we moved into the new home. His bed was a cornflake carton until we moved.

For the next few years, my time was mostly spent keeping up with the needs of our children. Ray, besides being busy with his work, became involved in community affairs. He became chairman of the Redwood Valley School board and then the Ukiah Unified School board for a total of nine years, serving also as president of the Mendocino County School Boards Association during the last two years.

In March, 1959 at U.C. Hospital in San Francisco, Tim had brain surgery to remove a tumor. After he had recovered somewhat, he had a course of radiation therapy for two months which meant that one or the other of us had to be with him in San Francisco for daily trips to the hospital while the other took care of matters at home.

Tim had surgery again in 1967 when the cancer reoccurred and again in 1984.

Ray was a member of the Ukiah General Plan Citizens Advisory Committee, a member of the Mendocino County Committee on School District Organization when establishment of a junior college was approved, and chairman of Friends of the Library when our county library was established.

In 1959, when there were no classes available for Bev, Ray, other parents and school officials made a presentation to the board of supervisors which ultimately resulted in the Bush Street School opening its doors in the fall of 1960. For the first year I transported the children living north of Ukiah to and from school which meant two twenty mile trips a day. Mileage was paid, but not time. But it was worth it. Bev was very happy to be going to school.

Ray became founding president of the Ukiah Valley Association for the Handicapped in 1961, helping to organize the Thrift Shop, the Rehabilitation Workshop and a summer camp program. I was also involved in various positions in the organization for 15 years.

In 1970, Ray was a founding member and first chairman of Area Board I for Developmental Disabilities where he served as chairman for 10 of the 19 years he was on the board. These meetings rotated among Lake, Mendocino, Humboldt and Del Norte Counties. Between 1974 and 1976, Ray also chaired the meetings of the Organization of Area Boards which met alternately in the northern and southern parts of the State.

He was a founding member and chairman for 2 of the 7 years that he served on the North Coast Regional Center Board.

We seemed to be attending meetings all over the state. In 1983 Ray received a Volunteer Recognition Award from the United States Department of Health and Welfare:

"For the dedicated service in behalf of developmentally disabled people for the past 30 years, as a founder of the advocacy and case management system in California and as a leading figure in the development of the State's developmental disability legislation."

In 1966, Coastways Ranch was left to my siblings and me. It took nine years to reach agreement on what should be done. Though four sold out and Ray bought in, we all still have warm family reunions there. Our son Jon is now managing the ranch, growing artichokes, ollalie berries, kiwi fruit, pumpkins and Christmas trees. Tim works along with Jon.

Some of the organizations that we have supported over the years are: American Friends Service Committee, Amnesty International, Bread for the World, CARE, Clergy and Laity Concerned, International Physicians for the prevention of Nuclear War, Jobs with Peace, Natural Resources Defense Council, Oxfam America, UNICEF, Union of Concerned Scientists among others.

In 1969, Ray became a partner in ownership of a vineyard and pear orchard at the south end of the Ukiah Valley. Each year after the pears have been harvested, there have been plenty to glean for eating, canning, drying and giving away.

Our children grew up. Woody and Jon graduated from U.C. Berkeley, Tom from Santa Rosa J.C. and Tim from Humboldt State University. Bev went to school until she was 18 and then attended the UVAH workshop. When she was 26, she entered the new UVAH Independent Living Skills program. We had always cared for her at home and perhaps tended to be over-protective. The idea of her making it on her own was somewhat frightening but we decided it was a real opportunity for her to grow.

She now lives in an apartment with a friend, Dorothy Gaddini, who also took part in the program. They have help with their bank

statements but do everything else for themselves - and get along famously. Bev works with a landscaping crew at the workshop and Dorothy volunteers te set the tables every day at the Senior Center.

Woody's and Jon's marriages ended in divorces. They each have three children who spend approximately equal time with each parent. Jon has since remarried.

Tom's marriage also ended in divorce. Tim has never married but he has a wealth of good friends.

The last few years have been hard for the whole family. In 1976, Ray began to have some symptoms that came on gradually. He noticed a slight tremor in his legs and his gait was different. His memory began to fail a little. In 1979 he was diagnosed as having Parkinson's disease.

We read a great deal about it, but nothing very hopeful. We just had to accept the fact that Ray had a degenerative disease and we would have to make the best of it. Ray rarely complained but there were times when he felt depressed. He did as much as he could as long as he could.

In 1986 the State Board of Architectural Examiners sent him his architect's license, which pleased him greatly. He designed a shop for Coastways Ranch albeit with much difficulty, which now stands in place. Also, in 1986 he started to have me write in his journal at his dictation because his handwriting was becoming unintelligible.

He resigned from the Area Board in January, 1989 when he knew he could no longer contribute adequately. He also ceased to attend UVAH board meetings.

We had always shared a deep appreciation of classical music and at this time when he could do so little, it meant even more to him.

In October, Ray entered the hospital for a treatment that might have improved his condition "for a period" as it has for others, but while he was there he contracted pneumonia and died December 3, 1989.

One of the Area Board members, who is a professor of political science at Humboldt State University, wrote:

"I was very sorry to hear that Ray had died. I have known very few people in my life whom I have admired more. People of Ray's integrity and commitment are very rare in our world, it is a privilege to know one.

The greatest pleasure I had on the Area Board was coming to know Ray. He was an inspiration to all of us. Please know that I grieve with you and your family.

In these cynical times, we sometimes forget that there are those who guide their lives by principle. Though you may have known some human faults, I saw none in Ray; he had my complete, unconditional respect, a compliment I have never paid anyone."

Dear Roy Wenger,

Enclosed is the essay on my father that my mother wrote and had me type out for her.

Mark

LLOYD C. HULBERT
HUSBAND, FATHER, ECOLOGIST, QUAKER
1918 - 1986

Lloyd Clair Hulbert was born on June 27, 1918, in Lapeer, Michigan (his grandparents' home) to Lucius Clair Hulbert and Mary Jane Hungerford. He had an older brother, Arthur, and eventually a younger brother, Donald. The family moved to Clare, Michigan, where his father operated a portrait studio. After a few years, the family moved again to East Lansing where Lloyd's father did photographic work for the State of Michigan Health Department. Later he did photographic work for all of the departments of the Michigan state government.

Lloyd attended public schools in East Lansing. The family vacationed many summers in a cabin at Torch Lake. Lloyd, his brother Arthur, and their father spent lots of time hiking and bird watching in the wild areas of Michigan. One of their big family projects was to build a family house, using field stone that they themselves had collected in their old pickup.

The family attended People's Church, an interdenominational church whose minister gave sermons on pacifism.

Lloyd entered CPS during the early years of World War II. He served in several camps in Michigan and then at the smoke-jumping camp near Missoula, Montana. He remembers it as one of the peak experiences of his life.

Lloyd obtained his B.S. in Botany from Michigan State College and his M.S. in Ornithology from Cornell College. After CPS, he received his Ph.D. in Plant Ecology from Washington State College in Pullman, Washington. Lloyd and I were married on June 28, 1952, at the Friends Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota. At that time he was a Botany professor at the University of Minnesota and I was a medical technologist at the University Hospital.

We lived in Circle Pines outside St. Paul for several years. Lloyd served on the school board there. Our son Steve was born in 1954.

In 1955 we moved to Manhattan, Kansas, where Lloyd took a job as professor of Botany at Kansas State College. Our son Mark was born soon after we moved, and Tom came along a year later. So we had three children in diapers at the same time. Lloyd was an gincredibly good father to his boys. He was fairly strict with them, but also gave them his undivided attention and love. Our fourth son was born in 1965, when his brothers were eleven, ten and eight.

Lloyd helped to start the Friends Meeting in Minneapolis and later the one in Manhattan. He was very active in the Manhattan Friends Meeting, acting as Clerk for many years, as Treasurer, and as First Day School teacher.

Our family spent several weeks camping in the western United States every summer. Several years we backpacked in the Rocky Mountains, and several years we canoed in the Boundary Waters of Minnesota. These were top experiences for all of us, largely because of Lloyd's knowledge of nature and camping.

Lloyd was fascinated with his work at Kansas State University (KSU), where he did research and teaching in Plant Ecology. His crowning achievement was the establishment of Konza Prairie in 1971--an 8,616 acre outdoor laboratory in the western part of the vast grassland that once covered much of the center of the North

American continent. Lloyd led his faculty colleagues and the central KSU administration in negotiations with the Nature Conservancy to purchase the prairie, and became the first director of the Konza Prairie Research Natural Area.

Lloyd and I have always been extremely proud of our four sons. They were all good students and active in debate and forensics. John also is a musician: a jazz pianist. Steve, now 35, is a research physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory in Long Island. His wife, Louise, is an electrical designer at that lab. Mark, now 34, is editor of The Hulbert Financial Digest in Washington, D.C., and is clerk of the Executive Committee of the Friends Committee on National Legislation. Tom, 33, and his wife Nancy, are clinical psychologists in Royal Oak, Michigan. They have our only grandson, Daniel, who is 3. A brother or sister will be born in December 1990. John, now 24, is a graduate student in Economics at the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

In 1985, Lloyd, who had always been in the best of health and had always taken very good care of himself, discovered lumps on his chest and shoulders which turned out to be symptoms of a very virulent form of lymphoma. He continued his work at KSU and in the community for about a year, while undergoing chemotherapy. Even after that, he got up from his sick bed and gave his lectures. In early May, 1986, we went to The Bahamas seeking treatment at an immunological clinic there, but it was too late: he died of pneumonia on May 23, 1986.

A memorial service was held on May 31 of that year. The following is a quote from the program for that service:

> *Lloyd dedicated his life, both professionally and personally, to furthering our understanding of how we interrelate with each other and all of life. The culmination of his professional career was the formation of Konza Prairie, several thousand acres of virgin grassland south of Manhattan that is set aside for ecological research. Many of us fondly remember the walks he led through that prairie, and the peace we felt while experiencing its wonder. It is there that his ashes have been scattered.*

The following are excerpts from a letter Lloyd wrote to our sons in September 1985:

> *[M]any people think that whatever happens is because of whether they have been good or bad. There are such results, but also there is chance. Evolution does wonderful things for species, but the variation that allows evolution to do such good things means that some get poorer genes than others. What they get is not the result of how good or bad they are, and usually not how good or bad their parents have been.*
>
> *Most people try to ignore the subject [of death], which is the wrong thing to do. Death is necessary and sure for everyone. If there were no death there could be no birth.*
>
> *Which reminds me that when I die, whether it is tomorrow (it could be from an auto accident, for instance), or 25 years from now, I will have had a good life, and I hope that no one will spoil their life grieving. That will not do me any good. The best way to show respect... is to do a good job of your life, and to enjoy life. I have had a job I enjoyed, I have had a wonderful wife and sons--what more can I ask?*

Jean Hulbert
August 1990

740 Oakwood Dr.
New Brighton MN
55112

THE BARE BONES OF VERNON S. HOFFMAN

Vernon Sherley Hoffman was born on July 6, 1922 in Muscatine, Iowa, missing the big July 4th celebration by only two days. My unusual middle name came from my doctor, whose first name was Sherley.

I was born the fourth and last child in our family and weighed in at a healthy 11 1/2 pounds at birth. I had two older brothers and one older sister.

Muscatine, Iowa was a small Iowa town of about 20,000 people located in East Central Iowa on the Mississippi River. Shortly after I was born we moved into a big retirement house belonging to my grandfather Stutsman and helped to care for him. Grandma Stutsman had recently died and Grandpa was getting quiete elderly. Grandpa and Grandma had moved into Muscatine some years before from a farm about five miles out in the country.

I was still quite young when the Great Depression came upon us and my father had a very difficult time finding work. He worked on the WPA program for some years during the height of the depression. Later, he was able to find a job in a millwork factory and worked there until his retirement. My mother did odd jobs of laundering and house cleaning for some professional people. All of the children had to work at part-time jobs to help the family get through those difficult years.

I went to Lincoln School for my grade school years. I walked the six to eight blocks to school each day because there were no school buses at that time. Later, I walked to high school which was located about two miles from home. My sister was not able to walk to high school because of a physical problem so she did not get to attend high school. My parents could not afford the expense of her riding the city bus.

I have fond memories of my high school days. I got started early in sports, playing with the neighborhood kids on the sand lot and playing at grade school. I went out for basketball and baseball in high school and wanted to play football but my mother wouldn't let me for fear I would get injured. I ended up having good sports' experiences. I played two years on the varsity basketball team as a first string guard and four years on the baseball team as first string first baseman. I am left-handed and on occasion would hit the long ball. It was at that time I was given the nickname of "Babe" and have carried that nickname over the years in my home town. I was captain of our high school baseball team in my senior year. I took the general required courses in high school and graduated in the top 1/3 of my class. I am not sure I would have been as interested in the academic program, if it wouldn't have been for the necessity to keep up my grades in order to play sports. I graduated from Muscatine High School in 1941 as Vice President of my senior class and Representative Senior Boy of that class.

Fortunately, we had a two year junior college in Muscatine, so I continued in education in the fall of 1941. I was half way through the second year, 1942, when I was drafted in the twenty-year-old draft during World War II. Our family had grown up in the Church of the Brethren, an historic peace church, so when I was drafted for military service, there was a strong feeling against military involvement. However, it was still a difficult decision to make at 20 years and I realized it would be a decision I would have to live with for a long time. After

much soul-searching, I applied for alternative service. My local draft board granted me my request and I was drafted into the Civilian Public Service (CPS) system. Within a very short time I was on my way to my first assignment, which was Cascade Locks, Oregon, located on the Columbia River about 60 miles east of Portland. It was located in the midst of mountainous forests owned by the U.S. government. The work projects at this camp were all related to the upkeep and improvement of the national forests in that region. Various work crews of men would go out into the forests daily to perform various projects of forestry improvements. I was not in camp very long until I realized that it was very important to move around in the CPS program. It was obvious that a number of men had been in Cascade Locks too long and had already become very unhappy and disillusioned about the program. So, it soon became a daily habit for me to check the camp bulletin board for information about volunteers for special projects. This started an involvement in various projects for me throughout the country which helped me feel like I was really doing some good for my country in a non-military manner.

I was in the CPS program for 3 1/2 years and during that time became involved in four special projects. I was only in a base camp situation two times; my initial induction camp at Cascade Locks and another short time at a forestry camp in Santa Barbara, California. I was in this camp between special project experiences. The four special project were:

(1) A pneumonia experiment in Pinehurst, No. Carolina,
(2) A river reclamation project on the Eastern shore of Maryland,
(3) Nurses' aid at the mental hospital in Manteno, Illinois, and
(4) Smoke Jumpers Unit in Montana.

While all of my special project experiences were interesting, educational, and enjoyable, the smoke jumping experience was probably the highlight of the four. I spent only one short summer in the mountains of Montana fighting the dreaded forest fires, but this was a summer of growth for me in many ways. I met many good friends and experienced life in isolation from the rest of the world deep in the mountains. I jumped on only two forest fires that summer, but the experience was one I shall always remember.

After a summer of smoke jumping I went on to my last special project, a nurses' aid at Manteno State Hospital inManteno, Illinois. In the spring of 1945 I was released from the CPS program and free again to pursue the next phase of my life which came upon me very rapidly. I learned that UNRRA, the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, needed volunteers to take farm animals to countries which had lost much of their stock during the war. So, I was soon off to Salonica, Greece with a shipload of horses, arriving home in the fall just in time to start up with college again and finish my schooling. While I was in CPS I met many fellows who had been in college at one of our Brethren schools, Manchester College. During my summer on the high seas I had made the decision to go to Manchester to continue my college education. When I started college at Muscatine Junior College in Iowa, I had chosen physical education as my major. After my CPS experience, my major had changed to Sociology with a minor in physical education. After two years in Manchester the lead professor in the Sociology Department left Manchester. Since he had been basically the whole

department, and they didn't have a replacement for him, I decided to transfer to Earlham College, a Quaker school not too far away in Richmond, Indiana. I finished my college at Earlham in 1949 with a degree in Sociology and special emphasis in Community Organization.

While at Manchester College I met Elsie Moyer from Chicago, Illinois. She also came from a family background in the Church of the Brethren. We were married in North Manchester, Indiana in the fall of 1947. Elsie discontinued her college career in order to help me financially finish school.

After graduating from Earlham College we went immediately to Puerto Rico as volunteers for the Church of the Brethren. In fact, we didn't even wait for the graduation exercises to take place. The church had been waiting for some time to fill the position of community service director. We spent the next three years involved in such programs and projects as operating a community center, teaching physical education in a local elementary school, helping build a local Church of the Brethren and generally doing various service activities. While in Puerto Rico we adopted our first child, Marvin Gerald.

Upon returning to the States, we volunteered again for the Church of the Brethren in a community service project in Baltimore, Maryland. This was an inner city housing improvement project conducted by the City of Baltimore. The Church of the Brethren agreed to provide a group of volunteer young people to live in the community and generally help, in any way possible, the people of that Eastside neghborhood to improve their housing in particular and their neighborhood in general. After directing this Housing Rehabilitation program for five years, we moved on to our first major non-volunteer job.

Our next move was to Dayton, Ohio. I worked for a social service agency involved in an inner city Housing Rehabilitation project. This was a very similar experience, as in Baltimore, but the first time working outside our church. Our first son was born here and we adopted our second boy in Dayton also. We also lost our Puerto Rican son at 2 1/2 years old. He died very suddenly of what was then called fulminating bacterial pneumonia. My work in Dayton was in the general area of community organization. I worked with and organized inner city neighborhood residents to work toward the improvement of their individual houses and their neighborhood in general.

After five years in Dayton, Ohio, I accepted a job very similar to the one in Dayon in St. Paul, Minnesota. This job was with the Housing and Redevelopment Authority of St. Paul. Again, I worked in the inner city, in a program of Housing Rehabilitation, as a community organizer. I worked in this capacity for fifteen years. While in Minnesota we have had the birth of our second child and our only girl. Amy is now twenty-four years old, Chris is twenty-eight, and Rob is thirty-two.

Since retirement I have had several part-time jobs. I have had some back surgery over the years, which relates back to my days in Smoke Jumpers. My back is in such a condition now that I must be very careful of what I lift. I currently work part-time for a small commuter airline company called Express I at the Minneapolis, St. Paul International Airport. I work in the customer service

division which involves meeting incoming passengers who are making connecting flights with the larger airlines. This job provides us with flying privileges on many of the airlines at the airport, so we are taking more airline trips these days.

As I look back over the years to my decision to go into CPS, I would definitely do it again, having no regrets of my decision. Over the years I have had many good discussions with many people about the C.O. position in wartime. I find that generally most people have an open mind on the issue and can see the futility of wars and needless killing of our brothers and sisters.

ALAN INGLIS

784 Woods Road
Richmond, Indiana 47374

September 21, 1990

Dear Roy,

You asked for it! This is a section of the autobiography I am writing. It is a great thing you are doing. Thanks, Alan.

HOW I BECAME A SMOKEJUMPER

My application had been made to Smokejumpers at Missoula, Montana, much earlier, which was considered the elite opportunity for COs. Since it took so long to come through, I assumed I was too lightweight to be considered (which was what happened when I applied for the starvation experiment). I did not want to merely sit out the war, but have a variety of valuable helpful experiences.

The first time I ever went up in a plane I jumped out at 1,000 feet. I took off 7 times before ever landing in a plane. Of course, in my dreams I would take off and glide around the room and land easily, but this might be different. On furlough, my parents once asked how I was able to jump out into spaces. I told them I sang hymns.

"What did you sing?"

"'He Leadeth Me'!"

"That is a good family hymn. They sang it at both your grandparents' funerals!"

Several of us tried singing a hymn while floating down attached to the parachute, but with little success because there is no reverberation or reflection of sound to enhance hearing. The sound just disseminates through the air. After a few shouted notes, we gave up.

Our training involved classroom work in the morning learning to read maps and compasses, and estimate the area of a fire (which I was never very good at), safety, etc. Then in the afternoon, we exercised to get in shape. I mostly remember building fire line. Eight of us would use the caterpillar technique on a fire line. The last man determined the speed of all eight men on the crew. He would determine when the line as secure against fire and say something to the effect of "up". Then each man would drop what he was doing and start on what the man ahead had been doing. Of course, the lead man often did little more than determine the direction the line would take. I remember when being in the lead taking just one or two whacks with my ax and then moving up three or four feet. This technique made us the best fire line builders, though we also admired the professional Indian firefighters. They probably used a similar technique and were certainly as determined.

We carried a pack containing a mattock (ax on one end and heavy-duty hoe on the other), a shovel, a file to keep tools sharp, a down sleeping bag and K-Rations and any other personal gear we preferred. I always carried extra socks, both wool and cotton, wrapped around my belt. (The cotton was worn on the outside to protect the expensive wool underneath from wear from the rubbing of the boots.)

The K-Rations were little waxed boxes measuring about 8" x 4" x 2". We carried 6, or enough for 2 days, usually. They contained canned potted meats, cheese, biscuits and I especially remember the lemonade tablets that could be applied to water and make a drink. Except nothing was said about the kind of container to mix it in. On one of these training jaunts, one of the fellows put the tablet in his aluminum canteen. It dissolved alright--including some of the aluminum. That was a sick C.O. and we all learned a lesson--don't put an acid in aluminum canteens.

Our training for jumping included practicing the Allen Roll for landing. The Allen Roll consisted of landing with the knees slightly bent, using the legs as shock absorbers, twisting so that one fell on his hip and then rolled over backwards across the opposite shoulder. At best you could continue the roll so that as you rolled over on your shoulders, you could give a push with the hands, do a backward somersault and land on the feet. I doubt if I accomplished that final maneuver with all my equipment on very often despite my wrestling and tumbling practice.

Other training involved learning to jump off a high tower into space. It also involved feeling the shock of a chute opening. We wore our canvas pants and a jacket with the very high back collar. We wore the harness to which the chute was attached, only now it was attached to a heavy rope. The rope went to a pulley attached to a cross-arm which was attached to a telephone pole with the rope fastened to the bottom of the pole. I would suppose the tower was 40 feet high. After attaching the rope to the harness and putting on the football helmet with a wire cage across the front, we would jump off the tower. With arms folded, spine straight, we would look forward to the shock of coming to the end of our rope before having to hit the ground, or rather a flimsy net which was there for psychological purposes. There was no other shock absorber other than the stretch of the rope. I decided I would try to jump without the helmet. That was a mistake. The harness, or rope, or something, hit me in the jaw and made me feel as if I had been slugged. The helmet would have protected me. That was the last time I tried anything like that without the helmet.

Some other training we received was in how to let yourself down when hanging in a tree. The canvas pants we wore had a large pocket in the lower leg area. In it we carried red cloth streamers and a long rope--about 30 feet. The streamers were used to make a symbol on the ground to notify the airplane pilot that everything was or was not okay. (We had no radio on a 2-man jump.) With the rope in the pocket we were hoisted up into the air with block and tackle. Then the job was to

thread the rope through rings in the harness and tie it on to what would be the ring on the parachute. Then all we had to do was chin ourselves and hold ourselves up with one hand so we could unhook the parachute from the harness with the other. It had to be done twice. Once for each shoulder. (I was glad I had practiced chinning myself in high school and could do it up to 21 times, but not with jumping equipment on.) My memory is that I could do this "let down" in two minutes. Some were faster than that.

On my first jump we were called to get in the plane before having time to suit up. We took our gear along with us in the old Ford Trimotor and put it on while the plane was climbing--this was before seat belts. This was my first ride in an airplane and I hardly had time to appreciate it. We were busy putting on our suits. There were no seats in the plane. Just open floor space and no door, so, of course, we stayed away from that open door. We checked each other's gear and sat on the floor, but not long before it was time to jump. We were told to stand up and clip up--fasten the clip on the end of our static line to the wire cable running the length of the cabin. The static line was the strong 2-inch ribbon attached to the top of the parachute canopy with a string that would break when the parachute pack had been opened and the chute itself had been pulled out of the pack. I may have been the first one out. If not on the first jump, then following ones. There was a small step about the size of the sole of your foot. The step was held in mid-air, out from the plane, by three rods. The idea was to put your heel on that step. Here you are, staring out into space, trying to put your foot out the door onto a little step. The first time I tried, my foot ended up a foot downstream from the step and off-balance, ready to fall out. So you pull your foot back and try again and still miss. By this time, you realize that with the "prop wash" you have to start your foot in front of the step so the wind carries it onto the step. Then all you have to do is watch all that wide open scenery go by while you wait for the spotter to tap you on the back. I always wished he would kick me so there would be no doubt that now was the time.

We were taught to jump out feet first with our lower arms crossed on top of the reserve chute on our stomachs. Why not fly out like Superman? Then you could follow the jumper in front of you very closely. Guess who had to try it? And I did follow the man in front very closely, so closely that I saw every crisscross of the streamer and chute come out of the pack. But it was very hard on one arm when my chute opened, wrenching it rather severely. So that is why you jumped feet first with arms crossed!

Trying to care for an injured jumper one time when we jumped in too much wind let me prove I was a caring person, but like Jesus' followers, fell asleep till more help came. We jumped in the evening when the wind was supposed to have abated somewhat. But it hadn't. I was lucky to smash into a large tree--about three feet in diameter. I hit the tree going parallel to the ground very rapidly. Both feet hit about the same time both hands hit the tree. Both legs and arms embraced the tree and

my whole body hit, including my face mask. I repeat, I was lucky because my whole body absorbed the shock. My buddy was not so lucky. He hit a smaller tree with one foot, which broke his ankle. The tree collapsed his chute and dropped him onto a rock, which chipped his hip. I called over to him immediately and he said he was hurt. My "let down" by rope was at my fastest. He was in pain but not complaining. I immediately singled the plane with the bright colored streamers that one man was hurt. Then I proceeded to try to keep him comfortable. I had some strong capsules that the nurse had given me when I had jumped with my arms extended like Superman flying and my shoulder had twisted with the opening shock. I had told her I would describe my problem if she would not pull me off the program. So she gave me the capsules that I gave my buddy. I also popped our reserve chutes to cover him and keep him as warm as possible during the night. As it got dark, we could see the glow of the fire we had jumped on. I called and thought I heard someone answer. But we had no more contact. After doing all I could, I went to sleep. I was awakened by rescuers who brought a stretcher. Then we proceeded to carry him out. Four of us carried the stretcher while one person led the way with an axe, trying to determine the best route through the woods. I don't know which was hardest, carrying or leading. I always carried extra sox which I used this time to tie my hands to the stretcher. It was my hands which gave out first carrying that stretcher.

It seemed like it took forever to reach the trail. But when we did, there was a horse waiting for our uncomplaining patient. It hurt a lot placing him on that horse, so our rescuers pulled out a bottle and told him to drink as much as he could. We had one of the drunkest, happiest injured Mennonites you ever saw. Since the horse did not care about bumping the bad ankle and the patient was too drunk to care, I walked beside the horse's neck trying to keep ahead of it and keep limbs from hitting his foot. That meant walking the edge of the trail on all the uneven and rocky parts, hanging onto the horse at times so as not to slip down the cliff.

After several miles we reached the base fire camp. There I was told to go on down the trail alone so I could make another fire jump, since there were plenty of ground firefighters by this time. They asked me if I would like to take one of the pack mules back with me. That sounded great to me. I would get to ride back. So I climbed onto the back of that pack mule. It didn't bother me that it had a wooden pack saddle. Riding was great for a while. But then my legs began to cramp up. Finally it got so bad I had to get off, but couldn't do so because of the leg cramp. So I fell off on purpose. What a relief! But the mule had a short lead rope, so I had to go ahead of the mule. But the mule took bigger steps than I did. I had to go ahead of it, but how do you keep the critter from stepping on your heels going down the steeper portions of the trail? I tried to "stiff arm" him behind me while trying to go frontwards. He was a nice dispositioned big mule, so I survived and so did he.

One fire we jumped on was so small they were afraid we would not find it once on the ground unless we landed on top of it. So two of us jumped at an altitude of only 600 feet. That meant that as soon as the chute opened we should be prepared to land, and did. No sweat. I landed so close to the fire that I could see the smoke. It must have been started by a small lightning strike, where most of them were started by big strikes. After getting out of our jumping gear, we went over and dug a fire line around the tree that had been hit. The circle must have been only about as big as a little kid's park merry-go-round. Then what do you do with a smoldering smoke? Well, nature called, so that helped. In fact, it helped so much that we drank all the water we could and peed out the fire.

The real job was to get back to a trail. My memory is that before automobile roads were popular, Congress passed a law that paid for the building of trails in these mountains, both on the ridge and also along the draws or streams. We thought the ridge was closer and also there was a fire lookout station not far up the trail. And since we had had such an easy time putting out the fire, we thought the least we could do was carry our gear back to the trail for the pack animals to pick up. We made a stretcher out of two boughs and threaded them through the arms of our jumping jackets and tied the rest of the gear on top of the jackets. It was amazing how rapidly that became heavy, so we decided to drop the two emergency chutes on the ground and mark the location. After a while we decided to drop everything except water and "K-Rations" and an axe to blaze a trail for the pack animals to follow back to our equipment.

We could see the fire lookout tower from the trail, so headed for it to see if there was a phone. It was uninhabited but with a disconnected phone. I began to experiment and found a way to hook it up. We couldn't ring the phone, but heard someone talking. So I interrupted their conversation. It turned out to be two fellows on manned towers just conversing. I explained who I was and where I was and that we would be hiking into a ranger station as soon as possible. It was an enjoyable hike downhill. When we reached the ranger station, you would not guess how well they fed us. We saved them lots of work firefighting and so were treated like royalty. The amount we could consume also impressed them and us. Because we made the phone call, transportation back to Missoula, Montana, was there right on time.

Another fire looked like a snap. It was on the edge of a nice river, so it was picturesque. We jumped from the Ford Trimotor with a full team of eight. As soon as we were down, we started the motor for the pump and the crew chief exerted his right to handle the nozzle, though he was younger and less experienced than several of the COs (paid non-COs were put in charge of crews. I think the Forest Service thought they could trust a man who was being paid regular wages more than one who was drafted and given $10 a month, and an independent thinker). The fire was knocked down so fast that we had time to set up a nice camp. One of the older fellows (about 30) cut pine boughs every night he was there and had a very soft mattress by the time we left. It was there

also that I first tried to learn to smoke. It seemed reasonable to me that the smokers could tolerate more fire smoke while building fire line than nonsmokers. I made a pipe out of reeds and hollow twig and borrowed some tobacco. I learn slowly, so never mastered smoking of any kind. In the morning big SURPRISE! The fire was going strong again since the water only knocked it down and didn't reach every hot spot. So we had the hard job of building fire line around it. While we broke for lunch, a cargo plane dropped an orange crate full of canned foods. What an improvement over "K-Rations". I was elected to cook, which I didn't mind because that meant I got extra time off the fire line, which was very hard work. It was fun setting up housekeeping in the sand by the river. "Playing house" and having the status of cook had its advantages.

As we got things under control, several of the jumpers left for camp. I volunteered to stay until the end, not realizing soon enough that I would miss another jump. When we did hike back, it was 18 miles, but a beautiful walk by the river, meadows and woods. Just as in childhood, I was not the fastest hiker, but it was fine just going my own speed in those high-heeled logger boots.

On one of my seven fire jumps, the "spotter" (who guided the pilot over the fire and told him when to cut the engines and slapped us on the back when time for us to jump) asked me to be the final jumper and help kick out the gear that was on cargo chutes. That did not make me happy because it was the only time I remember getting airsick. We got all the equipment out with several zooming passes that were not helpful to my stomach. Finally, I got to jump. What a relief! As soon as I hit the ground I unbuckled my face mask and vomited. Then I could get to work. I was instructed to retrieve a couple of chutes that were close to and in line with the direction the fire was going. It was too late and I let them burn.

On another of the jumps I decided to take 8mm movies since the folks had sent the camera with me. The film was poor quality wartime film, but worth a try. I did a lot of thinking about how to carry it out of the plane during the opening of the chute. I sewed a pocket inside my jacket at chest level that would be closed when my jacket was closed. I also tied a nylon load line onto it in case it got away from me or was dropped. The spotter let me go in the last pass so I got some shots of jumpers in the Ford Trimotor. Someone even took a picture of me in the plane. Then I stuck the camera out a window and took pictures as jumpers stepped out the door. You could see the static lines pull out the chute, the bouncing opening, and the chute and chutist becoming smaller behind the plane. When my turn came, I put the camera back in my specially made jacket pocket and jumped. After the chute opened, I pulled out the camera and started shooting, but nothing recorded since there was too much light. I tried to continue shooting as I was landing, but all you see is a bunch of hodgepodge bushes, etc. No one can recognize that it is the exciting time of landing unless told and then there is no feel for it.

It was on this jump that one of the jumpers got nervous and pulled his emergency chute rip-cord and came down with two chutes open. He was called "double-bubble" from then on. Also, one of the jumpers got his parachute caught on a spike which is a denuded tree with no branches. I'll bet he made a rope let-down in a hurry because it could be just as likely that the base of the tree had rotted out and would drop him 40 feet "free fall".

The biggest fire I was ever on was not a jumping situation at all. We had just been picked up from about a week of firefighting and were pretty grimy. We rode for an afternoon and late evening in the back of a truck. As it got dark I pulled out my bedroll and climbed in to it to stay warm. About midnight we stopped the truck and had to start hiking to the fire through several miles of jack stick forest. Among the 12 of us there was just one flashlight and it was never darker in that forest. You could not even see what you were touching. So we each took hold of the belt of the man in front and listened to the warnings he gave and gave our warnings to the man behind. In this manner we caterpillared our way to the fire line. Then we started building fire line though we were exhausted by that time. Toward morning our crew chief saw that we were not accomplishing much and told us to lie down on the fire line and sleep until dawn. I had separated from my down bedroll and knew I couldn't sleep if I was cold. I rolled over a burning log and scraped the burning ashes away also and lay down on the warm ground. Not much problem with insomnia. When we were roused in the morning I glanced at my socks and there were lots of little burn holes in them and several in the est of my clothes, but what a wonderful sleep!

After the fire season, I took a furlough home. These were always exciting for me because as soon as I hitchhiked to St. Louis I would take a street car to Webster Groves. As soon as I got off the street car at Jefferson Road, I would whistle. No matter how long I had been gone, here would come Duke, that big orange and white part collie, running full tilt down Jefferson Road, jumping up and down so excited that I might guess I was welcome. While home I had a chance to make some normal wages unloading a gondola railroad coal car. The coal had to be shoveled over the side into a small window--55 tons of it. I figured I was in good shape for it from fire jumping, and so got it shoveling it down a chute, which was much easier.

When I returned back to Missoula, Montana, the fire season was all over and the frat house we used was back in the hands of students. There was just a little old house where the few remaining jumpers stayed. One of the poorly paid jumpers was cutting his own hair in a mirror, and what an awful job of thatch work he was doing! The jumping boots I had left had disappeared. So it was time for me to transfer to Glendora, California, where we struck against the government and were sentenced to two years probation.

Because of my smokejumping experience, after Earlham College and Yale Divinity School, I learned to fly and became the flying pastor of five little churches in North Dakota--but that's another story.

Gus Janzen's Lifetime Reflections

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I made my debut into this world on February 5, 1920 in Newton, Kansas. My father was a roundhouse employee for the Santa Fe Railroad in Newton, Kansas. Later the family moved to a farm near Corn, Oklahoma.

My growing up years were in the Corn area. We had relatives there and the community was pretty solid Mennonite of several denominations.

I had a rural grade school education to which I had to walk a mile and a half each day. The total attendance was about 40 people.

Then I had four years of high school and graduated from the Corn High School in Corn, Oklahoma. While in high school I enjoyed science, English, history, and 4 years of basketball and baseball. My summer jobs always were helping in the wheat harvest and cotton farming.

In 1938 I was converted and took Jesus as my personal Savior. I was baptized and joined the Bergthal Mennonite Church.

After high school I went to Southwestern State College in Weatherford, Oklahoma where I specialized in Aviation Engine Mechanics. After the second semester of college I was drafted and inducted into Civilian Public Service and served for 4 years and 28 days.

First, I went to CPS Camp number 5 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Here I worked with a caterpillar grading the Gold Camp Road to Cripple Creek and the Pike's Peak road. A year later I was transferred to CPS Camp number 64 at Terry, Montana, where I was a caterpillar operater. Later I was transferred to CPS Camp number 103 near Missoula, Montana and began my life as a smoke jumper.

My experiences in smoke jumping were for the most part very gratifying and I felt that we contributed substantially to the national welfare.

I still have to laugh as I think about Ken Diller as we were getting ready to jump for the first time. His face was getting very pale. I asked Ken, "Are you getting sick?" He replied, "Man, I'm ready to get out of this airplane!"

One time as we were making a practice jump, I jumped and my main chute collapsed and then fouled up. Then I had to use the emergency chute. My descent was too slow for it to blossom out completely. I had nylon all over my head and had trouble seeing where I was going. I landed in a 100 foot fir tree which probably saved my life.

After approximately 3 months of basic training I was stationed at Cave Junction, Oregon. Here we had a 12 man unit and spent about 2 years there. In all, I made 23 jumps. In the winter months we did timber cruising and slash burning for the forest service.

During my smoke jumping days in 1944, I had the misfortune of tearing the ligaments in my right shoulder during a practice jump. We had exchanged parachutes for this jump. This injury was a problem to me for years after that. Then in 1969 I re-injured this same shoulder and had a surgery, and then another surgery in 1970 to correct this. It has greatly improved but there will always be a restriction in the use of my right arm.

After my time in smoke jumpers I was discharged from CPS. Then I had a chance to volunteer for a trip to Greece on a victory class freighter. Our cargo consisted of 900 head of mules.

After this episode, I settled down to figure my course to make a living. Financing a college training seemed remote, so I got started on commercial harvesting, wheat and cotton. This is what I liked and was successful at it.

In 1952 I met Amie Reimer, an elementary teacher. Our acquaintance was made when I went to a basketball tournament where she was teaching. June 8, 1952 we were married in Corn, Oklahoma. We lived in Custer, Oklahoma for 6 ½ years. During this time I was in partnership with two of my brothers while farming and custom wheat harvesting.

We started our family after several years of marriage. We wanted to live on a farm where we could raise our family and could make our living locally.

We bought a farm east of Okeene, Oklahoma and moved to the farm in 1959. It was here that our sons grew up. All 3 sons graduated from Okeene High School and later from Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas. Steve also has his masters degree from Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma.

We are members of the Mennonite Brethren Church in Okeene. Amie and I both have served in the Sunday School and in other areas as needed. We also enjoy working for the MCC through our church.

My life's work was that of a farmer, rancher, and custom wheat and cotton harvester. The cotton harvesting was in California during the years of 1949-1954. The custom wheat harvesting took us from southern Oklahoma to Montana. Some years it was a shorter trip. I was involved in the wheat harvesting for 40 years.

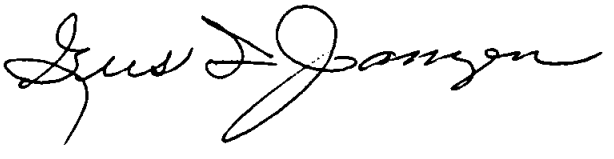
My farming is being done east of Okeene, Oklahoma. This includes growing wheat, alfalfa, and stocker cattle. We still live on the first farm we bought and then later built our house on this farm. I am in a farming partnership with our sons. Wayne and Danny are full time partners. Steve, the oldest son, is an airline pilot for Northwest Airlines.

My hobbies and recreation have been flying, bowling, and playing horseshoes. I am the owner of a 4 place Gruman Tiger airplane, which I still fly and really enjoy it. Amie has retired after 19 years of teaching. We now travel a lot and have plans for some more traveling.

My greatest joys have been our family, the three sons, their wives and now the 4 grandchildren. We are a healthy family and are thankful for that.

There is a geneological history of the Janzen family. This book dates back into 200 years of family history. My cousin, Rudie Janzen of Bartlesville, Oklahoma has spent much time in researching the Janzen family history.

My feelings about life and the experiences I have encountered in the process leading to where I am now have been satisfying and fruitful. For all of this, I thank God.



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PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID V. KAUFFMAN M. D.

In the heart of the Rockies, on a very snowy day, I was born on January 30, 1922, the eighth child of a family of fifteen, to Norman L. and Anna G. (Snyder) Kauffman. It was a home birth which was very common in those days. My oldest sister still reminds me how she stayed home from school to help mother and care for the other small children.

We lived in a very rural area and had plenty of playmates with so many brothers and sisters to share. As I grew older, of course there were chores on the agenda, such as weeding the garden, carrying wood for the stove, and learning to milk the cows and care for the livestock. The big deal was learning to drive horses when father thought I was old enough.

Living in this rural setting, ten miles from town, the church was the center of our social and religious life. We attended both the morning and evening services. There was never any unnecessary work done on Sunday. We did enjoy ball playing or swimming in the potholes. Skating and sledding were winter sports. There was always enough of us around to work up good competition.

My early education consisted of eight years of grade school squeezed into seven, in a one room Country School. Studies came fairly easy for me, and I did give my teachers a rough time some years therefore I was put ahead in an endeavor to challenge me to be studious.

After grade school, father put me to work on the farm and at the age of sixteen I filled a mans place in the sawmill. Highschool was out of the question, not that my parents were against education, but because it was during the depression and times were hard. We lived ten miles from the High School and transportation was too expensive. I helped make a living for the family by the time I graduated from grade school in 1935. Not being able to go for further education was accepted as a way of life. I can recall giving my whole wage of one dollar to mother to help buy flour.

At the age of twenty one I contacted a severe case of tamarack poisoning causing my whole body to peel. Following my recovery, I was unable to work in the sawmill. Being of age and very independent, I struck out on my own. I hired out as a packer for the United States Forest Service. I was stationed at the Big Prarie Ranger Station in the Bob Marshall wilderness. This was a very enjoyable job, and it seemed almost as a continual vacation with pay. It was this summer of 1943 that the Conscientious Objectors were employed as Smoke Jumpers. A group of them were assigned to Big Prarie and there fellowship was very enjoyable.

In the spring of 1944, 4-11-44, I was drafted as a C.O. and was sent to Downey, Idaho. We worked with a Soil Conservation Unit. This was my first real contact with people from all walks of life, and it proved to be very educational to learn that every C.O. did not have the same convictions and feelings as I did. It certainly was an opportunity to examine my own beliefs and ask myself why I did believe as I did, and why I did believe.

In the spring of 1945 I was accepted to the Smoke Jumper Unit and transferred there in late April of 1945. My experience as a Smoke Jumper was a new learning challenge. The work was enjoyed and it made me feel that I was really doing something of importance. The notority and glory that went with being a parachuting fire fighter was enjoyed.

Some of the fires were very tough and there were accidents. On one occasion I helped to carry an injured Smoke Jumper eleven miles on a stretcher to a waiting ambulance.

After the fire season, I was sent to a side camp at White Sulfur Springs, Montana, to cruise timber. Since the war was over the C.O. Smoke Jumpers were being discontinued. The next transfer was to Camino, California. From there I signed up to go on a "cattle boat".

In July of 1946 we shipped out of Newport News, Virginia, bound for Danzig, Poland with 1500 head of horses. No small task to keep all horses on their feet and feed etc. One mare we babied the whole way and don't you know she up and died just before we landed in Poland.

The ship was tied up in port for five days being cleaned for its next cargo. This port time gave us the opportunity to travel around and sight-see. The devastation of war was very prevalent and I was totally impressed that war mainly brings about destruction, devastation and sorrow. The Polish people amazed me for they resolved to rebuild and endeavored to be a free people.

On board ship were a number of old friends, among them was James R. Brunk, a former Smoke Jumper and fellow timber cruiser at the White Sulfur Springs. On disembarking from the ship, Jim invited me to go with him to visit his folks at Harrisonburg, Virginia. As I was foot loose and fancy free, his invitation was accepted, little realizing how this would give a new direction to my life. I had no plans what to do next. I had several options, but going to college was not one of them.

As I visited his folks, they made me an offer that I could not refuse. The proposition was, if I wanted to attend college they would give me room and board in exchange for my services as cook and dishwasher five and a half days a week, for the family. They also informed me that tuition free schooling was available for drafted men, on a month for month basis. I had served 27 months, so decided to give college a whirl and started as Theology Student. I had no other choice since I did not have High School. Upon discovering it was possible to obtain a High School equivaltnt diploma from Pennsylvania, my curriculum was then switched to Bachlor of Science in Premed.

While attending college I learned there is much more than book learning to be had from college. Emphasis from a Christian College added a deepening spiritual experience as well as getting an education of fine quality.

It was in the fourth year of college that I met the lovely Ruth Eberly, a Pennsylvania gal and a Registered Nurse. We were married in June of 1950. We have been blessed with four Children, two sons and two daughters.

Four years of Medical School in the heart of the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania at Hahnemann Medical School. That was four years of very hard work. For relaxers we often saw the Historical sights of the city or enjoyed the park or zoo. A weekend in the country also was refreshing. Ruths family lived within easy driving distance.

After graduation in 1957 we headed west for a year of Rotation Internship at the Sacred Heart Hospital, of Spokane, Washington. The following year a Surgical Residency at the same hospital. The medical men I was priveleged to work with were of the finest top notch teachers. Through my years of practice they were always there for referrals or confirmation if needed.

On leaving Spokane, my heart was begging to return to Montana. Whitefish gave me the opportunity I was dreaming of, General Family Practice doing surgery and delivering babies.

Living in this area, we were able to attend the church of my childhood. This entailed a thirty mile drive one way, but then in Montana its just a "little way". After about fourteen years of attending there, I was invited to speak at a little church in Whitefish. This Disciples of Christ church had no minister and I offered to speak on a regular basis till they found a minister. I was licensed to serve, and they never tried to find a minister for fourteen years. They wanted a fulltime minister, but they soon learned they were too small a group to support a fulltime minister. So we are back to having two persons share the responsibility without the title of Minister.

My hobbies have been horses, hunting and fishing and packing into the Bob Marshall Wilderness. I have done a bit of farming, which is mostly making hay. Also I do a bit of logging on my own property. Now that I am retired, I am busier then ever. Perhaps I have not learned the true art of retirement. I also have sung in the Barbershop Chorus for the last fifteen years, and still do.

In 1984 Ruth and I were privileged to go on an Anabaptist Tour of Europe with Myron and Esther Augsburger as tour guides. This was a wonderful experience and it has made me very aware of the price people have paid for their faith. It also made me appreciate my Anabaptist heritage. We ended the trip at the Mennonite World Conference at Strausburg, France. To see and participate in the serving of communion to 8,000 worshippers was truly a moving experience.

There are many changes that I have noticed over the years having grown up during the depression. Neighbors helped neighbors in time of need. a hand shake was a gentlemans agreement. Very few people were on welfare unless really necessary. Today it appears that everyone wants something for nothing. People are too suit happy, eager to put all the blame on someone else. No one wants to be responsible for their own problems. But inspite of all this, we still find a few people who are willing to give of themselves in order to help others. And Christianity still works for those who really believe in Christ.

I have had great satisfaction in practicing medicine as a general practioner. My philosophy and resolve is to help and treat whoever comes to me for help regardless of their ability to pay. This has paid off, not always financially, but in personal satisfaction and in the fact I believe this is what Christ taught.

Not original with me, however I have used it often when asked what my speciality was, I would reply "people". To do the best I could is what I tried. To recognize my own abilities and know their limitations was also necessary.

I am very thankful for what Civilian Public Service has done for me. The rewards especially as a Smoke Jumper. I am happy and satisfied inspite of mistakes and errors made. Regardless of these, we endeavor to keep on doing the best we can with what we have.

Don't walk in front of me,
I may not follow.
Don't walk behind me,
I may not lead.
Just walk beside me,
And be a friend.

Respectfully, David V. Kauffman M.D.

LLOYD KING PERSONAL HISTORY

601 West 14th
La Junta, Colorado 81050

I was born October 13, 1916, on a farm close to Gridley, Illinois in Livingston County. My father was a farmer until he retired.

I attended a rural one-room, one-teacher school for eight years. We lived a mile from school and walked each day.

Our family attended Waldo Mennonite Church at Flanagan; we attended Sunday School, Worship Services and Youth Activities regularly.

In 1935 I hired out by the month on a farm for 4 years; the last 2 years I also took a home study course on Mechanical Engineering. The winters of 1938 and 1939 I spent in Chicago in shop training. November 1939 I started working as a mechanic in the Ford garage in Roanoke, Illinois, and continued here until May 1942.

I was drafted into CPS in May 1942 and was assigned to Weeping Water, Nebraska, Camp #25. I spent 5 months there and then transferred to Glacier National Park in Montana, Camp #55. I was there 1-1/2 years and during this time trained for fire fighting.

I then put in for transfer into the Smokejumper unit at Missoula, Montana, and was accepted in April 1944. I jumped on fires in Glacier Park, as well as other areas in Montana and in forests in Idaho and Wyoming. After spending 2 years at this unit I was discharged from service in February 1946.

In March 1946 I went to Danzig, Poland, with a boat load of cattle, on the pass Christian Victory Ship.

Returning home to Illinois in April 1946, I went back to work at the Ford garage in Roanoke where I had worked previous to CPS.

December 23, 1946, I was married to Ruth Kaufman from Hopedale, Illinois. We continued to live at Roanoke until September 1952 when we moved to La Junta, Colorado. Here I again worked as a mechanic in the Ford garage.

We had 2 sons; Dale was born in 1950 and James in 1954.

In 1957 I changed vocations and was employed by Pioneer Memorial Hospital in Rocky Ford, Colorado, as Maintenance Engineer. I continued in this occupation until 1972, when I bought my own small auto repair shop in La Junta, Colorado. This I operated until I retired in 1980 because of medical problems.

In September 1981 I underwent coronary bypass surgery. After 3 months recuperation I went to work part time at a print shop and continued this for 2 years.

Now that we are completely retired, we do volunteer work and maintain our own home.

Our older son, Dale, is married to Kathy Fazio. They have one son, Christopher, born in March 1984. At this time they live in Fresno, California, where Dale is employed by Genuine Auto Parts, distributor for NAPA. His job is to train store operators and counter salespersons.

Our younger son, James, is not married. He lives in Berkeley, California, and is working for an organization that built a temple for Tibetan Llamas and their training program in USA. He is now working in their printing department helping to preserve Tibetan literature and culture.

SOME MEMORIES AND THOUGHTS

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I was born March 30, 1922, in St. Paul, Minnesota. My father made a good living in the 20s, but was reduced to selling insurance on commission (no salary) during the Depression, and we made it through only with the help of the New Deal. My parents showed their gratitude (or shame) by voting Republican. My older sister finished college, but the next sister could not be supported by my parents and didn't attend college--which was a tragedy. My parents couldn't help me with my college expenses either, but I was able to work my way through at about 25 cents an hour for the NYA. I became a Democrat.

As long as I lived at home, my parents insisted that I attend Sunday School and church services at the First Christian Church of St. Paul. For a time, my mother was the adult women's Sunday School teacher and my father was Sunday School superintendent. They were also active in the Disciples summer camp which I attended for a week in the summer during adolescence. One year I experienced a period of "ecstasy" that "came unbidden" (and not experienced before or since) which I recognized from extensive reading was identical to "mystical experiences" usually interpreted as "coming from God". I knew that it occurred as a result of the release of long pent-up inhibitions and this recognition may have been crucial in my gradual evolution to agnosticism and humanism.

When I was still a child, a woman organized a "Junior Church" which we attended in the Sunday School room during the regular church hour that I had attended with my parents. At some point during this period, the woman Junior Church leader asked all the children to sign a pledge that they would <u>never</u> drink or smoke. All did, save one. Yes, I refused on the grounds that, while I had no intention of doing either, I couldn't predict the future or what I might later do. To their credit, my parents didn't press me to go along and the incident was probably forgotten by all but me. This early conscientious objection foreshadowed my later decision to persist through the opposition of my parents and Selective Service in the quest for 4-E status.

When the war began, several of the young men in the church talked about becoming COs, but I was the only CO that emerged. Even in that religious context, I received only one commendation; it was from a paratrooper who later died in Europe, whose name I still remember--Jack Elston. His mother told mine that he wrote that I "had more courage" than he and others who accepted 1-A did. That helped when my mother told me I was a "coward" when I said I would go to prison rather than the Army. That remark may have had something to do with my decision to become a Smokejumper. Later, I became a subject of an experiment in which we drank 2000 cc of water infected with the hepatitis virus to demonstrate its potency (in the Philadelphia Jaundice Project). Although less dramatic, hepatitis did more damage to the CPS men involved than did smokejumping.

The thing I remember most about Richard Gordon Grade School in St. Paul was the time a friend, Paul Rifkin, and I were sent to the principal's Office (twice!) from art class--the only times I was ever disciplined in school. Directly in front of the teacher's desk sat a boy from an earlier grade (we never had seen him) whose drawings made ours look bad, and we responded with the unwanted behavior that resulted in our punishment. I am 99% sure that little boy was Charles Schulz of Peanuts fame, now a multi-millionaire, but still shy.

I remember two incidents from my three years in St. Paul Central High School (graduating class in 1939 was 873!). One day the young female teacher in English History (!) took me aside and asked gently if my rapid growth had been a problem for me. I had reached my present height of 6'3-1/2" by 15, but I stammered something like, "I don't think so", but I was touched. It was the only time in those three years that a teacher had shown me any individual attention, with one exception. My Physics teacher suggested I go out for tennis in my senior year, but I declined, associating football with masculinity, as well as track. I did go out for track late in my senior year and never really got in shape. When I first ran the 220 low hurdles on a cinder track, I tired and tripped over the last one, falling headlong, scratching my body bloody from head to foot.

I was on the track team (and lettered) all four years at Manchester College and I did get in good enough shape to run the 220. I learned to run the 110-yard high hurdles as well as the 220 lows, but did better in the latter as it took a while for me to get up to speed. I was sometimes asked to run one leg of the mile relay and experienced the "fear" during the last half of the 440-yard circuit. Maybe the coach urged me to train more, but I don't now recall it, and I now regret that I didn't, since I would like to know what I could have done the 440 in during my prime. I think about that because I took up distance racing (mostly 10K or 6.2 mile) as a motivator of my jogging, which I started after having an angina attack on the tennis court on a hot, smoggy day in Fresno, California, where I lived from 1955 to 1983. Since that warning of narrowed heart arteries in 1977, I have maintained a schedule of aerobic exercise (running is more convenient for me than swimming or biking), and have had a treadmill EKG each year which has shown no sign of worsening of my atherosclerosis. During those years, I have shifted from a high- to a low-fat diet (slowly!), but I believe my running has been most responsible for my survival and avoidance of (bypass) surgery, so I persist, even though I have had to rehabilitate one injury after another, including hamstring cramping and a bruised and swollen Achilles tendon. When I get discouraged, I remind myself of my colleagues who have died of heart attacks.

It should be noted that even very competitive singles tennis was not aerobic enough to prevent angina. Conventional medical opinion is that a minimum of (run) 20 minutes, three times a week fast enough to get the heart rate up to 80% maximum will "do". My guess is that more mileage gives more protection, at least up to about 30 miles a week, which will prepare you for six-mile races and even half-marathons. For

fun, I try to get in a little tennis when I can. Here in California we can play all year long outdoors. My running program enables me to play a tougher game of tennis because I can run down all the shots.

Recent experimental evidence suggests that a very low fat diet (Pritikin was right!) aided by aerobic exercise and the avoidance of stress actually reverses atherosclerosis. The problem is that few people can stay indefinitely on such a low-fat diet. I'm putting it off until I get another scare like the 1977 angina. In the meanwhile, I use cholesterol tests to remind me to limit the fat, and keep up the (ugh) running.

I was not a consistently good student in college, and I didn't specialize. My "major" was a joint economics-political science program that let me through with few courses in either subject. But I minored in speech (to counter my shyness), Spanish, psychology (in which I later got a Ph.D at UC Berkeley), and philosophy, which I enjoyed.

I've always been a voracious if undisciplined reader. I read widely in what was then a small college library, but only rarely was "turned on" by assigned textbooks. My introductory sociology text and reader (both by Kimball Young, I believe) fascinated me, perhaps because they showed me how to think coolly about "hot" topics. A large chunk of Thorsteen Veblen's Theory of the Leisure Class was reprinted in our freshman English reader and I wallowed in his ironies and neologisms. I've never ceased to be offended by conspicuous consumption, a term Veblen made famous. I still get out my Introductory Spanish book when I need to prepare for Mexico, as I did last summer when my wife and I participated in the reunion celebrating the AFSC's 50 years of activities in Mexico. I spent several weeks in the summer of 1942 in the Service Com. work camp near Torreon. The failure to achieve the stated goal of U.S. youth working alongside Mexicans on a project for them contributed to my skeptical attitude toward poorly executed "do-gooding". Surprisingly, four others I knew in Torreon showed up at the reunion, out of only about 150 from the 50 years and thousands of volunteers! The Mexican organization that carries on the kind of work the AFSC used to do made sure that we Yankees got a full picture of the mess they are in and especially how important it is that the U.S. "forgive" Mexican debt. I asked one speaker if he realized that we U.S. middle-class taxpayers, not the banks, would have to pay. It was apparent that he didn't want to think about that, though he agreed it was true. Come on.

I don't travel much--except to Missoula every four years, but I'm curious--so in August 1981 my wife Marge and I joined an "academics" tour of the Peoples Republic of China. The Cultural Revolution, Mao's effort to keep control of the Party, was recent enough so that the universities we visited were either closed or showed evidence of having been trashed. Young Chinese were desperate to get out and begged us professors (1955-1990 in Psychology at California State University, Fresno) to offer them a scholarship--which would be their "ticket" out of a very crowded, poor totalitarian nation. One advantage of

controlled country with a thirst for "hard" (tourist) currency is that we felt safe under circumstances that would be dangerous here in the U.S. I remember taking a walk alone on a hot evening for an hour--mostly in the dark--with thousands of Chinese out of their houses to be cool. I was the only foreigner and I wondered if my money was safe. It was.

In connection with the preparing for the Chinese trip (we struggled to learn some useful phrases), I began a personal journal that I have continued to this day. I recommend it to anyone; especially for focusing on goals and remembering experiences.

Glasnost (openness) under Gorbachev changed my mind about visiting the USSR. When the Pacific Yearly Meeting of Friends (Marge is a member) sponsored a Peace Tour through Finland to Moscow, Kiev (Ukraine), and Tallinn (Estonia), I said, "Let's go", and we learned the Russian alphabet and key phrases, leaving in August of 1988. The day was overcast most of the time, so we didn't have to deal with the humid heat we had all over China in August 1981. As a result of "contacts" in all three cities, we got off the usual tourist track and felt the disgust of the Ukrainians and Estonians at having to be in the USSR. We were able to meet with the English-speaking Soviets who surprised us with the frankness of their criticism of the regime. We were prepared for the events which have since amazed the world, revealing that the other military superpower is an economic "basket-case". Whatever happens in the world by the time you've read this, you can still join me in appreciating what Gorbachev has done (September 1990) to diffuse the Cold War, the cause of worldwide fear of misallocation of resources to military purposes. As I write this, the US is expending billions to prevent Iraq from invading other Persian Gulf countries (than Kuwait) and the hope for a serous reduction in military spending is deferred again.

In the current New Yorker (9/10/90), economist Heilbroner suggests that however the USSR evolves, there are serious ecological problems that constrain economic changes toward better support of people in the USSR and around the world.

Increasingly, multinational corporations produce goods in countries with the lowest taxes and wages and the greatest indifference to the pollution of earth, air and water. Given enough time, this process might develop the non-industrialized world, but few of us believe that our planet can absorb all the degradation that would ensue.

If humanity is to survive, let alone flourish, rules preventing pollution (including the consequences of war) must be enforced worldwide. I'm not optimistic that will be done.

MY LIFE STYLE OF PEACE

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My birth date was June 25, 1926, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. My parents migrated to Lancaster for employment while at the same time maintaining affiliation with the Mennonite community. My mother came from Juniata County in Pennsylvania, my father from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

My family lived in the city of Lancaster. My father worked as a shipping and receiving clerk for Lancaster Wholesale Drug Company, while my mother was a homemaker. We lived in a row house community of city dwellers employed as factory workers.

I attended George Ross School by walking five blocks; the building was adequate. Teachers were understanding. I attended Lancaster Mennonite High School. My best courses were biology and music. On days when I didn't feel up to school, I hitch-hiked to Philadelphia and rode with truckers till time for school dismissal. I did not attend college.

My first job was delivering newspapers. A summer job I enjoyed was helping a farmer cultivate corn and feed cattle, earning $15.00 a month and all I could eat.

We visited our relatives in Juniata County who lived on a farm. Also, we went to visit relatives in Canada and went to the beach. Our family went to New York city and witnessed my brother's graduation from nurses training at Bellevue Hospital. While there, we took a boat ride to the Statue of Liberty.

In my teen years, I enjoyed activities with friends each Saturday night at East Chestnut Street Mennonite Church. I also enjoyed activities at the YMCA, playing ping-pong and other games.

Family pleasures were living under love and care of good parents and siblings. Aspects of this included regular family worship every morning, physical needs met during the Depression, discipline administered in love, helping my father prepare songs for Sunday church worship.

The difficulties in our family included several accidents. My father was injured when sulfuric acid exploded in his face at work while he was emptying a big jar. I experienced a car accident, in my youth, when riding with my cousins at a high rate of speed. We flew 150 feet at a culvert and landed up-side-down. I wasn't hurt but my cousins were. I had my first experience of electricity effects when I was sitting on the floor watching my mother iron. I stuck my finger in an electric outlet and got a shock. Another day I pulled the iron down on myself and burned my finger with marks still evident.

When I became an adult, my first regular job was working at John E. Landis Company garage. My job was to unpack the auto parts and put them in stock.

Living in the community of faith, I was blessed with an awareness of Biblical perspectives on human relationships. These relationships included parents, older brothers and sisters who encouraged me to fill out a CO form. So on November 1944, I first entered CPS at Camp Powellville, Maryland, Camp #52. The government project there was soil conservation. My personal responsibility was working in the kitchen helping prepare food and packing lunches. My first impressions were discovering how many different groups believed that war was not a solution to misunderstanding. Also, some people called us yellow-belly.

The following spring, the director put a notice on the bulletin board, inviting those who were interested in smoke-jumping to make their intentions known. I was happy when my parents were willing to sign a paper permitting me to pursue this interest. Since I was blessed with a good healthy body by well-planned and prepared meals at home, I was able to perform the necessary activities at boot camp training. I especially liked the backbends since this was the first time I did such a thing. Jumping from the tower was also a lot of fun. I was able to jump on seven practice jumps and seven fire jumps. Some of the fire jumps I made were "Meadow Creek fire" and "Bob Cat fire." I got a new interest in forestry and wild life through my experience.

I was able to continue to help the government by helping to take a load of horses to Poland for farmers there. This provided good experience as cattle-men and included two days of real rough weather on the ocean. The boat I sailed on was the "Cedar Rapids Victory." We sailed through the English Channel behind a mine-sweeper. Then we entered the Kiel Canal and on to Gdansk, Poland. After returning home, I received my discharge. Before the cattle-boat trip, I spent six months as an attendant at Graystone Park, a state mental hospital in New Jersey. I was challenged with ways of behaviour modification.

After returning home with my discharge, I returned to the same job at John E. Landis Company as an auto parts clerk. This employment provided me with job security and a feeling of self-worth as a Christian businessman. I maintained my membership with the Mennonite community so therefore, I was not a member of a labor union. John E. Landis Company was associated with Independence Garage Owners Association. I continue to work at John E. Landis Company and plan to retire next year.

After World War II, it did not seem necessary to communicate my thoughts about peace, however, I did contribute to and support the efforts of Mennonite Central Committee, a relief and service organization.

In 1946, I had the privilege of meeting Mary Ruth Lehman who became my wife in June, 1947. God blessed us with eight children and 13 grandchildren.

I developed a hobby of cushion-top tying in CPS and continued it after my discharge. I also enjoy making hook-latch rugs.

Ruth and I had the privilege of flying to Winnipeg to visit our daughter and family there. We also have fond memories of hooking our station wagon to a Star-Craft camper and heading for the Smokey Mountains in Tennessee with our eight children. It was fun living in the camper and having the thrill of seeing bears in the wild. Another trip we took was to Pennsylvania Grand Canyon where we saw a family of skunks parade through our picnic area. We respected them and kept our distance!

One of the interesting parts of my life was the Great Depression. I was about five years old. I remember eating oatmeal every breakfast. I think God was gracious to our family because we did not seem to have financial needs as others seemed to have.

It seems that some of the changes I have seen reflect my attitude toward life. I have seen community in which people don't know their next door neighbor. When I grew up, we knew everyone on the block. Also, people now are sure of their rights but are not willing to share as a community. I am also constantly amazed at the technological changes which seem to be accelerated each year, such as computer science, medical advances and social developments.

Exemplifying the character of a faithful, dependable husband and father has been an important contribution I have made, so says my wife and children. One of the greatest joys is to see my children walk in truth. Sorrows are connected with times I failed to demonstrate the Christian life-style.

As an overview of my lifetime experiences, I believe that CPS had a profound influence on many of the major decisions made in life. I selected a peace-loving wife and have been blessed with children who admire and recognize the value of peace-making.

MY STORY

For as long as I can remember, airplanes have fascinated me. How often, as a child, I jumped up from the table during a meal to run outside to watch a "mail plane" hedge-hopping over trees and fields during bad weather to get the mail through. I also recall my parents admonishing me to "eat" and let the plane go, but for a kid so fascinated, and dreaming, it was not easy to let them go unseen by a human eye, especially mine. For some reason, that open cockpit "Jenny" had a tremendous drawing power, and we lived right on the airways route south of Portland. After the "Jenny," it was not long before the Ford Tri-motor was flying overhead, then the DC 2, the DC 3, the Autogiro (forerunner of the helicopter), the dirigibles, etc. To say the least, I was an awestruck kid---if somehow I could just get in one of these, especially if the controls could be in my hands. I dreamed on---.

FAMILY....

Ralph was the second son and the fifth child of six born to Samuel and Nellie (Hooley) Miller. March 22, 1925, my birth date was no great occasion. Hubbard, Oregon hardly realized the event had taken place, but mom and dad (pop) loved me just as they loved their other children. I was raised on a farm , in a sawmill and in the Zion Mennonite Church, giving my young life to the Lord at age 10. Though not serving God as I should, by God's grace I never strayed far. It was my lot to be the first in my family to have the privilege of attending high school. College was out because I was needed on the farm. Though money was scarce, (remember the Great Depression?) the Millers always ate very well. In grade school I remember trading home cured fried ham sandwiches on homemade bread for a bologna sandwich on bakery bread, thinking I was getting the best deal. I also distinctly recall my mother trading home made bread to the store for shoes for her children or perhaps candy scrapings from the display case which were put in a spare shoe box by the merchant. Those were great development days for me, even though I did not realize or enjoy it at the time.

CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE

World War II demanded many young men. My parents decided, and I finally concurred, the conscientious objector status, 4E, was what their second son would register under. We were Mennonites so it was only natural that I do so. October 23, 1943 I became an integral but unnoticed part of the "draft. Little "Ralphy" was on his way to Lapine, Oregon to a CPS camp. It was my first bus ride and I was all alone for that 250 mile journey. On January 1, 1944 this camp became a political objectors camp and was closed to religious objectors. My choice for a new camp was CPS #99 in Belton, Montana. Now it was to be my first train ride, SP&S to Spokane, then Great Northern on into Belton and Glacier National Park. The train was interesting, but airplanes were still in my blood. I was ready for some diversion. I had grown up on a farm

and dad had a sawmill. How I hated both. The Park Service had a sawmill and soon I was involved because of my "knowledge" in that field. Very mercifully that was short lived. Next it was the old, and I do mean old "clubs" they called axes. We were not allowed a file because we might cut ourselves with a sharp axe. Remember, I was from Oregon where trees are trees. We finally convinced them that sharp axes would be to their advantage and ours.

Still wanting a diversion, I, along with several others applied for and received approval to accompany a cattle boat to Europe. Remember, I was raised on a farm and had milked cows since I was five years old. Very mercifully the Park Service said "No, we need you here." Next it was the telephone crew. Primitive as the system was, it was still interesting. It afforded me the opportunity to see the park from every angle in all seasons. It also gave me opportunity to get my feet off the ground, literally, as I climbed the poles and trees. True, it was under my own power. I had no goggles or helmet and my "controls" were a pair of line mans pliers and wire stretchers, but I was on my way.

SMOKE JUMPING

Then came the big moment in my life, an opportunity to apply for smokejumping. Not only would I have opportunity to get into an airplane, I would also have opportunity to get back out (if all was not as I anticipated). What a day when we four loaded into that old station wagon and were on our way to Missoula and then on to Nine Mile. I was ecstatic. I had "arrived."Now it would be "risers" and "guidelines" in my hands instead of those certain parts of the anatomy of a cow. I much preferred the former.

After seven training jumps at Nine Mile, I was on my way (by plane, WOW!) to McCall, Idaho to "work." Surely no work could be this enjoyable. A few fires later I changed my mind a bit. The work was hard, the rational was lacking (several days work on a fire for a 30 minute airplane ride and a 2 minute parachute jump) but I still enjoyed it all. I did feel a bit cheated when Merle Hoover and I jumped on one fire, but ended up extinguishing 5 fires before we left.

I also recall a practice fire camp jump. A complete camp including cooking facilities was dropped. Of course this included cooks. Dale Yoder had been designated as cooks helper. When he left the plane, his chute did not open properly resulting in a rapid fall. He did not open his emergency chute for quite some time, frightening many of us. When he was questioned for the reason he had waited so long to open the auxiliary, he said he wanted to be "first cook", not" second cook." He was the first one on the ground.

My short tenure in smokejumping was one of the highlights of my life.I would have stayed longer, but the men coming home from the war needed work and they had priority. My stint closed after serving only one fire season, but this experience did much to mold my entire life. I learned literally not to be afraid to "step out" to try something new and that God had some plans for me later when I would have a family of my own.

I should state also that I did learn to fly while at McCall. Bob, and I do not recall his last name and Bill Yaggy were my instructors. Their expertise in mountain flying would later become very valuable to me.

FAMILY

After a very successful logging career in Oregon, during which time I met a lovely young lady and married her, my life was about to take a dramatic turn again. Evelyn had been saved as a girl in the Assembly of God church in Sweet Home, Oregon. I too became involved in that church, first as a parishioner, then as a Sunday School teacher and youth leader.

In 1955 my wife and I made a trip to Alaska with her brother's family. They were moving to Palmer to work in a Childrens Home. Nine of us loaded into a 1956 Ford Station Wagon pulling a 2 wheel trailer and headed for Alaska over the relatively new Alaska Highway. The military built that road in 1942. This would be a story in itself. The road was all gravel from Hope B.C. to the Alaska border with few, but expensive roadside services. You can imagine the dust. In 1956 we were invited to come to Palmer to assist in the Childrens Home. I had farm experience, mechanical experience and dairy experience. The home had a farm and 16 milking cows.In August of 1956 I coupled my four wheel drive Jeep pickup to a 35 foot house trailer and we headed up the "highway." Thirteen days, 3 flat tires and one broken spring later we pulled into the Childrens Home driveway. Dust had penetrated everything, and I do mean everything. Since that time we have made 14 additional trips over that road.

CAREER

We worked for two years at the childrens home, but by then I felt the call of God to enter the ministry. I had never prepared for the ministry and had preached only once. While at the childrens home we attended church at Wasilla Assembly of God. One Sunday morning our pastor was ill, but none of us knew it until just prior to the morning service. About five minutes before the service was to begin, the pastor's wife came to me and said, "My husband is ill this morning and needs you to preach." I breathed a quick prayer, God helped me, and I preached. In early 1959 we were invited to pastor the Assembly of God in North Pole, 14 miles S. E. of Fairbanks. We had been in Oregon for a few months so in April of that year we drove to North Pole. After coming all that distance over the "Alaska Highway" we were informed it was to be a "try out" as pastor. God was gracious and the people accepted us. Our ministry was to be basically to military personnel stationed at Eielson Air Force base.

Our parsonage was a trailer home. Breakup was in progress. After living in the parsonage for about 3 weeks, were told that the trailer had been sold and we would need to find other living quarters while we built a new parsonage. God helped us again and we were able to do both. This involved cutting the trees, setting up a small sawmill, yarding the trees to the sawmill, sawing lumber and 3 sided house logs and building, all while we were

pastoring. We had begun building in July and by October, the first day of snowfall, we moved into the parsonage.

I was ordained in 1964. We pastored the North Pole church for 9 1/2 years, driving a school bus for personal support. In 1968 we moved to Sitka to pastor the Assembly in that city.

Also in 1964 I was elected to serve on the Presbytery which is a Board of Directors for the Alaska District Council of the Assemblies of God, Inc. While serving on this board several times I mentioned that I felt we were not being fair to our younger ministers who had less experience. We put them out to begin new churches while we who had more experience and were more mature stayed in the established churches. In one meeting I was asked if I would be interested in putting my suggestion into practice. Would I be willing to move to Anchorage to begin a new church? My wife and I prayed about it and felt this was God's will so I said yes.

In 1978 we moved to Anchorage. We had no home, no church and few finances, but God helped us once again. On April 30 of that year we had our first service in the recreational hall of a housing unit. A man who was to become a very integral part of our congregation had secured the hall for us. He was from another Assembly in Anchorage which had agreed to assist us in the new endeavor. There were 21 in attendance in that first service. Our first offering was designated for missions and amounted to slightly over $106.00. With the approval of the Presbytery, we secured a $300,000.00 loan to purchase property and build phase one of a three phase building program. By our fifth year attendance was running well over 100 with a high attendance of 184 for our Easter Service.

While serving as pastor of that church, I was asked to serve as secretary-treasurer of the Alaska District of the Assemblies of God. I served in a dual capacity for 6 1/2 years, then was elected to serve the District full time. I have served in that capacity up until the present time.

MISC.

I should mention also that while serving as pastor in Sitka, I had a stroke that paralyzed my entire left side. While I was in the emergency room at the hospital a Baptist brother whom I knew very well, notice me and stopped to find the cause of my hospitalization. I told him and he said "please let me pray." He did. I went to sleep and slept for about 20 minutes. When I awakened I was perfectly healed. Praise the Lord. It was not medication because I had none, not even an aspirin. My Nazarene doctor had not yet decided what I needed. This caused FAA to withdraw my airman's medical and it has never been restored. According to them I am still high risk because no doctor ever treated me. The doctor did send me to Seattle for tests. Two doctors there examined me for a week. Their diagnosis was, " We do not know what happened and as far as we are concerned, it should never happen again.

ALASKA

I am often asked by people "outside" (those not from Alaska) about weather in our great state. Allow me to answer by saying that hardly a week goes by that I do not thank the Lord for Alaska. Yes, the winters are long, cold and dark, but remember that the summers, though not long, are usually very pleasant. I have seen the temperature as low as 68 degrees below zero, in fact we had one stretch while we were in North Pole that the temperature did not get above 40 below, night or day, for almost 3 weeks. On one occasion, while tending a cabin for a family while they were south, two tires on my car broke because they were so cold and I had to walk three miles to our home at 68 degrees below zero. During that cold snap, a tire fell off a truck bed and shattered like glass when it hit the pavement. In cold spells like that the humidity is nearly zero. Instead of a lot of ice on the road, it evaporates and often in the winter the roads are as dry as they are in the summer. While taking care of the aforementioned cabin, a stovepipe that went out through the wall, under the eaves and then up, froze almost shut from the moisture that condensed in the pipe, all within six feet of the oil stove burning at nearly medium. Thawing the stovepipe was a daily task for nearly a week.

On the other hand, the official temperature in Ft. Yukon, 8 miles north of the Arctic Circle, has reached a high of 100 degrees. Fairbanks quite often will get temperatures in the high 80s or into the low 90s. Southeast Alaska is very wet, but very temperate in temperature and very beautiful. One glacier is larger than the state of Rhode Island and we have many other glaciers almost as large.

Alaska is a large state, nearly one fifth the size of the entire 48 contiguous states. Spain, France and Germany would all fit into Alaska with 1146 square miles to spare. In this vast state there are only about 550,000 people and half of them live in Anchorage. Total road system consists of less than 15,000 miles.

We have many earthquakes, the largest registering 8.7 on the Richter Scale in 1964. We did experience that one while we were in North Pole. Earthquakes are a common experience for us, but we do not have tornadoes, very few floods or other uncommon weather conditions.

CONCLUSION

Would I do the same things over again if I had a choice? Basically YES. All of us would change some things if we could, but mine has been a very interesting and exciting life. The highlights of my life have been my walk with my Lord, my call into the ministry, my family, my life in Alaska and my smoke jumping experience.

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Working for Peace

I was born July 2, 1917 in the small town of Douglas, North Dakota. My family was constantly moving from town to town and state to state. My father spent most of my early years as a traveling evangelist and was seldom home. He held revivals in tents in Montana, North and South Dakota, Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana and possibly other states. My pre-school years were spent in northern Montana where my parents tried to grow flax on a homestead, and North and South Dakota. We quickly moved to Michigan when my mother became allergic to sage brush.

I started my regular school education at Bath, Michigan. We moved from one place to another in the vicinity of Bath. When I was seven or eight we moved up to northern Michigan, to Bellaire. This proved to be a fortunate move because the school at Bath was partially destroyed by a deranged custodian who bombed a big portion of it and then took his own life. Many school mates of mine were killed. This incident is considered to be the largest mass murder in the state of Michigan.

I attended a small rural school in the countryside near Bellaire. I think we had about eight students. This school included all grades from first through eighth. The school was heated by wood stove in one room. Water came from a nearby underground cistern. One teacher taught all eight grades.

My family had bought an 80 acre farm and my brothers and I (I had four brothers and one sister) farmed the place with the help of two horses. My father continued traveling as an evangelist, leaving the farming to us. He also fixed spectacles as a sideline and later ran a small jewelry store.

The country school was consolidated when I was in the second grade and we went to school in the town of Bellaire. Our family was quite active in the Methodist church in Bellaire. My mother was active in the women's groups and I went to the Sunday evening youth services.

I graduated from High School in Bellaire in 1935. Times were tough by this time, the period of the Great Depression. During the summers, while at school, we had worked picking fruit for either ourselves (we grew a few cherries) or our neighbors. At our neighbors we were paid 25 cents for picking 2 lugs or cases of tart cherries. Our family continued to do subsistance farming. My mother did occasional baking for friends and neighbors and was known for her excellent pastries and breads. After graduation I worked for a neighboring farmer at $1.00 a day plus room and board.

One day when I was hoeing corn barefooted, a man who was a youth leader in the Methodist church, and his friend, a teacher from Albion College, stopped by. My friend asked, "Would you like to go to college?" I answered, "It costs money to go to college and I haven't any." My friend, Matt, answered, "If you want to go to college I will pay your tuition and Albion College will help you get a part-time job." I took him up on the offer. It had already been three years after my high school graduation and there didn't seem to be much future in hoeing corn for a living.

I went to Albion (a Methodist college in southwestern Michigan) in the autumn of 1938 as we got closer to World War II, which began during my Senior year in college. I lived at a Cooperative rooming house, doing duty as night custodian. In summer I drove trucks for Standard Oil Company. During the school year my only extracurricular activity was in athletics, basketball and track, the pole vault being my specialty, done barefooted.

At first at college I thought of studying to become a lawyer. I think I would have made a good one because I like to see justice done and enjoy arguing ethical and moral points. Financially it didn't seem possible so I settled for a teaching career and graduated with a major in Political Science and minors in English and Physical Education, thinking of becoming a high school coach.

While attending Epworth League at the Methodist church in Bellaire two youth leaders who were active in the church were Dr. and Mrs. John R. Rodger. They had always emphasized the values of brotherly love and forgiveness. When I was in Albion I took classes from Dr. Royal B. Hall, an excellent social studies teacher. Dr. Hall was a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and a pacifist. I became acquainted with the philosophy of the FOR and it made sense to me.

As the United States entered into war in 1941, and even before, I had made my decision not to participate in the military. Because I did not belong to a recognized peace church, the draft board and government attorney were determined to make me prove my position. I had a hearing, to which Dr. Rodger came, and at this hearing I told them I was determined to refrain from entering the military forces. I told them to either send me to a conscientious objector camp or to jail. The government finally decided to send me to a C.P.S. camp.

I had requested to be sent to a camp run by the Friends (Quakers). I entered my first C.P.S. camp in 1942, near Coshocton, Ohio. This was a Friends camp, engaged in protecting the area watershed. At first this was a relief to me. I had always loved to travel and when I got to Coshocton decided I would take all opportunities available to see different parts of the country.

On entering C.P.S. I was impressed by the many different denominations, educational levels, and philosophies of the people I met. Generally speaking, the community around Coshocton seemed to have no

sympathy for the pacifist position of the C.P.S. people and this was true of the local churches as well.

Before many weeks at Coshocton, the Friends decided to start a camp at Swallow Falls, Maryland. The project in Maryland lasted only about 6 weeks. Perhaps politicians thought the camp was too close to Washington, D. C. With its closing I went back to Coshocton for a short time. I then had a chance to go to a camp at Elkton, Oregon, working in cooperation with the Forest Service. The one thing I remember about that camp is that it rained every day for the first 25 days I was there. Also the one day we didn't have to work was because there was about 3 inches of snow on the forest floor. From Elkton, Oregon I was sent to Neah Bay, on the northwestern tip of the state of Washington, to work in a forest nursery.

I had applied for a chance to be a smoke jumper. I was accepted and was sent for training to Camp Paxson and Nine Mile Camp in Montana. I found the people in Montana usually very understanding of conscientious objectors. The Smokejumper camp was to be operated by the Forest Service in cooperation with Mennonite, Brethren and Friends churches. The hardest part of the training was jumping from the tower to a net about 25 feet below. This seemed harder than the act actual jumping out of an airplane. I spent two fire seasons at Moose Creek, Idaho. Our chief recreation was pitching horse shoes. I played one Mennonite jumper dozens of times and was beaten each time except once when I seemed to make all ringers.

The event that for me was most eventful, while in C.PS, I cannot even remember. I can't even remember getting up that morning. My friends tell me I was helping remove fire danger by cutting down tall dead snags of pine trees. A part of one of the trees fell on my head, smashing the lower part of my jaw and knocking me unconscious. Phil Stanley and friends put me on a stretcher and carried me out of the woods, put me in a pickup truck and transported me 36 miles to a hospital, with Cathy Crocker, camp nurse, watching over me in the pickup.

I was unconscious for six days. The Catholic sisters in the hospital in Missoula, Montana were wonderful. My teeth were straightened and my jaw was wired straight (and shut). I drank food through a straw.

After a six week stay in the hospital I went back to camp and got ready to be in shape to jump again. The next time I jumped I told Ellis Roberts to let me jump first because I wasn't sure how quickly I could get out of the plane. I made it. I found out that before jumping one doesn't know how the jump will turn out. Sometimes it is as easy as walking through a door. Other times you wonder why you are doing such a risky thing.

Finally the war was over and the Forest Service wanted to give U.S. Army veterans the first chance at Smoke jumping positions, and the American Friends wanted to get out of the business of running C.P.S. camps.

I was transferred to Gatlinburg, Tennessee to a camp that the Friends were in the process of turning over completely to the government. I have very few fond memories of Gatlinburg. The warmth of concern the Friends had shown was replaced by cold governmental bureaucracy. Although the war was over, it seemed that we would never be released. Finally after three years, seven months, and twenty-two days, I was released to go back to Bellaire, Michigan. I was speechless. I had also lost many pounds while at Gatlinburg and went home in poor physical condition.

After getting out of C.P.S. I soon married the girl I'd met in Bellaire as a friend of my sister. I applied for a teaching position in a neighboring town and began work for $1900. a year, teaching High School social studies and being an assistant coach for all sports. My temporary teaching certificate needed renewing, because of the time I'd spent in C.P. S. I had a bit of a wrangle getting through some objections at the state level and had a hearing in Lansing. I invoked my civil rights, mentioned the Civil Liberties Union, and made my case for a renewal. After some delay, it did come through and my teaching career was off to a good start.

At the same time I began teaching, I bought the farm across the road from my homestead and grew cherries and peaches in the summer months as I continued teaching. I discovered that farming is very time-consuming, rewarding in non-monetary ways, and increasingly difficult for the small farmer. Because of marketing difficulties and dislike for the toxic sprays I was using to grow the fruit, I cut the fruit trees and planted red pine seedlings instead, which are still in the process of growing to maturity.

During the course of my 33 year teaching career, I was active in teacher organizations, working for such things as teacher tenure in Michigan, the right to bargain collectively, and to have grievance procedures. After retirement I've been active in retired teachers' groups as Legislative Chair. I also served on the regional board of the A.C.L.U. and joined the Unitarian-Universalist Fellowship of Grand Traverse because of its concern with social issues and broad-minded approach to theological questions.

My two sons are leading successful lives, one as a school teacher in northern Michigan and another as a chemist for a private lab in Indiana which does testing for the Environmental Protection Agency.

I've been retired for 11 years, retiring in 1979, but still continue to be on call as a substitute teacher for 3 school districts and am often called for as long as 4 or 5 days in a row. One year I started the first day of school and taught for 5 weeks after a teacher had resigned the first day of school. When not subbing I prune my pine trees (to make straight trunks), grow a large garden, and have found some time for travel to Europe and around a great part of the United States and Canada.

I feel that my biggest contribution to the United States was to say "No" to war. I would do it again. It interests me to see that the Vietnam experience brought many people around to the pacifist point of view and that Martin Luther King, Jr. is honored for his contributions in using non-violent ways to achieve goals.

-30-

THE LIFE STORY OF RAY PHIBBS, CPS SMOKEJUMTER

By his wife, Dawn G. Phibbs
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(Ray didn't keep a journal of his CPS experiences. I have tried to give a few facts of Ray's life and share a bit of his life journey. Dawn.)

Raymond Curtis Phibbs was born in Pulaski, Virginia, on March 26, 1925. It was a happy home with his four brothers until, at the age of eight, his Mother died giving birth to his baby sister. A year later his father remarried and there followed four daughters, one who died in infancy. These events were to influence and shape his life for many years in a tragic and painful way.

Pulaski was a "blue collar" town and was considered one of the "toughest" in Virginia at that time. Ray's father was a building contractor and his sons worked with him as they grew older. Ray drove the school bus for the black children during high school, as segregation was in effect while he was growing up.

Ray attended the Pulaski elementary schools and graduated from Pulaski High School in 1943.

Though his parents did not attend church and were from a Primitive Baptist background, they sent their children each Sunday to the nearest church. This happened to be a small, poor congregation of the Church of the Brethren. Here he learned the beliefs of the church toward war and peace. Here also, at age 14, he developed a deep and loving relationship with the Rev. David Wampler, an ardent pacifist and pastor of the church.

When Ray left for CPS after high school in 1943, there had developed a deep rejection and estrangement with his father, who bitterly opposed the pacifism of the church. For the years he was in CPS very few words were ever exchanged with his father. It was not until many years later the two could establish a relationship again.

Ray spent three months in Marionville, Pennsylvania, six months in Hagerstown, Maryland, and almost two years as a Smokejumper in Missoula, Montana. He served as a sea-going cowboy in the Merchant Marine, taking cattle to Europe. He made three trips before being discharged in August 1946.

In September 1946, Ray entered Bridgewater College, a small Church of the Brethren college in Virginia. His dream was to study Philosophy and become a college teacher. He was editor of the college yearbook and president of the student body, and in June 1950 he graduated. Also in June, he married Dawn Glick of Bridgewater, Virginia.

Since Ray could not go on to graduate school immediately because of finances, we taught school in Fishersville and Waynesboro, Virginia.

During the summer months he was the manager of Camp Bethel, a Church of the Brethren camp near Roanoke, Virginia.

From 1952-55 Ray was Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds at Bridgewater College. His dream of teaching Philosophy never diminished and in 1955 he was awarded a Rockefeller Fellowship to study Theology and to explore the possibilities of becoming a minister. In the fall of 1955, he entered Yale Divinity School in New Haven, Connecticut.

During his years at Yale, he was greatly influenced by his teacher and friend, H. Richard Neibuhr, and it was during these years the decision came to enter the ministry. He served one summer as pastor at the Church of the Brethren in Buena Vista, Virginia, and in 1958 became pastor of the Goshen, Connecticut, Congregational Church of the United Church of Christ. He graduated from Yale in June, 1959, and was ordained to the Christian Ministry in July of 1959 in Goshen, Connecticut.

Ray was pastor in Goshen for nine years. During this time he and the Catholic priest started a community-wide ecumenical dialogue, he founded a Torrington Area Interfaith Commission on Labor-Management Relations, worked on State UCC committees and worked in Youth Conferences. He also became an effective pastoral counselor in the area.

From 1967 until 1979, Ray was Senior Minister of the UCC in Hudson, Ohio, and from 1979 until 1982 he was pastor of the Brewer UCC in Brewer, Maine.

During the years in Ohio, health problems developed. After tests at the Cleveland Clinic, he was told the nerves in his legs were dying and his immune system was not working properly. For the rest of his life he was to receive 24 cc of gamma globulin every two weeks. No reason could be found why his body ceased to make gamma globulin.

In 1982, due to health reasons, Ray decided to leave the parish ministry in Maine, and return to Lancaster UCC Seminary in Pennsylvania, to work on a Doctor of Ministry degree. At the same time he entered the Pennsylvania Association of Pastoral Counseling in Philadelphia to be certified as a pastoral counselor. After almost 25 years in the ministry, as a parish pastor, he felt his witness was just taking a different direction. Before he could finish his work, he became increasingly ill, and died on February 5, 1985, at St. Joseph Hospital in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, at the age of 59. A funeral service was held for him in Hudson, Ohio.

Ray was the father of five children, Laura, Curt, Jonathan, Anne and Catherine, and two foster children, Molly and Belete. He was the grandfather of 11 grandchildren.

In 1978 the Hudson Church gave Ray and me a trip of six weeks to the West. After many years of hearing about his smokejumping experiences, I was eager to visit the places he had told me about. We drove to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, the Bitterroot Range and to Missoula, Montana, where we spent three days visiting the Museum and looking for places and areas he remembered. It was a trip I shall always treasure.

Ray was a loving and caring husband, and father, a sympathetic listener, a strong and effective pastor, and above all, a follower of his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Throughout his life, he dared to stand against injustice, poverty, bigotry and the prejudices which dehumanize people.

After years of pain, loss and rejection, disbelief and sorrow, Ray was able to sing, by God's grace, his favorite hymn:

I know not why God's wondrous grace
To me He hath made known,
Nor why Christ in his boundless love,
Redeemed me for His own.
But "I know whom I have believed
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto Him against that day."

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CANADA

Recollections and Reflections of a W. W. II CPS'er

Around 1939 when ominous clouds of war were spreading across part of Europe, my parents took a bold step - leaving an old established Protestant church to join the Religious Society of Friends. My mother, who was a part-time journalist and also a social reformer, told her three sons that we, as a family, had not been evangelized; we had become Quakers by convincement. In the Friends Church, she saw people consecrated to the cause of peace - people who did not accept philosophically that there would always be "war and rumors of war", as stated in the Bible. Even thirty years after her death, some of her statements of protest and concern ring in my ears. She often said, "The only beneficiaries of war are the muntions makers." In defence of bereaved mothers, she lamented: "If men had the babies, they wouldn't send their sons off to war." She often stated categorically that no eighteen-year-olds should ever be conscripted, since at that age youths are too immature to recognize the horror and folly of war. Mother also lashed out bitterly about American farmers who had secured deferments for their sons while reaping the full benefits of a high pitched wartime economy. Some of those farmers had arrogantly told her that if the war lasted long enough, all their debts (incurred during the depression) would be paid. In the late 1960's, when I heard Dick Gregory speak against the Vietnam War while visiting the campus of the University of Alberta, he commented, "Some Americans wouldn't send their pedigreed dogs to the military K-9 corps, but they willingly send their sons to the war!" Hearing that, I thought to myself: "He has my mother's spirit."

Prior to being conscripted in August, 1944, I was a regular attender at the Madison, Wisconsin Friends Meeting, where I heard campus intellectuals and others profess their dedication to the peace stand of our historic peace church. Regrettably, I felt rather disillusioned one Sunday when one of our staunchest leaders appeared in a precisely tailored Army uniform that displayed the silver bars of an officer. That professor had joined the ranks of military governors who would later attempt to mete out just treatment to the defeated Germans. That "altruistic connection" escaped me then, just as it does today.

I was in the middle of my senior year in high school when I had to register for the SSS draft. It was through the able assistance of my devoted mother that I was able to file the vital IV-E classification questionnaire with the local draft board. As I tried to cope with the emotional turmoil that results from going against the grain of society, I was subjected to various kinds of harassment in my high school. When I refused to purchase defence or war stamps in my home room, I was somewhat ostracized. When military recruiting officers came around, I was obliged to sit in the orientation

sessions; my peers were always puzzled by my apparent lack of interest in "signing up." The social pressure that I experienced caused me to waver between getting assigned to a CPS camp and entering the Army as a non-combatant, most likely in the Medical Corps. Finally, to escape the stigma of being different, I quit high school and headed back to the village where I had grown up. In a few days my parents located me and counselled me to return to high school.

My assignment to CPS 94 at Trenton, North Dakota provided me with ample time to ponder over the wisdom of my choice to stay clear of the military establishments. I rather enjoyed the comraderie of dozens of other young men like myself who were "disciples of peace" and away from home for the first time. It wasn't long before I learned about the incredibly difficult problems faced by the minority of married men in the camp who had been conscripted and had no means of support for their wives and children. Later, after being discharged in Oregon, I understood why some of them bitterly stated they would never again subject their families to such hardship. My work as a survey crew member on the local Missouri River reclamation project appealed to me, since I had always been an outdoor person. I even learned to accept the frequent meals of cabbage and potato soup, since during the depression that was one of my family's mainstays. An eighteen-year-old male craves social relationships with the opposite sex; I was no exception. When our camp organized Saturday night dances or socials, a few brave girls came out from Williston. They seemed to have some understanding of our peace testimony. But, as we learned in time, some of those young women would have been subjected to criticism if they dated us in town out in the open. Even though some of the girls' parents would have been furious if they found out, a few of the damsels continued to secretly date us. On Sundays the "town truck" would take a load of campers to Williston to attend church services. I became worried when I heard of rumblings in some congregations, because the pastor extended open arms to "conchies" from Trenton. That same antagonism was felt directly by me one evening when I returned to camp on a Great Northern Railway train. When the train reached Trenton, it merely slowed down and the conductor contemptuously pushed me from the platform between two cars. After I got to my feet, I knew for the first time in my life what it meant to be an outcast. While a camper at Trenton, I made friends among the "landless Indians" who lived under miserable conditions in the coulees behind the village. The Indians accepted us without reservations (no pun intended). Maybe they felt the wars in Europe and the South Pacific were not theirs. Maybe a bond developed between oppressed segments of society. My relationship with the local Indians had some impact on career plans after being released from CPS.

Going from Trenton to CPS 103 at Missoula, Montana was like getting a "promotion" within the SSS system. More objectively, I, along with others, saw attractions in the Smokejumpers that were alluring: better food and higher pay; high adventure; a chance to do something unusual in the conservation realm and, hopefully, better acceptance by the population-at-large. Besides I had an insatiable desire to see and feel the Rocky Mountains. Trenton had been my first trip destination west of the Mississippi River. In 1945 it seemedthat the "go west young man, go west" spirit had gripped me. I didn't see any philosophical conflict over the putting out of forest fires that might have been started by incendiary balloons released in Japan. I saw my response to such fires as a response to conservation needs, not those of the war. Among the trainees who reported to 9-Mile early in May, 1945, there were a few mavericks, and I was one of them. My dislike for the whole CPS system seemed to grow, but I didn't like the alternatives of "walking out" and going to prison or transferring to a non-combatant military force. To show my annoyance with the entire "internment" system, I did anti-social things, including failing to co-operate fully. Near the outset of our training programme, Vic Carter, then head of the Parachute Fire-fighting Training Branch, came out to address us in the shadow of the giant Ponderosa pines that flourished in the mountains. His verbal barb was quick in coming and it penetrated well: "Alright, you fellows," he said, "you've come here with two strikes on you, so it's up to you to make good here." Instantly, I wondered again how much more my civil liberties as an American citizen would be trampled on. During the training period the most excitement was generated when a "training fire" set by officials got out of control and went roaring madly through a large stand of diseased pines. My first fire jump was at Meadow Creek in Idaho. The fire exploded and crowned up a steep mountain side, causing us to abandon our tools and flee for safety close to Meadow Creek. It was on this fire that I encountered some German internees who had been sent from South America to help with fire suppression in the U. S. My curiosity caused me to wander away from the fire line that I was patrolling to chat with one of them. This and a few other incidents led to my being put on the USFS list of campers to be transferred at the end of the season.

Two months after returning to CPS 94, I secured a transfer to CPS 128 at Lapine, Oregon, in the Deschutes National Forest. Memories of the awe-inspiring Cascades always linger with me. There I worked as a gate-tender for the Wickiup Dam which held back water for irrigation on the flat lands east of the mountains. In April, 1946, a Medical Examining Board in Bend, Oregon, recommended that I be discharged from CPS

because of a congenital back disability that had been aggravated by some of the more arduous parts of the training programme, e. g. tower jumps. I was infomred that I should not have been drafted in the first place because of the back problem. The idea of seeking compensation from SSS never entered my mind. It would have been futile to think so. Enroute home by bus I was confronted by returning serviceman who demanded to know why I was not in uniform. When they found out I was a "conchie", they threatened to put me off the bus.

Back home again, I was able to get a job as a map draftsman, but the pay was rather low. My parents encouraged me to apply to the University of Wisconsin. My interest was in forestry, but such a course was not available at the U. of W., and there were no funds to send me to Michigan or Oregon. R. O. T. C. was compulsory for Freshmen at the university, and since I wanted an exemption from that, I was compelled to make a personal appeal to the campus military brass. That proved to be a harrowing experience, since I was treated with great condescension. Sometime later, when trouble began in Korea, my draft board struggled against my application for CO status. The fact that I had already served twenty months in CPS and received a medical release seemed irrelevant to them. A Comanche friend of mine from Anadarko, Oklahoma, was sent to fight in Korea. We corresponded throughout his term of duty in Korea, and he let me know unreservedly how much he detested the horror of war.

For the past forty-four years I have been asking myself whether or not my decision to make a peace testimony in CPS doing work of "national importance" was right or wrong. My unequivocal reaction has been that it was right. Regardless of untold difficulties, I realize fully the rare wisdom of my parents' advice to resist war - not only so-called "just wars", but all wars against humanity. After I had learned to live with the ridicule that is so freely dispensed against pacifists, and all constructive non-conformists an idea caught fire in my mind. I planned to dedicate my life to social reform along avenues that would aid the poor and oppressed in American society. That is how I got involved in Indian education and aboriginal rights. The idea led to my working in numerous Indian communities and boarding schools all the way from the Navajo reservation in Arizona to Yellowknife on the shores of Great Slave Lake in the North West Territories of Canada. In 1951 my life was greatly enriched by marriage to a Chippewa woman from northern Wisconsin. In 1986, after over ten years of political organizational work with the Indian Association of Alberta, I was recognized as an Honourary Senator of that body.

In 1961, when it became apparent that U. S. involvement in Vietnam would eventually

deepen - as it certainly did, I moved my wife and three young children (two sons and a daughter) to Canada where we have remained without interruption. My middle brother moved to Ontario in 1952; he also served several years in CPS operations. There is a strange sense of security that arises when one lives in a little nation. There is less paranoia and anxiety over the future. Today I am of the opinion that if we had elected to remain in the U. S., both of my sons might have been conscripted and sent to Vietnam. Ironically, they do not seem to realize that. If they had, they, like some of our relatives, might have become victims of Agent Orange. They might have aided the heinous attacks on the Vietnamese men, women and children. Now, as we see tens of thousands of American youth marching off to the desert of Saudi Arabia, we are struck by the presence of women among the fighting forces. As the struggle for sexual equality continues in North America, one glaring anomaly remains. American males can be conscripted and women cannot. Is this one reason why the much talked about Equal Rights Amendment in the Constitution is a political football? I think the White House, the Pentagon and all the people on Capitol Hill realize that with ERA in effect, it would be increasingly harder to wage war under the American flag.

We, the ex-CPS'ers, have lived through three major wars - W. W. II, Korean War and the Vietnam War, and witnessed dozens of "dirty little wars." Now we are on the brink of a potentially ugly and devastating conflict in the Middle East. No matter where the location may be, and no matter how well orchestrated the military response may be, I want to continue to record my loudest possible opposition to all wars. I have learned very well that war mongers wear all sorts of disguises. Often they say the fight is to protect democratic freedom, but in reality it might be a situation in which the high and mighty plunder the poor and dispossessed. They may say the battling is to protect our way of life, while at the same time totally obliterating the culture and lives of the "enemy." We might as well admit that, typically, warfare has more to do with protecting someone's vested economic interests than the safeguarding of an exalted political or social ideology. As a socialist of many years standing, it is my perspective that social and economic injustice breeds civil and international war; I must work against forces that humiliate, exploit and deprive the downtrodden peoples of the world.

Now, retired and in my golden years, I find that there is little rest. A pacifist must struggle unrelentingly for peace that can only evolve from sanity in international relations. Here, in Canada, I have involved myself in the national Project Ploughshares and Canadian Peace Alliance activities. Long before the "thawing of the Cold War", I joined socialist and non-socialists in the Canada - U. S. S. R. Association to help

facilitate communication between the Soviet and Canadian peoples. Feeling that I still have one foot in the U. S., I have affiliated with the Mount Diablo Peace Centre at Walnut Creek, California, so as to help maintain a continental bond for brotherhood and peace. In my heart is a strong feeling that the Great Creator loves all his/her children, and we are duty bound to emulate that love in all our human relationships, both domestic and foreign.

What is my vision for the future of humanity? I've never been a cynic, and I will not be in the future. Pacifists, although small in numbers, will link up with staunch environmentalists in a powerful struggle to save our planet. As our survival becomes ever more precarious, our intellect, natural resources and monies will have to be diverted for wholly constructive uses. The military-industrial complex that has held us as hostages for many generations will be rejected universally. Peace will break out, the air, land and waters will be pure and safe, and happiness will prevail on Earth.

Roy L. Piepenburg,
Religious Society of Friends,
11732 - 43 Avenue,
Edmonton, Alberta T6J 0Y7
CANADA

64 years old

INTERVIEW: Piepenburg

By Albert Crier

Roy Piepenburg recently retired from the Indian Association of Alberta (IAA) after 10 and one-half years of service.

In recognition of his work and solidarity with Indian people of Alberta, Piepenburg was awarded an honourary seat in the IAA Senate. This recognition was announced along with his retirement at the IAA annual assembly held on June 11.

Piepenburg is orginally from Wisconsin, U.S.A. and has worked with Indians of Alberta for a total of 15 years. He has held positions with federal and provincial government departments dealing with Native people, as well as working with the IAA.

Windspeaker interviewed the man who walks along side Indian people in their struggles to get justice.

WINDSPEAKER: In becoming an honourary member of the Senate, that kind of recognition, is about the most sincere recognition that an organization can give to a man who is dedicated to the cause of the Indian people. You have been with the IAA now, for 15 years?

PIEPENBURG: No, I have actually been there for 10 and one-half years altogether, in two different stretches. I think the Senate has always been an important part of the Indian Association, to provide spiritual leadership and direction concerning the defense of the Treaty and Aboriginal rights. In 1970, I got there just in time to assist in writing parts of the Red Paper. I had left the Department of Indian Affairs (it was then called the Indian Affairs branch) in August of 1969. I left because I felt that the 1969 White Paper was a hypocritical betrayal as far as the rights of the people were concerned. I didn't intend to remain with the government if that was their orientation.

WINDSPEAKER: What did you see that was so terrible about that 1969 White Paper, and why is it that time and time again since 1969, we always hear the phrase, "the ghost of the 1969 White Paper is here again?"

PIEPENBURG: In 1968 and 1969 there were extensive consultation meetings held across Canada concerning the Indian Act, and Jean Cretien, who was minister (of Indian Affairs) at that time, came out with a policy statement that didn't reflect at all what the people had been saying in the consultation meetings. At no time did they say that they wanted to dissolve the treaties or give up their status or put the reserves in jeopardy, so I choose to call it a betrayal. It was a political ploy on the part of the government, but it didn't work because Harold Cardinal was president of the Indian Association of Alberta at that time and he led a national movement to react against the White Paper.

WINDSPEAKER: What did this movement consist of? Were there already organizations in place, nationally?

PIEPENBURG: The National Indian Brotherhood (NIB) had already been formed and this issue served to strengthen the National Indian Brotherhood. The chiefs of Alberta led the way in developing the "Red Paper - Citizens Plus" and practically all of the chiefs in Canada who were involved in the NIB endorsed that counter-proposal.

WINDSPEAKER: And what was the necessity at that time? To bring out all this political savvy and use of the media like all the other political movements?

PIEPENBURG: Well, the intent of the government was to abolish the Department of Indian Affairs within five years, to do away with the Treaties as such and to get the provincial governments to fill the vacuum that was to form when the federal government got out of Indian Affairs. So that was the crisis that existed.

WINDSPEAKER: Is that policy still alive? Is it still being implemented?

PIEPENBURG: Yes, it's alive. I think that the present federal government is trying to accelerate that policy in various ways.

WINDSPEAKER: And what role does that leave for Indian people? The provinces will be glad, but what kind of role will Indian people have?

PIEPENBURG: I think there are many unanswered questions when it comes to the transferring of responsibilities to the provincial governments. There aren't any assurances that adequate funds will be provided for reserve development. There aren't even assurances that the Indian organizations will be able to survive if they have to depend on provincial funding. In a lot of ways the provincial governments have been more antagonistic towards Indian organizations than the federal government; they feel more threatened by the Indian organizations. It always goes back to the province's fears of losing even a small part of their natural resource base.

WINDSPEAKER: When they transferred that control of natural resources, weren't there provisions in there that the Indians and the treaties they made with the Indians would be respected? What happened to those in the process of transferring the control?

> **"The federal government has been inconsistent and insincere in the whole bilateral process. The past ministers of Indian Affairs, when they are pinned down, say 'Yes, we respect the treaties, we uphold them.' But then they contradict themselves right away by saying that Indian chiefs and council are not sovereign."**

PIEPENBURG: The Natural Resources Transfer Act of 1930 is becoming a very controversial matter. The courts are making decisions about the hunting and fishing and trapping rights and land rights that tend to run against the interests of Indians.

WINDSPEAKER: What kind of rights are being eroded? I heard that Indians can't hunt ducks anymore. That they have to buy licenses to fish or they can get charged by the fisheries.

PIEPENBURG: That's part of the whole direction of section 37.2 in the Constitution, and that's to give the provinces more control and that means the Indians conforming to provincial legislation. It's a very sly approach to the 1969 White Paper direction.

WINDSPEAKER: What is this Indian jurisdiction? Indians say they have a jurisdiction since time immemorial. Could you compare that to the kind of jurisdiction the government is willing to recognize?

PIEPENBURG: The resistance of the chiefs and councils as expressed through the Indian Association of Alberta has always been aimed at retaining Indian jurisdiction, in another words, Indian sovereignty, Indian control over Indian lands and the people who live on those lands. About three weeks ago I had a chance to look at a brief that was presented to the joint committee in Parliament by the Indian Association of Alberta in 1946. And 40 years ago they were saying many of the things that they are still saying today, and that is the treaties are legitimate and binding. The treaties are based on a bilateral relationship between Indian nations and the federal government, although at that time they were saying the British crown. And that is the issue that exists today.

The federal government has been inconsistent and insincere in the whole bilateral process. The past ministers of Indian Affairs, when they're pinned down, say "Yes, we respect the treaties, we uphold them." But then they contradict themselves right away by saying that Indian chiefs and councils are not sovereign.

Well, any time they say that, the treaties are in jeopardy. You can't be half sovereign as far as the treaties are concerned. Either the treaties are real or they're not. There is no half way arrangement.

This is why (David) Cromoe, when he was minister (of Indian Affairs), would not really deal with the Prairie Treaty Nations Alliance (PTNA). Because of all the Indians in Canada with treaties, those chiefs in that alliance had the most legitimate grounds for perpetuating the treaties and there was no mistake about their being parties to the Treaties. So in spite of very strong efforts, the bilateral relationships, the bilateral discussions have not gone very far.

The PTNA did meet with Prime Minister Mulroney, but that whole process seems to be in a state of suspension not due to any negligence by the chiefs and councils, but because of indifference on the part of the government and because of their strategy to want to have a tri-partite arrangement rather than bi-partite relationship with the Indian people.

WINDSPEAKER: What made your strong tie to the Indian people's cause? First with the Indian Affairs, then the provincial government, you have sided with the Aboriginal people. What is it about their cause or what their positions are?

PIEPENBURG: Well, I guess I have to quote Amnesty International on what they have been saying about the Indian people of North America. If you look at their reports for the last 10 or 12 years, especially, they are saying that Indian people of North America are victims of selective discrimination and persecution.

WINDSPEAKER: This "selective persecution" comes in what forms?

PIEPENBURG: The most recent form of it is the entrapment techniques that have been used against hunters and fishermen in central and northern Alberta — I guess even in parts of southern Alberta. That kind of selective discrimination and persecution of Indian people is tied in, ironically, with the aims of the White Paper. In another words, if you're going to assimilate the people, you are going to have to have a broad assault against the people, by passing legislation, by changing the constitution, by arresting the people. The Amnesty International lawyers who have followed what has happened in the United States and in Canada are saying it is terribly unjust. I think the fact that Aboriginal people are all out of proportion in relation to their population, in the correctional institutions and the prisons in Canada shows that the people are being persecuted.

WINDSPEAKER: One final question. How would you describe the scene now? Are Indian people in their relation to the government, are both sides in a standoff? Have we come full circle in our relationship with the government, where Indian people are saying that they want full control and the government is saying "we'll give you some, but we'll retain most?"

PIEPENBURG: The kinds of legislation, that are coming out from the Parliament of Canada, from the Indian Affairs minister, for example the Secheit Bill, C-93, is a kind of legislation that will assist the Secheit people on one hand in the short run, but in the long run it is going to facilitate their assimilation under the government of British Columbia. I think that in the future we will see more and more money placed at the disposal of Indian governments that are inclined to go the way the government wants them to go, that is for tri-partite arrangements and acceptance of more and more provincial legislation.

Indian people are moving in a society where money and material things are very important. Some of those values rub off on the elected leaders in the reserves. They are under pressure from their own people, many of whom want more material things. So there's an inclination to try and play ball with the government to improve their quality of life. But there is a price for that and the price is accepting more and more ethnocide, taking the risk of less Indian jurisdiction in the future. I'm not enthralled by the Canadian parliamentary system. It has many favorable attributes, but in the relationship with the Aboriginal people in Canada, the relations are very questionable and very suspect.

WINDSPEAKER: Are they similar to the United States policies?

PIEPENBURG: Yes. In fact, Harold Cardinal said at one time that the main difference between the American Indian policy and the Canadian Indian policy, is that the United States are 20 years ahead in terminating Indian rights. Canada is mimicking what happens in the United States.

Statement of Roy L. Piepenburg, member of Project Ploughshares

Edmonton Peace Rally

August 18, 1990

Project Ploughshare is a national coalition of church, peace and development agencies who advocate peaceful, non-violent resolution of international conflicts. During most of the past decade we have worked for an international freeze on nuclear tests and the abolition of nuclear arms of all types. We have actively lobbied and protested against Cruise missile testing and low level bomber training operations in the N. W. T. and Alberta. We have worked in support of the Innu Nation of Labrador and Quebec who want to stop N. A. T. O. low level flights over their sovereign land. Deeply concerned about the possibility of future chemical warfare, we have protested against the stockpiling of chemical weapons at C. F. B. Suffield, Alberta. It is our view that the goals of world peace and social justice are attainable when no nations resort to military brinkmanship and gunboat diplomacy.

We support the strong decision of the Security Council of the United Nations to impose sanctions on the Government of Iraq for the imposition of its authority on the Republic of Kuwait. We are deeply concerned, however, by the unauthorized and unwarranted steps taken by the United States and other nations to set up a naval blockade in strategic waters of the Middle East. We see this blockading of marine shipping as an act of serious aggression against Iraq and a violation of international law. We are alarmed over the prospect of food shipments to Iraq being blocked with dire consequences for the civilian population. Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, in our opinion, has been far too quick to support ad hoc military and naval operations in Saudi Arabia, following an American strategy, without giving careful thought to some other more constructive role that Canada could take. Ironically, weapons exported from Canada to Iraq have made the incursion into Kuwait possible.

What was intended to be a concerted United Nations initiative to suppress hostility in the Persian Gulf region has become predominantly a U. S. military adventure, one aimed at threatening and destabilizing Saddam Hussein, leader of Iraq, and commanding military control of the region. President Bush, who seems to have entered into a one-upmanship struggle with Hussein, sees his efforts as necessary to protect and preserve the American way of life. In Bush's mind oil is king, oil is vital to U. S. national security and that end justifies his Theodore Roosevelt kind of intervention.

We invite all Canadians to take a strong stand against any use of chemical weapons in the Middle East. Remember that the U. S. and Iraq have the full capability to use them. Shockingly, President Bush has tried to intimidate Hussein by making a veiled statement about using atomic weapons.

While peace activists and the starving poor around the world hope for a peace dividend

from progressive disarmament, the giants of the military establishment in the industrialized countries appear to have found a critical opportunity to entrench their power; Iraq, it would seem, is the new enemy. At a time when idealistic legislators in the U. S. have been pushing for conversion to a peaceful economy, their president commits in the short term $1.2 billion to ensure fueling of the U. S. economy by military tacti

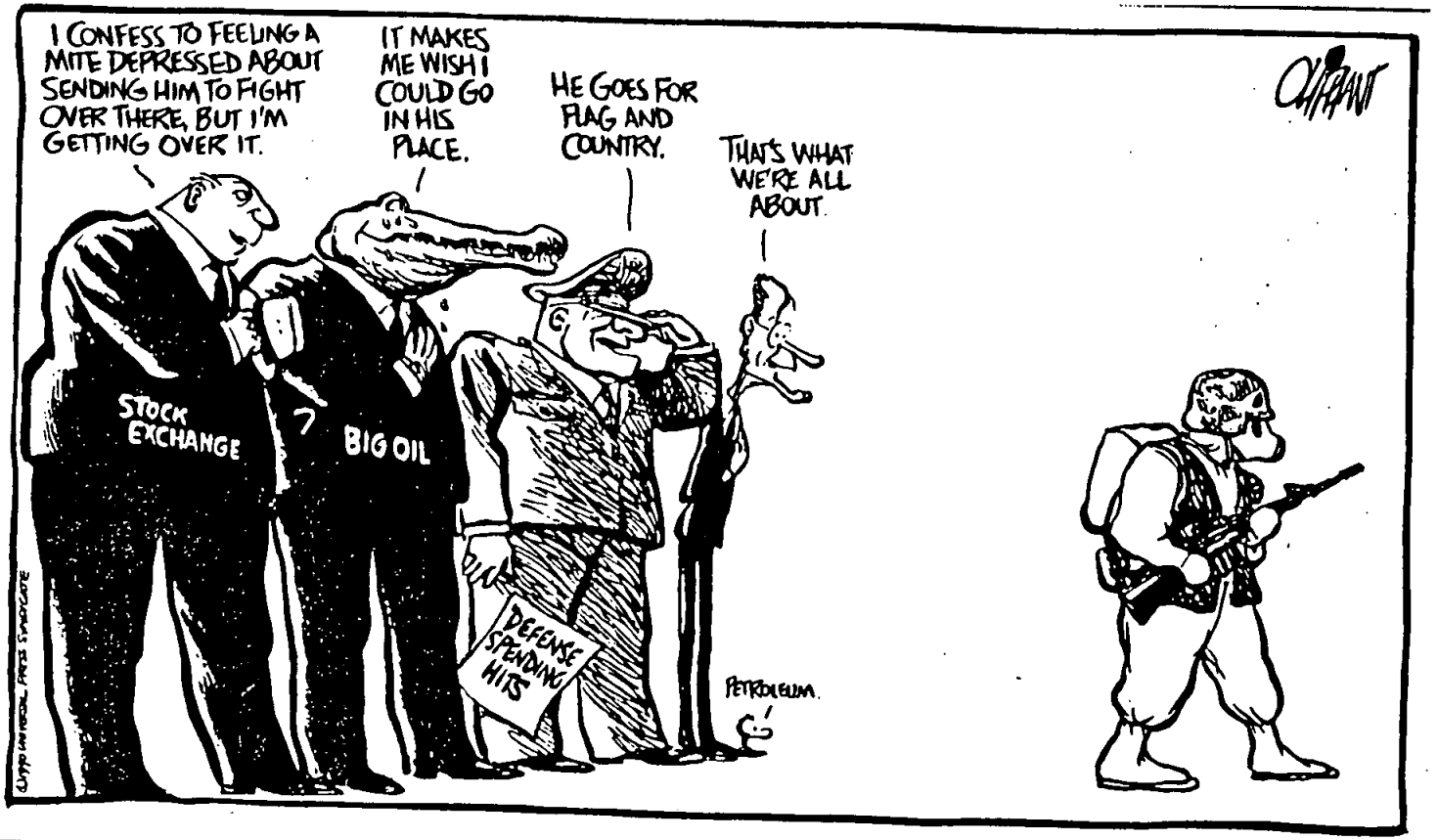
We, as advocates of world peace, must implore the U. S. and Canada, especially, to uphold and obey international law as sanctioned by the United Nations. Reagan's invasio of Grenada and Bush's expedition into Panama in December, 1989, has inspired confidence in the military that bigger and more dangerous adventures will be condoned and financed. Canada, as a nation with an historic peace-keeping role, must not be dragged into a reckless intervention that could result in deathly disaster.

As we stand here to express our conviction for peace and justice, the long colonization of the Arab nations by mainly the G-7 powers continues. The desperate struggle of the Palestinian refugees and prisoners is quietly brushed aside. The senseless manne in which Arab oil revenues are spent in purchasing the instruments of death from the West escapes scrutiny. The political intrigues and the bent for greater affluence of those western nations have helped to create today's horrific crisis. In a bizarre sense, the crusade mentality of the 11th to 13th centuries - the contempt for people of the Islamic faith, still prevails. Unprecedented levels of terrorism against westerners may be the price of this year's intervention.

The U. S. and Canada have badly blemished reputations when it comes to respecting the sovereign land rights of aboriginal peoples - the Arabs of the North American continent. Maintaining economic or national security and unabated greed has been the law of the jungle. In southern Nevada the Western Shoshoni nation have had over 700 atomic explosions conducted on lands that were never ceded to the U. S. At present the Bureau of Indian Affairs is pushing and cajoling 10,000 Navajos to leave the Big Mountain district so coal strip-mining can go ahead. In a no less imperialistic manner, Canada has boldly and without conscience occupied the traditional lands of the Dene, Innu, Lubicons, Mohawks and Haida, to name a few.

Project Ploughshares believe that an international conference, under the umbrella of the U. N., must be convened to resolve the Palestinian and Kuwaiti issues, and the Arab nations must have great prerogatives in setting the course for the future. Decolonization would be a worthy objective. Full emphasis must be put on demilitarization of the Middle East. Canadians must not tolerate the blockade of food shipments to Iraq any more than we would to the Mohawks at Oka and Kahnawake. The autocratic action of Prime Minister Mulroney must be reconsidered on an all-party basis by recalling the Parliament.

Write to Prime Minister Mulroney and make your views known. Think peace! Live peac



First-class menaces

Edmonton Journal 25/8/80

RATZLAFF
Friday, September 21, 1990
Box A
Henderson, NE 68371

Dear Roy

We were saddened to learn of the death of Florence. Please accept our deepest sympathy.

I have not written about Leon because I do not know much about his CPS life before Missoula. But I can give a sketch of his life as I know. Please feel free to edit as you see fit, especially if I have included things that are not apropos.

Leon Ratzlaff was born October 31, 1919, in Henderson, Nebraska. He and his six sisters and one brother grew up on a farm near Henderson and graduated from a rural elementary school. In his early youth, he became a member of the Bethesda Mennonite Church and has remained a faithful member. He graduated from high school in Henderson and attended York College, York, Nebraska, for one year. He started to teach in a rural elementary school in September, 1941, and was drafted December 7, 1941. He reminisces that the only good thing about it was that he did not have to put on a Christmas program.

Lee followed the traditional teachings of his Mennonite Church, asked for and received a C.O. classification. He went first for a short time to Henry, Illinois, where he helped in the kitchen. He had always been interested in the West, the mountains, the out-of-doors. When word got around about the soon-to-be-organized smoke jumper unit, he applied. After eating a good supply of bananas, he passed the 120-lb. weight minimum and was accepted. In the interim, he was sent to North Fork, California.

When the smoke jumper Unit #103 was opened in the spring of 1942, he was a member of the first training group, and he remained in this unit until it was closed in 1945. After serving his comp. time, he was discharged in the winter of 1945.

Lee lived much of his outdoor dream in the Northwest. He jumped on fires, helped put them out, repaired and packed parachutes, planted trees, cruised timber, built forest roads and bridges. He fished and hunted extensively with a camera, especially in wilderness areas.

As he was living this dream Lee was also sharing the fellowship of many other men from diverse backgrounds geographically, socially, educationally, and spiritually. He used this fellowship to grow. He became interested in the international peace movement and its historic significance. He enjoyed

discussion groups and reading, especially relating to peace issues. Wishing to expand his spiritual experience, he sought out different religious groups. He visited with Jehovah Witness internees at Fort Missoula. He attended Quaker meetings. He went to the Lutheran Church, to the Christian Church, to the Methodist Church. He participated in their youth groups.

Coincidentally, he met and married his wife, Jeanne, in the fall of 1945. After his discharge, they moved back to Nebraska--she to continue her education and he to return to his boyhood farm. One of the unfortunate results of the war and the forced participation of many young men was the fact that the economy boomed during the war and those who did not participate reaped the benefits from that boom. Many young men, especially in rural communities, found themselves left behind and struggling to make a place for them-selves. Military veterans were given preference for jobs. Rapidly expanding farm size and rising production costs prohibited these young men from going back to the land, profitably. After several discouraging years of farming, Lee and his wife moved into the town of Henderson where they built a home. Jeanne taught school and Lee eventually joined York Manufacturing as a truck driver, hauling bulk steel and supplies in and delivering steel buildings, grain bins, and pneumatic material moving equipment all over the United States and Canada. In 1972 Lee was injured and permanently disabled in a fall from his truck.

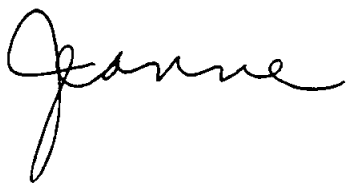
Lee and Jeanne have three children. They provided a stable home and appropriate education and religious training for them. The fact that these three children have chosen such diverse lives--one a truck driver, one a businesswoman, and one a nuclear engineer--is directly attributable to the growing Lee did while in CPS. By word and example, he encouraged his children to think and to make decisions for themselves. He did not impose his will or his ideals upon them. Thank God that this was accomplished before he lost the ability to effectively communicate.

As Lee's wife, I feel that Lee saw himself as a part of God's Kingdom and seized upon the opportunities presented to him, especially in CPS. Even though his contribution was not earth-shaking or spectacular, it is the contribution of a simple man with high ideals.

Again, please feel free to edit as you see fit.

Thank you for your contribution to this interesting project. I am enclosing $30 for our copy of Volume I and in anticipation of Volume II.

Sincerely



ABOUT GEORGE H. ROBINSON'S LETTERS

Roy E. Wenger

On December 8, 1942, George Robinson was drafted and asked to report to the Civilian Public Service Camp at Cooperstown, New York. The camp was administered by the American Friends Service Committee; George had been active in Baptist Youth groups. After giving approximately 3½ years of service in several places, he was released from the CPS system in April 1946.

The passages that follow were plucked out of letters written by George to his girlfriend and later his wife, Betty Coppage, who had carefully saved them. They describe George's planning for and anticipation of service as a smokejumper. Events of parachuting and fire fighting are delineated as well as the routine events of everyday camp life shich were highly important at the time.

We thank George and Betty for saving these letters and compiling these descriptions. After CPS, George and Betty returned to their native area of southern New Jersey where they continued as contributing members of Baptist groups while George made a career as a builder of custom houses and Betty a career as a teacher. The letters open from Coleville, California.

February 25, 1944

Yesterday I renewed my application to the Smoke Jumpers. I'm almost positive I will get in on it regardless of the transfer ban. I have four of the best recommendations that were ever written - from Roy, Wess Huss, our director, Bliss Haynes, our superintendent, and our foreman, Doctor Nelson. Roy Breiding who was our former superintendent and is now the forest engineer also told me he would see to it that I get it.

April 10, 1944

I'm all excited today! The A.F.S.C. just released my name as one of those chosen by the Forest Service for the Smoke Jumpers. It still hasn't been approved by the Selective Service, though. It has taken me a year to get this close. I'm not quite in yet so I shouldn't get so excited. Then there is the possibility I may not qualify after I get up there. I will probably be a month before the transfer comes through.

April 21, 1944

My transfer finally came through! I am supposed to be in Huson, Montana by May 1st. I'll have to drop in the office now and see if they will release me. May address will be "Smoke Jumpers," Camp Huson, Montana. I'll be there for a training period that will cover six weeks and then I will be sent to a spike camp. Huson is about thirty miles northwest of Missoula. Food, housing, bedding and some work clothes are provided by the Forest Service so that completely covers maintenance.

April 28, 1944

Well, I'm still here at Coleville. I don't know how long they will keep me here. I am officially transferred so I'm not supposed to be here. I don't know what I am on the books.

May 1, 1944

It doesn't look as though I am ever going to get away from here. I asked Mr. Haynes if I should leave and he said "no." I told him I thought they would put me on the ground crew if I didn't get there pretty soon. He said he would send a letter with me. He is also going to ask his father who is in the regional office to put in a good word for me. He wants me to take the big Dodge and trailer on a trip starting Friday. I am to leave for Montana on the night of the tenth.

May 9, 1944, Nine-Mile, Montana

Well, at last I am here! I took off on my tour of Nevada Saturday morning. Bob Corney was with me. By three o'clock in the afternoon we had covered 300 miles. We found the D-6 that we had gone after and started for Austin. We unloaded that tractor about ten times before we got it out of the Canyon. Sunday I got the surprise of my life! Here I was 300 miles from camp and who should I see driving up but Mr. Haynes and John Robbins. Mr. Haynes told me that they wired for me to go right up to Montana. He said he felt responsible for me and didn't want me to end up being a cook for being late so he drove up after me. He drove over 600 miles on his day off just to get me on the earliest train for Montana!

You should have seen the letter he sent with me explaining why he had kept me so long. He even wired Montana and sent a lengthy air-mail-special delivery letter telling them why.

Here I am, the last one to arrive. Training has been under way for two weeks. I hope his letter works.

May 11, 1944

This is a great life. I just barely got in the training course. I had to work like mad to catch up.

Since the dormitories are all full, I have a big tent all to myself. I got a sleeping bag and I guess it will be my bed for at least six weeks.

The country is beautiful and a wonderful camp site. It's different country entirely from Coleville. They have grass and flowers here.

This is about the only camp in which the Forest Service supplies the food. Boy, what food! They tell us it is almost comparable to army food. I honestly don't see how we existed on the food at Coleville. If I don't get fat now, I will miss a good chance. You can have all you can eat. I didn't think food like this existed anymore. We even get desert twice a day.

I won't get to jump till next week at the earliest. The ones who have been here three weeks jumped today. One fellow broke his leg and about four turned their ankles. I can't wait till I get my 'chute and am up in the plane.

I hope they soon send my trunk. I left Coleville in a bigger hurry than I did Cooperstown only here I knew I was going, but not when. I packed in the dark and got most of the wrong things.

The Forest Service men out here are young fellows. My foreman is only about 24 or 25. He sure is a nice fellow. They know what they are doing out here.

May 15, 1944

Well, I made my first jump this morning and didn't even get a scratch. I don't know how I will do next time. There is nothing to it. You just get in the plane and jump out. I waited a year and about 3 months for that moment and it was just as I anticipated!

The fellow who jumped ahead of me had quite a time. He was a little nervous and held his hand on the rip-cord of his emergency chute. The opening shock of his regular chute caused him to pull the rip-cord--then, both chutes opened. They didn't tangle though and he made a good landing.

The fellow right after me was really lucky. He got a shourd line over his chute when it opened, causing him to come down hard. He did a good roll and wasn't hurt a bit.

Another of our squad landed in a tree and another landed in a little creek.

May 16, 1944

We spent most of the day in fire training. Paramount sent a fellow out here for a couple of days. He is going to make a news reel of us.

May 18, 1944

Made my second jump yesterday morning. Since there wasn't a bit of wind, I came down without much of a drift and landed very easily. I am going to try an Eagle chute next time. They steer a lot easier than an Irvin.

We spent all of today on map training and compass work. When a jumper leaves the plane on a fire he is really in the wilderness. Compasses and maps are the only possible means of getting back to civilization.

We have been getting up about 4:30 every morning this week so that we could get our jumping in before the high winds came up. We have made all of our jumps out of a Ford Tri-Motor so far. About twelve of us go up at one time. There is a single motor plane that holds only about three jumpers.

They drop just about anything to us on a fire. If we signal, they will drop a

radio, marine pump, all kinds of fire tools; ie: saws, shovels, axes. I'm going to like it a lot. The more I think of the idea of fighting fire by plane the more practical it seems.

May 21, 1944

It is raining again today. It seems to go from one extreme to another. At Cooperstown it was snow, in Coleville it never rained, and here, rain! I think this must be the rainy season.

My trunk arrived yesterday so I won't have to wash any more clothes.

There goes the dinner bell. You can set your watch at the time the meals are served. Everyone is right on the dot. There is no reason for anyone to work overtime. If you are late, you just miss it entirely.

Everything works the same way. We only work an eight hour day here.

May 22, 1944

Since it snowed almost all day, we had some first aid training. When it cleared off in the afternoon we got out one of the Pacific Marine pumps and were shown how it works.

We usually take a two way radio set down with us. It is only about 4 x 4 x 10. It is even smaller and better than the "Walkie-Talkie" of the Army. However, since it is not powerful enough for long distances, they drop us a larger set which can be heard for a distance of up to four thousand miles.

This region is supposed to be the pride of the Forest Service. Region #1 is first in just about everything. They have the best trained rangers, the best maintained roads, the best buildings. This region originated the fire jumping. I don't think much of the way they service the trucks, though.

I guess I told you how well the fellows attend the Sunday Services here. They come out pretty well to the morning devotions, too. I wish I could learn the names of more of them.

May 24, 1944

It rained all day today and snowed yesterday. Looks as though it may clear up at last. I'm pretty sure I'm going to be kept here at Ninemile for the summer.

Oh yes! We get five dollars a month in this camp. That may not sound like much to you but it sounds good to me. It means that now I will not only have enough to buy stamps and paper but also have enough to buy some clothes and still save a little.

May 25, 1944

Made my third jump today. We jumped about fifteen hundred or two thousand feet so we would have plenty of time to learn how to handle the chute. The Eagle chute is quicker opening than the Irvin but it also lets you down faster. We fall about a thousand feet every minute. We jump three at a time from the Tri-motor and ~~are~~ at a time from the Travel air.

One of the packers packed one of the chutes inside out today. There wasn't anything wrong with it except it had to be steered backwards. Some of the chutes are nylon but most of them are silk. All of the chutes are army rejects but we fix them over and they are as good as new. The chutes cost about $400.00 a piece. I think the plane rents for between eighty-five and a hundred dollars an hour, so you see it costs the Forest Service quite a bit to train us.

May 28, 1944

The living conditions here are pretty swell. Nothing like Cooperstown but a hundred times better than Coleville. I'm living in a tent but only because it's nicer outside. The barracks are built like the ones in Coleville, but they are much cleaner. Every two men have a small closet in which to hang their clothes and it makes the dorms a lot easier to keep clean.

The mess hall and library have ceilings and are lined with plywood. I think this adds a great deal to the meals, too.

May 31, 1944

The Forest Service doesn't fool around with the fellows here because it costs too much to train them. There have been about fifteen disqualified because of their attitude.

The camp is overrun with regular Forest Service foremen but I learned they are just training this year. Next year they will double or triple the squads. They already have a fund of $30,000.00 just to build quarters for the jumpers after the war. This is the first year they have done any jumping on a large scale.

It really costs a mint to hire planes. The Forest Service has to guarantee the Johnson Brothers $25,000.00 a year business. I don't know why they don't buy their own. I guess the reason is that the Johnson Brothers know the mountains by heart. They have been flying ever since planes have been widely used.

June 5, 1944

We have seventy five high school fellows with us for about two weeks. They are here for a course in fire training and lookout work. After they leave, about twenty-five women are coming. They too, will be trained as lookouts.

We spent most of the day clearing out an irrigation ditch about twenty miles from camp. Most all of the farm land and grazing land in the West is irrigated. The people wouldn't think of planting anything without irrigating because the rainy season is so short and unpredictable.

The work we do in between fires is just fill-in and isn't of much value. However, it is nice heavy work and keeps us in good condition, which is its main purpose.

June 12, 1944

This is going to be a hard letter to write. I asked quite a lot of questions about your coming out here and the answers are very unfavorable. It seems as though the Forest Service is in complete charge here. It is a Forest Service rule in this region that no women folk (even their own wives) are allowed to stay overnight in camp. In this camp they made one exception for the director, but not even the superintendant can have his wife here.

Then for the rest of the fire season we aren't allowed to be more than five minutes away from camp. It seems as though everything in the last few days has worked against us but it must be the Lord's will for the time being. I prayed about it a lot and He must have better plans.

June 15, 1944

Everything, or about everything, is working in our favor now. I got the superintendant in a good mood and he said it would be O.K. for you to come into camp over the weekends. The director has been on the go for the past couple of days so I haven't had a chance to talk to him yet.

There are a couple of people in Missoula including the Congregational minister who come in. Maybe you could come with them. I will find out tomorrow where you can stay. We won't get to see each other as much as we would like, but I think things will work out better after you are here.

I have to go out to a spike camp for about two weeks. You may arrive before I get back. If I am not back, leave your telephone number and I will call as soon as I get back. We don't know exactly how long we will be gone. I won't get any mail for that period nor can I write any letters because I will be about 45 miles from the nearest post office and about 11 miles from the nearest house.

We will be doing some blasting and telephone line repair work. I was sure lucky to be in camp when you called. That was the first time in over a year I was on K.P. I was "clean-up man" in camp.

They have a small Y.W.C.A. in Missoula - also the Priess Hotel is a good place until you can find something better.

(Arrived in Missoula and had a wonderful month; the first since we were married. Some of the time, I stayed at Ninemile doing volunteer work in the kitchen. Catherine Harder, camp nurse and I were about the only two girls in camp).

August 14, 1944

This has been a hectic day. It rained all day just as it did Sunday. It doesn't seem like the same place with you gone. It sure was great to have you here.

When I left you, I went back to the hotel and slept for awhile. Then, I borrowed a rain coat and went down to the bus station. I was just stepping on the bus when I saw Leonard Raney on the street. He said the camp pick-up was in town so I came back to camp in it.

You should have seen our "bed!" It had about two washtubs of water inside and a big pool outside. I took it all apart and hung it on the line, but it is still raining so it won't do much good. The tent leaked, too, while we were in town and soaked the pile of work clothes I had on my bed. They absorbed all of the water though and left the bed dry.

August 20, 1944

Colliers magazine sent a couple of reporters out here today to get a story on us for one of the September issues. Vic Carter and Ralph Hand brought them out but didn't mention that we are C.O.'s. However, one reporter was not content with the Forest Service view of the unit. She interviewed four or five of the fellows. The Forest Service men almost blew a fuse when one of the fellows said he liked it here because the pay was twice as much as most other camps. When he told her it was 16 cents a day, it didn't take Vic long to get her away from camp.

They took Johnny Johnson and Jim Jackson out on a fire last week to jump but Jim Waite was afraid to let them jump. The wind was really strong and rough. They all got sick. The plane was on its side a good part of the time. It took them forty-five minutes to fly to the fire and fifteen minutes to fly back. When they dropped a test chute, the wind carried it out of sight. They dropped another one after allowing about two miles for wind drift. That too, went at least two miles beyond the fire.

August 21, 1944

We went back to baling hay again today. The stack we are doing is the one Charlie Rogers got hurt on.

We had to go out on the obstacle course for a while this morning to satisfy a whim of someone in Missoula. I jumped off the tower and my back snapped right into place. It feels perfect now after two weeks of misery.

August 22, 1944

Dale Yoder is chief cook now. Mrs. Peterson went on leave but we doubt if she will come back. When she went she took everything including her cook books. Dale has been doing pretty well and has given us quite a variety but we still get pancakes for breakfast every day. Robutka will be back next week and I guess he will take over then.

We had another accident in the hayfield today but not as serious as Charlie

Rogers'. Jim Jackson swung one of those bale hooks at a bale of hay and missed. It caught him under the knee cap. The cut wasn't as bad as the hook going under his knee cap. He'll have a sore leg for awhile.

August 24, 1944

Just about everybody is out on fires up near the Canadian-Washington border. They had a bad storm up there. They have been jumping the fellows right and left. There are about eight of us left here at Nine-Mile. I am next on the list and expect to get a call either in the next hour or early tomorrow morning.

George Case is cooking now. Dale went out on the fire. Both of them do better than Mrs. Peterson.

August 27, 1944

Some of the fellows from Moose Creek are here at Nine-Mile for awhile. They just got back from a fire and are waiting for a plane to take them back. The ones are not back from Washington, but we really don't expect them for a week yet. They will probably have to tour the country to get back.

Dave Flaccus and another fellow had to travel fifty miles by boat. They were dropped hundreds of miles from nowhere and really had quite an experience. All of the late fires have been up near Canada. I was next on the list but my turn never came.

August 29, 1944

Wag Dodge just brought most of the Seely Lake and Big Prarie fellows in to Nine-Mile. Since most of them haven't jumped, they will be first on the list. We should get some more practice jumps though.

The Seely Lake fellows came in expecting to jump but Art sent them all up to Helena to tear down those C.C.C. barracks for here and Missoula. The rest of Big Prairie came in tonight. Chuck Chapman came back too, so I guess he will be here for at least a week.

September 1, 1944

We didn't have Bible Class because we didn't have lights. Catherine Harder, the nurse, was supposed to be the leader. Yesterday's storm was pretty bad.

Five of the Big Prairie fellows jumped today so I may get another fire jump yet. You should see the letter the forest supervisor of the Nesperce National Forest wrote to the regional head quarters in Missoula. He really liked the way we handled the Berg Mountain fire. He sure did give the smoke jumpers a lot of praise. He knew we were C.O.'s, too. (That was the fire on the Salmon River).

Jim Waite and the fellows in the Missoula office think we should carry out our own equipment which alone weighs ninety-two pounds. When they drop saws and radios,

it is well over a hundred pounds. I sure would like to see them lugging all that bulk and weight about forty miles to a road. Last year, Al Cramer had to walk sixty-one miles to get to a trail. About ten miles is the least you can expect. It is tough enough just walking out without packing all that stuff. Art suggested Jim try it out on a twenty mile hike - half of it up hill. He said we are crazy to try to do it. Art said if it wasn't worth a few dollars to send in the mules, he wasn't going to bother carrying it.

September 7, 1944

I have to leave at 4:00 a.m. for a fire near Coleville, Washington. It is right along the Canadian border. I probably won't be back for a week, maybe two or three.

September 15, 1944

I just got back from Washington last night at about midnight. We had been working steady with very little sleep for exactly a week. I will start from the beginning and tell you all about it.

I was on K.P. Thursday a week ago. It was about 4:00 p.m. when the fire call came. They wanted eight jumpers for a fire near Moose Creek. All of the side camps that hadn't jumped were at Nine Mile so I didn't figure on jumping. Art had me load the truck and round up the men. I did all that and just as they were ready to go, he told me I was to take them in. I had on my slippers so I rushed in and got a pair of shoes and threw them into the truck and took off.

We got into Missoula pretty quick but the eight fellows on standby that were in there had already left. We waited around for about an hour. Then another fire call came in for a fire in the Bitteroots. I rushed them down to the plane and got them off O.K.

When I came back to the loft, Vic Carter said another call had come in from Washington for eight jumpers and that Art wanted me to go on that crew. I wasn't dressed or anything but I wasn't going to miss out because of that. They had previously called Nine-Mile and had my fire pack and jumping suit on the way. In fact, the fire danger was so great, they had all the jumpers then at Nine-Mile to come in to Missoula. There were about forty of them.

The truck came in at eleven p.m. I went down to the airport with it and loaded our equipment in the plane. I got to bed about 1:00 a.m. and had to get up at 4:00 a.m. We ate breakfast and went down to the airport. We took off at 5:00 a.m. for Winthrop, Washington. It is about thirty miles from Canada and pretty close to Seattle in the Cascades. Dick Johnson flew us up in the Ford tri-motor. He is really a flier. He has the reputation of being the best mountain pilot in the country and on this trip he really built it up some more. We were flying over Spokane.

Most of the fellows were asleep. He said it was about time we woke up, so with that he pushed the stick forward and we went into a power dive for three thousand feet. That woke the fellows up pretty fast.

We followed the Columbia River for quite a ways and flew over Grand Coulee Dam. It sure was pretty and long to be remembered. Pretty soon we spotted Mount Rainier and Mount Baker and we thought we could see Mount Hood, but weren't certain. We scouted around a little and were over Canada, too. I think.

We landed at Winthrop at 8:30 a.m. and put on our suits to jump. It was something new for that region and all of the big-wigs of the Forest Service had to go up with us. We had to leave our cargo for a second trip because there were so many of them. (That reminds me of two of our jumpers and an incident they had). They got a call for two jumpers in region 6 so they flew over there. It was something new for that region, so all of the waffle-bottoms were there. They all got in the plane and Bob Johnson told them it was too much weight to fly. So, they threw out the cargo. About that time two more big shots had arrived to watch the jump. They got in too and Bob said the plane was still too heavy so the big-wigs got their heads together to decide who should not go. They were all about the same grade so the only thing they could decide upon was to let the two jumpers out. Then the plane took off and no one ever did fight the fire and the big-wigs got in a nice plane ride. That really happened, but I forget who the jumpers were. They were from Cove Junction, Oregon though.

Well, anyway, we took off for a fire that was out of control on Lyall Ridge about twenty miles from Lake Chelan. I have seen rough country, but this was the roughest I have ever seen. It is reputed to be the roughest mountains in the world and is called the Switzerland of America. We skimmed through a canyon with five foot between the wing and a rock cliff. Still another was so narrow that Dick kicked the plane over on its side and flew through that way.

The fire was 300 acres in size and in virgin timber about six feet through at the base. It was really going to town and was crowning to beat the band. The mountain was about eight thousand feet high. On one side was a rock cliff three thousand feet straight down. The timber side was just about as steep as vegetation would grow on. We baled out on the ridge because that was the only place possible to land. We all headed for trees because if we ever hit the ground, we would roll clear to the bottom. Thiessen really gave us a scare when the wind blew him over the cliff. He guided it back and landed on the edge with his chute hanging over the edge. They went back then to get our cargo.

In the meantime, ten fellows from Cove Junction came to jump from a navy D-C3 plane. The pilot they had, said he could fly anywhere Johnson could get with the old Ford but when he saw the terrain he changed his mind. A newspaper reporter and a photographer in the plane said beads of sweat stood out on his face when he dropped cargo a thousand feet above the fire. Johnson came in a few minutes later to drop our cargo and hit the treetops with his wheels when he dropped it. Then he dropped four thousand feet into the canyon to drop a fire camp at the base of the fire for eighty "walk-in" fire fighters from the Howe Sound Mining Company. When the captain of the navy plane saw that, he turned white as a sheet and headed for home. He was supposed to be a crack flier, too.

The eighteen of us jumpers worked for two days and finally got a line around the head and flank of the fire. The next day, the miners got a line across the bottom. We had it almost licked. We really worked and had nothing but K rations to eat.

We got a radio call that we were to pull out and jump on another fire the next morning. We loaded our one hundred and twenty pounds of equipment on our backs and started to stumble down to the lower fire camp over a mile below us. That was really a killer. I was walking down through ashes a foot deep and red hot. My shoes were burning and then I tripped. I fell head first in the hot ashes and would have been there yet if Reimer hadn't helped me up. We all made it down to the bottom O.K.

We ate a hurried meal. Then loaded our chutes and fire packs on a pack string. We walked fifteen miles. Then took a truck to Lake Chelan. The only way out of that country is by boat (they brought the truck up by boat). We started down the lake which is fifty-four miles long, about a mile wide, and a thousand feet deep. We were going to go all the way by boat but since it took so long, we only went forty miles to the nearest road. There, two Forest Service sedans picked us up. A truck took our equipment. They rushed us into Chelan where we ate at about 1:00 a.m. We then drove to Winthrop and arrived there at 3:00 a.m. Jim Waite was there. He packed our chutes because we were to jump again at 5:00 a.m. Two of the fellows tore their chutes so badly that they couldn't pack them and they couldn't jump. I had torn two load lines loose from the canopy of my chute, but I didn't tell Jim because he wouldn't have packed it and then I wouldn't have jumped. I did jump it though and it opened O.K.

Dick had thought he was all through with the plane so he went out on a good drunk. At five a.m. he was so drunk he couldn't stand up. We had to wait for him to sober up. At 9:00 a.m. he was up and stumbling around and after he drank a couple of cups of black coffee, he took off to jump us.

The drinks didn't effect his flying any and he really handled that plane like he always had. We jumped on this fire which was a five acre fire and the ideal for a smoke jumper, at Surprise Lake. The forest supervisor told us to take our time on it and to be sure to take in fishing tackle. We did, too, but never got a chance to use it. It was an ideal fire. The jumping spot was in a little basin covered with grass 8 thousand feet high. The fire was in a rocky section. It couldn't spread fast. There was a lake a hundred feet from the fire. We had a marine pump and plenty of hose. We thought we would have a swell time there so we worked all that day and half the night on it. We got it under control and were going to just sit back and take it easy for once. Then the walk in-crew came. We thought for sure that we would have a picnic. The plane came in to drop us supplies and we were all set. I had to laugh at one of the fellows who saw us jump. He was watching Dick drop us a fire camp. The chute came off a bag of meat and it fell to earth. When it hit, it just exploded. Even the canned meat could never be found. He said up until then he thought parachuting was O.K. but after he saw that meat hit he would stay on the ground.

It snowed the next day. A radio call came that we were to get back to Winthrop as quickly as possible. We loaded our stuff on three horses and started the thirty mile hike out to Twisp at 1:00 p.m. We had only gone a mile when one of the horses fell off the trail and rolled over eight or ten times down the side of a mountain. Somehow he stopped rolling and we rushed down. We held the horse from rolling more and cut our equipment loose. The horse then tried to get up again and rolled over again. He managed to get up on his feet again.

All he got was a cut on the leg and some bruises. We loaded him up again and took off in the blizzard. We had to climb two mountains to get out. The snow was really thick. The packer got tired of riding so he asked me to ride awhile. In the next few minutes, I really screwed the works. We came to a creek and the trail divided. The pack horses took the wrong trail so I took off after them to herd them back. I was no sooner out of sight of them when the cinch band that held the saddle on, broke. I couldn't fix it so there I was holding the horse with one hand and the saddle with the other. By this time, the pack horses were a mile away and the snow had covered their tracks. The fellows had gone in some other direction and I was left alone in the middle of nowhere without the faintest idea of which way to go. I finally got the saddle on after a fashion but could not ride in it. I started to lead the horse back

and pretty soon I met the packer. He thought something had gone wrong so he came to look for me. He told me how to go. Then he started out to hunt the pack horses. He found them halfway up a rock slide and had a heck of a time getting them back down. I found the fellows, and with a cargo sack we had, we made another cinch. We reached the end of the trail at 9:00 p.m. Dan Deal got off the trail and was lost for about an hour but he finally made it. Then we rode about fifteen miles in an open truck to Twisp where we ate. We pulled into Winthrop about 12:00 p.m. and took a shower and went to bed. I was really dirty and soaked to the skin. I had to wear the wet clothes till I got back here to camp the next night because there was no way to dry them and we were on the go continually. The Ford was all ready for us the next morning to fly us back. Dick stopped at Spokane for gas and disappeared for about four hours. We didn't know where he went or how long he would be gone so we couldn't leave the plane. We finally did get back to camp about midnight though, after fooling around Missoula trying to get a truck to camp.

I forgot to tell you how the fires started. The first one was a lightning fire. The F.S. had sent in three kids and two drunks to put it out. They did alright but on the way out, they dropped a cigarette in the woods and it really took off then. the other one was man-caused, they think. Two deserters from the army stole a lot of horses and food and headed for the mountains. Fresh tracks were found near the fire. They think they let their campfire get away from them. It is a great life though and I have had four fire jumps now which I think is pretty good.

On the first fire there was a big glacier on the mountain opposite us. We were above snow there, too.

Ed Harkness broke his leg on a fire jump in the Bitteroots. I think it was Leonard Bartel who went over a cliff. His chute caught on the edge of it and he climbed back up it but he sure had a close call. The stories will be thick around here as the fellows come in but they can't beat our fires. We had three columns and two pictures on the front pages of a Washington paper and for the first time, C.O.'s were mentioned with pride. One picture was at least 10" by 10." This jumping is just in my blood now and since I love to fight fires, I am well contented.

September 22, 1944

Well, here I am down in Corvallis, Montana. I will probably be down this way for a couple or three weeks but continue sending my mail to Huson. I left word for them to forward it here.

When we counted the fellows that wanted to use their compensatory time picking apples, we found there were twenty-two of us. The farmers around Corvallis said they could use all of us. We decided we would hire a bus to come down. It cost us a dollar and a half each.

Flaharty was along with us. He kept us in laughter the whole way. We left right after work Thursday and got here about ten o'clock. We sang most of the way. It really was a swell trip. Twelve of us are staying here about two miles from Corvallis at a farmers by the name of Gander. We averaged about five dollars apiece today, which is pretty poor. We worked from daybreak to sunset, too. Oh well, we have a lot of fun.

You should have seen the program they had at camp on Wednesday night. That Flaharty is really crazy. He had the whole bunch of us in hysterics. First he gave a play in which he took the acting part of ~~first~~ every character and he sure was funny.

Then he made a speech on why he should be president. I think it was the funniest thing I ever heard and his actions along with his speech just touched it off.

Well, I guess I will go to bed now because we are going to get up pretty early. We are sleeping in a little tent in the back yard.

September 26, 1944

I did pretty well yesterday and today; I made about nine and a half dollars but I have to take a dollar out for meals. This fellow we work for is sure a swell person. He is fair in his dealing and I think he is a Christian, too.

O'boy did I have some fun today!!! Mr. Gander had another fellow working for him in the orchard. I happened to get on a tree near him and I wasn't there a minute before he was talking about C.O.'s. He said he was a Christian too and gave me all his reasons for mass murder. After I got him to say he believed everything in the Bible, I really went to work with him. He would quote a verse which in itself would support it and then I would quote some following it that would put an entirely different light on the verse. The Lord sure must have been with me because I dis-proved every argument he set forth. I asked him if he thought Christ would kill and also what he was going to do with all of Christs' direct commands in the New Testament and the Sermon on the Mount. I had a lot of fun and I thought for awhile Mr. Gander was going to tell me to get out because he stopped and listened for about fifteen minutes & then smiled and walked away.

It sure is hard to write because the fellows are all singing and I can't concentrate on what I am writing.

We will finish up with this fellow about tomorrow noon but I don't know where we will go from here. They've got me singing now so I'll have to quit.

October 1, 1944, Sunday Morning - Corvallis, Montana

Well I'm not getting rich very fast here but I am not losing anything so I am still happy. I made about $11.50 in the past two days. If we get in a better orchard I should do a lot better. I give them a dollar a day for meals. I brought my sleeping bag with me and sleep in a little tent they put up for us on the lawn. They sure do feed us well here. The people we are picking for are pretty nice people.

Mr. Gander made the remark that we were the cleanest bunch of fellows he ever had working for him. He said he has yet to hear one profane word from us. Six of the fellows worked today but the rest of us figured it was Sunday. Frank Neufeld and Oliver Petty went in to Hamilton to church with one of the neighbors but none of the rest of us had clean clothes.

Earl Cooley and the fellows are back from their hunting trip. We heard that they got two elk and four mountain goats. They use high power rifles out here so they don't have to get as close to shoot.

I had to laugh at this farmer. He said that he has had his orchards for about twelve years. In all that time, only two people ever fell from the ladders. The first day all but Loren Zimmerman fell from the top of a fourteen foot ladder. I fell twice and Dick Richfields fell three times.

October 2, 1944

Well, I guess I will stick with the apple picking a few more days. When I told Mr. Errickson that I was going to quit, he almost had a fit. He wanted to know what the trouble was and if the wages weren't right. I told him I figured I'd better quit and find something else to do if I couldn't clear five dollars a day. He said if he didn't get his crop picked in a few days the cold would freeze them, (it was 19° out this morning) and that he didn't care how much he paid as long as he got them picked. When he put it like that what could I do but say I would stay regardless of what he paid me. There are four of us here. He treats us like kings. All of the farmers treat us as well.

What I can't understand is that they were all happy when the price of apples went up from a $1.75 a box to $2.00, and 13¢ a box was top pay for us. Then the price jumped to $2.50 a box and they wanted us to break our necks to pick faster while the price held. Yet, they wouldn't even give us a penny a box raise; I don't get it. One day I will clear ten dollars and the next I will work just as hard and clear two dollars. When the trees are good the apples are easy to pick but when they are bad, so is the picking.

The meals are really good at these farm houses. You should taste the steaks! You can just cut them so easily with a fork. The milk is mostly cream; all for a dollar a day.

October 24, 1944, Nine-Mile

There is not much doing around here anymore. The whole staff went in to town today. It seems as though there is quite a bit of friction between the Forest Service and the C.P.S. staff.

I don't know what the pow-wow was about today but think it had to do with next years program.

Some fellows I had forgotten about came back from Soldier Creek. Now we have about twenty fellows in camp. They will be leaving pretty quick though.

Roy said my transfer is causing more trouble than all the rest of them put together but I told him to keep working on it. I've just about decided to hitch-hike home. I think I can make it in five days and I think they will grant me that much travel time. I couldn't use it for anything else anyway. I think I will try it. If I see it isn't going to work I can always get a bus or train.

They are talking about closing the Remount next year. I don't think they used the trucks or mules on a fire this year. They have five regular drivers and about a dozen of those big trucks. We must be doing a pretty good job at fire control for them to take a step like that. There is also talk that they are not going to have any lookouts next year. That would save them thousands because there are hundreds of them up here. We will have the whole northwest after us pretty soon if we keep doing them out of their jobs.

There were over twelve hundred jumps made this year counting both practice and fire. Not one fire we got to first caused any serious damage. It was predicted to be the worst fire season in history, too. I'm sort of disappointed that I didn't get more

jumps but I guess I turned out to be the luckiest of the bunch.

Catherine says she is going to send me into town this week to have my teeth examined. She is sending everyone in. She is going to Beton, Montana for the winter but will be back next spring.

December 12, 1944, Seeley Lake, Montana - Didn't make it home.

Well, here I am at Seeley Lake for the winter. I saw the article in Colliers. Cochran and Cooley are right in there as true to life as they can be. Did you notice that famous grin of his as he poses for that picture in the mock-up plane? He and Cooley made the perfect foremen. I can hear Earl now as I finish telling him about a fire jump I made: "That was pretty exciting, Robinson, but did I ever tell you about that one I made, ..." He always had time for the fellows and would rather talk to us than the big shots in the regional office. He went out of his way a hundred times to back us up when some disagreement arose between us and the Forest Service. He has left the unit now to take a job with the timber sales branch of the Forest Service. They will look a long while before they find another man half as good as he is.

I just heard that Bryn Hammerstram got his transfer to Puerto Rico.

December 22, 1944

We have been married a year and two days and have only had a few weeks together. Vic promised me a furlough before fire season starts. I will have to wait until after I put the ice up for the winter and until he arrives.

The people up here are certainly friendly. I sort of expected them to avoid me since I am a C.O. but they have gone out of their way to do things for me. Three people have invited me to visit with them. Today when I was down at the post-office, three total strangers invited me out to Christmas dinner. I don't know how many people have invited me up to the school tonight for the Christmas entertainment. It sure does seem queer. In one section of the country, everybody just looks daggers at you and in another the people treat you as a son. I have learned one thing, though. If there is one "rabble-rouser" in camp, the whole camp gets a bad name.

We have about a foot and a half of snow now. The lake froze before the snows. I went out today and cleared a path out to deep water. The ice must be cleared of snow so it can be cut every day. It will keep rising and thus freeze faster and thicker. It was 12 below the other night and was down to zero tonight by the time I walked the four miles back from the post-office. The eight mile a day walk to and from the post-office is keeping me in good shape.

December 24, 1944

Winter has come to Seeley Lake. It dropped to 35 below zero last night. It doesn't feel as cold as it sounds. I worked outside with only two sweaters on and didn't even get a bit cold. There is no wind and the cold does not penetrate unless you stand still.

I got a big package from Nick Helburn the other day. It was filled with cookies

and pop-corn. I think he spent the summer up here at Seeley Lake.

You should see all the applications that came in from army men who want a job after the war. I imagine they think all we do is jump on a fire and then it goes out by itself. If they only knew, the jump only lasts two minutes at the most. Then comes the period of long hard work that really takes the backbone out of you! The ones that have fought mountain fires before may turn out all right. I'd like to see someone who never has, walking 50 miles out of a fire on which he had to work for about three days without rest, rations and very little water. The young fellows aren't going to like it when they find out they have to spend the summer in a place like Moose Creek or Cayuse Landing. The only way in to those places is by plane. It would be just as bad for a married man, and a older man would not be accepted.

Maynard Shetler was operated on for appendicitis last week. Robutka is going to be operated on for a rupture. One of the fellows in Oregon had an attack of appendicitis, too.

January 13, 1945

You said that some people were wondering if I would stay in smoke jumpers after the war. That question has been settled long ago. The government will not employ anyone who has been in C.P.S. I really would not want to anyhow. I think it is great work and I really like it, but as soon as I get my release, I am heading for New Jersey. For a year-round place to live, Jersey is hard to beat. New York, California, and Montana are great in the summer, but the winters are not so hot--in more ways than one! When you get away from the towns, there are no churches or anything like that.

January 19, 1945

The supervisor called up and said that when I get the ice ready to cut, he will send the ranger and a crew up to help me. That doesn't sound too good to me because it sounds as though I'm to be up here all alone for the rest of the winter, too. I don't mind being alone, but I don't want to miss out on my furlough. That is all that I've been planning on ever since I have been up here. I told him I thought I could handle it myself. If they send a crew up all the hard work will have been done and I know they won't send anyone else up. They call me the "Lone Ranger" now.

January 26, 1945

Well, well, well!! At last I got some definite news on my furlough! I will be able to take it in March sometime. I called Art Weibe and told him to sign me up for furlough starting in March and running to the first part of April. Bob Harris who took Earl Cooley's place said training would begin April 15th. I have 54 days coming to me but if I can get 30, I'll be happy.

January 28, 1945

There is a rumor that Johnson is going to give up his flying field. The Forest Service was planning on flying its own planes and hiring their own pilots anyway. This

will be after the war. It will be a good chance for someone to get in on the ground floor, though. They will probably hire Slim Phillips and a couple of other pilots of Johnson's that have flown for us. He used to make his pilots fly for three years over the mountains before he would let any of them fly us.

February 8, 1945

Well, we finally started on the ice today. Fickie sent a crew of three men up from the shops in Missoula to help me. We got a lot of it stored today. I think we should be done by Saturday. You should see all the food they brought with them.

February 11, 1945

We have the ice almost harvested. They figured it would take nine men three days. The four of us did it in two and a half.

February 13, 1945

Things are back to normal. The ice crew have left. Now I am waiting for Fickie to show up.

February 19, 1945

At last. I'm finding out things about my furlough. Everyone is supposed to be working on it. Fickie was transferred to another forest. He will not be here anymore. I should find out soon when I can definitely leave.

I went skiing last night! That is the quickest way I know to get to the hospital. I always wanted to go down a steep hill. First thing off the bat I climbed one and came down,... and how I came down! It took me five minutes to unwind my left leg so that it pointed in the same direction as my right. After that, I stayed with the more gentle grades. Since I'm all alone here, I guess I'd better not do too much of it anyhow.

February 24, 1945

Everything is ironed out for my furlough except who is to come up here. I think Mr. Fickie put the deal through for me. Murray Broden, who is now assistant director, asked Vic for me. Vic said he couldn't send anyone up to replace me. I went over his head to the assistant supervisor who said, "Sure!" I think I will not even have to pay two and a half dollars to get to Missoula because the F.S. are going to send the pick-up out for me. I wish I could wait until Sunday to leave. If I left at noon Sunday, it would not count as furlough. However, I am not going to take any chances this time. I'm going to get out of here as fast as I can. These F.S. men change their minds too fast for me.

This will be the last letter. I should be seeing you by Saturday or Sunday. I will probably be leaving Thursday on my furlough.

* *

For the second season, I was stationed at C.P.S. 103 in town while Betty and Gerry Braden lived in the same house. Other wives lived in town and worked, too. The husbands spent weekends if they were not on fire call.. Some of the wives took turns during the week cooking the evening meal and eating together. (Ruth Palmer, Betty Robinson, Tess Helburn, Betty Case, Pat Burks, and Virginia Chapman, to name a few).

When we found out Betty was pregnant, we applied for a transfer to an Eastern Camp so she could live at home. I was transferred in September of 1945 to Camp Luray, Virginia, on the Skyline Drive where I was until my release finally came through some time in April, 1946.

* *

In 1991 the Robinson family now includes four daughters, all married and with children. For more information write to:

George and Betty Robinson
Box 453
Ocean View, New Jersey 08230

Or call 609-624-0674.

North Phoenix Chiropractic Office
8112 N. 7TH STREET
PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85020

ABE J. SCHLABACH---HIS STORY AS WRITTEN BY HIS WIFE LELIA

BORN: AUGUST 24, 1925, NEAR YODER, KANSAS TO JOSEPH AND SUSANNA (YODER) SCHLABACH, FARMERS. ABE WAS THE EIGHTH IN A FAMILY OF NINE CHILDREN. THEY WERE A PART OF AN AMISH COMMUNITY. WHEN ABE WAS STILL A BABY THEY MOVED TO OHIO, NEAR PLAIN CITY BECAUSE OF THE DEATH OF GRANDFATHER SCHLABACH. THIS WAS ALSO AN AMISH COMMUNITY WITH THREE CONGREGATIONS.

ABE ATTENDED PUBLIC SCHOOL AND GRADUATED FROM EIGHTH GRADE. YEARS LATER WHEN I UNROLLED HIS DIPLOMA HE FOUND OUT HE HAD GRADUATED WITH HIGH HONORS! SOCIAL LIFE WAS INVOLVED WITH THE AMISH YOUNG PEOPLE'S SINGINGS,WEDDINGS, VISITING COUSINS IN OTHER COMMUNITIES ETC.. HE INTENDED TO FARM. AT AGE 16 HE WAS THE MAIN DRIVE TO BUILD A BIG NEW BARN. HIS FAMILY GIVES HIM THE CREDIT FOR ACCOMPLISHING THIS. THIS MEANT THE CUTTING OF BIG TREES ETC.. THE BARN STILL STANDS AND IS GOING THROUGH MAJOR REPAIRS AT THE PRESENT TIME. HE BECAME A BAPTIZED MEMBER OF THE AMISH CHURCH AT AGE 18.

AS WITH ALMOST ALL YOUNG MEN OF THE TIME THE DRAFT CHANGED THEIR LIFE PLANS AND ABE WAS NO EXCEPTION. HE WAS DRAFTED IN SEPTEMBER 1944 AND SENT TO LURAY, VIRGINIA. HE DOES NOT REMEMBER FEELING BITTER OR GETTING HOMESICK AS MANY DRAFTEES DID, BUT RATHER HE VIEWED THIS AS AN EXPERIERNCE, AND AS SOMETHING THAT NEEDED TO BE DONE. AT LURAY HE CLEANED TRAIL AND RECEIVED FIRE TRAINING.

IN DECEMBER OF 1944 HE WAS TRANSFERRED TO POWELLSVILLE, MD ON THE POCOMOC RIVER WHICH WAS BEING DREDGED THROUGH A SWAMP. HE WAS THERE UNTIL MAY 1945 WHEN HE WAS ACCEPTED FOR SMOKE JUMPER TRAINING. HE WAS IN THE SECOND GROUP. HIS TRAINING WAS AT NINE MILE. ALTOGETHER HE HAD 15 JUMPS, 7 WERE FIRES AND ONE JUMP WAS A RESCUE. THE RESCUE WAS A BACK INJURY IN WHICH THEY WALKED TWO MILES ACROSS COUNTRY AND SEVEN MILES ON TRAIL. ALSO ON THIS RESCUE THE WELL KNOWN "LITTLE DOC LITTLE" ACCOMPANINED THEM. MANY YEARS LATER I READ A READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE ABOUT DR.LITTLE AND ABE SAID I REMEMBER HIM HE WAS WITH US ON THE RESCUE. ANOTHER FIRE ABE WAS ON THEY WALKED TO.

AFTER FIRE SEASON HE WAS SENT TO WHITEK SULPHUR SPRINGS, MT TO CRUISE TIMBER UNTIL DECEMBER WHEN HE RECEIVED A FURLOUGH AND GOT TO GO HOME TO OHIO. AFTER THE FURLOUGH IT WAS TO MEDARYVILLE, IN. AND THEN FROM THERE IN THE SPRING BACK TO MONTANA TO BELTON. ABE REMEMBERS THIS TRIP VERY WELL BECAUSE OF HAVING NO SEAT FOR 24 HOURS AND SITTING ON SUITCASES OR ON THE FLOOR.

AT BELTON HE WORKED TELEPHONE CREW FOR THE PARK SERVICE.

AFTER DISCHARGE IN AUGUST HE WORKED FOR THE GLACIER PARK HOTEL COMPANY AT GRANITE PARK CHALET DOING MAINTENANCE. AT THE END OF THE SEASON HE HELPED CLOSE THE CHALET AND THEN DID THE SAME FOR MANY GLACIER HOTEL AND GLACIER PARK STATION. THEN HE HAD TO GO HOME SO HE WOULD NOT LOSE THE USE OF HIS TRAIN TICKET, BUT HE DID EARN A LITTLE MONEY AS WELL AS FALL IN LOVE WITH MONTANA.

AFTER CPS HE FARMED, BUT THE URGE TO TRAVEL WAS THERE. THE YEAR OF 1948 HE AND HIS BROTHER HEADED WEST FOR MONTANA. HE HOPED TO FIND WORK AND THEN TRY TO GET INTO SMOKE JUMPING AGAIN. THE SHORT VERSION OF THE LONG STORY IS THEY RAN OUT OF MONEY IN ABERDEEN, S.D...SO THEY GOT JOBS AND WORKED THERE UNTIL DECEMBER WHEN THEY HEADED FOR THEIR SISTER AND FAMILY AND GOT CAUGHT IN THE BIG BLIZZARD OF '48/49. THEY SURVIVIED IT WITH SOME FROZEN FINGERS AND FACES AND THEN HEADED SOUTH TO ARIZONA.

ABE AND I MET AT CHURCH WHERE HIS SISTER AND FAMILY ATTENDED AND IN DECEMBER OF 1949 WE WERE MARRIED. ABE WORKED AT VARIOUS JOBS BUT FINALY WAS HIRED AT INTERNATIONAL TRUCK AS A MECHANIC. IN 1962 HE DECIDED TO STUDY IN PREPARATION TO GO TO CHIROPRACTIC COLLEGE. AFTER MEETING THE CRITERIA, WE FAMILY MOVED TO DAVENPORT, IOWA TO ATTENDED PALMER COLLEGE. BY THIS TIME OUR SON JOHN WAS NINE YRS OLD AND OUT DAUGHTER GRETCHEN WAS THREE. I HAD ATTENDED PALMER COLLEGE BEFORE MARRIAGE, SO I WENT BACK TO SCHOOL IN ORDER TO QUALIFY FOR THE BOARDS. SINCE THEN, WE TOOK OVER MY FATHER'S PRACTICE IN PHOENIX AFTER FIRST WORKING WITH HIM. NOW WE HAVE THREE ASSOCIATES. AT THE PRESENT TIME THERE ARE NO PLANS FOR RETIREMENT. WE LOST OUR SON WHEN HE WAS ALMOST 21 YEARS OLD AS A RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT. OUR DAUGHTER IS MARRIED TO KEN KREHBIEL AND LIVES IN PHOENIX. SHE IS A CHEMICAL ENGINEER WITH HONEYWELL.

THE CPS EXPERIENCE HAS BEEN A POSITIVE EXPERIENCE. IN THE LATE SIXTIES AND EARLY SEVENTIES ABE TAUGHT THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS AND I KNOW THAT HE MADE AN IMPACT ON THEM REGARDING THE NON-RESISTANT POSITION THAT HAS BEEN THE BELIEF AND TEACHING OF THE AMISH/ MENNONITE CHURCH. OUR HOPE IS THAT OUR LIVES WILL LEAVE A POSITIVE IMPACT AND THOSE WHOSE LIVES WE TOUCH.

5704 N. Linn
Oklahoma City
73112

THE LIFE and (GOOD) TIMES of WARREN C. SHAW

This will be a narration, covering nearly 69 years -- from December 15, 1921 to Septmber 21, 1990, of some of the events that have happened in my life and others that I have been associated with. Some of these events are remembered better than others -- some more enjoyable than others, and as the years take their toll on the memory and "trails grow dim" some of the events get distorted with "telling and re-telling" but I always contended that a person should not ruin a "good story" by sticking too close to the truth, so if some of the things that I recall, in this narration, are not quite how some of you others recall them, just keep the afore-mentioned things in mind and remember "the story-teller!"

I grew up in a farming community in Western Oklahoma - - Geary, being my "home" town, which is about 50 miles west of Oklahoma City. I graduated from Hinton, Ok. high school,(which was a bit closer to my home than Geary), in May 1940. My class celebrated our 50th anniversity this past July with 50% of our graduating class members being present for the 50 year re-union. My first trip out-side of Oklahoma was on the "senior class trip" in 1940 to New Orleans. That was quite an experience for an "ole" farm boy. It was at the New Orleans airport that I first saw a large air plane. I had seen Piper Cubs but in 1940 there were not too much air traffic over Western Oklahoma. This "giant" airplane was what I learned later - - a DC 3. It was so large that a crew member had to stand on a ladder to wash the windshield.

In the fall of 1940, I joined a local "CCC" camp at Geary, which was run by the Soil Conservation Service, and I was assigned to a survey crew, which surveyed for terraces, farm ponds, shelter belts, which many of the improvements made to the farms by the "CCC" crews, such as terraces and ponds, are still working to this day and much benefit was derived from this conservation work. From this I migrated to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineer, as a surveyor on several proposed dam sites on the Arkansas and Grand Rivers in Eastern Oklahoma, which now are reality as we now have a "sea-port" near Tulsa, with barges coming up the Arkansas River. Quite a water-way!

On Aug. 11, 1942, I was drafted and reported to CPS # 7, in Magnolia, Ark. on Aug. 13th., which was a "Brethren" camp working for the Soil Conservation Service, doing the same type of work as I had done on my first job - - the "CCC". My brother had been drafted the year before and was at this camp. I continued as a survey crew member, doing the same as before being drafted. The only difference was the land-scape was much different from Western Oklahoma - - lots of treee and swamps and very little breeze. I had been used to lots of wind on the plains of Oklahoma.

In the Spring of 1943, we rec'd word that the Forest Service would take a few C.O's in their "Smoke Jumping" program, which was located in the "far-away" land of Montana. I thought that this would be quite an adventure along with getting to see more of the USA. Another one of my buddies, Wesley Kerns, signed up with me. We rode the train out of Kansas City, for three or four days, it seemed, arriving at Missoula, on the 18th day of May, 1943. I had never seen the mountains before and I recall thinking that Missoula was the prettiest city that I had even seen. Altogether different from the flat, tree covered swamps of Southern Arkansas. Then came the ride in the F.S. truck (in the back, I might add) the 65 miles out to Seeley Lake, along some of the pretties scenery that I had ever seen. (In August, 1989, I traversed this same highway, with some changes, and I haven't changed my opinion concerning this lovely country.) When we arrived at Seeley Lake, it was a "picture post card" and Camp Paxson was beyond anything of my wildest dreams. Even the "rich people" in Oklahoma didn't have anything like this. I don't know even if my thoughts of Heaven were any prettier than this.

46 years later, during our re-union of 1989 at Camp Paxson, I still hold the same views . I have seen lots and lots of scenery in the intervening years, having traveled in all of the States, except Alaska, and all provinces of Canada and most of Mexico, so I feel qualified to make a judgement concerning the "natural beauty" of Seeley Lake area. That was my main reason for wanting to continue to hold our re-unions at Camp Paxson.

It was at this time that I started keeping a diary. I made note in my diary that on Friday June 25, 1943, I took my first plane ride and upon landing back at the "strip" (the ride was just a "take-off and land"), I "suited-up" and made my first jump. On July 4th, Dan Deal, Roy Nusbaum, Wes Kerns, Dick Raefelt and I had a snow ball fight up near Morrell Falls. On July 15th, after all of our training, I arrived at Moose Creek Ranger Station for the summer. Some of the ones that spent the summer of '43 at Moose Cr., were Ellis Roberts, Wes Kern, Clarence Quay, Emory Garber, Dale Yoder, Louie Goosen and a few more. To quote from my diary of Aug. 9,'43 "the plane came in and we were all glad as we got ice cream and cokes and Florence came in for a visit. (I appreciated seeing her again) We made a practice jump and I sure enjoyed it. We all landed nice." Un-quote. Some of the other boys that were at Moose Cr., were Sheldon Mills, Floyd Yoder and Eddie Nafziger. Eddie rec'd a brain concussion when in one of his jumps, he crashed into a tree, head on, so he shipped out to a doctor. I was the nearest thing to a doctor with-in a 100 miles, I guess, as I was a qualified Red Cross First Aid Instructor, but all I could give Eddie for his terrific headache was bout 6 aspirins at a time (it didn't kill him)(I would be afraid to prescribe that now-a-days, fraid I would be accused of mal-practice).

Just landing the Ford Tri-motor planes at Moose Cr. was quite an experience in its self as the dirt strip was only about 800 feet long, and hemmed in on all sides by mts., so in order to land, they would fly down the canyon of the Selway River to a point where the canyon widened e'nuf to turn the plane around and head back up to the strip, which was at the forks of Moose Cr. and the Selway. There wasn't a margin of safety as there were large tree stumps at the end of the strip.

The summer was spent doing odd jobs, when not called to jump on a fire. I helped the two "packers" with their mule trains sometimes. We had fence to mend around the strips - - I was stationed 15 miles up the Selway at Shearer's airstrip part of the summer, hay to cut and phone lines to fix. I also helped the Italian P.O.W. build a couple of bridges at Bear Creek Ranger Station. Also we sometimes had to chase the elk off the runways so the planes could land. It was a very enjoyable summer. I jumped on 3 or 4 fires - - getting snow bound at a deserted F.S. cabin for 3 or 4 days after the last fire jump of the season, with 3 other jumpers and 3 elk hunters, who had killed their elk but their plane couldn't get in due to the snow, so we survived on "elk stew", morning, noon, and night. Any one who hasn't eaten elk stew for breakfast three morning in a row, just can not imagine what they are missing. Also, the hunters were "smokers", with no smokes so the little 12' x 12' cabin with 7 men confined to it for 3 or 4 days contributed to what is called "cabin fever". Another time, Dale Yoder and I jumped on a fire about 10 A.M. and had the fire out by noon, so we stowed our chutes and equipment where the packers would find them to haul them out with their mules, and we headed for the Moose Cr. R.S., which was only about 25 miles down the trail. The 25 miles wouldn't have been too bad, except we didn't have any food with us, so about 5 p.m. we were passing a "look-out tower" so we thought that it might have some food stock still in, so we hiked about 2 miles, up to the top of the mountain, broke into the tower, but no food, so we were quite tired and hungry when we arrived about 9 PM. back at the R.S.

Some time during the summer, the main camp had moved from Seeley Lake to Nine Mile Camp, so when the last of us flew out of Moose Cr. on Oct. 14th, we went to Nine Mile. During the summer, I decided not to spend the winter with the F.S., so I applied for service with the U.S. Coast & Geodetic and was accepted. The group I was sent to, was made up of boys from various walks of life and "former" occupations.

Some of the 40 or so, of our group, fell by the way. The "Coast Survey" life style was a bit out of the ordinary, to say the least. One of the more, well-known of our group, was Lyndon H. LaRouche, who ran for President of the U.S.A., 3 or 4 times. We were a very Nomadic group, living in 9' x 9' tents, moving every two or three weeks, camping in the most "out of the way" places that could be found. We were doing First Order Trianglation, determining Latitude and Longitude, on every high mountain in the Western U.S. Some of these were very rugged and many miles from the nearest road, so some times we would have to drive all day just to get to the end of the road - - maybe only traveling 20 or 30 miles--thencamp for the night and the next day pack up a 6 or 8 hour pack trip - - work all night, then pack back down. So only the strong survived. I was discharged April, 1946, but continued on with the crew until mid August, "46.

The winter of '46 found me back on the farm with my parents, but come Spring, one of my Coast Survey buddies, a New Yorker, and I decided to "custom combine", so I bought a self-propelled combine and he bought a truck (up til then, neither of us had ever seen a self propelled combine) and we started with the wheat harvest in Southern Okla. and wound up at the Canadian border. My friend, John Cotton, and I had a wonderful summer, even making pretty good money. Another one of our C&GS buddies, Bill Toothaker, joined us in Kansas, for a few weeks, and as we were passing through Nebraska, in the small town of Chadren, I saw one of my Smoke Jumper buddies, walking along the sidewalk. That was Earl Schmidt. He had just gotten an airplane and he took me up for a ride. Last year at our re-union at Seeley Lake, he showed me the his "log book" for that day and it stated that I was his first passenger - - the first person to fly with him as a pilot. I don't recall that he told me that, at the time, otherwise, I might has been his 2nd one, or 4th or 5th.

The winter of 47-48 found me as a "bull-dozer" operator in Syracuse, Kans. Then come wheat harvest time, I was in southern Okla. again, with another combine. The summer of '48 was another good year for wheat and my X-C&GS buddy, Sarge Pace, and I wound the season up on the Canadian border. The winter of 48-49, found me in New York City - - my first time in the "Big Apple"-- running and playing with my friend, John Cotton, who showed me the sights from Maine to Wash. D.C. After a good re-union in Indiana, with about 25 of the 40, X-C&GS boys, I returned to my parents farm in Okla. After a couple of months back on the farm, I decided I would rather be a "city" boy, so I hired on as an Instrument-man on a survey crew for the largest Eng-Architect firms in Okla. Also, it was about this time that I met a local girl---home town girl---from El Reno, and we were married in June of 1949. She didn't know about my "itchy feet" at that time.

I stayed with this Architect-Engineering firm of "H-T-B" til Feb. of '50. Then Okla. Highway Dept. from Feb.'50 to Oct.'50 and a better job came along. Oct. '50 found us moving to Vacaville, Calif. with the Bureau of Reclamation. The move gave me a chance to see all of my X-C&GS buddies living in Calif. I stayed in Vacaville til the Christmas holidays of 1951, when I went back to Okla. for Christmas. While home, H.T.B. Eng. wanted me to come back with them, so I did, so I never went back to Vacaville. My wife Almira, having to go back and move our things back to Okla. I wasn't with "H-T-B" very long until an Exploration Co. offered me more money, plus Expenses, to seismograph (doodle-bug) for them. So, most of 1952 was spent traveling from Oklahoma, up thru' Kansas, Nebraska, back down into Colorado and over into Wyoming. This was a "fun" year. Our son was quite small, so with no school to worry about, I would work 10 days and off 4 days, so we spent the week-ends of '52 exploring the mountains and back roads of Colo. and Wyoming. I was the "surveyor" and "permit-man" for this Co. so I got to meet the local ranchers and farmers. I made friendships with some of the Wyoming rancher that endure to this day.

Christmas Holidays of 1952 found me visiting back home and again "H-T-B" ask me to come back to work, which I did. Over the 4th of July holidays of 1953, we took a vacation to the Mts. of Colo, but enroute back to work in Okla. City, we decided to take a "side trip" to Los Angeles to visit our "ole" C&GS buddies for a couple of days. Well you probably have guessed it. Yes, I did call my boss at "H-T-B" and got a leave extention, and started to work for the Calif. Hiway Dept. out of L.A., planning only working a couple of weeks, but it was such a good job and we were having so much fun visiting with our buddies -- seeing all of Southern Calif., that I called my boss at "H-T-B" an he granted me an extended leave, so I had my sister and parents come out and bring us some clothes, as we had left OK City planning on being gone only 2 week. As it turned out, my boss at "H-T-B" sent me a telegram in March of 1954 stating that they needed me in Okla. In the mean-while I had left the Calif. Dept of Highways, to take a better paying job with a large Co. C.F. Braun, in the construction of a large chemical refinery for Shell Oil at Brea, Calif. In each of these jobs, I was "party chief" of a survey crew.

From April 1, 1954 to July 1, 1966, I was employed by "H-T-B", first as a survey party chief--then "Chief of Parties" and "field Engineer". We did lots of "location surveys" for highways, schools, airports and turnpikes, and also, we did lots of design and construction supervision of large buildings, turnpikes and etc. My last project with HTB, was the construction of the terminal building for Will Rogers World Airport here in Okla. City. On that project, I wore 2 hats. I was the Architect" engineer and also the prime contractor hired me as his engineer, so I could speak for both parties. It made for a great working relation.

I hated to leave HTB after all the years I had spent with them, as the pay was good, and my relations with the Owners was great -- I had it made, so to speak, but the Company had some large project coming up which they wanted me to handle, but all these projects were out of Oklaoma City. So finally I decided to settle down -- un-pack my suitcase(I had kept a change of clothes in a suit case for 12 years as I was on call at all times with HTB). I was offered a good job in an Engineering position with the Okla. Hiway Dept. in Okla. City, so I was with the Okla. Dept. of Trans. from 1966 until I retired, Feb. 28, 1985. During this time with ODOT, about half was spent here in Okla. City and the other half was spent in the Southern part of the state as Resident Engineer in charge of Contract Construction for that area. In 1972, one of the projects under my supervision, was awarded, "Best full-depth asphalt hiway in the Nation", which I rec'd several plaques and an all expense paid trip to Miami Beach, Fla. from the Hiway Dept.

Since I retired from ODOT, I have been busier than ever, doing consulting work, designing sub-divisions, construction staking, etc. I plan to taper off--soon, and maybe by 1991, I will be slowed down considerable, where I can take a few vacations again - - like back when I was with the State Gov't - - show up on Monday morn. and have the rest of the week off.

I still live at "5704 N. Linn, Okla. City, 73112", having moved to this house May, 1957. Still married to my first wife, Almira, and have one son, Allen, and his wie Judy of 22 years--three grandchildren--Kassandra, age 19, Krista, age 17, Kyle, age 13, all who live in the Okla. City area. Both of my parents are dead. My father Elvus, born in 1894 in Indian Terr.--mother Gertrude, born 1900 in Ark., One brother Elmer, living in W. Virginia and sisters Faye and Norma, both living in Okla. City.

To sum up my 69 years of life - the Lord has been very good to me. I am in good health, have a comfortable "living" and lots of good friends and family. I have enjoyed my life. Probably the best part is having made many, many good friends over the years and keeping in contact with many, including the group that I was with on the C&GS and all of the Smoke Jumpers. All of the boys that I met during the "war years", were of great moral principals, character and conviction. We have all seen lots of changes in our lives, but I beleive that the worse thing that has happened in the past 50 years, is the moral decay in our nation. Unless changes are made for the better, I feel that USA is in for God's judgement.

W. Dale Stutzman
16046 CR 8
Bristol, IN 46507

EXCERPTS OF MY LIFE

It all started for me in Sugarcreek, Ohio, on December 22, 1925. I was the last of three children which happened to be all boys. When I was three years old we moved to a small house located in Berlin, Ohio, fourteen miles west of Sugarcreek. I lived there until I was drafted in 1944. During that time my dad ~~had~~ died and my oldest brother had married and was no longer living at home.

Grottes, Virginia was the camp where I started my C.P.S. experience. I arrived there in November of 1944. The next spring I transferred to the Smoke Jumping Unit at Nine Mile. In August or September of the next year I transferred back to Grottes, Virginia, because the Smoke Jumping Unit was being closed.

After several months I transferred to Beltsville, Md., and remained there for the rest of my C.P.S. experience. While there I became interested in the proposed Builder's Unit being planned for France. After my discharge I applied and was accepted for work being done in France.

I arrived in France in December, 1946. Our work was to provide free labor for the war-torn community of Wissembourg. This town is located in Alsace Lorraine on the

French-German border. Our unit consisted of sixteen men and several women. We had volunteered for a period of two years. Before my term was completed Ethel Miller, my wife to be, came over and we were married in the small Mennonite Church which our unit had helped to rebuild. We returned to the States in November of 1948. The experience in France has influenced both of our lives in a variety of ways.

This past summer we celebrated our 42nd wedding anniversary. During these years we were blessed with three children, two girls and a boy. Now they have married and have given us grandchildren to enjoy.

Ethel and I are both retired school teachers. She taught 28 years and I taught 31 years. The Lord has blessed us abundantly. We enjoy the out-of-doors by camping, hiking, biking, cross-country skiing, etc. Our hope is that we can continue these and other activities for many more years. We have always been active in our church and plan to continue. Shalom.

W. Dale Stutzman

Tom Summers
Summerline Drawings
P.O. Box 5187
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September 22, 1990

Dear Roy,

Forgive my not having sent to you earlier some account of my c.o. motivations and experiences. Probably I did not do so because for the past five years or so I have been putting all that into a semi-autobiographical novel that is already 200 pages and promises to be almost twice that, and 200 pages seemed more than you could probably handle.

Enclosed is an early chapter (though not necessarily #3, since novels, like amoebae, grow unpredictably) which you might be interested in, since it deals with motivation in youth. Do with it what you wish. (Later.)

To put that chapter into a brief context, I was a Tennessean by birth, an only child, but at age 7 moved to Kentucky when my parents were divorced to live with my mother and my grandparents. The family was raised in the Protestant Christian tradition, though not that of the historic peace churches, and I attended Sunday school and church regularly until, when I was 13 my mother and I moved to San Diego, California.

My mother was a great experimenter with life and soon began visiting churches other than hers and Christian churches generally, then married a social-political-philosophical Swedish radical in the late 30's who greatly influenced me in my mid- to late teens. He was a vegetarian and social activist who became a c.o. even before Pearl Harbor and was inducted into C.P.S. a year and a half before I was in October of 1943.

My motivations were not, as were the majority of c.o.'s, based upon deep or historic religious convictions, nor as were some fewer on political bases. Rather, as a bookish young man, mine were "philosophical"--which made it all the more remarkable that when I was at only 19 the San Diego draft board, without even a hearing, granted me IV-E status.

I was in C.P.S. from Oct. 1943 until June 1946, serving in California and Nevada as a cartographic draftsman for the U.S. Forest Service, as a Smokejumper in Montana and Idaho, and as a Veterans' Administration orderly in New Jersey.

When I reentered the University of California after the war, I fought off the then-mandatory ROTC requirement and a few years later reinduction when the Korean War occurred. I was bitterly opposed to the Viet Nam War and counseled every young person I could to do likewise.

I hope these words may be of some use to you. All good success with your project.

Sincerely,

Tom Summers

SMOKEJUMPER EXPERIENCES

Harold Toews
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I had been in the Downey, Idaho, Camp and signed up for every special opportunity that came along, so in the spring of 1944 I was accepted in Smokejumpers Camp. I was home on furlough and wondered how foolish could I get, but I wanted to do more than sit in camp.

I went by train to Missoula where Mr. Cochran met me at the station and put me on the bus to Nine-Mile Camp. He told me and the bus driver I was to get off at the Nine-Mile marker and Earl Cooley would meet me there. Well, I fell asleep and suddenly the bus stopped and the driver said, "Nine-Mile Corner". I got off, half-asleep and looked for my ride, but nobody was there. I looked at the sign and it said, "Six-Mile Corner". I didn't know which way Nine-Mile Corner was. It was real cool and I had never been in a forest before. All I knew was there were bears and cougars and, needless to say, I heard a lot of noises. I put on all the clothes I had in my suitcase and crawled into the ditch and tried to sleep, but it was too cold to sleep.

The next morning I found out from a road worker where Nine-Mile was and I started walking. By noon I got there. I had just bought a new pair of cowboy boots and my feet were full of blisters by the time I got there. Well, Earl Cooley never forgot my name because I was the boy that walked into camp.

I remember when coming there, I was extremely overweight since I had been working in a cafeteria. When we ran in a group or did calisthenics, I stayed with the group but always at the tail-end. Mr. Cochran called me in his office on Friday and told me since I had such a hard time doing my work, I needed another week of training. I begged him for one more chance and I would show him I could do it. He said he would see what my trainer, Al Kramer, would say. The next day I was at the head of the group and found it was no harder to run there. I climbed the trees with speed because I was so determined. My spurs took hold better and with that determination I passed the test and jumped Monday morning.

I was always nervous and fearful of every jump, but to feel the chute open and float quietly to earth was well worth the experience. To see how close I could come to the target was an enjoyable challenge. I can't remember the names of fires I jumped on as I jumped on only one big fire. We were relieved by the ground crew after we had worked one night and one day. As it got dark we started walking out, which should take five or six hours. We all talked and had fun until the leader told us if we wanted to make it in good shape we better stop talking and when we would get to a stream put our feet and wrists in the cold water to cool off. It sure worked and for the first time I found out I could walk and work after I thought I had no strength left.

Kolmer Spangler and I jumped on another fire, a two-tree fire and had it under control by dark. We put our sleeping bags out and slept. In the morning we found the fire had jumped the line and burned one of our packs. We had the fire out in short order, but walking out we discussed different ways by which we could keep others from finding out our mistake.

I was sent to Cayuse Landing one summer with Al Kramer as leader. Kolmer Spangler, Ray Phibbs, and I were in camp with some others, but the three of us were bored out there, so one day we shaved our heads. We thought it was funny until we got a sunburn and our hair came out as bristles. We had real pain and could sleep only if we put our faces on the pillow. Al and I had to go to a Camp for Youth to get some lumber. Groups would come and go but a cook was always there, with a pretty young girl as helper. We got our truck loaded and they invited us in for supper. Well, it happened that the longer we stayed, the more interested Al got in this girl. When we finally left, there was Al, the dog, and myself in the cab. On one corner, Al got too far over on the shoulder (maybe dreaming about the girl) and over we went. Luckily, after a round and a half, we hit a tree and stopped. Fortunately, nobody got hurt except the truck had some dents, but after we worked on it, it looked pretty good. Later, at one of the reunions, I found out I had been blamed for driving the truck and having the accident. If it got Al the promotion he wanted, more power to him.

I think of all the C.P.S. work that I did, 103 was the most rewarding and constructive for my country and myself as well. I will always cherish the friends I made the two years at C.P.S. Camp 103 and, because of our reunions, I still have them today.

IN SEARCH OF PEACE
Part of the Journey

William P. Weber
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On May 31, 1919, about six months after the end of the "War to End All Wars" I was born to Herman and Susan Weber on a farm near Kendall, Wisconsin in South Central Wisconsin.

During my youth, our family was a member of our local Methodist church and my Mother was very insistent that we attend Sunday school and church regularly.

It was largely through her influence that I decided to ask for a Conscientious Objectors classification when the draft of 1940 became effective.

Basing my request, at that time, upon the Bible command that "Thou shall not kill" and "love thy enemies".

Getting a conscientious objectors draft classification (4E) did not come easy, my draft board did not look favorably upon those who refused to participate in the draft.

However, after a number of meetings with them and under intense questioning of me, they finally gave me the 4E classification.

I was the oldest of the four children in our family and the only one of the three boys who took this position. My brother Bob went into the airforce and my younger brother Carl got a farm workers deferrment.

I attended our local schools and graduated from high school in the spring of 1938. At that time I worked part time on my parents farm and also worked out for neighbors in the surrounding community.

The farm work was hard and the depression years had taken its toll on my parents finances (there was no government disaster aid or crop insurance in those days) but looking back there was much for which to be thankful.

Neighbors shared the larger jobs on the farm such as threshing, silo filling, wood sawing. Those were festive affairs, with heavy laden dinner tables, where labor was exchanged for labor and there was no dollar amount attached to it.

I left home in September of 1941, aboard a Chicago & Northwestern train, from my home town of Kendall, and headed for the CPS camp at Merom, Indiana. There was some apprehension on my part, as well as my Dads, he was not sure I was doing the right thing in

taking the CO position.

I arrived at CPS Camp #3 at Merom, Indiana September 4 1941. War was declared a little over three months later on Dec. 7th. 1941.

The camp at Merom was primarily, a soil conservation camp, the major project was building amd fencing small farm dams, clearing irrigation ditches and other land conservation projects.

Due in part to my farm background, I was soon put in charge of one of the crews building fences and clearing irrigation ditches.

My CPS experience was a watershed in my life. The "bull sessions" in the evening after the days work, were the most interesting and educational part of the camp life.

For it was here that a country boy had the opportunity to listen in and even participate in discussions with college men and professors on a variety of current subjects.

Through these contacts I realized that there was more to being opposed to war than the bibical command "Thou shall not kill".

In the spring of 1942, as war hysteria was sweeping the country, (There were rumors that the Japanese were sending over incindiary bombs attached to balloons intended to set forest fires along the west coast) there was a call for volunteers to go to California to help with fire fighting and tree planting.

A number of us from Merom volunteered and were shipped via troop train to California. Besides those of us from the Merom camp there were volunteers from CPS camps through out the east.

The Coleville, California camp located in the beautiful Sierra Nevada mountains in Northern California, was a Forest Service camp that had previously been used as a CCC camp.

I remember one fire where I had taken a truck load of fire fighters and their crew leader out to build a "back fire line" and on my way out of the fire area I could hear the frightening roar of the fire as it was coming down the canyon.

The heat was so intense that fir trees would explode like a firey bombs. I just made it out of the fire area in time and learned the next day that the crew never did get a line build for a back fire, but spent most of the night trying to get away from the fire itself.

There were a number of side camps at Coleville, and I was lucky to have been assigned to the Carson City-Lake Tahoe camp.

Our job there was mainly putting in a telephone along the shore of Lake Tahoe for the Forest Service as well as fighting forest fires.

It was while at Lake Tahoe that I had two close calls with death, the first was when I almost drowned in Lake Tahoe and the second time was when our crew was taking down an old telephone line.

As I jerked on the telephone line to break off a telephone pole the slack wire swung up and contacted the overhead, electric transmission lines.

I was knocked unconscious for a brief time and when I first came to I thought I had died and went to hell, I could smell the burned odor of leather and flesh and the sun was just setting and the sky was a deep red making me believe, what I had been taught in my youth, that hell was a firey furnace.

The crew rushed me to the doctor at Reno, Nevada who could not believe that I was still alive after taking that kind of voltage. (My hands are stilled scarred from that experience).

In the fall of 1943, came a call for volunteers for men to participate in fighting fires in the northwest as "Smoke Jumpers" and again I volunteered and was accepted.

I reported for training at the "Smoke Jumpers" camp at Missoula Montana in the spring of 1944.

Training began shortly thereafter and was quite rigorous but I somehow managed to survive and made my first practice parachute jump on a warm sunny spring day.

That is a day I will never forget. We had suited up and boarded the Ford Tri-motor plane which the Forest Service was using at that time. Taking off from the air port I knelt in the doorway as I was to be the first one to jump.

If I checked my static line once I must have checked it a hundred times as we flew up along the river in order to get the right altitude. Then we circled the field where we were to jump, the crew leader threw out a drift chute (to get an idea of wind direction and velocity) and then the call came to jump.

I really don't remember jumping but the next thing I knew was I was looking up, the plane was leaving and suddenly there was a jerk on my harness and the beautiful white parachute opened above me. What a feeling of ecstasy. It was almost like having gone through the valley of death and now I had reached heaven, hanging

suspended above the world and not a sound. But then suddenly it was as if the earth was rushing toward me and the next thing I knew I was on the ground. Not exactly where I was supposed to land but not too far astray.

On all of my seventeen jumps I was always a bit up tight just before jumping. But I never had a bad accident and there is something about parachute jumping that I have never experienced in any other job I have done. It was fun and exciting even though it was scary at times. Those were good days for me.

The 1944 and 1945 seasons were among the busiest fire season in a good many years and if we were not out fighting fires we were at the standby camp.

One of my most memorable fire jumps was a fire in Glacier National park where we had the fire out within two hours after landing and awoke the next morning to see a beautiful herd of elk in the valley below, not far from our sleeping site.

After being discharged from CPS in late November of 1945 I returned to my parents home on a farm near Kendall, Wisconsin.

But I had a restless feeling that I should be doing something more than just returning to the "normal life" After all I had just spent four years doing largely what the selective service and the powers to be had decided that I should do.

It was time now that I did something to help heal the wounds of that war in which I refused to participate.

The following spring of 1946 I signed up with a Mennonite program that was shipping horses to Europe to replace those that were lost in the war.

I spent two months on that trip leaving from Houston Texas and sailing to Venice Italy.

An incident in Venice Italy left a lasting impression on me. When we docked in Venice, Italy to unload the horses it was about meal time. As those of you who have ridden American shipping boats know,they serve sumptuous meals.

On this particular evening as we lay at anchor in the harbor of Venice, watching the Italian workers unload the horses, one of the ships kitchen help came out and right in front of those tired and hungry dock workers dumped, into the water in front of them. thirty or more large cooked and ready to eat steaks.

When confronted with destroying food while people are near

starvation the reply was. "We can not feed everyone so why create a problem"

This attitude seems to remain even today, where it is easier to pay American farmers not to grow food then to try and figure out how to get the abundant food we have to those who need it.

Upon my return from Italy I learned that the, American Friends Service Committee was looking for ex-C.O"s that might be interested in working in their relief programs in Europe.

I sent in my application and was accepted. After training at AFSC headquarters in Philadelphia I set sail on the USS Washington, out of the port of New York via LaHarve and then on to Paris France.

Most of my four years in Europe was spent mainly at, Koblenz on the Rhein, in the French Zone of Germany.

When we finally got permission to go into the French Zone of Germany. Professor Carl Welty, from Beloit College, Wi.and myself were chosen to be the forward team to set up the operation.

We had seen cities damaged in France during the few months that we were there but we were not prepared for such destruction as that which we saw when we entered Koblenz.

There was hardly a building that was not some way or other damaged by the American bombing raids and later artillary and small arms fire. A few of the main streets had been opened but most side streets were filled with the rubble of bombed houses and businesses.

Upon our arrival in Koblenz, Professor Welty directed that we go first to the Headquarters of the French Occupation army. What occured there at that time and within those next few hours changed the AFSC original housing plans completely.

Professer Welty had talked to the French Officers in command about housing and then suggested I go with one of the officers to look at the housing.

I remember this young French Officer said to me, "Jump on the back of my motorcycle and I will take you out to a nice apartment house." Never having ridden a motorcycle before I held on for dear life as we carened through the narrow streets of Koblenz.

Upon arriving at an apartment building high in the hills

overlooking Koblenz the young officer said, "Come with me".

He entered this fairly nice apartment building and then the officer proceeded to tell the German inhabitants that they would have to pack their belonging and find other living quarters.

Seeing what was happening and the look on those Germans faces I told the young French officer that this was not the way we wanted to go about getting housing. He informed me that there was no other way. There were only so many buildings suitable for housing and that was the way it was. I told him we could not take this apartment under this type of arrangement.

I rode with him back to headquarters, and while waiting for Professor Welty I went over to a small German restaurant for a bite to eat.

Sitting at the table next to me was a young German woman about my age and we struck up a conversation. In the course of our conversation I told her about what we were coming to Germany for and the problem we were having in finding living quarters.

She asked how many of us would be coming and I informed her that probably six to eight people initially, maybe more later.

She said that she had several friends who she thought would be interested in having American civilians living with them. If we were interested she would pursue it further.

I was excited about the idea and told her so and that I would contact our unit leader and let her know.

I told Professor Welty about this and the apartment deal, after he came out of his meetings and he felt that it we should pursue the matter living with German families if it seemed feasible and the AFSC was agreeable.

To make a long story a bit shorter, we did pursue it further, we did end up living with a number of German families, which did develop into deep and lasting friendships that are still strong and viable to this day.

A Swiss relief agency was already in place at Koblenz and they had extra room in their barracks and so the AFSC joined hands with them and we started distributing food and clothing out of our rented barracks.

My job at first was to haul the supplies from Paris, France to Koblenz Germany and then later on we set up a milk distribution system. Most of the milk delivered was German milk but because of

the shortage of trucks & tires the asked us to help in the distribution.

Another dividend of our work in Germany, was the formation of a discussion and work group of German and American youth. One member of the group was a German P.O.W.who had just recently been returned from a P.O.W. camp in the United States.

There were about twenty of us and we met on a regular weekly basis. With in depth discussions on topics of the day, we also formed sort of semi-work camp program where we would go out weekends and gather wood for the aged, help repair bombed buildings and clean up rubble from the streets and alleys.

Many of the German youth were very disillusioned and could not understand how their government was able to convince them that war was the way to go.

I returned from Europe in December of 1949 - Renewed contact with a lovely young teacher, Thema E. Tompkins. We had been neighbors and friends prior to my going into CPS.

We were married on August 4th 1951. We have a good marriage and have three wonderful children and six delightful grandchildren.

In spring of 1952 we bought a farm near Wilton, WI. Thema continued to teach until our first daughter, Sue. was born in 1954. Our son, Roger, was born, in 1955 Thema went back to teaching when our son Roger started school. Taking a year off when our third child, Dawn was born, in 1960.

Thema continued to teach until retiring in 1986 after teaching for thirty five years.

At this writing, Sept 1990, Sue. is teaching in a Christian school in Chicago, our son, Roger with his wife Sandra and their four lovely children, Tracy, Cherie, Elliot and Nicole are Christian missionaries stationed at, Davao, in the Philippines, our daughter, Dawn and her husband Bernard and their two wonderful children Joseph & Kelsie live at Brooklyn, just south of Madison. WI.

In 1957 we opened a camera shop in the small village of Wilton, which eventually grew into a photography studio.

In 1964 we moved our photography business from Wilton, WI to Tomah, WI where I remained in the professional photography business for nearly twenty years doing primarily weddings and children pictures.

It was a real rewarding business and I feel one of the most satisfying businesses that I have had during my life time.

I remained in the photography business until late 1981 when I became a a real estate agent.

Back in the mid sixties there was much unrest, due in part from our involvement in the Indochina war and the uprising of the Negro people against the discriminations they were forced to endure.

These were exciting days The Montgomery Alabama bus strike led by Martin Luther King that eventually brought more equality among all people in America,

This was also a time when the opposition to the war in Vietnam came to a head under the leadership of Gene McCarthy who campaigned on a platform of ending that very unpopular war.

I took a very active part in the Gene McCarthy campaign against the Vietnam war. and was one of many who help organize and get out the vote for him here in Wisconsin.

McCarthys very good showing in the Wisconsin primary was, as many of us believe, partly responsible for, President Lyndon Johnson, decision to announce that he would no longer "seek the Presidency for another term."

At a tumultuous 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Gene McCarthy, lost the nomination to Hubert Humphery.

Gene McCarthy had the delegates at that convention but was out manouvered by the forces of Chicagos Mayor Daley. Hubert Humphery got the nomination but lost the general election to Richard Nixon.

I also took up politics that year and ran for state representative from my area. It was fun and educational. but I lost..

During the ensuing years I continued to take an active part in politics working hard for George McGovern, in his bid for the nomination for the Presidency and also worked and helped get Jimmy Carter elected to the Presidency.

Because of my CPS experience I have become more concerned about social matters, the protection of our environment and other issues. Am now a member of Southern Poverty Law Center, Sierra Club. and PETA, an animal rights organization.

In 1986 Thema an I were among those who attended the "Smoke Jumpers Reunion" at Seely Lake near Missoula Montana we found this to be a wonderful time and enjoyed meeting many old and making many new friends.

In September 1987 Thema and I went back to Germany and spent a month visiting many of my old German friends staying at their homes and just having a wonderful time.

One of the highlights of our 1987 visit was a reunion, with many of these people from that "young peoples group" of nearly a forty year ago.

Also, at that time, the German officials in Koblenz gave us the red carpet treatment, with interviews, large write up in the city paper, and a tour of the city in an official city limousine. All because these officials, many who were only children or young people at the time we were there distributing food and clothing, were so grateful for the physical and spiritual needs we brought to them and their families in that time of need.

We had a very pleasant reunion. Brought back many fond memories and met many wonderful old friends.

Since I first entered CPS in 1941, only a half century ago, the U.S. has taken an active part in the 2nd World War, Korean and Vietnam wars.

As I write this the world is poised for another war. This time in the Mideast. Let us hope that through the United Nations efforts it can be prevented.

How soon the wounds of war heal and the mind forgets the horror and suffering.

Many of us refused to participate in World War 2 and yet today fifty years later our children and grandchildren are facing the prospect of another war. One sometimes wonders how effective his or her actions and beliefs are and whether in the course of things it makes any difference. Perhaps "what ever will be will be" is the way it is.

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THE LIFE OF HARRY D. WEIRICH
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MIDDLEBURY, INDIANA 46540

I was born to Daniel E. and Elizabeth (Kauffman) Weirich January 23, 1919, at Shipshewana, Indiana. I have four brothers and four sisters. We grew up in the Old Order Amish Church. Eli J. Bontrager was our bishop. His teachings and concerns were an influence on my taking the C.O. stand. (He was a member of the Mennonite Central Committee and visited many of the camps during the war.)

My number was very low, so when Camp #13 was opened June 23, 1941, I was there the first day. Also the first day of over 3-1/2 years and nine different kitchens to cook in. (Some Mistakes and Failures!)

When the camp at Bluffton, Indiana, was closed, we, as a group, were moved to Camp #28 in Medaryville, Indiana. I helped tear out some of the things MCC had put in at #13 and was in Forestry at #28 until the call came to open up #35.

Thirty-nine of us at Medaryville moved to North Fork, California, in May of 1942. Here I went back to the kitchen as a cook. Several times I went to different side camps for a short time, but the rest of the time was spent at the main camp. (The only camp that the sun came up in the North!)

In April of 1943 several of us were asked if we would be interested to go to Montana as cooks. Dave Yoder left and about 10 days later I was on my way to become a Smokejumper cook. Camp Paxson was our first home. Later, I cooked for a small group at Bison Creek. I had tooth trouble, so when this group was moved to Big Prairie, I was taken out and did the rest of my cooking at Nine Mile.

The fellows--staff and government fellows--were tops! I enjoyed the Unit very much. But when fire season closed I decided to go back to North Fork, California, instead of cooking for the Forestry Service in Idaho over winter and stay in the Unit for '44.

I was interested in getting into relief work, especially Germany. So, after being at North Fork for two months, I transferred to #27 (The Hookworm Project) at Mulberry, Florida. There I helped build those Modern Privies, instead of cooking.

But after being in Florida six months, MCC decided that they needed another cook in the hospital at La Plata, Puerto Rico. So in August of 1944, I went to Puerto Rico instead of Germany. January 1, 1946, Selective Service gave several of us our freedom. Then I spent nearly two months helping on the Chapel which was being built, and also planted shrubs and two palm trees at the Chapel.

Before leaving Puerto Rico, I had promised Dr. Troyer I would help at the Mission that was being started at Pulquillas. This was building several houses and a chapel which was also used for a school later.

We also started Sunday School and church services.

Coming home in June of 1947 (almost 6 years after experiencing my first CPS day), I did some farming and worked for a contractor that built and repaired grain elevators. On October 28, 1948, Orpha Marie Miller and I were married. Marvin, our first son, was born February 19, 1952. He is married and has two sons and had been living in Virginia 15 years. They left (August 29, 1990) to serve at a Mission Station in El Salvador. Darrel, our other son, is single and he and I do the farming together; he also drives semi 3 or 4 days a week. I drove a school bus from 1966 to 1989.

We are on the same farm where we were married in 1948. It is also the farm Orpha's folks moved on when she was 3 years old.

The Lord has been very good to us and we want to Thank and Praise Him for it!

The Weirichs
2 miles south, 3/4 miles west of
Middlebury, Indiana

MERLO M. ZIMMERMAN
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Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

When all is said and done, that's pretty much what the good life is all about. New life in Christ, liberty to follow the dictates of one's conscience and the endeavor to find meaning and fulfillment.

My journey began on the family farm near Flanagan, Illinois on September 10, 1918. My Grandfather purchased this farm in 1890 and moved his family on it in the same year. Today two of my grandchildren live there, becoming the fifth continuous generation of Zimmermans to occupy the "home place." Illinois has a program of recognizing Centennial Farms and 1990 makes this farm a Centennial Farm, both owned and operated by the same family for one hundred years.

The early days were happy days in a close knit community with an uncle, aunt and cousins living on the next farm down the road. We were taught the dignity of hard work but were also allowed to enjoy the usual activities of sibling play and rivalry that one would expect to find in a family of four boys which happened to be my lot. The highlight of the year was, without a doubt, the yearly trek to Ohio to visit my Mother's family, three hundred miles of gravel roads in a model T Ford. The first question on arrival was, invariably, "how many flats did you have."

Grade School was a one room building one-half mile from home. Eight grades, one teacher, five rows of desks, 20 to 30 kids plus a big coal buring stove in one corner pretty well filled the room. Perhaps not conditions conducive to the greatest incentive to learning but as I look back most of those kids did quite well and made a place for themselves in life. Those teachers had to be unusual people to have survived, however. High school continued to be unusual compared to today's standards. When I started there were about 125 students and three teachers, but by graduation time, four years later, we had actually added a fourth teacher. There were no choices of subjects but we got the fundamentals. I enjoyed school with a keen interest in history and mathematics. Since we were in the midst of the great depression, college was not an option. I was expected to stay home and help on the farm which I did until World War II came along and changed many plans.

As I grew up my parents were very religious people, deeply involved in the local Mennonite Church where they were members. Religious activities were a very real part of daily life. At the age of eleven I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal savior and joined the fellowship.

My religious convictions created a problem for me when World War II developed. I knew I would soon be drafted and being of an adventerous nature and deeply interested in aviation, the Air Force looked like an opportunity to realize these ambitions. After quite an internal struggle I came to the conclusion that I could not disregard my convictions which were based on my understanding of scripture and the teachings of my church. The result found me, along with one other fellow, being the first conscientious objectors drafted from our county in central Illinois. The orders came and we found ourselves on our way to CPS Camp #18 at Sidling Hill, Pennsylvania in October of 1941.

How well I remember, as I was resting on my bunk on Sunday afternoon, December 7, when the radio suddenly blared forth with the news of the attack on Pearl Harbor. I had only served two months of a two year assignment. Quickly the realization sunk in that those two years were now for the duration which eventually turned out to be four years, one month and twenty-one days, to be exact. After about a year in Pennsylvania I learned of a new camp opening up at Belton, Montana for service in Glacier Park. Previously on a family trip to the West Coast I had fallen in love with the grandeur of the Rockies. Since this presented the possibility of actually liv-

ing among these majestic peaks, I immediately requested a transfer which was granted. For a time there was the possibility of a CPS Unit opening to train pilots for aerial crop dusting and I thought perhaps my chance had come to learn to fly. But the unit never developed. Later I learned of the plans for the Smoke Jumper unit at Missoula. You can be sure I lost no time in submitting my application. To my utter dismay I was not accepted the first year, however I was accepted in 1944 and served for the two years of 1944 and 1945. After my initial training, I was stationed at McCall, Idaho which I found to be a delightful place.

While at McCall I also achieved my earlier ambition, I learned to fly. I took flying lessons under the tutelage of Warren Ellison, Bob Fogg, Bill Yaggy and Jerry Verhelst, all Johnson Pilots. To get to know these fellows on a little different level was also a great experience. For a time there was an Army PT19 at the McCall airport. Bill Yaggy and I took it up to try our hand at aerobatics. Fun? Yes! I thought it would be great to learn to be a stunt pilot. That goal I never achieved, although later I did put my little Piper Cub, which I purchased with two other fellows, through some maneuvers I'm not sure were top intelligence since it was not stressed for inverted flight---but all without incident. The day that Bob Fogg crawled out of that little plane at McCall and said, "take her up" was a mighty exciting day. Down the runway, into the air, out over the valley; then suddenly the realization, "I'm up here alone and it's all up to me to get this thing back down safely." So back to the airport, downwind at 500 feet, two right 90 degree turns, line up with the runway, trottle back, watch the airspeed, clear the carburator, elevation about right, over the runway, keep her straight, easy now, back on the stick, careful, touchdown, piece of cake, let's do it again! Next time around, oops, bounced a couple times, that will take care of the ego. The feeling of it all was much like that first parachute jump---remember?

Two particular experiences in Smoke Jumping stand out in my mind. The first was the experience of seeing a fire blow up. Four of us jumpers had jumped on the fire about 11:00 A.M. if I remember correctly. We quickly packed our gear and started a fire line at the base of the fire. About 1:00 P.M. with the temperature above 100 degrees the wind came up and fire crowned in a heavy stand of pines. The fire seemed to smoulder for a few seconds and then simply explode, jumping about 50 yards at a time, often uprooting mature trees just by the force of the blast. We jumpers fled from the fire, buried our parachutes and jumping gear and prepared to submerge in a near-by stream. Fortunately about that time the wind changed and the fire came back down on the ground. We quickly went back to our job and were there for several days until we were relieved by ground crews. It was on this fire we were dropped provisions. We hung a ham in a nearby tree and I happened to see a bear climb the tree and steal our ham. I let out a yell and chased that bear until he dropped the ham. Although it had some big tooth marks in it, it sure tasted good after a day of fire fighting.

The other experience was quite different. Another jumper and I, along with a Forest Service employee who was serving his first year with our unit as a squad leader, were assigned to a small fire in a near-by forest. As we were gathering our gear he announced to me that I would be the spotter and he was going to jump. When we arrived at the fire I saw a small grassy meadow near the fire. After throwing out the drift shutes I was convinced we could use it for our landing area if we were careful, although it was rather small and surrounded by some forbidding terrain. I told the fellows to hold into the wind until they were sure not to overshoot the spot, then plane in if necessary. The first jumper landed right in the middle of the spot beautifully. When I put the Forest Service employee out, he disregarded my instructions, although I yelled at him all the way down. He overshot the spot, landing on a steep shale slide. His feet shot out from under him and he slid several yeards down the slope. Imagine my relief when he got to his feet and waved his flag that all was well.

I had not been trained as a spotter, although I had spotted myself in practice and once on a fire jump at the instruction of my squad leader. I have often wondered, if there had been a serious injury, what the consequences might have been. I was only following my superiors instructions, but?

After discharge from CPS Les Gahler, a fellow smoke jumper, and I with a group of 31 so-called sea going cowboys escorted and cared for a boatload of cattle and horses to war ravished Poland in a relief effort. The trip was made in January and February, the stormy months on the North Atlantic. This year was no exception and it soon became apparent that most of these sea going cowboys were really landlubbers. One day found one other fellow and me doing the work for the entire group. For some reason I never did experience any sea sickness, perhaps the mountain flying had preconditioned me. The first hand exposure to the dreadful carnage of saturation bombing and the pitiful condition of the survivors certainly reinforced my conviction that I had made the right choice over four years earlier. Aerial warfare was a far cry from the scarf and goggle engagements in those open cockpit planes of World War I with their chivalrous overtones that so captivated my imagination as a boy.

My return to central Illinois found me back on the family farm taking over from my Dad who had decided to retire at that time. There my productive years were spent until my retirement at the age of 65 in 1983, although I still am involved assisting my son who replaced me. In addition, any spare time I managed from the farm, I worked as an electrican with my brother, Loren, who is an electrical contractor and also an ex-smoke jumper.

Besides farming I was also involved in many church and conference related activities. I served as Conference Representative for 20 years on the Mennonite Central Committee; served on the Conference General Board; Mission Board; Christian Service Foundation; Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission Board; Salem Childrens Home Board, a home for unfortunate or delinquent children; and Meadows Mennonite Home Board, a retirement community and nursing home. I served the local church in numerous capacities such as Church chairman, Sunday School Superintendent; Sunday School Teacher, Deacon Board, Building Committee, Pastoral search committee, etc.

I have been fortunate in that I found a beautiful girl from Hutchinson, Kansas by the name of Arvada Miller to share my life with me. We were married on August 9, 1947 and God has blessed our marriage with four children, two boys and two girls, all of whom are married and we presently have eight grandchildren. We have always known good health until this past year. On April 27, 1989 I had a farm accident which nearly cost me a leg. In the process of trying to administer anesthetic preperatory to operating they were unable to get even an infant breathing tube down my airway. Subsequent exrays revealed a throat tumor. A chondroma attached to my larynx was removed but the involvement was such that severe damage to my larynx, vocal cords and breathing ability has resulted in six additional operations and nearly a year later we are still working to restore my breathing capacity and as much of my speech as possible. I still have two operations to go in the foreseeable future. Hopefully, this will complete my recovery.

It was my plan to attend the 1989 Smoke Jumper Reunion but the foregoing experience changed my plans completely. Perhaps there will yet be another opportunity.

Besides the relief trip to Poland, my wife and I have been privileged to do some traveling through the years. We spent about a month in Mexico on two different occasions; have traveled in Europe three times, visiting seven different countries;

visited Lebanon, Israel, Jordan and Egypt in the Near East; vacationed in Columbia, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay and Brazil in South America as well as many of the islands of the Carribean; recently we enjoyed a visit to Japan, China and Hong Kong. These have been good experiences and certainly enhances ones interest in the exciting events taking place daily throughout our world.

Summerizing, the experiences of CPS, the many new acquaintences, the lifetime friendships formed, without a doubt, all contributed to shaping the person I am today. The days of CPS were not always pleasant but they were a growing experience. Although our compensation was not material, I consider it invaluable. Each day presents a new opportunity. I trust I can grow old gracefully and make the most of the time God allows. Thinking back, what can compare to the foot on the step, the rugged mountain below, the wind in your face, the tap on the shoulder, hit the silk; you said it, "Life At Its Fullest"?

Merlo M. Zimmerman
4/15/90

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WATCH IT!

by Norman Zook

Watch it, Roy, you are asking quite a bit when you ask me to write a personal history, when I can't even keep up on my family correspondence.

I remember back in 1935, I believe, sitting in Fairview High School, Fairview, Michigan, working on an assignment in literature. I read this quotation: "Blessed is the man, who having nothing to say, abstaineth from giving wordy evidence of it." I'll try to "watch it" that I don't miss a blessing.

I remember, too, a story about Pat and Mike. They were walking through the forest when they saw a bobcat run into a cave. Pat says, "You watch so he doesn't get out, and I'll go in and catch him." After a while Mike heard a terrible commotion inside the cave. Mike yelled, "Pat, do you want me to come in and help you catch him?" Pat yelled back, "Come help me turn it loose."

I'll tell you the reason I chose this title. Up to the time of my first retirement, I worked for Willamette Industries. Whenever I saw some pre-maintenance that should be done, or some things that should be changed, I would tell my foreman. He would say, "We don't have time to take care of that now; watch it." I would "watch it" until it broke down; and then we would all get some time off, except the millwrights.

On the more serious side, there is quite a bit in the Bible concerning "watch."

Psalm 90:4 says, "For two thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a <u>watch</u> in the night."

Psalm 119:148 says, "Mine eyes prevent the night <u>watches</u> that I might meditate in Thy word."

Psalm 37:32, "The wicked <u>watcheth</u> the righteous and seeketh to slay him."

Psalm 102:7, "I <u>watch</u> and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop."

Psalm 130:6, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that <u>watch</u> for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning."

Jeremiah 51:12 says, "Set up the Standard upon the walls of Babylon, make the <u>watch</u> strong, set up the <u>watchman</u>, prepare the ambushes; for the Lord hath both devised and done that which he spake against the inhabitants of Babylon."

Jeremiah 20:10, "For I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. Report, say they, and we will report it. All my familiars watched for my halting, saying, Peradventure he will be enticed and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him."

Jeremiah 31:28, "And it shall come to pass that like as I have watched over them, to pluck up and to break down, and to throw down, and to destroy, and to afflict; so I will watch over them, to build and to plant, saith the Lord."

Habakkuk 2:1, "I will stand upon my watch and set me upon the tower, and watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved?"

Matthew 14:25, "And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them walking on the sea."

Matthew 24:42, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

Matthew 24:43, "But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched and would not have suffered his house to be broken up."

Luke 21:36, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and stand before the son of man."

Job 14:16, "For now Thou numberest my steps; dost Thou not watch over my sin?"

Matthew 25:13, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the son of man cometh."

Mark 14:35, "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even or at midnight or at the cock-crowing or in the morning."

Mark 14:38, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak."

Thessalonians 5:6, "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober."

I Peter 4:7, "But the end of all things is a hand: Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

I Corinthians 16:13, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

I Timothy 4:5, "But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

Revelation 15:15, "Behold I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked and they see his shame."

For the last six years, I have been a watchman for Haley Logging and Construction Company. My job is to watch for fire, theft, and vandalism. I have not had any serious problems yet. It is hard telling what might happen this summer, as the loggers and environmentalists are not getting along too well. It seems like mankind nowadays has to take second place to the animals, birds, and insects.

I have my travel trailer parked in a beautiful place on the bank of the Middle Fork of the Santiam River. I am about ten miles inside a locked gate next to the Santiam Wilderness area. There is an abundance of elk, deer, coyote and other wildlife.

Prior to this job, I was driving shuttle for "Airporter" out of the Portland Airport. I did not watch it close enough when I took that job. My pay was nearly all in worthless checks.

One incident I remember was taking a lady to the Dalles. She was just getting home from a vacation in Europe. She and her husband always took separate vacations. I asked her how she and her husband got along. "Get along? We can't even paint on the same side of the house."

Before my shuttle driving job, I was in a cattle and horse ranch in Southern Oregon. We had over a hundred head of horses. One of my main watch jobs there was watching for rattlesnakes. I don't mind telling you environmentalists that, among some other things, I wouldn't mind if rattlesnakes, porcupines, and poison oak became extinct.

It seems like I have forgotten a lot about smoke jumping, although I enjoyed it very much. It was a great feeling, after leaving the plane, to look up and see than canopy overhead and then to look around at the scenery before hitting the ground, rocks, brush, etc. If I remember correctly, I had never been up in a plane before I went up to make my first jump. Although I enjoyed smoke jumping, I'm never going to do it again.

I remember one time landing in the top of a snag, next to a green fir! I thought it would be easy to get to the ground by swinging over to the fir, unstrapping myself from the parachute, and climbing down the tree. It was easy going at first, but then I ran out of limbs and the trunk of the tree kept getting bigger and bigger. The bark of the tree was so that I was able to dig in with my fingers and toes until I was close enough to the ground to drop. I'm sure glad I didn't break a leg, or I would probably still be there.

I remember the satisfaction of having a fire trailed and then having only to watch it. It was always fun to get back to Missoula at dinnertime. I thought we were very fortunate to have such quality foremen. I wondered about this one fellow, though, by the name of Green. I had heard that he had walked eleven miles, one way, to and from, to see his girlfriend.

We had two small fires. We had a cold, heavy rain for a few days, and the rigging crew had a warming fire. The way it was raining, the possibility of a wild fire seemed very remote. A few days later the sun shown hot on that slope, the next day the wind blew hard, and somehow a fire got started. I had driven down along the river to see the elk and glanced up at the logging site and couldn't believe my eyes when I saw this fire about fifty feet across. I had to drive about four miles to radio out for help.

After reporting the fire, I put a pump can on my back and went to work, although that wasn't required of me. I got into a spot that for a while, I didn't know if I would ever make it out. The wind and smoke were terrible. I couldn't accomplish anything by myself, so I went back to the radio. I found out, though, the mountains are getting steeper, the pump cans are heavier, the water from a leaking can is wetter, and the slash burns hotter. We worked on that fire all that night and the next forenoon with four fire trucks and about two dozen men.

I was born September 8, 1917, at Mio, Michigan. I have two brothers and three sisters, all living.

I grew up on a farm of two hundred acres. I was used to hard work before I got to CPS 103, but I don't believe that I ever worked as hard as I did in calisthenics at Missoula.

I graduated from high school at Fairview, Michigan, but was unable, financially, to go to college. However, I did take some short courses in camp at Bluffton, Ohio.

I started out CPS at Bluffton, Ohio, then we moved the camp to Medaryville, Indiana. Then I transferred to North Fork, California (I had heard the expression "Go west young man, go west") and from there to CPS 103.

See you on the ground. One thousand...two thousand...three thousand...four thous--ungh!

Brown is tragically mistaken

I was deeply moved and saddened by Michael Brown's Dec. 28 letter to the Missoulian. It brought back a flood of memories of my own time in the military (1968-1972). I recalled how proud I was to serve my country, the camaraderie I felt in my unit, and how hurt and angered I was, not only by the public's lack of support and understanding, but by their overt hostility.

I volunteered to go to Vietnam in 1970 and identified strongly with the commitment Brown expressed to his current task. For me, however, all the tough talk and flag waving disappeared once the dying started. War is not a geopolitical abstraction to me. It is intensely personal. There are still times when I wake up to the sound of 20-year-old screams, the faces of those that I killed, or the friends that died.

When I returned from Vietnam all the sword-rattlers that thought the war was a great idea were conspicuously silent. I was left alone to figure out what happened and how to put my life back together. In 1982, I contemplated suicide as a confused response to my rage, shame, and the fear that I would begin to hurt people I loved the most — my wife and children. In combat, turning my fear into aggression was a useful response, at home it was dangerous. It continues to be a difficult road at times, especially times like these. My way of giving that experience meaning has been to work for peace.

I proudly participated in the peace demonstration Brown mentioned in his letter, as did a number of other combat veterans. He is correct: "War is not any easy thing." Our hope is that the current march toward war can be halted before Brown and his friends have to find out just how true that is, before the "sacrificing begins."

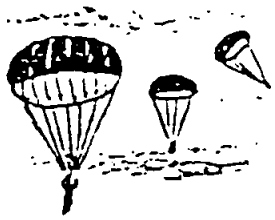
— Gregory R. Burham, 500 Ford St., Missoula

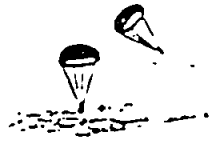
Those of us who attended the the 1989 smokejumpers reunion at Seeley Lake remember Greg Burham's impassioned plea for maintaining world peace and eliminating war. On January 14, 1991, Greg wrote to the Missoulian briefly restating his point of view.

At the 1989 reunion, Bob Searles and Wilmer Carlsen made a good video of Greg Burham's speech. Copies may be borrowed at no cost by writing to me, Roy E. Wenger, 333 North Ave. West, Missoula, Montana 59801.

Volume III

CPS Smokejumpers
1943 to 1946





LIFE STORIES

Coffin, Joe
Diller, Ken
Entwistle, Dale
Flaharty. Dick
Garber, John E.
Gillin, Chalmer C.
Goossen, Louis
Gray, Albert L. Jr.
Hershberger, Jonas D.
Holdeman, Ivan E.
Jensen, Marshall
Kauffman, Norman D.
Kaufman, Johnny
Kenagy, Earl
Kurtz, Wayne D.
Lehman, Dean
Lewis, Ted
Miller, Dennis D.
Morgan, Laurence R.
Mundell, Asa
Neufeld, Frank
Osborn, Joseph C.
Petty, Oliver
Phifer, Gregg
Reimer, Walt
Rice, Homer A.
Scott, John
Stucky, Winton H.
Stutzman, Earl
Tieszen, Clarence
Tschetter, Levi
Weaver, Richard S.
Wenger, Roy E.
Yoder, David S.
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