

THE BEACON

"Let Your light so shine"

Campbell River, B.C.

March 1943

Vol. 2 No. 3.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Coleville, California -- Nine men from Camp Antelope during the past few months have given up more than 100 days of their furlough time to working at the Japanese Student Relocation Council in San Francisco. Seven Antelope men are on detached service to the Carson Indian Agency at Stewart, Nev. working in the laundry, bakery, warehouse and law office.

Waldport, Oregon -- Twenty men volunteered to aid a coastguard search for the crew of a navy plane forced down along the coast. A 21-year-old camper was swept off a treacherous rock by a wave and carried out to sea by the tide. The last man was Civilian Public Servant D. Darrow.

Marietta, Ohio -- Men in hip boots and raincoats helped evacuate families during a flood.

Grottoes, Virginia -- Opinions voiced regarding radios in dorms: "Can you imagine Jesus listening to a Sunday ball game or modern dance music?....What we need is not more radios but men with deeper experiences, definite convictions, consecration to the Lord. Radio hinders the Christian life."

Merom, Indiana -- Has men on detached service in Duke Mental Hospital, in International Administration at Columbia University studying post-war reconstruction, at the Cheltenham School for Delinquent Negro Boys, at Welfare Island, N.Y., as human guinea pigs and at four other mental hospitals.

Road Building Project

Powell River is one of the largest paper-manufacturing centres on the Coast. To protect the timber farther back in the hills the Forest Service has undertaken the construction of roads with A.S.W. labour.

To begin with, six miles of old railroad bed was slashed, and repaired, bridges and culverts were placed where necessary, and it did not take long to get started on the 16-foot road. The boys' courage was good when they were working on the grade, but when they left it and started into the bush where big rotten logs had to be removed, their courage began to wane. However the inevitable was accomplished, and the road progressed rapidly. More bridges and culverts were put in to lessen the hills' detours were made to miss bed rock. By now, over a mile of virgin timber has been cleared and right-of-way prepared for the bull-

(Continued on Page 21.)

THE BEACON

Duke

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To The Editor

Dear Sir: These stories that appear from time to time in The Beacon about record scales are causing some of us a lot of mental anguish. For instance, the report that two sturdy sons of Paul Bunyan cut 240 square feet in one day made the fallers here feel a little ill. Could we have more details on these records? How is the trick done? To scale 150 square feet would keep a set busy in these parts; 240 square feet in an 8-hour day means pushing over a 43-inch tree every twenty minutes. *Whew!* We'd like to be convinced that it isn't done with mirrors.

--- Quizzical Q-5'er.

(Dave Ratzlaff and Edward Enns cut 98 trees in 8 hours and were scaled by Bill Funstan. Their trees averaged 21 inches in diameter, which is a good size for cutting a high scale. The boys are honest; no one who knows them doubts their veracity. It is a good thing Dave is naturally good-humoured. He stands 6 feet 4 in. and weighs 238 lbs. Holding an 8-inch spike in his hand Dave will drive it through a 1½ inch board with one blow. His partner, Ed Enns, is 5 ft. 9 in. and 160 lbs. Ed's favourite trick is chinning himself with one hand, suspending himself for 3 minutes with arm bent at a right-angle. Any mirror hangs its face in shame confronted by the superior abilities of these men)

The Editor.

Editorial -- John L. Fretz

Considerable excitement has arisen since word was released as to ASW's applying for farm postponement. Many seem anxious to get out of camp, and back home. It's very natural, indeed, to want to be home again, but we must think of the results of such a move. What will the public say? What will farmers in the armed services say? We cannot expect more than those in the forces; in fact, we must expect less. As time passes, and as the war becomes more serious, public agitation will rise. We must prepare ourselves to face it.

Those who have been building high hopes of being released from camp may have built on sandy soil. Nothing has been stated by officials to indicate that leaves will be granted wholesale. Some may draw the conclusion from this wave of excitement in all camps, that we do not like our present work and that we think it unimportant. Let's not give them that impression.

Listen fellows, my Bible says, "Commit Thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass". Are we failing to trust the Lord? He has a plan for each of us. Do we fail to be submissive to Him? If so, we fail to see His will for our life! Remember the words, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us".

If we profess to uphold the Principles of Peace, we must necessarily worship Him that is the Prince of Peace. In doing so, we submit our will and life to His Guidance.

GOD IN THE MORNING

I met God in the Morning
 When the day was at its best,
 And His Presence come like sunrise,
 Like a glory in my breast.
 All day long the Presence lingered;
 All day long He stayed with me:
 And I sailed in perfect calmness
 O'er a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered,
 Other ships were sore distressed;
 But the winds that seemed to drive them
 Brought to me a peace, and rest.
 Then I thought of other mornings
 With a keen remorse of mind,
 When I, too, had loosed the moorings
 With the Presence left behind.

So I think I know the Secret,
 Learned from many a troubled way.
 You must seek Him in the morning,
 If you want Him through the day.

Ralph S. Cushman

"I'm Going Through"

John Boldt, C-2.

Nearly two years ago, the great evang. list Gipsy Smith, held meetings in Kitchener, Ontario, most of which I was privileged to attend. His sermons and messages in song were a great blessing to me. Gipsy Smith loves singing. At almost every meeting he sings a solo from his "Wonderful Jesus". It was most moving to hear this old man of eighty years or more, with nearly half a century of gospel-preaching behind him, singing joyfully to the Lord whom he served. His voice had no doubt been very good in his youth, for at the present time his songs still moved those who listened.

I can still see the picture in my mind--the large auditorium, the capacity audience, the platform, and the old evangelist singing with such moving expression, and enthusiasm.

One night he sang the song, "I'm Going Through" The first verse and chorus are as follows:

"Lord, I have started to walk in the light,
Shining upon me from heaven so bright;
I've bade the world and its follies adieu,
I've started for glory, and I'm going through."

"I'm going through, yes, I'm going through,
I'll pay the price whatever others do,
I'll take the road with the Lord's despised few,
I'm going through, Jesus, I'm going through."

What a glorious purpose: to "go through" for the Lord in spite of all the ridicule of men. Gipsy Smith had experienced the faithfulness of his Lord in the trials of many years of gospel ministry; and now in his life's evening he was singing out his determination to "go through" with Jesus to the end.

Brethren, let us also "Go through" for our Lord. We have made a beginning. We are "on the road to Glory." Are we going to lag and grow discouraged when our enemy the devil puts stones and thorns in our way? No--for we have a Greater Spirit, One who is able to take us through to the very end.

Let us go forward on the way. Let us, by the grace of God, strive to make the light of our testimony here in B.C. a clear and shining light to the last. Let us have this determination: "I'm going through Jesus, I'm going through."

Let's remember the words, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

If we profess to uphold the Principles of Peace, we must necessarily worship Him that is the Prince of Peace, and in doing so, we will submit our wills and lives to His Guidance.

Banff, Alberta - It is unofficially reported that the three Banff camps are closing in April. The men, mostly from Ontario, will go on farms to help alleviate the labour shortage.

The Wood Folk Cook a Trout

by Elias B. Brubacher, C2.

Lore was getting things organized. "First we'll need a good clear place to build a fire."

"That's my job", said Richey.

"Alright, Richey, you prepare the fire place."

"And I'll get the wood", said Danny Raccoon.

"Fine, Danny. What will you do, Robert?"

"Me?" Robert Robin looked up in surprise. "Oh, I'll just watch the rest of you. I'm not very good around a camp."

"Very well", said Lore. "No work, no food."

Just then an angleworm came crawling out of the soft earth, and Robert went in pursuit. The others observed, "Poor Robert is always getting into trouble."

Robert came running up. "The worm got away--down a hole. Where's my share of the trout?"

Lore asked, "Did you catch the trout, Robert?"

"We-e-ll, no".

"Did you help build the fire place?"

"I was chasing a worm".

"Did you even help cut the wood?"

"We-e-ll". Robert crushed a tear from his eyes and kicked aimlessly at a tuft of grass.

"Come, come, don't cry", laughed Lore. "We saved you a bit of fish, but, in order to earn it, you will have to help clean up after we finish eating. In every good camp, you must work for what you get."

Robert's face brightened at once. "Sure, I'll help. Where's my fish?"

The others talked on. Listen to what was said.

"By making camp as we did today, we were able to keep everything clean and neat. But, best of all, we avoided the danger of starting a forest fire. A great many fires do start just because people are either too lazy, or in too much of a hurry, to make proper fire places. It seems a shame that hundreds of acres of beautiful forest lands are burned every year as a result of carelessness on the part of campers."

What Our Readers Say

J.L. Fretz, C2.

From a medical student in Indiana--"I received your camp paper. Thank you for it; you are really doing a swell job."

From a theological student in an American College--"I have read your newspaper. I appreciated it very much, and may God richly bless you in your work".

From a large Ontario bookstore--"Send copies of the Beacon to the store. They are interesting to have in the Reading Room."

From the Director of a C.P.S. Hospital Unit in Virginia, after reading several copies of the Beacon--"Special greetings, and keep up the good work."

Shawnigan Lake, C-3

Material from this camp is necessarily short this month due to the absence of twenty-one of our camp comrades. These are at Camp Q-7, Campbell River, where they are busily engaged in "tree-planting". Another reason for the lack of news is the presence of Spring (?) and the resultant inactivity due to its quiescent effect on the constitution of us mortals.

The reinforcements of Q-7 left this camp Wednesday, March third. From camp to Duncan, they were transported by truck. After an interval of an hour or so in Duncan, they boarded a bus and were whisked away to Campbell River, where another truck picked them up and took them to camp. The trip was uneventful, I am told, except for a stop at Qualicum Beach where weary legs and cramped muscles were stretched and the feed bag put on. I must ask my fellow reporter at Q-7 to carry on from here. Take it away, Nick Vogt. --- (See Page 19)

Norman Klassen, Ben Barkman and Peter Kinakin returned from "Home leave" on March 6, while Henry Klasson, who did not leave camp until a few days later, returned on March 10. Henry increased the duration of his leave at home by returning via the "timesaver" route, that is, by T.C.A.

Corny Barg, our sports director, had several interesting schedules lined up for games of table tennis, croquinoie, chess, and checkers. However, as our numbers were drastically reduced, we have had to forego the pleasure of friendly competition until the membership of the camp is swelled again by the returning of our comrades.

The skeleton gang left here continues to "carry on!" Henry Wichert operates the air-compressor which gives Ben Bergen's jack-hammer the power to chip away rock for Corny Barg, Pete Dyck, and Jake Tiessen to remove all with the purpose of widening the road.

Mel Peterson is now a truck-driver and John Willms is the timekeeper.

Every morning before breakfast, a few verses of the Bible are read by one of the camp members. A list has been prepared and posted, of the ones to read.

We find many things to complain of these days, and we hear around us lamentations concerning "our lot." Let us consider the following and when we wish to "boof", as it is expressed, repeat:

I had no shoes, and I murmured,
Till I met a man who had no feet.

-Arabian Proverb.

And if by chance of circumstance, we have no shoes to wear, sir;
We'll not repine, a friend of mine has got no feet to boot, sir.

Joe White, Q-5 cook, is not so much interested in gardens as in birds. He's been putting out crumbs all winter and now has quite a feathered following. Joe Knows all the names, and delights to point out the different varieties to the flunkies, Art Oraas, Isaac Hildebrandt, and Aaron Friesen. These fellows are getting to be as proficient at naming birds as they are at keeping their thumbs out of the gravy on the serving-platters. They say that they can pick out the Cozlum bird every time now: it's the one that flies backward to keep the dustout of its eyes!

What, Where and Why?



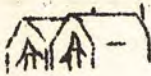
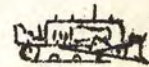
What's a Conchie the Layman asked,
Scanning the news one day.
They're employed by the B.C. Forestry
At fifty cents a day.



They're ready at a moment's call
To fight fires night or day,
Fires ravaging B.C. timberlands,
Turning timber to ashes and clay.



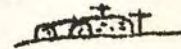
Some are employed improving parks,
Building ski-trails, planting trees,
While others are constructing roads
When the fire hazards cease.



Where and how do the Conchies live?
In camps from coast to coast.
You'll find them in all countries
Where freedom rules the most.



Wherever there is no freedom,
And they have made their stand,
They sleep at peace forever:
Fate dealt a cruel hand.



Some to keep their Principles
Have faced the firing squad,
Because they dared oppose Men's laws
To follow the Laws of God.



They stand for what to them is right,
Whate'er their Creator commands.
No fears nor threats will make them change;
They follow God's laws, not man's.

They know the laws will never change
On which they took their stand.
Why sacrifice eternal life
For treasures of the land?



By Collin Winston, C3.

Join hands, then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be,
Who serves my Father as a son,
Is surely kin to me.

-- John Oxenham.

Timberland Times

Since our initial entry into The Beacon family, several changes have occurred in this camp. Shortly after accepting the responsibility of camp editor, Robert Allenbrand has underwent a medical re-examination resulting in his discharge. Henry Goertz received a six months postponement from military training to nurse a sick ear. In the meantime, Henry has done a little nursing of his own and decided to get married-- unless someone decided that for him. Good luck, Hank!

Ever since this camp was built, many of us have had the pleasure (?) of calling this our home. Although home was never like this, we still identify it by that name, at least for the time being. The length of our sojourn affords a fair knowledge of the "ins" and "outs" of this little establishment. Not all the experiences have been of a negative nature, as so many consider them to be; in fact, I think I am safe in saying that every little occurrence has assisted us in visualizing more fully the grim realities of life, as well as its humorous side.

Camp C-7 is not too bad a place in which to stay. We out here have tried hard to learn to absorb the shocks and after the apparent mastery of that art find the navigating considerably easier.

Our Heavenly Treasure

from GT4.

"The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want." Did not God say, "Who-soever believeth in Him, (namely the Son) shall not perish, but have eternal life"? Therefore, if we can truly say, "The Lord is my Shepherd" cannot we also believe that we shall not want? For Christ promised us (Matt. 7:7), "Ask and it shall be given you. Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Surely we who truly call the Lord our Shepherd can look back to a time in our lives when we were living in sin and had not yet accepted Christ as our personal Saviour. Would any one of us dare, for one short minute, to step outside of the Grace of God for fear death would strike at that moment and we would be lost forever? Cannot we realize, then, how great a danger we were living in before we accepted Christ? Had we died while living in sin and in darkness, would we not have been lost? How greatly should we rejoice then, knowing that we are past the danger of condemnation and have eternal life, which Christ promised everyone who believeth in Him.

Is it not, therefore, our duty to warn our fellow-men of their grave danger if they have not yet accepted Christ? Anyone who has not yet found his Saviour and who still wandereth in sin, is condemned.

Words cannot express the joy of a saved soul, knowing that the Lord is his Shepherd and that whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." (1 John 3:22).

In Luke 13:25, we find, "When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door saying, 'Lord, Lord, open unto us,' and He shall answer, and say unto you, 'I know you not whence ye are,' Is it not too

late to repent then?

Therefore, we as Christians cannot express our joy and happiness in having accepted our Saviour and fully know that He is our Shepherd. "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me" (Ps. 23:4) and I want to take this opportunity, fellow Christians, to tell you that though for a long time I wandered in sin and with the world, and lived in the danger of an eternal death, yet the Lord answered my prayer and lifted me up, out of the depths of sin and promised me Eternal Life.

We know there is a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun. Let us pray to our Father in Heaven that He may be with us forever and ever.

Wanderings of G.J.4

The title may seem strange but actually it is quite apt. Our camp has seen some changes since the boys returned from their leaves. The first of our wanderings began Feb. 10th when 20 of our fellows were moved to the Seymour Camp to assist in cutting firewood for Vancouver. We hope our efforts helped to relieve suffering due to the fuel-shortage.

While at that camp 6 fellows, 2 from Seymour Camp and 4 from the Haney Camp, went into Vancouver one evening to donate their blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank. Fifteen other fellows later offered to go but further wanderings prevented this from taking place. On March 4th thirty Haney men including the foreman and falling instructor were moved to Camp Q1, to assist in planting trees. Two were left to maintain the camp; two are on sick leave. All the boys will welcome the day when they can complete our wanderings and return to our original camp to settle down for snag-felling and firefighting.

Plans are being formulated at present to aid the National Red Cross Campaign, by a collection from the combined camps. We feel that objecting is not enough--that is negative action. A positive program of good works is also the duty of a Conscientious Objector. The Red Cross was selected because it is a civilian organization and its work is based on the Christian principle of unselfish service. It feeds the hungry, clothes the needy, takes in, and cares for, the refugee and desolate, visits the prisoner, and ministers to the sick and wounded. As I write, I can hear Jesus saying, "I was an hungry, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." As each contributes to this cause, Jesus' voice will echo, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Johan Pennor who had his hip broken last August while falling snags is now out of the hospital and walking with crutches. He is waiting until the doctor pronounces him well enough to return home. Jack Finlay's broken ankle is mending nicely and he expects to be back at work shortly. Alfred Poesin obtained leave and is now working on a farm in Alberta.

Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. John 16:33.

Plight of Seymour

by H.J. Schmidt.

What once was a proud fortress of muscular, mental, and numerical strength is now a shameful sight of neglect.

For the past few weeks, this camp flourished with the industrious steps of ambitious woodcutters, some seventy in number. But on March 4th, fifty-six men left Seymour for tree-planting at Q-1, Campbell River. It was an interesting character-study, for those of us who remained behind, to watch the expressions of the various men as we bid them farewell.

Is it not true that one's closest friendships are those formed under common circumstances? Reports have it that friendships made on battlefields have proved very lasting. In a measure, the same principle applies to friendships established among the men of the forest service. In this case, the break was temporary, as we are informed most of these members of GT-5 will return after tree-planting. Yet many realized that the unity will never again be established as before, since some members may find their way into other new locations. The second-last evening before they left, we held a religious meeting with testimonies. This was a most impressive occasion; it will undoubtedly linger long in the minds of all present.

A few days previous to March 4th, ten other camp members departed for Green Timbers where their duties are lifting small trees and packing them for shipment to Vancouver Island to be planted. These men all have "better halves" living in Vancouver. When plans were first announced for the breaking up of camp, it was stated that all men with wives living in Vancouver would be excused from duty on the Island. However, the number was much too large, and some had to go.

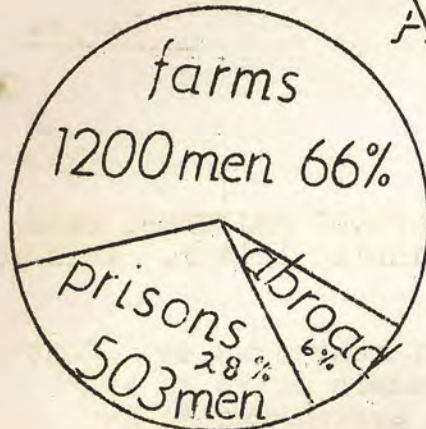
Eleven of the original group are charged with the responsibility of "keeping the home fires burning". The hum of the saw and the bang of the axe form the background for their meditations.

FLASH --- Freaks of the season.....Having had such a successful season fighting forest fires last year, when blessed with numbers, we suffered a shock when, on the night of March 9th, the call came to the remaining men in camp, "Boys, all out to the fire". It required only a few hours to bring it under control, but, had it not been for the valuable assistance of a host of neighbours, it might have reached serious proportions, since the fire was in a thickly populated area. Three homes were threatened for a time, the fire coming within ten feet of one before control was established. This no doubt provided necessary practice for greater things to come in the fire season.

SPRING ??? -- For the benefit of our eastern readers, we would like to report that, in south-western B.C. where Seymour Camp is located, the weather-man has been most kind to all, of late. It is not uncommon to see industrious folk at work digging their victory garden. Further reports have been received that farmers in the community have already planted their potato crop (that is, the early potato). These will be ready for harvest in May. So cheer up, Easterners, the best is yet to come.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose. Rom. 8:28.

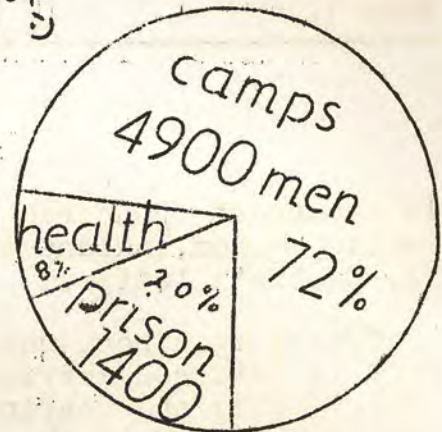
AMERICAN C.O.'S



1917

By mid-December of 1942 American c.o.'s numbered 5,374.

Receiving no pay, many of them help pay the \$35 a month it costs to feed and maintain them in Civilian Public Service. A few even



1942

borrow money to do so. Every cent of the cost comes from the men, their families or from the

churches. Directly operating the camps are three service committees formed during the last war when the Mennonites fed starving Russians, the Quakers fed the starving of Europe and the Brethren began notable work in China.

Running C.P.S. for 1943 will cost at least \$1,750,000 assuming 2500 men are self-supporting in hospitals and that the total number of assignees in 10,000. Each peace church pays for its own men and a third of the cost not met by the other men. As a result Mennonites pay about half the total, Brethren 30 percent, Quakers 20 percent.

The average age of the men is about 24. Many of them are highly skilled, including engineers, farmers, ministers, and teachers. Among them are the author of a best seller, a concert violinist, an aerial photographer, a nightclub operator, a tree surgeon and a professional wrestler. In Quaker camps at least 70 percent of the men have been to college.

Ninety percent of CPS men are in former CCC camps, doing work in forestry soil conservation and parks. About 300 men are on detached service in hospitals. In Puerto Rico 11 of the 5,374 men in CPS have converted an old barracks into a 24-bed hospital. The area they serve has but a single, 73-year-old physician to serve 50,000 people. In addition to the 5,374 men in C.P.S. there are approximately 1,400 c.o.'s in 22 Federal prisons.

"Going to jail is a strong witness for the 'democratic ideal' in the abstract --- and this is important. Going to a CPS camp is witness for the 'democratic ideal' in the concrete, for in these camps many men will settle in their own minds whether the 'democratic ideal' is the right one for contemporary civilization".

The Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors, who administer camp #54 at Warner, New Hampshire, have in a humble spirit recently issued a plea for funds. They are doing what they can for themselves through subsistence living but need additional funds. Contributions may be addressed to Dwight E. Larowe, the camp's director.

Prize Letter

In a contest sponsored by the newspaper CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR, Otto Dahlke, Merom, Indiana camper, wrote the prize-winning letter. This is Mr. Dahlke's letter:

"There is a hope which sustains the spirit of many campers. That hope is detached service. It constitutes the dynamic drive to break the rigidity and confines of the present C.P.S. system and to launch into problem areas where socio-economic forces converge into a sharp focus. It is the desire to express initiative and intelligence where at present they are not used and even discouraged.

It is a hope for a release from W.P.A. labor and made projects to fields of more meaningful action, of greater danger, and of higher reality. Such is the aspiration for detached service.

A pacifism which does not inhere in social realities is weak. The vitality of pacifism grows in the struggles to solve economic and social problems. 98 percent of the men in camp are more or less isolated from the main problem areas. Such a separation from communities and from people does not give a basis for a real development either of pacifism or of the personalities of the men. Detached service either by individuals or in small groups does grant such a possibility. Working in the midst of a war society the C.O. will sense more keenly the significance of his position. Detached service will take the men from the security of the camps and really test them on their own. It will place full responsibility upon the individual. It will make possible a fuller utilization of the skills and talents of the manpower stagnating in the camp.

Pacifism must not become merely a negative stand. In its fullest sense it is a demand not only for non-violent living but also for the creative expression of the values of justice, beauty, and fellowship. Such expression is in absolute conflict with a bureaucratic regimenting system which cannot recognize the conception of the unique worth and value of the individual. This central ideal of our Christian-democratic tradition must be sustained in our war-minded bureaucratized society. It is a hope that detached service will do just that."

MOBILIZATION REGULATIONS REVISED

The Canadian War Order and Regulations have been revised and transferred to the Minister of Labour. Of interest to us is the regulation that C.O.'s must apply for a postponement within 14 clear days after date of Medical Call. This information is no longer printed on the call nor is a copy of the regulations sent out with each call.

A copy of the new laws may be obtained by writing to the National Selective Service, c/o Department of Labour, Ottawa, and asking for "National Selective Service Mobilization Regulations, P.C.10924.

Q-2 Chips

Our Second Cook, Aaron Regier, has left us to take a more responsible position as head cook for a small camp at Quinsam nursery in Campbell River. We hope to see Aaron back soon.

A group of 16 boys and their foreman, Mr. Cliff Pattenon have arrived to aid us in tree-planting. We had heard much of the desolate country these boys dwelt in but found them quite civilized nevertheless.

Q-2 has gone volleyball crazy. Several teams have been organized. The boys are still wondering how Dave Ratzlaff can pick up the ball in mid-air without stretching.

Levi Toews has left for Ste. Annes, Manitoba, as his father was reported seriously ill.

Planting is going ahead under the supervision of Mr. Martell. We expect to cover the entire area that was prepared for planting.

Bill Epp has received a discharge. He is waiting for his railway ticket.

A pair of boxing gloves has arrived in camp with the result that some boys have gained the respect of their opponents. This respect is usually backed up by a black eye or so, and perhaps a few bruises. Of course, they say it's all sparring. If Chesty Pete's exhibition bout with "Gorilla Dave" was sparring, then count me out.

Our cook has received company. Mr. William Ross of Q-8 is at present assisting Mr. Kent for the planting season.

Bits from Bowser

Early this month two unusually silent fellows were seen wandering around camp with pale faces and muffled necks. John Dyck and Henry Peters were both showing the after-effects of tonsil operations. Now however, they're off the soup diet and talking nicely.

Tans are on the way already -- John "Z" Friesen and Gust Memke officially opened the sun-bathing season on March 1st. ----- Everyone has his separate ration of Sugar now, and many and queer are the containers in which it is carried around. Jack Tiessen carries his in a salt shaker and can be seen daintily "salting down" his mush every morn at breakfast. ----- Stan Craig, packer for the two planting crews, has been good-humoredly taking a lot of razzing from the grub-hoe men, - what with trucks and direction finders he says that life is rather perilous!

Spring is here with all its dreams of flowering gardens. Our foreman, Mr. MacKenzie, or familiarly "Mac", an amateur gardener of no little note, has already started several boxes of tomato plants and asters indoors, and at the moment of writing is proudly exhibiting some tiny green shoots that have pushed through. (If these little rascals turn out to be weeds it's going to be just too bad!) Several patches of ground near camp have been spaded up preparatory to setting out the plants when warm weather comes to stay. It is also planned to plant carrots, peas, etc., and if the deer can be persuaded to stay away, some of us may be here to enjoy fresh-picked vegetables this summer, who knows?

On Camp Music

by Helmut Neufeld, Q-3.

Here is a note (f) to those interested in music and singing. An old saying reveals a great truth: "Where there's singing, there abide. Angry people have no songs." Generally, a home with music is a place of peace and happiness.

We were recently favoured by a visit from a well-known musical enthusiast among the Mennonites, Mr. Kownelius Neufeld of Winkler. He certainly stirred up the singing spirit in our camp. Travelling as extensively as he does and working in the musical realm, he led some of us to conclude that he was rich: now he is in New York, Now in Winnipeg now in Vancouver; always he is cheefful and happy. Discovering our impression of him, he explained, "I'm just as poor as any of the people I visit, but I find more joy in going through life singing than in going around burdened with the daily worries of life. Worries will never alter the situation." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33.)

One question I should like to ask those engaged in song services. With what motive do we as Christians sing to those who hear us? Is it just to make a beautiful, well-cultivated tone, or does our desire go farther? Certainly it is important to sing well, but let us also look at the spiritual side of singing. In Psalm 95 we read, "Let us make a joyful noise unto the rock of our salvation"; in 1 Corinthians 10:31, "Whatsoever ye do; do all to the glory of God."

If we will pray for a blessing before singing and thus appear with a spirit-filled heart, we will find that then, and then only, can the Lord through us bless those that hear the song. Eternity alone will reveal what a great comfort and help a simple little song has been to some discouraged and unhappy soul. That is not we, but Christ working in and through us.

Therefore, whatever we do, not only in singing, but also in our daily work and in our leisure hours, let us do all to the honour and glory of our Lord. Thus we shall find a joy in life that we have never previously experienced. Then we can truly sing, "My Heart is bubbling over with the Joy, Joy, Joy".

AS I SEE IT

by John C. Bueckert, Q3 Farmer.

Many and varied have been the experiences of C.O's since being called to the A.S.W. camps. However, I believe we who are from the farm have undergone more re-education than the others. For although we had ideas of our own about planting and harvesting, we looked forward to learning how to plant a crop that would be harvested by coming generations.

All winter long we had been looking forward (?) to the planting season. When we thought of the numerous backaches that were in store, we laid up a supply of "Sloan's Liniment".

On March 6th, the day set for our initiation, we started out bright and early, but made poor progress till our foreman told us we weren't planting potatoes now. In other words, the holes we were digging were too deep.

We feel justified in anticipating that our trees will grow to be as

big as those of any other camp, perhaps larger. If this newly-planted crop acts at all like wheat, the boys who considered buying logging-trucks will have their hands full next Fall! Peter Bueckert, since buying a fret-saw, plans to look after the other end of the business.

WHO'S WHO

at Q3

JOHN ENNS - farmer, Yarrow, B.C., Mennonite Brethren. Camp religious director and truck-driver. Former student, Prairie Bible Inst. A natural participant in religious activities.

PETE KLASSEN - farmer, Rosemary, Alta., Mennonite Conference. One of our hardest and best workers, and a violinist, very modest. You have to know Pete well to appreciate him.

LORNE MCGREGOR - formerly a bookkeeper, Victoria, B.C. Red hair and a red-hot "line" of conversation. Appearance and behaviour remind one of school-boy stage stars.

JOHNNY PETERS - farmer, Hague, Sask. Faithful night-fireman. Runs a private ironing business while his customers sleep. Mothers take note: as long as Johnny is on the job, you needn't worry about "Junior"; he'll be warm.

JAKE WILMS - fruit farmer, St. Catharines, Ont., Mennonite Conference. Efficient, hard-working flunky, always considerate of colleagues. A keen hockey fan. Wears a ten-gallon hat which makes him "Sheriff". His sense of humour is contagious.

at Q5

MITCHELL CLECOFF is our new Beacon circulation manager. (Oshawa, Ont.) Used to clerk in his father's store. Was at Montreal River camp, where he helped with the "Northern Beacon". A fine violinist.

BILL KERBY - Calgary, first aid man and scaler, plays a leading part in spiritual life of the camp, - the volume of his mail is the envy of all!

BILL ZACHARIAS - Rosthern, Sask., Mennonite, one of our hardest working men, - plays the violin, - a great correspondent.

KORNIE FRASE - from Cabri, Sask., passed through the Banff camp, - Mennonite Brethren, - affectionately named Station K.F.Q.5., - very observant.

at Q3

CORNELIUS BARG - fruit farmer, Vineland, Ont. Camp sports director. - emerged undefeated from last summer's ball season. Has been in camp (Montreal River and C-3) since Dec. 8, 1941. Single, but a good prospect for the "weaker sex".

BENJAMIN BARKMAN - from Swalwell, Alta. Formerly truck-driver, farmer, and store-keeper. Brought tools to camp to expedite a desire to make woodworking his hobby.

BEN BERGEN - from a farm near Reesor, Ont., though his folks now live near St. Catherines. Known to associates as "King Guz". United Mennonite. Can be identified by the absence of most of his right thumb. An experienced logger.

He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.
Philippians 3:21.

Five Crews at Q-1

Camp Q-1 Welcomes 56 new camp members from Seymour Mt. and Hancy. The boys were rather despondent on arrival, because of our desolate camp-site, but we are glad they are overcoming this prejudice. After tree-planting these men will return to their respective camps. We as residents of Q-1 appreciate their companionship and fellowship, and certainly would have them stay with us.

The number of trees planted is a million and a half, of which 5,000 are spruce, 10,000 hemlock, and the remainder fir. At present we have formed four crews for planting. The average trees planted is 800 to 1000 per person per day. A fifth crew from Q-3 arrived to give us a hand on the 22nd of the month.

As flu and colds are having free reign in camp, many voices have changed from baritone to a deep bass.

Some of the boys complain about backaches. However, after working hours enough energy is gathered to play several games of volleyball.

The result of a meeting among the boys is that a box has been put up for voluntary contributions to the Red Cross.

Glorious Security

"I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it." (Ecc. 3:14)

What a precious statement this is for the believer in Christ. Many will tell us today that, in order to be sure of Heaven, we must persevere or endure unto the end. This statement does not bear the stamp of Holy Writ. How can we reconcile the concept that perseverance or works will get us to Heaven with Eph. 2:8-9? "For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."

When Christ cried, "it is finished", before He expired on the Cross, He did a work "forever", to which nothing could be added. "Salvation is of the Lord" (Jonah 2:9), and by our acceptance of that salvation, we immediately become children of God. What this means, the Bible tells us plainly. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life". (John 3:36). "Ye are sealed unto the day of redemption" (Eph. 4:30). "For by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body" (1 Cor. 12:13). "He hath made us accepted in the beloved" (Eph. 1:6). "For I am persuaded that neither --- height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God," (Rom. 8:38-39.)

These statements and many more, I accept and lay hold of as a gift from God. Henceforth my desire, springing from a heart overflowing with love and gratitude to Christ, will be to live for Him who died for me. The flesh, the world, and the devil will beset from within and without, but God has made provision for every step of the journey, having passed that way Himself.

The God who saves us from the penalty of our sins "is able to keep us from falling, and present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." (Jude 24). "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." (Ps. 118:23), but "whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever".

Horne Lake High Spots

by John Knelsen.

On Monday, March 1st, the news was spread abroad that 22 of our boys would be transferred to other camps for the tree-planting season. Four of them left on Wednesday for Camp Q-7, Campbell River. Henry Neufeld, was glad to go as his brother was already at that camp. The remaining eighteen left the following Friday for camp Q-3, Campbell River. This event made quite a hole in the social life of our camp, and we sincerely hope that our boys will return before long.

As to our Spiritual organization we were left quite stranded by their departure as the leaders and most of the committee were among those that were transferred. Our leader, Paul Storms, and the assistant leader, Willard Toman were well qualified for the positions they held. When it comes to singing, we miss the director, Ernie Dyck. Nevertheless, we reorganized and elected Ed. Bayly as leader with Nick Thiessen as his assistant. Thus shall we with the Lord's help to hold our regular meetings as before.

Last week our bullcook, Cornelius Hiebert, received his autoharp which he had ordered some weeks ago. Hardly a minute of his spare time goes by without his being busy at the strings. A cabin mate of his seems to think that if he keeps this up he will soon be able to compete with almost anybody.

A few days ago, our night-fireman, Henry Martens, was told that his job was no longer essential and that he would have to go out to work on the road. However next morning, as luck would have it, the weatherman took a hand with the result that some of us were chilled to the marrow by the time the bullcook started the fires. Henry is back on the job as fireman and keeps us all nice and cosy between our blankets. Good for old Henry; he at least got one good night's sleep out of the deal.

WHO'S WHO, Q-6.

JOHN P. FEHR - The camp's sunny barn-yard imitator. Perfectly imitates numerous animals and the cry of babies. Farmer from Hague, Sask. Somerfelder Mennonite. 14 mths. in camp, including Banff. Excellent harmonica player. Sings in his sleep.

BEN ENS - Farmer, Swift Current, Sask. General Conf. Mennonite. Conscientious hard worker. Sets splendid Christian example. Believes camp life a character builder. 15 mths. in camp, including Banff.

PETER REIMER - Farmer, Wingard, Sask. Gen. Conf. Mennonite. Straw boss in camp, distinguishable by his red hat, and ambitious worker. Always in a hurry. Plays string instruments, harmonica and accordion. 14 mths. in camp including Banff.

Civilian Public Service camps are little islands of sanity in an insane world.

— Olive Branch —

Who's Who at Q6

The following went to Camp Q-3, Campbell River, On March 5 for several weeks' tree-planting. For the same purpose, four other men went to Q-7, Campbell River, on March 3, while twelve still remain in Camp Q-6. At Horne Lake each boy was engaged in road construction and snag-falling. Forestry officials have complimented the boys on their splendid bridge constructions. For this, much praise is due Barney Moriez, the foreman.

JACOB D. MARTENS - Farmer, Blumenhof, Sask. Somerfelder Mennonite. Quiet, likeable disposition. Good listener, says little and keeps out of trouble. 14 mths. in camp, including Banff.

WILHELM THIESSEN (Big Bill) - Farmer, Crooked River, Sask. Somerfelder Mennonite. Violinist and harmonica player. Towers 6 ft., 4 in., weighs 210. Recently displays young lady in bunk! 14 mths. in camp, including Banff.

HARVEY BARTEL - Whistles and sings while he works. This little farmer hails from Drake, Sask. General Conf. Mennonite. 15 mths. in camp, including Banff. 2nd tenor, Camp Quartet. Has served as "Bull Cook."

HAROLD ASHLEY - Time-keeper, Loblaw's Head Office, Toronto. From Long Branch, Ont. Christadelphian. High School and Business Course. Secy. Treas. Sun. School and Editor S. S. paper. 9 mths. in camp. Hobby, "Betty".

JOHN C. G. FEHR - Farmer, Swift Current, Sask. Somerfelder Mennonite. Converted in camp. Loves Bible Study. Just rec'd Diploma (96%) Bible Study Correspondence Course. Has served as second cook. 13 mths. in camp, including Banff.

ERNIE DYCK - Virgil, Ont. Curly-headed Prairie farmer. Mennonite Brethren. Bothany Bible College, Hepburn. Employed at large fruit farm, Niagara Pon. 9 mths. in camp. Camp songleader. Bass in Camp Quartet. Learning to play guitar now.

AUSTIN W. BYERS - Owen Sound, Ont., salesman Ideal Pork Co. M.B.C. "Auzzee" is the fun and life of camp. "I've got to keep the morale of the boys up," he claims. 13 mths. in camp, including Montreal River. Dan. & IRWIN KLASSEN - Brothers from Herbert, Sask. farm. General Conf. Mennonite. Both splendid workers, good-natured. Never too busy to lend a helping hand. Always smiling, that's Dan. 14 mths. in camp, including Banff.

WILLARD TOMAN - 200 pounds of good-naturedness from Guernsey, Sask. Mennonite. Farmer, later dairy business and hog raising. Assistant Religious Director. "Laugh and grow fat", that's Willard. Known by some as "The Bishop". Says camp life teaches obedience and patience. 14 mths. in camp, including Banff.

DAVID C. EPP - Farmer from Rosthern, Sask. General Conf. Mennonite. Good axeman. Bass in Camp Quartet. Takes camp life as it comes. Cheerful disposition, nothing worries him. Loves music. 14 mths. in camp, including Banff.

HENRY M. TOEWS - Eligible bachelor from Guernsey, Sask. Mennonite Brethren farmer. 14 mths. in camp, including Banff. Has served as "Flunky". Contributes much to spiritual life of camp. Camp barber.

PAUL L. STORMS - Adv. Salesman and traveller for Daily Sun Times, Owen Sound, Ont. Son of returned missionaries of Tuxedo. M.B.C. High School, Business College, Toronto Bible College. Preparing for ministry Camp Religious Leader. Lately known as "The young lad." 14 mths in camp, including Montreal River.

March.

THE BEACON

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Q7 Roundup

At last the tree-planting season has come, and everybody in camp is hard at work planting the little seedlings that someday are to be a forest. Twenty-one men have been transferred to this camp from C-3, Shawnigan Lake, and four from Q-6, Horno Lake, to reinforce the old-timers at Q-7. Altogether there are now 61 A.S.W.'s in camp, which is just enough for 3 planting crews, barring accidents and sickness. The 3 crews have done very good work, and are well up in their work. Unless the quota, is raised, the planting will be all done before the end of March.

The C-3 and Q-6 men are really interested in sports. As soon as they got here, they got out the volleyball and net and began to play. It is a strange thing to explain, but this game had not been played at this camp before that, although the ball and net have been here for some time. Now, practically everybody in camp seems to be interested in the game, and it is being played for a few hours every night.

The canoe and raft-building mania which seized this camp before freeze-up last Fall has been revived, and has reached an all-time high. The Q-7 waterfront is made picturesque with vessels of all types, sizes and shapes, and more are under construction. Part of the fleet sailed to Q-3 one Sunday as some of the boys went to visit their friends across the lake.

The canoes also are handy for fishing. Milton Noake of C-3, now a flunky at Q-7, caught half a dozen fish one afternoon.

There are other things that can be done with these boats besides fishing, however, as Sam Toews discovered one evening. He got into a boat and found that it persisted in rocking most uncomfortably. Also it kept turning around in circles in spite of his efforts to paddle it in a straight line. However, he did manage to get it a fair distance away from shore, and there the inevitable happened; it capsized, and Sam had to swim for shore. He found out, too, that loggers' boots and dry-bak clothing will get wet in such circumstances.

Abe Fast, our truck-driver, was quite sick, and when taken to the doctor, he was found to have influenza and pleurisy. Abe has been in hospital for over a week now, and is expected to be there for another week at least. Waldemar Hooge, our second cook, took ill suddenly and was taken to the doctor, thinking it might be appendicitis. At present we do not know just what ails him, or what has been done to him since he was taken to the hospital, but we hope that it won't be too serious. We wish both of the boys a speedy recovery, and hope that they will again be with us by the time The Beacon reaches us.

There have been cases of bad colds, but all victims are back at work. Abe Wiens has a sore foot, although unable to plant trees, he has not stopped working. He has replaced Hooge as our dish-washer.

Seebe, Alberta -- We are at present 25 men in the Headquarters Camp and 26 men in 2 other camps 15 miles up river, all of us being "kept busy" with making mine props and cutting firewood out of the fire-killed timber. Our 35 Diesel cat had the misfortune the other day of staying out all night with the water in it at sub-zero weather -- the result is obvious.

Frank Isaac.

SEYMOUR MEN GO TREE PLANTING by Andrew Steckly.

Instead of cutting fuel for Vancouver, the boys of Seymour Camp are now helping to assure British Columbia of a future supply of timber; in other words, playing nursemaid to a couple of million baby trees.

On March 4, twenty-eight Seymour boys packed a few personal belongings, boarded two super-streamlined buses, and headed for the C.P.R. docks at Vancouver. With us were twenty-eight boys from the Hancy Camp. A pleasant ride on the Princess Elaine brought us to Nanaimo where we boarded two more busses which, by the way, were not quite as modern as those on the mainland.

This was the first sight of Vancouver Island scenery for most of us and we really enjoyed it, except for the part, from Campbell River to Q-1. Here we saw the need for the planting of trees as to us it seemed that the only thing this territory could boast of was miles and miles of black charred stumps.

At the time of writing we have put in two weeks of planting and have experienced the usual backaches, etc., that go hand-in-hand with this type of job. This is a great opportunity to enlarge our acquaintances among C.O.'s in B.C., and for some it has been a pleasant reunion with pals not seen for quite some time. The boys are enjoying the change in occupation but all are looking forward to the time when the planting season is over and we can return to our camp at Seymour which, under the circumstances, seems more like "Home Sweet Home" to us.

A truck left camp Q-3 one morning and with it went a solemn, yet joyful C.O. Solemn because of heredity and joyful because of his release to work on a farm. Many is the time, while riding in from work that we have accompanied this quick, courteous individual with the far-distant look in his blue eyes, more distant on mail days!!! He will long be remembered by the boys at Q-3, who feel his absence keenly, especially his tent mates. You ask who is this man? Well, I'll tell you. His address is Rosthern, Sask. You still don't know him? Henry Dyck! Good luck to you, Henry!

Leslie Lennox, Powell River Camp, has been granted leave as a hospital orderly on the Queen Charlotte Islands, and Bill Anderson has gone home for farm work.

SHIP AHOY, CONCHIE BOY!

Camp pals wonder if Kim Jones will ever again feel comfortable on a raft. "First-mate Overboard" Jones and "Captain" Herb Jennings set sail on rolling Campbell Lake standing on their home-made raft like stalwart seamen of "voyageur" days. The wind bulged their main-sail (a blanket) in every pocket and their "ship" scudded and slew over the waves.

"Point your nose to skyward" ordered Capt. Jennings, "and hang on".

But that didn't stop First-mate Overboard Jones from getting seasick!

POWELL RIVER ROAD BUILDING
Continued from Page 1.

dozer, which in reality is a Kitten, not a "cat". In spite of all the set-backs such as motor trouble and poor weather, half a mile of road has been graded and is traversable.

There was a casualty during the building of this road. It occurred during the blasting of the huge stumps along the road. Now, folks, don't feel too serious: it wasn't a human casualty, but an inanimate object which was left on the top of a stump under which lay thirty-five sticks of 20% dynamite. As the dust and smoke cleared away after the blast, Scot Perry reached for his beloved pipe. It was gone! Gone forever, with a bang, and the largest volume of smoke, that every came from a pipe!

POWELL RIVER NEWS AND VIEWS

Mr. D. M. MacKenzie, from Green Timbers, accompanied by our local ranger, Mr. Black, inspected our new road last week.

Cecil Williams, of northern Alberta, has been in hospital following an appendix operation. The doctor reports very favourable progress. We miss you, Cecil. Please hurry back to us.

Gerald Bean, that noted trapper-rancher of the Peace River district, is back snagging again -- or would you call it that? Last night he used a six-inch straight razor to fell the snags from Frank Willinger's face. What's the score, Gerry? Seventy-five feet? You'll be able to shave coyotes back home if you keep on practising!!

Our jolly sub-foreman, Scott Perry, and our good-natured cook, Fred R. G., took a few days off this month for a trip to Vancouver. They returned to us refreshed by their holiday, and Mr. Foy soon "dished it out" in his professional, good-tasting style to make our appetites vanish around a hearty meal of camp victuals.

Sports item -- Herb Wecker, of Fox Valley, Sask. is the winner of the 1943 bicycle marathon!! The twenty-four-mile track was covered with mud and snow, with the result that Herb came through with muddy colors!

The judges took very little time in choosing the winner -- Herb was the only contestant! The purpose of the race was to get the mail, but poor Herb didn't get that letter from Chilliwack, B.C. after all.

Eight of our number, Steve Mandzuk, Walter Johnstone, Ted Brucks, Laurence Jerome, Guy Mosher, Len Markwell, Peter Tym and Alex Sanjenko have been transferred, temporarily, to Quinsam Nursery at Campbell River.

Rumble, Rumble, rumble. What's that I hear, a car coming? Oh, no, that's Roy Larson's lathe. Roy has invented something new in the line of power. This machine, something after the order of a sewing-machine, is run by knee action.

Powell River Roundup! Ray Macdonald, our new timekeeper is out on the road taking inventory.

The zoology department of camp GT-6 has a new guest -- a chipmunk under the care of John Popowich.

Andre Bananko, who cut his finger seriously some time ago, is recovering nicely.

We were all pleasantly surprised, one Sabbath morning, when Elder W.A. Clemenson, president of the B.C. Conference of S.D.A.'s, drove into camp. His pleasant smile and timely messages brought courage to us all.

Our foreman, Abe Cathcart, received a card of thanks from the committee of the "Aid to Russia Fund". \$31.50 was contributed by the boys and staff of Camp G.T.-6, Powell River, B.C.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9:7.

THE BEACON

B.C. Forest Service,
Campbell River, B.C.