

Oct. Nov. 1943



## Milestone Number One.....

With this issue we celebrate our First Birthday. One year ago our thriving paper was born in the humble environments of a British Columbia Conchie Camp. The idea of a paper was brought forth from ambitious, energetic minds and published in the form of the October, 1942 issue. To these founders of this growing institution we owe the success of the paper on its arrival at the First Anniversary. It has lived a unique life, indeed, in these months of varied experiences. Were it able to tell its own story of events through this, its first year, we would no doubt be amazed at some of the unequalled accounts. At times it may have been feared that the feeble thread of life would snap, but by some unforeseen benignity its life was spared and we can feel assured that she will continue growing and thriving.

During this span she has been adopted by new parents. Indeed, their great desire is to keep her healthy and free from harming influences. A child cannot grow to be healthy and vigorous unless it has been properly nursed and guarded in its prime. We feel the Beacon has had this necessary and tender care in its first months, and much of its present success can be attributed to that.

Our contributors deserve thanks for the splendid articles and news items which have formed the main body of reading matter. Certainly they merit credit in keeping the interest of our readers at a maximum. We trust we have published these in a manner complimentary to the Policy-Constitution.

Our many subscribers and readers also merit thanks for their much appreciated and kind support. This interest during the past year has been one of the important factors in the continuance of our paper, and we feel that you will want to keep it up throughout the future.

Let us together determine to face the future, and through this publication display the principles of peace and love toward mankind that they may ultimately convince the world that we have something in us which is the only way to enduring peace and a better world of the future.

-- Editor-in-Chief.

October-November 1943

## THE BEACON

Volume 2 Number 10

Compiled by Conscientious Objectors in the various Alternative Service Work Camps of the British Columbia Forest Service, and published monthly at A.S.W. Camp C-2, Lake Cowichan, B.C. The work in these camps consists of snag-falling, fire-fighting, road construction, park improvement, tree-planting and supplying fuel for general consumption. The men work 48 hours weekly and receive 50¢ daily, board and medical attention.

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Subscription Price -- 10¢ single copy  
\$1.00 per year  
50¢ six months

Circulation this Issue ---- 1047

-- Cover Design by Turner --

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# Seek Those Things Which Are Above

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God", Col. 3:1.

Does it seem rather pitiable that Christians, born again and risen with Christ, Col. 2:12, need to be told to seek after those things which are above? It seems quite natural that water runs downhill. We all expect it of water to respond to the pull of gravity. It seems natural, too, that worldly people, unregenerated and lost sinners follow after the world and its pleasures (?), sinking deeper and deeper in the slimy potholes of sin. They, too, respond to the law of gravity, if the term can be used in that sense. It is surprising, too, they need no exhortation as an extra incentive to keep them there.

Christians have not so easy a time for they are going contrary to the force of gravity, asking your pardon again. And yet, can we call it, in the strict sense of the word, against? Is not our Redeemer up yonder drawing us? But because we wrestle against no flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, Christians need to be exhorted to seek those things which are above.

There seems to be a wide diversity of opinion among Christians (?) as to what constitutes "those things which are above". Without going into any detail it can be safely said that those things which are above are not found on this earth. Therefore they cannot be temporal things. If they are not temporal, they must be external or spiritual. And because they are spiritual they cannot be found on the dance floor, beer parlour, or any other places termed as places of amusement. Neither can they be found in reading of the type of literature termed as True, Modern, Western, and what have you.

No one is telling you to give up such pastimes if you follow them. You are just being told they are not "those things which are above". And if you do follow them you are not seeking after those things which are above -- are you then risen with Christ? Let us prove ourselves.

After we have proven ourselves and we honestly can say that we know of a day and an hour when we died in sin and arose a new man in Christ Jesus --, wouldn't it be a good idea if we did give up certain pastimes? "Lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us", and devote more time to seeking those things which are above. Who knows, perhaps it might be you who could then tell us just what specific things "those things which are above" are.

-- Peter Wolfe, Q-5.

## Your Attention Please

To the Editor's desk comes a great variety of correspondence. It is really interesting to delve into some of it for what it contains. However, he has been caught unawares several times when receiving literature in the German language. Unfortunately, he is too occupied to translate it himself, and his few German-speaking friends sometimes have difficulty in gaining the full meaning from the contents. So may we ask that you do your corresponding in English if at all possible. We are sure your friends will be happy to assist you if you are not in full command of the English. If you help us in this way, we will have little trouble in getting the thought of your letter and satisfying the requests you make.

Thank you -- Editor-in-Chief.

## Our Policy-Constitution

For the benefit of our new subscribers and those who have been our faithful patrons, we print our Policy-Constitution, in order that they may know the standards we hold and endeavour to fulfil in the publishing of our paper.

"The Paper is owned, operated, and controlled by A.S.W. men in the B.C.F.S. It is published as an inter-camp communication to further create a respectful understanding and common fellowship amongst us. We will co-operate with the authorities of the B.C.F.S. so that any dissatisfactions between the A.S.W. men and the Forest Service personnel may be entirely avoided or minimized.

We want to make our Paper a sort of newsletter, too, for the folks back home, as they are immensely interested in our activities, and why not? We are their sons. We should also like to show our friends and acquaintances who are not in camp what we C.O.s are doing to live up to our convictions. We want them to learn the nature of Alternative Service Work and come to know the sincerity of our convictions, our universal patriotism as expressed in our work.

Our Paper is an interdenominational publication. Equal voice will be given to the various religious groups. All viewpoints of these groups will be published in such a manner as to strike a balance so that no one viewpoint of any one group becomes the belief of the Paper, and so that no denomination has reason to feel suppressed.

We shall not make our Paper a platform for any political issue or discussion. Such material will not be printed.

With these few maxims we hope our Paper will be of value to all, that we may do the most good. Articles of a constructive nature and adhering to our Policy-Constitution are most welcome."

Since we have agreed to take other A.S.W. Camps and Units in Canada under the Beacon, there will possibly be a few changes made in the first part of the above. However, we will notify our readers of any such changes when and if they occur.

We trust our contributors will bear in mind these few statements, and thus make The Beacon a paper worthy of its cause and adhering to the principles upheld by the real conscientious objector.

-- Executive Staff.

## Objectors get Duties with R.C.A.M.C.

A recent arrangement with the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps and Canadian Dental Corps allows conscientious objectors to undertake duties in a non-combatant division. They are to perform the regular duties of a soldier in these units, and will have similar privileges. They will not be required to bear arms or do combatant duty. A good percentage of campers have made application, but will not all necessarily be accepted. They will serve either here or overseas. Already some of the applicants have had replies and are ready to be examined by the military authorities as to their necessary qualities that will permit them to enter the unit. They will not be a separate unit, but will work with others of the same service. It is expected that more will file applications in the near future. The applicants feel that the service they will render here will be both educational and of value to humankind, and yet will not violate the principles of conscientious objection.

## A Few Odds from Hill 60

We must report on a few blessings we have received during the past month. It has been our privilege to have had Rev. John Toews and Rev. John Penner and Rev. Cornelius Toews with us. They have really been soul-lifting and encouraging.

Several weeks ago, four of our boys were transferred to Camp C-2, Lake Cowichan for tree planting. These were Bill Harder, John R. Dueck, Cyril Hobourn and Clarence Pekrul. We wish them good planting and a straight back when they return.

A few weeks ago one brother came to redeem his other brother from this camp work. Pete Giesbrecht took the place of his brother Henry. We wish them both God's blessing. Pete has made good efforts in taking his Grade X correspondence.

A thought from a tract which I read I would like to pass along. We read in Lamentations 1:12, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by"? The modern expression is, "Is it anything to you"? This impressed it on my mind, and that in two ways. First, is it nothing to me to see souls pass by without accepting Christ. Second, is it nothing to me how the fellow-brother and babe in Christ gets along.

The Lord Jesus Christ gives us the definite command to go and preach the gospel, Mark 16:15. It is for us to bring the gospel to the men and not expect them to come to us, for we know that the natural man does not desire after the spirit. Just as a dead man does not feel a weight that is placed on him, so the natural man does not feel the need for a Saviour. Now is it anything to me how this gospel is carried to the lost world? Then there are those who have recently accepted Christ. They need encouragement and they feel so weak, is it nothing to me how these carry on? Let us bear those up in our prayers and talk to them about God's wonderful love. Very often we do not find anything to speak about, it seems, at least in a spiritual realm. Just like two men that had worked together for fifteen years, one a Christian, the other not. At the end of the time the natural man asked the Christian whether he fully believed that he must be born again if he was to be saved, and if this was the most important thing in his life. The Christian answered, "Yes", but the natural man answered, "I don't believe you because we have talked on everything else but never once have you mentioned Christ".

May the Lord help us to confess Him before the lost and dying world, but still more, let us help the fellow brother.

Sincerely, Jake A. Krahn, C-1.

## Re Periodicals

Many of the camps have been receiving periodicals from donors unknown to them. A recent letter has advised us as to the origin of some of these papers. Mr. Phil Giesbrecht, Secretary of the Mennonite Service Foundation has informed us that they have been sending subscriptions of the following five papers: The Family Herald, The Country Guide, The Christian Monitor, The Mennonite and the Mennonite Weekly Review. He also mentions that they wish to continue sending periodicals.

On behalf of the camps, the Beacon wishes to express to Mr. Giesbrecht and his co-workers a hearty vote of thanks and appreciation for these services. We are certain the reading matter these papers have provided has been the means of brightening many a dull moment. Our lives in camp are judged by the way we spend our spare time, and through reading we gain a valuable knowledge.

## Ontario Camp Reports

Dear Fellow Conchies:

I thought perhaps you would be interested to know what the C.O.s in Ontario are doing. In June of this year two camps were opened near Chatham, one about seven miles west and the other about five miles east. There the boys worked for surrounding farmers by the day, week or month. Some came back to the camps each night and others stayed on the farms and reported each week. A few were stationed so far from the camp that they never reported at all. I am one of those last mentioned. Right now rumours are rampant that we are destined for the lumber camps this winter -- yes, we have rumour-mongers here too!

I enjoy reading the Beacon very much. I recognize so many names -- fellows who were at Montreal River for those first four months. Especially do I enjoy those articles from the glib pen of Wilson Hunsberger.

One thing is certain, we conscientious objectors have unparalleled opportunities to witness for Christ; to show the people that our ideas are worthwhile standing by in times of stress as well as when the going is easy. Every act we do, every word we speak is like a pebble cast into a pool -- it creates ever-widening circles of influence. It's up to us whether that influence is for good, evil, or merely indifference. We cannot see the magnitude, nor judge the value of a single kind act; nor can we calculate the harm done by one filthy word. It's our job to make the impressions we create worthwhile and lasting.

Praying that God will shower His richest blessings on you,

I remain yours in Christ Jesus,

Douglas Millar, R.2, Wyoming, Ont

## C.O.s in Australia

This information is taken from "The Friend", a journal published weekly by British Periodicals Limited, London, England, September, 1943.

"In western Australia it appears that practically all C.O.s have been given non-combatant duties. As many cannot accept, there have been prison sentences, repeated a second and third time in several cases. The few C.O.s who have been awarded conditional registration have been sent to cut firewood, without any regard to their normal civilian occupation.

In Victoria nearly half the applicants have been conditionally registered and only 16 out of 229 have been totally rejected. Only seven men were in prison as C.O.s in April as far as was known.

In Queensland two men from the Paxton Community Farm (referred to by Q.Q. in The Friend of August 6th) have been prosecuted for refusal to take the oath. Presumably their claims as C.O.s had been dismissed. One was sentenced to six months imprisonment, the other to three months.

New South Wales is the only state which has directed C.O.s to civilian work under civilian control, under the Forestry Department. Arther Cooper (a member of the Sydney Meeting) has been promoted to foreman of his camp in this work. Two young men in this state who joined a non-combatant unit and later found themselves conscientiously unable to continue have been court-martialed, one four times and one twice, and each given sentences of detention.

-- Joe Weis, Q-6.

## Tree Planting

Before we go into the serious side, or otherwise, of reforestation, let us agree on one point. The men working in this crew take a real pride in quality and quantity production and fully merit praise for the average maintained in a difficult planting area.

There are many important places in a planting camp. The cook and helper, the staker, the packers, the planters. There's Harry and Ben, Seranus and Cy, Charlie and Chuck, Andy and Jake, Peter and Dan, Clarence and Bill, Byron and John, John and Jack, Willie and Dink, Freddy and Abe, Collin and George, Bill and Bruce, Ralph and Ed, the Rain and Raye.

This crew is marvelously adapted for this area. The area is beautifully suited to the crew. It will give some idea of the land when now with 303,650 trees planted we are all similar in appearance to side-hill gougers. One leg is two inches shorter than the other. On the other hand (or foot) one leg is two inches longer than the other. Why, if one of us got lost in the woods one hundred feet across he would go in circles until he starved to death.

The idea for a planting crew set up is fifteen men in a line, forward on each end and slightly sway back in the middle, the planters six feet apart. Each man plants a tree, moves forward six feet, plants another, etc.

At the rate of ten trees a minute, six hundred an hour, forty-eight hundred a day, the total for the crew would be seventy-two thousand trees a day. Don't fool yourself, even two down and one up it can't be done! Even in country full of hollow stumps and full of windfalls it can't be done! Even with inspectors helping out by condemning whole areas for loose trees, planting in moss, planting tops down, planting roots up, planting horizontally, crowding out nature's reproduction handiwork, planting two more to a hole, planting one foot apart, planting two feet apart, planting four feet apart, yes, even planting eight feet apart -- still it can't be done!

But we try. We surely do. And what's it get us? A measly  $14,967\frac{3}{4}$  a day! But wait, we'll do it yet -- just hold your breath till we do.

Don't think it isn't hard work, it is! But we have fun. There is a whistle or a song all day long. There is the joking word of a tired worker for the weaker brother next to him and a laugh runs down the line. There is the noon break with perhaps a fire where we make Bride's toast -- (take it to the fire and burn it -- take it to the sink and scrape it!). There is the start of the planting period when the first tree is the hardest. When the bent back and the swinging grouch-hook seem an impossibility. But soon the rhythmic monotony of the job takes over and another day is done. Then close to the dark they left in the morning, back to camp to wash up, and with grace, sit down to one of Harry's really remarkable and satisfying repasts.

-- By Raye.

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From Manitoba.

"Kindly send the Beacon for two years as I am anxious to know what is going on out there. God bless you and keep you is my prayer".

KEEP ADVERTISING THE BEACON -- IT PAYS!

## "I Would Be....."

The Manitoba Youth Organization of the Conference of the Mennonites in Canada greets all the Alternative Service Workers in the various parts of Canada with Paul's epistle to the Colossians in 3:22-25 and Titus 2:9-14.

The present world crisis has caused an emergency of unprecedented magnitude where thousands of peaceful citizens of the country have been called to lend a helping hand to the government, perhaps against the will of their parents and congregation. This situation may serve as an excuse to some, to do their work reluctantly and half-heartedly. Paul exhorts the servants to be obedient to their own masters in all things "not with eye service, as man pleasers, but with singleness of heart, fearing God", "that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things".

Brethren in Christ, we think of you, we pray for you, we hope for your speedy return. "Look for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour".

Let this noble song be your motto when you are attending your daily work:

I would be true for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure, for there are those who care,  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer,  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

And may He who gave himself for us, "Redeem you from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works".

Now, friends, if there be anything we can do for you as an organization to help you to carry on -- write to the undersigned, at Altona, Manitoba, Box 442 -- and we shall discuss these things at the coming fall Conference of our organization.

God be with you till we meet again. In the name of the said organization,  
P. B. Krahn.

## Why Tomorrow?

Why be anxious o'er tomorrow?  
Leave it in Thy Father's care;  
He will guide you safely onward  
To the realms of endless day.

And the sparrows on the house top,  
Careless free as breath of air,  
Find their daily portion given,  
By our loving Father's care.

Oft we fear the gathering stormclouds  
That surround the path we tread;  
Till we hear that gentle whisper,  
By His Hand thou'rt safely led.

His the eye that watches o'er them,  
His the hand their wants supply,  
Not one to the ground has fallen,  
But was seen by Him on high.

Loading by the quiet waters,  
Resting in the pastures green,  
In the valley naught can harm us,  
On His staff secure we lean.

He that watches o'er the sparrows,  
He who tends those lilies rare,  
Folds His loving arms around us,  
Bids us trust and never fear.

There His staff applied in chastening,  
Points us to those lilies rare,  
Growing in the Master's garden,  
Watched and watered by Him there.

Then Why be anxious o'er tomorrow?  
Leave it in Thy Father's care,  
He will guide you through the storm-  
Safely to a better land. (clouds,

Composed by A. Brown, Waterloo, Ont. Contributed by Leonard Witmer, C-4.



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## Camp C-5 Crumbs

Here we are again, fellows, with data of the happenings since it last was our pleasure to make ourselves heard.

Owing to some changes new members are appearing in our A.S.W. personnel and, although they are no different than the others, still one can very easily detect them among the rest. The reason for this possibly is that they have not yet had time to adjust themselves to that "camp-experienced" atmosphere. In short so far as camp life is concerned these new arrivals blend perfectly with the forest as, undoubtedly, most of us did when we first started.

Very fine fellows they were and still are. I say "were" because two out of the three that arrived were here only long enough to become acquainted with a good forest camp.

J. C. Unruh, from Abbotsford, was here only for about two weeks when he was given different employment. This change apparently, was affected on compassionate grounds. G. Roper, from Vancouver, breezed in and out of this camp. He is now holding down the timekeeping position at Camp C-1. J. Kucher, another newcomer, hails from Toronto, Ontario, and has managed to hold on to his membership of this camp. So much for the new arrivals. As for the departures a few more have to be added to the list.

One fine day after his labours were over, C. Lauber, of Tofield, Alberta, received word of a two months harvest leave. It's difficult to describe his reaction to such news. In fact, the expression on his face seemed to be something extraordinary. However, all this was explained when J. Born, of Rosemary, Alberta, was in possession of his discharge and that same expression was observed. We were unable to draw conclusions at the time but, afterwards it dawned on us that it must have been the outward reflection of a unique inner feeling that only these fellows could experience.

At the time of writing three more of our number are leaving us. Their destination is the Pacific Lime Company at Blubber Bay. The ones we had to bid farewell were Peter Neufeld, Jacob Dueck, and Willard Bingeman.

## What Next!?

It appears that the opinion on camping differs considerably. When one of the new arrivals came into one of the island camps and unpacked his belongings, we were astonished to see him produce out of a spacious trunk, various electrical appliances. In our amazement it was very difficult to keep a straight face. The newcomer noticing this joined in a hearty laugh and explained that, according to what he had been told camping meant fishing, hunting and hiking. To be prepared for a life of such a nature he had supplied himself with some of the necessary equipment. How dreadfully surprised he was when instead of grasping a fishing rod a shovel was substituted and the pleasure hiking turned out to be a walk on a winding path to work. He had to forget about hunting and such like since the mattock had to be wielded to prepare bush trails to the cordwood.

His adjustment to this view of camp life soon proved that there is a lot of truth in the saying:

"We must work as well as play,  
For life is not all holiday."

## Our Fire-Fighting Friends in England

Dear Friends and Brethren:

September 1st, 1943

Greetings in the Name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It was with great pleasure to me that I found a letter in the mail this morning from Brother John informing me of the camps, their work, etc. I have thought of you considerably since coming over to this country, often wondering how your camp life was conducted, and what work you had to do. As no doubt the same applies to you, in relation to what is going on over here with us who volunteered in the Fire Service.

I'll try to explain to you as nearly as possible our layout here. On arrival in England we had a choice of a 7 days leave granted to us to use as we pleased or the choice of being shown around the historical city of London by the N.F.S. (National Fire Service) of which we are a unit. My choice was the Tower of London which was quite interesting and enlightening. Other places which we visited were St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, (here we attended church the first Sunday), King Henry VIII's Palace, The Low Courts, Old Baily, Parliament Buildings, and numerous other points of interest. After this week was past we entered our first class of training at one of the N.F.S. Schools. Here we were drilled in the use of pumps, ladders, ropes, how to find volume, capacities and pressure. It was an excellent course but took time and hard study to drive it in. Incidentally, I have just been back to the same school to take a leading fireman's course which lasted for four weeks, and passed with honours. It was practically the same work but went deeper into the Fire Service and its workings. From this school we were posted different towns on the coast. There are four detachments of Canadian fellows on these locations. My detachment is No. 1 and I am probably the only one here any of you may know. In No. 2 are Clayton Shantz, Howard Snyder and Cecil Crossman, and in No. 3 is Willard Kinzie and Newton Litwiller.

Until one sees what an H. E. (high explosive) can do, one has very little idea what it's like. When we hear that they are being dropped on the enemy, we who know what it is like wonder how they can keep from wanting peace.

Our working conditions at first were very good. We worked in shifts of 2 1/2 hours on and 2 1/2 hours off. Every two weeks we had a day off, which consisted of a shift, our day and another shift. On our day off, if there was gun fire, we had to report to our station. When our day came to be off we could get a three day pass and go out of town if we wished. Since June this schedule has changed. We are on call seven days a week and have a leave of one week every six months, or two weeks annually. We have very good meals and our sleeping quarters couldn't be much better. Don't think by this that I mean it is just like home, as you fellows might well imagine, and so through this experience we have come to appreciate what home really means.

The people over here have come more than half way in trying to make us feel at home away from home. Since we are from a young country with young ideas we find some difficulty in getting along here, but I have gained much by my experience here. Our Corps is made up of Canadians from the west and the east, and this alone is education which could not be had in years of travel. I have been very fortunately privileged in meeting others from different countries, and value the chats in which we exchange

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made my tours. During the nice weather of April and May it was nothing to travel 30 to 40 miles in a day. One can see more and enjoy his trip better in this method of transport. Nature here seems to have a way of displaying her beauty which we seem to lack at home on account of our vastness. In May the trees and flowers were coming out in all their beauty, something which an artist tries to paint on canvas but makes a poor job compared to the actual sight. The job of redeeming what land they have here is worth mentioning for they have revived acres and acres and are supplying all their own agricultural produce. This is a lesson which is profitable for today and the future.

In closing I wish to say to you fellows who are doing something to further the welfare of our fair Dominion, you are unsung heroes and are doing your jobs for a worthy cause which is not appreciated by the masses. In days to come when this old war is over and we are back to the human way of living once again, we can hope and pray that your testimony may be the standard of later days.

May God richly bless and keep you all. Your friend and brother in the faith,  
Reg Blancher, Southampton, England.

## Transformation

Jesus my blessed Lord,  
As I would read Thy word,  
Transform my life.  
Mould Thou my life like Thine,  
That I for Thee may shine,  
In this dark world.

Help me from day to day,  
Thy likeness to display,  
Before mankind.  
That men may turn to Thee,  
As they see Christ in me,  
And thus be saved.

O, may Thy Spirit, Lord,  
Open to me Thy word,  
Thyself to see.  
Feed Thou my soul each day,  
Be Thou my strength and stay,  
My portion be.

And when I hear Thy voice,  
My heart it shall rejoice,  
Thy face to see.  
I shall Thy glory share,  
And I Thy likeness wear,  
Praise be to Thee.

Composed by Bro. Bert Olton,  
Victoria.

From Pennsylvania.

"Lots of luck to you and the camp paper. Although we do not know the men, we enjoy your paper very much".

From Ontario.

"Certainly the Beacon can be an important factor in maintaining C.O. morale at a high Christian level. Whatever I have seen of the same is by no means a discredit to the cause".

From Virginia.

"I always enjoy receiving and reading the Beacon, especially since it is the only camp paper I have seen from Canada. I certainly do appreciate the way you always face forward in Christian experience".

From B. C.

"I certainly enjoy the magazine on account of its sane reading matter and devotional articles, and would like to give you every encouragement to go on and keep the paper up for a high standard in every respect".

Help your friends and acquaintances to get the enjoyment from the Beacon that these readers are enjoying. Advertise it!

"War is an intoxication from which the victims are slow to recover". J.T. Gerould.

## A Campee's Dictionary

(Containing definitions of frequently used words possibly unknown to those not fortunate enough to experience this unique camp life).

- Brains -- the head man, bosses, owners, etc.  
 Buck -- to cut wood in lengths for fuel.  
 Bull cook -- the man in camp who carries wood, cleans floors, makes fires, etc.  
 Bull dozer -- an attachment to a "cat" for moving dirt and debris. (See "cat")  
 Bush -- named "woods" in civilized lands.  
 Bunk -- a place to sleep; a cot.  
 Cat -- a caterpillar tractor.  
 Cat-skinner -- a tractor driver.  
 Caulk -- a short spike in a logger's boot to prevent slipping.  
 Chuck -- the sea or ocean; food.  
 Conkey -- a tree infested with parasite rot.  
 Crown -- the top branches of a tree; flames leaping from one top to another.  
 Crummie -- a closed box car for hauling people.  
 Donkey -- a logging engine.  
 Dough -- money.  
 Douse -- to drown out a fire with water; to dunk a doughnut.  
 Dude -- a well dressed person; a conchie on weekend leave.  
 Eagle eye -- the boss, superintendent, etc.  
 Fallers -- men who fall trees.  
 Flapjack -- hot cakes; pancakes.  
 Flunkey -- table waiter; cook's helper.  
 Gong -- a piece of steel used for dinner warning; sometimes called "guthammer".  
 Guard -- a cleaned barren path around a fire to prevent further spread.  
 Grub -- food.  
 Hardtack -- Swedish biscuits; old bread.  
 Haywire -- all knocked out of order; broken; ruined.  
 Hi-ball -- go ahead fast; to "gun" it; tear through at awful speed.  
 Hot spot -- on a fire, a dangerous spot that may spread sparks.  
 Inkslinger -- timekeeper; office clerk.  
 Joint -- an establishment.  
 Jungle -- a name for camps and woods; anyplace away from civilization.  
 Junk -- worn out material; luggage; old clothes, etc.  
 Locie (pronounced "lōkey") -- a logging locomotive.  
 Murphys -- potatoes.  
 Mugup -- a snack before 'lights out' or between meals.  
 Pack -- to carry around; a bundle on the back; to feed ones self.  
 Perculate -- to make run well.  
 Powder-monkey -- man who uses dynamite in the woods.  
 Rigger (high rigger) -- one who tops trees and rigs them.  
 Scaler -- man who measures and calculates size and volume of trees, logs, or stumps.  
 Shake -- a shingle hand-split from cedar.  
 Shot -- worm out.  
 Slash -- logged-off country.  
 Soup (or super) -- Superintendent, supervisor, or boss.  
 Snag -- a dead tree still standing.  
 Strawboss -- a half-pint foreman, or boss.  
 Speeder -- a motor-driven railway car; a soap-box street car.  
 Sugar report -- letter to one's sweetheart or wife; (not rationed).  
 Spot fire -- a fire started by sparks blown from a hot spot by high winds.  
 Timber-r-r-r-r! -- the warning call when falling trees.  
 Undercut -- the notch cut in a tree to determine the direction of fall.

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## Port Report

During the past month C-6 has seen considerable activity. Contrary to rumours and expectations, we did not move, but are here for the winter. Some of our old men have left us and are replaced by new ones. Our chief industry has switched from snag falling to wood cutting, and amidst all this we have been preparing for winter. Ours being a temporary summer camp when we came in last June, is now a permanent winter camp, with the addition of a wood shed and tar paper on the dining room and kitchen. We even have a door on the wash house now! On an evening one can hear the sound of hammers and saws as the boys prepare for permanent residence, old shelves and tables are giving place to new and better ones. As they work, it is with a secret hope that soon another C.O. will be occupying their place in camp and utilizing their handiwork.

Speaking of others occupying our places, we have had two replacements here already. One evening two strangers arrived in camp with trunks and baggage. The next morning Clare Mahler and Andy Petrie left for their homes in Ontario. The two strangers, Rudy Dueckman and Stewart Prouty are no longer strange, but have already made friends and have become one of us.

Abe Toews, Frank Remple and Bob Hunt are working at Great Central Lake in the mill of Blodell, Stewart & Welsh. They are producing fuel under the direction of the fuel board. We still consider them members of our camp staff as they are only a few miles away and come "home" on weekends. We keep a place for them at the table and their bunks are unoccupied.

We are cutting wood on a grand scale at Cathedral Grove. There are four drag saws and a "cat" operating. The "cat" pulls the logs into position and makes roads. We expect more saws in the near future.

We too are becoming anxious about annual leaves. We expect to close down and all go on leave at one time. When this will be we do not know.

Speaking of "sugar reports", we can now make our "honey report". From our apiary and bee tree we harvested 70 pounds of golden honey. True to our expectations, we were able to feast on hot cakes and honey.

We wonder how the rest of the Island is making out. Port Alberni is living up to its reputation of "rain eight days a week and fog between times". It is remarkable to see the prairie boys working in it and not even noticing the "liquid sunshine". I think they even like it now, just like true sons of B.C. We expect that many will want to stay when the whole thing is over.

-- Lloyd Smith, C-6.

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From Saskatchewan.

"We would like to thank you for the work you have been doing in sending out the Paper. We appreciate it very much and have received many blessings from it. I would like to encourage you to carry on in your work, and may the Lord richly bless you and reward you".

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"It takes more courage to be a pacifist today than to be a red-hot jingoist. It costs something to be called a traitor to the country for which you would willingly lay down your life, but for which you would not take the life of another". A.G.S., 1917.

## The Precious Word of God

While lying on his death bed, a great poet said to his servant, "Give me the book". Having written volumes of books, the servant asked, "Which book"? The poet replied, "There is only one Book, the Bible".

Truly, thousands of books have been written, yet not one exceeds the Bible. Can we imagine any volume of books written by different men, at different times and under different circumstances, and yet the books having one complete thought? Yet this is true of the Bible. It was written over a period of about 1500 years, by approximately forty different writers. The first book was written about 1500 B.C. and the last was written about 96 A.D., a difference of practically 1600 years. Not only do the books of the Bible agree, but they concentrate so much on the same subject that one book cannot be studied without another. For example, the book of Daniel and the book of Revelation were written hundreds of years apart, yet in order to understand one, the other cannot be neglected.

We may ask how this is possible. The Bible itself gives the answer, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God", II Tim. 3:16. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of men but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" II Peter 1:21.

Is there another book in the world at which people take so much offence as at the Bible? Atheists deny it, infidels doubt it, scoffers mock it, enemies try to extirpate it. Time and again men have endeavoured to burn it and bury it; crusaders have tried to extinguish it. Kings of the earth and rulers of the church have sought to wipe it off the face of the earth. But in spite of it all, the Bible has come down through the ages. The value of the book lies in its age. Above all the Bible is the most popular book and is the best seller. It is being circulated at the rate of 12 million copies a year, in about 500 languages over the globe. Nations who have tried to do away with God and His Word find that as soon as their soldiers were taken captive by the enemy, the first thing they asked for was the Word of God.

Why is the Bible so dynamic? There is only one answer. It is God's Word -- God's only message to man. Someone has put it this way. It contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the way of sinners and the way of believers. It is the traveller's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, In it paradise is restored, Heaven is opened, and in it the gates of Hell are disclosed. Are we resting on the eternal Word of God? "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away", Mark 13:31.

-- William Buller, Q-1.

From Manitoba.

"We would be very much interested in hearing of our young brethren over there and feel that there is no better way than subscribing to The Beacon. Wishing you much success in your work which I am sure is of great importance."

From Ontario.

"Just a few lines to encourage you in the printing of The Beacon. I look forward to this paper each month and hope that the price you are asking for it will pay for all the expenses. I am enclosing a renewal for my paper and a new subscription for a friend".

Do a favour to your friends by telling them about The Beacon; they will thank you!

## Q-1 Notes

Cone picking is a thing of the past. After spending several weeks at the tedious work we filled four hundred bags of fir cones. Our objective was five hundred, but due to weather conditions we were short one hundred bags.

Refilling the woodshed was next on the program. This has been completed, so we are back in the snag falling rut again.

Rumours are that tree planting is just around the corner, so boys sharpen your mattocks, and limber up your backs.

The two most fortunate fellows of camp were John S. Hoepfner and Joe Hofer. John was released due to ill health. Joe received leave to go home, during which time he became the proud father of a daughter. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hofer.

Rev. Joe Wipf, Hutterite minister from Alberta, spent a few weeks at Q-1.

### *This, too, Will Pass Away*

When some great sorrow, like a mighty river,  
Flows through your life with peace-destroying power,  
And dearest things are swept from sight forever,  
Say to your heart each trying hour:  
"This, too, will pass away".

Thank God that earthly things are not forever,  
Thank God eternal life is free from care;  
That joy and peace and gladness reigning ever,  
And bliss supreme,  
Shall never, never pass away.

When ceaseless toil has hushed your song of gladness,  
And you have grown almost too tired to pray,  
Let this truth banish from your heart its sadness,  
And ease the burdens of each trying day:  
"This, too, will pass away".

When fortune smiles, and full of mirth and pleasure  
The days are flitting by without a care,  
Lest you should rest with only earthly treasure,  
Let these few words their fullest import bear:  
"This, too, will pass away".

When earnest labour brings you fame and glory,  
And all earth's noblest ones upon you smile,  
Remember that life's longest grandest story  
Fills but a moment in earth's little while:  
"This, too, will pass away".

Contributed.

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"Civilization must destroy war, or war will destroy civilization" - Justice Clark

## Q-2, Campbell River

Nine homely, disillusioned fellows now make up the Q-2 personnel. It would be simpler to list the names of the boys who have not been transferred and why not.

- Walter Wiebe -- because of his extraordinary ability (can do three jobs at once, -- flunky, bull cook, and office boy).
- Dave Ratzlaff -- too comfortably situated in his corner.
- Ed Enns -- Must remain with his motorcycle garage.
- John Brown -- Chef par excellence.
- Jake Ediger -- Has built up a thriving taxidermy business.
- Andy Klassen -- Hasn't quite finished breaking the "cat". Will be through shortly, it is presumed.
- Henry Stobbie -- Isn't expected to live.
- Carl Krause -- Is gaining great renown as a wood-bucker.
- Frank Peters -- No special reason for his staying, no point in sending him away.

Mr. Webber, our former sub-foreman has left for Q-3. We would advise all boys there who are interested in mining and politics to see Mr. Webber in his leisure time. Mr. Harris is making Q-1 boys sit up and take notice. He was transferred to Q-1 with the twenty-four of the Q-2 boys with the object of planting trees.

Mr. William T. (Machine gun) Funston spent a very delightful weekend (plus a few days) in Jasper. He met quite accidentally with his fiancée. Ever since Mr. Funston has been a much happier lad. We saw in him an agreeable campmate, but he has since been transferred to Seymour Mountain. We are still trying to figure out what happened or what he said when he left. Some boys claim he simply coughed, others claimed he recited a poem. It could be either!!

-- Q-2 Reporter.

## Who's Who, Q-3

AARON REGEHR -- Store clerk from Rosthern, Saskatchewan...Hobby is cooking "sumptuous repasts" for Q-3 enrollees...Conference church....Sawmill Camp veteran..... spare time spent in writing to his "cousin".....sings and plays guitar.

JAKE LOEPPKY -- Expert snag faller and road worker....farmer by trade from Osler, Sask.....camp circulation manager of The Beacon.....Old Colony Mennonite.....hobby, collecting everything, including Valentines.....plays violin.

JOHNNY GIESBRECHT -- Smiling flunky from Osler, Sask.....Conference Mennonite... "He is going back to where he comes from".....that's the farm after the war, or maybe sooner.....hobby, letter writing.

HENRY BRAUN -- Fruit farmer and factory employee from Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.. Montreal River vet.....United Mennonite.....happily married although wife is far away ....hobby, woodworking.

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"When a war is 'on', it is almost a hopeless task to find men who can discuss it rationally. As well try to reason with an infuriated bull or the Twentieth Century Limited. Reason flies out of the window along with some other valuable human assets. We are all assured that the enemy has not one virtue left, and that we have not one vice in our midst".

-- J. H. Holmes



## Report of Visit with Chief A.S.O.

The following is a summarized report of a recent visit between Chief A.S.O. L.E. Westman of Ottawa and Rev. J.B. Martin and Rev. E.J. Swalm of the Historic Peace Churches Conference.

1. A.S.W. CAMPS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA will no doubt be there for the duration. Alternative Service Workers may possibly be exchanged by substituting with a volunteer from the home province. In such cases transportation and meals will be supplied by warrant. The five months of fire season are considered very essential. Leaves are granted annually of two weeks plus travelling time, however, under civilian fares.
2. EQUALITY OF WAGES is under consideration. The contract with the B.C.F.S. runs until March, 1944 and it is thought no change will be made before then. At present men in camps are earning fifty cents daily, whereas men in other A.S.W. are earning twenty-five dollars monthly. This may possibly be equalized in some months.
3. DEPENDENTS ALLOWANCES have not been settled. The Regional A.S.O. has the authority to use his judgment in individual cases, but no standard rule is set.
4. MEDICAL AND DENTAL CARE is provided by the government. Sickness and accident should be reported at once to the A.S.O.; and for men in camps, to the foreman and thereby to his superiors. Dental care is limited to extractions only.
5. RED CROSS PAYMENTS are made to the government and then to the Red Cross. These payments are considered a debt to the crown, and for those who do not favour paying this sum to the Red Cross, it should be clearly understood that it is first paid to the government, and they pay the Red Cross. Therefore the paying is all in government care.
6. AMBULANCE CORPS plans are well under way. It is entirely on the voluntary basis. (See article entitled "Objectors get Duties with Army Medical Corps" on P.4).
7. PROSPECTIVE A.S.W. PROGRAMS are also underway. No doubt men will be called for work in camps in Muskoka and Chalk River (Ontario) during the winter to cut fuel-wood to help meet the serious shortage which is Dominion-wide. This work is considered most essential for conchiees who can be spared during the winter.
8. A CONFERENCE TO DISCUSS A.S.W. WORK is suggested for the near future which would be represented by the Chief A.S.O. and the Regional A.S.O.s of Ontario and members of the H.P.C. Committee. Chief A.S.O. Westman was favourable with the idea and suggested a meeting in Toronto in the near future.
9. WAR PLANTS AND C.O. WORKERS was another item under discussion. In cases where C.O.s are working in war industries and would like to retain their status as C.O.s, they are urged to see the Mobilization Board at once and explain their desires and come to an agreement, although it may mean a change of occupation. It is suggested that these agreements be arrived at before the person in question receives his callup notice.
10. REMARKS on the conference. A frank discussion took place and definite statements were made as to the position of the H.P.C. on matters pertaining to conscience and the historic faith and belief. Favourable co-operation in working out different problems was assured by the Chief A.S.O.

-- H.P.C. Committee.

## Recent Changes at Q-3

When it was mentioned to Al Smith, Foreman at Q-3, that a report was being sent to The Beacon on the recent changes around here, he said to report that, "before this camp was downside up, it was upside down".

It all started on Wednesday, October 13th, when word was received that Q-3 was to be increased in size as planting was to be carried on in this district. Extensive preparations were started to prepare the camp to accommodate a rather indefinite number of men. Friday, a truck load of food arrived to herald the coming of Camp Q-3 from Rock Bay on Saturday. Q-8 is now closed and all the men transferred to Q-3.

On Sunday 20 more men arrived from GT-6, Powell River, to assist in our planting efforts. From the number of instruments piled on the truck, we gather that Powell River is rather musically minded. There was everything from Al Brandt's piano accordion to Johnny Issler's bones. (Both men are experts on their respective instruments).

Steve Mandzuk has also added to the Q-3 menagerie by bringing along a tame squirrel.

Burrell Gibson, cheery Q-8 truck driver, didn't seem pleased with his new location. On the day after he arrived, he sprained his ankle and is now occupying a bed in the hospital at Campbell River. We hope to see him back on the job again before very long.

Nick Siblock, a veteran of many months at Q-3, left on October 20th to report to the Alternative Service Officer at Toronto for employment. We wish Nick the best of luck in his new job.

On the same day, Russ Honsberger of Waterloo, Ontario arrived. Russ is beginning to feel at home here, is well satisfied with the management and with the meals, and thinks the location of the camp could be worse.

LATE NEWS FLASH! Foremen Al Smith and Cliff Pattison just shot the bear that has been trying to break into our meathouse. It weighed approximately 400 lbs. and was about 6 feet long over all.

Rumours will float around in camps, but this is not just a rumour. Henry Braun seems to be the first of the boys to be replaced by the new system to be used by Ontario. Friday morning saw the camp veteran in high spirits, when George, our time-keeper, rushed into Henry's bunk.

"You're getting out of here", he panted. "A fellow is coming up from Ontario to replace you, and he will be up Tuesday night. Your warrant is coming through any day now".

Tuesday night came, and George Hewitson, our new recruit, arrived in camp, accompanied by a rain, as usual. We knew how George felt on the first appearance of this camp, and tried to give him a warm welcome. We remember well the day we first came to camp to work with the Forestry, so we can rightfully sympathize with him. Only nineteen, George is the youngest member of our 'family', and hails from the sheet metal working industry in Hamilton.

Yes, George, you have our hearty congratulations. Of all the talk and plans of "How to Get Out of Here", you are the first one that has really done something about it. I'm sure Henry will give you his warm 'thank you' before he leaves.

We hate to see Henry go, but we wish him all good luck and tell him never to return under the circumstances.

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## Kewthree Krumms

After having managed to slip through the major part of the fire season we were just getting so we started patting ourselves on the back and then, would you believe it.....smoke in our eyes.....who ever heard of a fireless fire season? We would have liked to tell you of one but on September 15th our hopes were dashed. Q-3 personnel was called to a fire but a few miles from camp. Fire trails were tediously dug for days, but in face of a high adverse wind the fire jumped the trails each day. Four men from Q-1 and a dozen men from Q-2 came to our assistance. After almost a week's losing the battle against the flames a bulldozer arrived from Shawnigan Lake.. ....just in time to see the fire brought under control by a drenching rain. We felt sorry for Ted Andres who travelled practically all night to get here but only to be done out of a job. As a precautionary measure however, the bulldozer put in other fire trails. The fire devastated some fine reproduction and an area of trees planted this spring. All that back-breaking for nothing, total.....248 acres!! It is the only fire call this camp had for the fire season of '43.

On the social side of the month it must be said that October 3rd was a very important day for one sonchie. John Klassen's wife and son came out to see the coast and what was keeping daddy away for so long. However, we believe the coast is a very poor second in Mrs. Klassen's opinion regarding which was the motive that caused her to travel 1500 miles to get here.

Human nature is unpredictable. At one time campees were consulting the various railway schedules as to which would bring them to those places where welcomes are resounding and enthusiastic, for example, hometown stations, as soon as possible. Some even went as far as making reservations with the T.C.A. Now, walking home is the talk of the camp. Why? Travelling time! Get it? Rumour has it that campees are to be granted travelling time on their furloughs. Whoever is responsible, we wish to say, "Thank you" from the bottom of our hearts.

Sometimes the Wheel of Ages suddenly spins backward working havoc of unknown dimensions best captioned "evolution revolution". It draws to a stop and suddenly we see Q-3 campees high atop fir trees. A few Tarzan calls pierce the air alternated with peals of laughter. This may be monkey business, but who wouldn't laugh at evolution? Pete Epp still insists his name is Epp, not Ape. Mitch Glecoff did a humpty-dumpty while trying to teach his tree to jitter-bug, something in which both lacked the state of mind. It missed a beat and Mitch tumbled to the ground. He was heard to remark, "This is fun!". The he proceeded to climb what remained of the tree. One beautiful sunny morning we heard soft strains of blended harmony as they swayed rhythmically on high. The reason for tree climbing? We were picking cones, placing each one in a sack to make little bags of national importance!

It is remarkable what a sweet tooth can bring to pass. In our case it culminated when Henry Brown, Ben Hotchkiss, Wes Brown and Pete Wolfe dohned two pairs of pants plus the same amount of jackets and went bee-robbing -- sometimes rubbing. We soon found out that we had "very much too many" clothes to work in. To make matters worse, the bees had chosen a tree of a size to discourage the most ambitious robber. But they hadn't calculated on this rationing business combined with the humble substitute our hot-cakes had to put up with in the line of syrup. To assert that we paid for the honey obtained wouldn't be overdoing it; even if only on a pound-for-pound basis -- honey for perspiration! The result? Well, we know now that the sun does radiate a terrific heat, that two jackets are more comfortable in Saskatchewan than in B.C. -- at least while falling five-foot trees in a swamp. Also we know that bees sting -- alas, yes, even though we have gloves on! But the sweetest part of the lesson is that honey goes real swell with hot-cakes.

On the casualty list for the month we have Henry Braun and John Enns. Henry's case wasn't a casualty in the strict sense of the word. He was rushed to the hospital one night suffering from an attack of appendicitis we thought. However, we were glad to learn that his pains originated from a stomach condition, the result of a light case of stomach ulcers. John's accident occurred when a high shale bank, that he was endeavouring to bring down with a pick, suddenly let go. Several big rocks were mixed with shale. He made a desperate attempt to get clear but didn't quite make it. One big rock caught up with him and rolled onto his foot. It was feared it might be fractured but an X-ray revealed no broken bones. He has a very severe sprain though, which necessitated treatment in the hospital. Under excellent care, he is well on the way to recovery, but it will be some time before he will be able to wheel the truck again. Nick Siblöck has been inaugurated as truck driver for the time being.

Compiled by camp members and contributed by Editor, Q-3.

## A Friend's Greeting

"I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me;  
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be;  
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day  
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,  
To brush the grey from out your skies and leave them only blue;  
I'd like to say the kindly things that I so oft have heard,  
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me;  
Yet that's to you a need I hope will never have to be;  
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I who travel on  
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.

And now I'm wishing at this time that I could but repay  
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way;  
And could I have one wish this year, this only would it be;  
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me".

Edgar A. Guest. Adopted.

## From Our Readers

Throughout the paper you will find testimonials of subscribers and readers who have found The Beacon a source of lasting enjoyment and a true picture of the lives of campers in today's conchie camps. These are only a few of the many phrases that come in letters from our many patrons. YOU too can enjoy the same pleasant reading and have the same insight into the lives of those who are giving their services for our Dominion in a constructive manner and leaving a testimony of Peace to the world. For your convenience we have placed a coupon on the back cover. Use it!

From Ontario.

"I have appreciated your paper as a medium of information to keep in touch with the camps in which we are so much interested. My only hope is that the Paper may continue with high standards as long as the Lord sees fit to allow present conditions to remain.

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## Horne Lake Reports

Some say, "It's a lemon"! Others say, "It's a crate"! And still others say, "Oh, it's a going concern"! Some smile and shake their heads, and when all is said and done, a brilliant brain goes back into the past, and Presto! "I got it"! Why, that thing is a Model T Ford Coupe, fellows. Back in the early '20s, why that was the car of the day. But of course, today, October 18th, 1943, a person is tempted to think it to be a museum on wheels. But to all this the owner, Elmer Meister, pays little attention. Anyplace to go? Why, the Model T is ready. Cheap travelling? Why, look at it anyway and see, it's clear.

Cord wood cutting here at Horne Lake is quite a "hobby", or perhaps I am using the wrong word, maybe "hobble" would be correct. Let me explain. For quite some time it was so steady and regular as to qualify for a "hobby". Then a slump occurred and therewith the word "hobble". But when "men" start to haul wood it soon disappears. Two men with one truck haul away about 22 cords a day, (some more, some less). Were the blocks heavy? Just ask the haulers, Mr. Friesen from Vancouver, and his helper, Charlie, -- anyway it wasn't very long and several men had to resplit most of it, and of course, that made the piles disappear all the faster. So comparing the bucking with the hauling, the bucking is quite a hobble now, although there is a bright future for bucking, and someone has said, "Rome wasn't built in a day".

Talk about adverse weather conditions, and no doubt many a hunter felt disgusted, when for the last three weekends it has been raining, thereby putting the brakes on deer hunting. What was adverse weather for the hunter was a very great blessing to the timid deer. Are deer beautiful? Well, you might say that's quite an expression. But to me they are -- beautiful. And I challenge you to really look at them at close range; watch their eyes; their graceful and easy moves and see whether you will not agree that they are beautiful! Here one morning I saw one, very near, and it seemed to enjoy nibbling at leaves and grass blades, not in the least in a rush to get away. I don't know what it thought. Maybe, "Oh, I don't have to jump fast now, that fellow carries no gun -- no danger". Anyway, I know what I thought, and that was, "I'd like to take a shot or two -- with a camera". And it would have been a more comfortable shot from the deer's view, and good for many years.

Well, boys do come and go. We just received word that two men are wanted at Blubber Bay, for the Pacific LIME Company. So the fellows going are Henry Doerksen and Albert Bough. The latter being a Vancouverian, having arrived at this camp from Green Timbers on September 17th. Henry was one of the five that came to Horne Lake on June 1st. Best of luck to you fellows, and here's hoping that you enjoy yourselves at the new place.

Music? Yes, we all like it. There is quite an orchestra here now, if it could be so termed. Since the arrival of Hans Heidebrecht (another Vancouverian) on September 17th we now have an excellent violin player. Hans can play such a variety of notes that it makes me dizzy just to look at the notes. But Hans can really pull the "bow" and make that violin talk! He plays in the Symphony Orchestra in Vancouver. Our well appreciated trusty is still with us in the person of Pete Reimer. Pete is a born musician, if there is such a thing, of course he has not been sitting idle. Most recently he bought a piano accordion, which he already plays fairly well -- not having played before. There are two guitars, several mouth organs and a flute.

On October 1st our foreman, J. W. Fisher, who had a cabin close to camp where he lived with his wife, moved all his things to Qualicum Beach. He rented a white cottage of "Bungalo Court", the finest place on the Beach, and now has an excellent home. And no doubt he enjoys it, you or I would too!

-- Joe Weis, Q-6.

## Gleanings from Q-8

Men have come in and gone out. Six co-workers from Q-2 stayed with us for a while. Slash burning had started, and to control the fire, roads were made efficient to patrol it. A big bridge, crossing the Salmon River about 7 miles from camp, had to be guarded with a pump or two for some time. This proved an outstanding event relative to our ordinary graveleding and other work on roads and around snags.

The bridge is a wooden one, and of its kind, the largest one I have ever seen. It measures 792 feet in length and is approximately 165 feet above the water. This frame runs over a wide valley, and crosses, with a 99 foot single span, the deep canyon below, at the bottom of which the shallow river flows rapidly and noisily. Originally, it has served as a railway bridge, carrying the logging train with so many loads of green timber. Now, to make use of it for cars, the Forestry in her effort has saved it from burning.

Since the hunting season has opened we have seen several bucks which have laid down their lives, not standing the dose of tablets one to three from Mr. Huntsman. And mind you, we islanders see at least 500 deer to every single rabbit! Can you imagine that? They're even fat at that! Recently for supper we had fried liver & onions, which was an out of the ordinary delicacy for us. They say the liver was from a deer.

Bears have also proved to be numerous. Now that the wild berries get scarcer, one has been bold enough to sneak around our meathouse. Nobody, however, has seen that impolite visitor when he was around, as it seems, but to our recognition he had left a big rip in the screen. Besides that he had left a smaller hole in the right shape to explain the nature of his yawner when alert enough to reach out for something tasty or good. The screen, of course, was an inconvenient height from the ground, next to the half-board lower part of the wall; and therefore it being a miserable obstacle in his sight, before getting hold of his object (the meat), he had apparently left the place.

Never mind, big Neil, the bull cook, has already fixed up the screen. However now he seems to be frightened to go out to light the morning fires, early, when it is yet dark. Good flashlights with good batteries are necessities, he makes us believe. Henry Reimer once saw an imaginary bear in his sleep and he made such an alarm that the other fellows awoke.

Cornie Unger, one day while on duty as cat driver's assistant, had a play with a beaver. Naturally, Cornie wore gloves.

The writer of this and his cousin, together received a gift, namely, a parcel of fruit sent from David Spencers, Vancouver. As yet we do not know who has sponsored it. We feel to express our heartfelt thanks to the giver.

Our foreman, Cliff Pattison, is expecting to get married within weeks, and we shall be ready to congratulate him.

Concerning our religious service meetings the schedule is: messages for Monday and Wednesday nights and Sunday morning; singing for Tuesday nights; prayer for Friday; also Sunday School for Sunday morning; and a program on a certain theme on every second Sunday night. When circumstances allow it, we have these meetings regularly. However, we are but a small group, only sixteen men in all right now. And with overtime and night work added, we were somewhat handicapped in this line for a few days.

Now, since the weather has taken our side against the fire, we have overcome its hazard more or less, but we fellows have also more liberty to go out on weekends. So everyone seems to rejoice in the liberty he has, one way or another; but as to services here, they are more or less an individual matter at present. Attendance is usually the best when we have visiting ministers. If you want to come over, please do not hesitate long.

Minister John M. Penner has been with us twice during his last term, and we hope to see him once more before he leaves for home. This place proves to be a remote one, and not all the preachers which have visited the camps on the Island during the summer have come up here. Nevertheless, we thank God for the goodwill of some, and for the privileges and joy we can have through Christ Jesus and His Spirit.

-- Camp Editor, Q-8.

## Christ's Bonds Not Bondage

Many today are bound by bad habits, by evil thinking and by wrong associations because they are the servants of Satan, confined to the penitentiary of bondage and bound by the fetters of self and sin. Freedom can only be enacted by Him who knew no sin but became sin for us that we may be delivered from sin. That One is Christ, very God Himself, whose vicarious sufferings enable all to experience that happy freedom which comes to every blood-washed saint.

Paul, the apostle of freedom, asserts himself as a "servant". The dictionary defines such as "one dedicated to God," but also gives the meaning of 'slave'. 'Tis certain, Paul was no slave of Nero because he was ready on every occasion to declare his freedom. He was Christ's ardent slave or bond servant and most proud of it.

"In grace", once said Spurgeon, "you can be under bonds, yet not in bondage". Then he explains this truth most beautifully. "I am in the bonds of wedlock, but I feel no bondage; on the contrary, it is a joy to be so bound. So the bond of grace is a marriage bond, uniting us to Him whom we love above all, even the altogether lovely bridegroom of our souls".

It is death which men fear most. They are in bondage because of this fact. But Christ, through His death destroyed the power of death, that is, the devil, so Paul writes to the Hebrews. It remains, therefore, we must accept Christ's death for our freedom. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed".

Christian liberty is often misinterpreted. It does not give us liberty to sin or permit looseness in living, for in so doing, we become entangled again with the yoke of bondage. There is, therefore, much need of "staying put", watching and praying, lest we fall into temptation. Our Christ's freedom is to do the will of God and promote His kingdom. Any bonds assumed to promote this liberty are not bondage. They are the Christian's joy and satisfaction.

Christ's bonds constrain us from those things which seek our destruction and cement us to Him in whose presence we know no spiritual barriers or defeat. On one occasion as a boy of five, among the few remembrances of those preschool days, I recall losing my mother in the downtown section of the city's shopping district, being distracted by the attractions about me. My mother found me crying, and while the separation was only for a moment, the agony of those seconds made them hours. I clung to my mother thereafter with an unrelinquished hold and found the constraining influence of her hand did not bring a sense of bondage, but rather of security.

In the same sense as we keep our eyes off the world's distractions and fasten them on Jesus, with our hand in His, we tower above the worldly restrictions into the realms of glorious Christian freedom which knows no parallel.

The Christian enters Christ's prison house and finds it a palace. He stretches out his feet for the chains and finds them wings. He looks through the iron bars and finds them rays of golden sunshine. Consciousness of the Divine presence brings glorious enfranchisement beyond measure. The Christian is the only true free man in the world.

-- Paul L. Storms, GT-1.

## Green Timbers Manning Depot

According to Ontario's present replacement program, whereby those from that province, who have served in A.S.W. camps a considerable length of time, are being replaced by new callups from Ontario, to date (October 21st) sixteen men have reported at the Depot and, except in one case, have been allocated to various camps throughout the mainland and Vancouver Island. Men to be returned to Ontario for Alternative Service there are not permitted to leave their respective camps until the arrival at their camp of the replacements.

In Ontario, the men from camp will be placed by Selective Service either on the farm or in other essential industry, presumably on the twenty-five dollar per month wage basis, allowance being made for board, the balance of the prevailing wage going to the Red Cross. It is expected that other replacements from Ontario will be arriving soon to take the place of "old-timers" still in camp.

The identification numbers, names, home addresses, dates of arrival, camp allocations and dates of allocation of these Ontario replacements are respectively as follows: 7992, Harold Wideman, Gornley, Sept. 30, Camp C-1, Oct. 6; 7993, Harold Fryday, Toronto, Sept. 30, Camp GT-4, Oct. 6; 7994, George Hewitson, Hamilton, Sept. 30, Camp Q-3, Oct. 12; 7995, Jake Doerksen, St. Catharines, Sept. 30, Camp GT-4, Oct. 6; 7997, Vernon Burkhardt, Elmira, Oct. 5, Camp C-4, Oct. 12; 7998, Osiah Horst, Elmira, Oct. 5, Brooksbank Farm, Lulu Isld., Oct. 5; 8000, Peter Brown, Fort Rowan, Oct. 9, Camp Q-2, Oct. 15; 7702, Stewart Prouty, Exeter, Oct. 14, Camp C-6, Oct. 18; 7703, Rudolph Dueckman, Kingsville, Oct. 14, Camp C-6, Oct. 18; 7704, George Funk, Leamington, Oct. 14, Camp C-3, Shawnigan Lake, Oct. 18; 7705, Jacob Janzen, Wheatley, Oct. 14, Camp C-3, Oct. 18; 7706, Ralph Gowing, Preston, Oct. 14, Camp C-2, Oct. 18; 7707, Adin Bauman, Hawkesville, Oct. 14, Camp Q-4, Oct. 18; 7708, Russel Honsberger, Waterloo, Oct. 18, Camp Q-3, Oct. 20; 7709, Delmar Zehr, Tavistock, Oct. 18, Camp GT-5, Oct. 19; 7710, John Reimer, Vineland, Oct. 19, still at Green Timbers.

On Sept. 29th Peter Giesbrecht, 7991, from Manitoba, reported, On October 6th was transferred to C-1, Hill 60, to replace his brother. On Sept. 30th, Harley Norberg, 7996, from Vancouver, reported; on October 3rd Henry Tschetter, 7890, from Alberta reported back after an extended leave; on October 5th Ernest Erickson from Salmon Valley (near Prince George) reported; and on October 14th George Fair, 7701, from Vancouver reported. These men are being employed for the time being here.

Congratulations to our foreman, Bill Turner, and to Mrs. Turner, on the birth of their first child, Leonard McKinley, who gladdened their home on October 14th.

Ben Greening who came to camp on September 11th from Kelowna, B.C. received on October 18th his medical discharge and is being employed in a large Vancouver laundry. Howard Kelly has been doing a splendid paint job about the kitchen and mess



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hall and things now shine with a new whiteness.

The camp boys have been taking an active part in the young people's and church work of Green Timbers Mission, several of the boys having been made members of the Young People's Society, with Paul Storms being elected president. Some of the boys are also taking their turns in conducting the midweek prayer meetings there.

Several cordwood mills are under construction at the Fraser River Boat Station, under the supervision of Mr. L. King. This camp is under the administration of Green Timbers, with Ben Hiebert of this camp as cook. Ben had been stationed for the last few months at Dollarton, cooking there also. The conchies assisting in the construction work at the Boat plant are Elgin Kipfer, Raymond Good and Mike Bohonoski.

Green Timbers has been the headquarters this past couple of weeks for "cat" and "kitten" drivers, reporting from Nelson, Prince George, and Kamloops districts, who, after their machines and trucks have undergone a checkup and any necessary repairs, are being transferred to various of the camps for road construction.

The boys have been engaged in tree lifting for some time, the fall quota being two million Douglas Fir trees for shipment to Vancouver Island. George Born and his partner, Ernest Erickson, hold the record for the most number of trees lifted in eight hours, viz. 31,000, with Jim Loewen and Menno Rempel lifting 30,000. The boys have shown splendid work in tree lifting this season. A new process has been introduced whereby they are sprayed with a bright coloured paint to ward off grouse browsing.

When the Vedder Crossing camp broke up on October 20th, they spent the night at Green Timbers, leaving by bus the next morning for Vancouver, thence by steamship to Nanaimo, and again by bus to Campbell River, once more taking the possession of Q-7. They received a cheery welcome from the Green Timbers campers and spent a pleasant evening together. A mass service was held in the Recreation Hall, under the leadership of the religious director, with Bro. John M. Penner of Manitoba as special speaker. Bro. Penner spoke from the first eleven verses of 1 Peter, choosing for his text, "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you", verse 7. Bro. Penner is now returning east, visiting the Alberta camps on his way. Our ministering brother will be missed by the campers who always looked forward to his visits. The Male Quartet brought three excellent numbers and Neil Newfield led the song service.

The boys extend their sympathy to Delmar Zehr, who having just arrived at the Depot from Tavistock, Ontario, learned of the death of his mother. Delmar was unable to get a postponement from service because of his mother's illness, nor was he able to return to Ontario because of the three thousand miles distance.

There's no use asking Doug Riseborough, whose father is Sugar Administrator for Canada, to use his influence in getting us more sugar, because he claims he can't even get any more than the customary allowance for their own home, which is all too bad. Doug has had to content himself with his 1/7th ounce at the table just like the rest of us. One cannot help but smile at this our youngest member of camp, fresh from Toronto University, but who walks about the grounds with a happy-go-lucky manner like a bare-footed public school boy. Doug's our bull cook but that name sounds too contrasting for our "doctor" whose loving and careful attention and timely advice has been appreciated by most of the boys. Doc Riseborough excels in massages and they sure pep one up! Any aches or pains, just see Doc Riseborough -- there's no charge!

The Beacon Staff wishes to express its feeling of sympathy to Delmar Zehr at this period of sorrow, and wishes him comfort and the Peace that overcomes sadness.

## GT-4 News

In writing up the main happenings of GT-4 for the past month one could almost sum everything up by using the titles of two popular songs, "There'll be Some Changes Made" and "As Time Goes By". Just for curiosity's sake we started checking back a few moments ago and found that of the thirty-one men who were originally in this camp in July, 1942, only twelve remain. Of course, we have had reinforcements sent to us from time to time so that our present camp strength is twenty men.

During the past month three of our men left in the persons of Jack Finlay, Linc Barnett and Harry Morrow. These men have been transferred back to their homes in Toronto and Hamilton. We understand that Jack is now working in social service work in Toronto in connection with the Big Brother movement. Harry is working at Hamilton Sanatorium. So far we have no reports on Linc.

With the departure of one group came the arrival of three new members to our family. The newcomers from Ontario were Harold Wideman, Harold Fryday and Jake Doerksen. The two Harolds didn't stay very long, as within several weeks they left in company with the one and only Rusty Simmons for the regions of Campbell River, Camp Q-7 and fall tree planting. They are getting their initiation early.

Jake Doerksen soon had something to write home about as on October 23rd he and his falling partner George Hofer felled a cedar snag that had an average diameter of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  feet. This snag was 15 feet wide at its widest point and after making allowances for all the irregularities of the trunk and the hole in the centre of the stump, the boys guarantee themselves a basal area of 99.09 square feet from that one tree. George has a whole series of snapshots of the whole exploit. George will probably pull these shots out many times in the future when the children ask, "Daddy, what did you do in the war?"

Our timekeeper, Stan Outhouse, has given the lie to any rumours that were floating around camp that sitting in an office makes a person slow and incapable of any swift action. The other morning he was sitting with his back to the door talking to the cook, when Virgil said, "Well, who is this coming into camp?" Our pen pusher slowly turned his head and beheld a figure clad in R.C.A.F. uniform, and the face under the hat was that of Curly Blight, a bosom pal from good ole Toronto. Virgil didn't have a stop watch, but he claims that Stan leaped off the chair, did a complete turn in the air and was outside all in the space of less than one second. He is still not even sure whether or not our timekeeper opened the door on his way out, or if he went through without that formality.

Rumours are flying thick and fast around here lately, that we are going to be moved to a new location. During the past week the "Hot Stove League" has had us going to about five different widely separated points in British Columbia. Who knows? -- Who can tell? -- Will we move? -- Will we stay? -- Only the Forest Branch knows!!

-- GT-4 Editor.

"Remember that in every quarrel, the person who has been least to blame is generally the most ready to be reconciled; try your own heart by this rule".

## Fire -- the Indomitable Scourge of Timberland

The fire, seemingly, had spent itself, leaving nothing but some fifty acres of charred stumps and smoking logs of what had a few days previous been a scene of great activity on an excellent side-hill "show" of virgin Cedar, Hemlock and Fir. From the lower spar tree and its cold-deck of some three hundred first class logs, past the second spar tree several hundred yards farther up with its powerful, modern gasoline powered donkey, clear up to the tall timber still farther up, the dreaded scourge of the timberland, fire, had left as its devastation mark the few charred remains of this valuable accumulation of food for industry in the rough.

Two fire-fighters, one tall and the other of a much more diminutive build, guarding the left flank of the fire which now, even in the heat of the midday sun, seemed to have burned itself out of existence, deemed it wise to climb to the upper end of the fire area and put out a small blaze that had started on a high bluff at the edge of the tall timber, no doubt due to a spark which floated there when the blaze was at its peak.

The small blaze attended to, they both agreed that this would be an ideal place to pause for lunch. Stretching out in the shade of a tall fir tree on the edge of a cliff, lunch was almost forgotten as the boys gazed out over God's handiwork from this vantage point. Slightly below, a hawk was effortlessly floating in ever widening circles looking for some unwary little animal in the heavily wooded area. Farther out and several thousand feet down stretched the narrow expanse of blue water known as the Indian Arm and beyond this as far as the eye could see a continuation of the rugged terrain which composes this picturesque mountainous country.

Lunch over, it was necessary to leave this tranquil spot and descend to the lower fire line, a long and arduous journey down the steep and rocky cliff studded with trees and logs. Scarcely had the lower fire line been reached when a tall snag on the edge of the fire fell with a reverberating crash, showering sparks and bits of burning wood farther to the left into the unburned slash. A small breeze fanned the sparks and as the steep side-hill created its own draft in the space of a few minutes the fire swept upwards and the rocky, scenic bluff, vacated only a short time ago, was a roaring inferno, sending flames and billowing smoke hundreds of feet into the air and quite beyond stopping until it finally and inevitably burned itself out, leaving a still greater area of devastation.

The two youthful fire-fighters looked at each other and one voiced in an awed tone what the other's eyes so plainly said, "We wouldn't have had time to get out of there had it happened any sooner".

At the present time it is impossible to keep posted on the changes as they are taking place all the time. Howard Bauman, who was on our farm unit and working on a dairy farm on Sea Island is now back in Ontario, having been replaced by Osiah Horst from Elmira, Ontario. One of our camp truck drivers, John Stere, also departed for home with his wife and little daughter, his place having been filled by Delmar Zehr of Tavistock, Ontario.

Our mountain unit employed in the construction of the Seymour Mountain Ski Lodge has discontinued activities for the winter as the snow was beginning to prove rather troublesome.

-- Andrew Steckly, GT-5.

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