

Vol. 1, No. 1

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5¢ copy

WHAT MAKES A CONCHIE TICK?

by Rev. J. Harold Sherk
or "Why is a conscientious objector?" were questions put to us recently.

War has brought to public attention many persons who object strongly to certain forms of military training or service, or to any such training or service which involves, potentially, the taking of human life. Examination of these persons reveals that they have such diverse motives for and differences of degree in their objection that a definition of the term "Conscientious Objectors" - by which they are publicly recognized - is difficult, and an explanation that shows clearly the position of all conscientious objectors is almost impossible, but some of the considerations which motivate the conscientious objector may be given.

Strongest of all motives is that of religious principle, founded on the teachings and example of the Lord Jesus Christ. Such sayings as "My Kingdom is not of this world. If My Kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." John 18:36 and "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil," Matt. 5:39, and "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents, harmless as doves," Matt. 10:16, coupled with His example ser-

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CHANGE OF RELIGIOUS DIRECTOR

Since the opening of this camp for Conscientious Objectors last July, Rev. J. Harold Sherk, Secretary and Treasurer of the executive of the Historic Peace Conference Churches of Ontario, has most ably ministered to the needs, spiritually and otherwise, of the Conchies, showing his capability as Religious Director and his ability to understand boys. However, being affiliated with the teaching staff of Immanuel Bible School, Stouffville, Ont., Rev. Sherk finds it necessary to leave camp on Dec. 30, and will resume his duties here after an absence of 3 months. This return date is set for April 4th. It is expected that Rev. Sherk will again be with the boys on Easter Sunday and will accompany the Conchies of the 5th group when they return home April 9th.

Rev. H. D. Cron, Toronto, comes to Montreal River Camp on January 3rd, as substitutionary Religious

OUR FIRST EDITION

The Northern Beacon, official organ of the Conchie boys of the Canadian Service Camp, Montreal River, has as its purpose for its publication the following:

(1) To furnish a worthwhile enterprise for the Conchie boys, whereby their leisure time may be spent profitably.

(2) For the convenience of the Conchie boys in mailing a news letter home or to some friend.

(3) To enlighten the outside world with the activities of Montreal River Camp

(4) To help the boys of the camp to become acquainted with one another.

(5) To deepen the spirit of friendship already manifest in the camp.

(6) To promote enthusiasm in new projects through which the camp may profit.

(7) To meet the demand by interested parties concerned in the Camp.

The Management and Staff of The Northern Beacon has sought to present in this, its first edition, a worthwhile publication and will endeavor to make each succeeding issue the same. Although it is not always possible to please everybody, yet it is our purpose to make the paper as desirable as possible, and therefore, we solicit any criticisms of a constructive nature.

It is expected that the Northern Beacon will be published each Saturday and will exist as (continued on page 6)

SHELDON WILSON WINS FIRST COPY

It was no small matter to choose a name for the new Conchie paper of the Canadian Service Camp, Montreal River. The press staff found it necessary to meet twice, being in conference for over two hours before final decision could be reached as to the best fitted name from a list of 65 suggestions submitted by the boys of the Camp. After much careful deliberation, "The Northern Beacon" was given precedence over all others and will be the official name of the Camp paper.

The winning name was submitted by Sheldon Wilson, of the Brethren in Christ Church, Stevensville. Sheldon will receive the first copy of the first edition of The Northern Beacon to be circulated.

PRESS PERSONNEL

President	Religious Director
Managing Director	Paul Storms
Editor-in-Chief	Wes. Brown
Associate Editor	Ross F. Bearss
Art Editor	Gordon Bolender
Sports Editor	Nick Siblock
Circulation & Adv. Mgr.	Foster Moore
Asst. Cir. & Adv. Mgr.	Cecil Bell
Chief Publisher	Pete Enns
Asst. Publisher	Ross Nigh

PERSONAL CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Norm Jarvis phoned his wife in Stouffville, 600 miles distant. Alex. Heggie phoned his ladyfriend and mother in Toronto, a distance of 625 miles. Art Holland phoned his ladyfriend in St. Catherines, 725 miles away. Don Moffatt called his mother in New Toronto, 631 miles; and Miss May Agnew in Hamilton, 690 miles. Ron Morrow phoned Miss Gwen Hill, his ladyfriend in Toronto. Foster Moore phoned Miss Phyllis Woods, the ladyfriend in Toronto. Alvin Shuert phoned his wife in Vineland, 720 miles from him. Dave Marwick phoned his sister in St. Catherines, 725 miles distant. Rae Holden phoned 600 miles to his ladyfriend in Stouffville. Alvin Putman received greetings from his wife and parents in Dunville, 770 miles distant. Jacob Neufeld phoned his parents in Niagara-on-the-Lake, 737 miles. Milton Noake greeted his sister in Stevensville, 640 miles away. Don Crone spoke with his mother in Mt. Albert, 640 miles from camp.

LIFE AT MONTREAL RIVER CAMP

By Paul L. Storms

The Canadian "Conchie" Service Camp is located 625 miles from Toronto and 83 miles north-west of Sault Ste. Marie, where the Montreal River with its awe-inspiring mighty falls flows into the world's largest fresh water lake, Lake Superior.

Formerly serving as a lumber camp, the Dominion gov't turned it into a training headquarters for boys of non-resistant churches and of conscientious principles of non-combatant service. The trainees are employed by the Department of Highways in the construction of the joining link in the Trans-Canada route to the West. At the present time the highway from the Soo ends at the camp. It follows a most picturesque route, keeping close to Lake Superior. Scenery in this part of Northern Ontario is perhaps unparalleled for beauty and grandeur. The land is quite hilly and rocky, frequently rising to great heights, thickly covered with trees and undergrowth.

The first trainees arrived at camp in July of 1941, and during the summer season there were as many as 165 at one time. The boys now training are from Administrative "B" and form groups four and five, arriving on Nov. 25th., and Dec. 9th. respectively. The trip to camp was made by train as far as the Soo (the Conchies occupying a coach by themselves from Toronto) and from there by truck. The majority of boys represent the Conference of Historic Peace Churches.

The main building of the camp is in the form of a cross with the longer ends forming the living and sleeping quarters; bunkrooms as they are called, divided into two rooms by the wash room. Bunks are in two long rows on both sides of the bunkhouse rooms, with upper and lower bunks. The beds are quite comfortable. The short end of this building serves as the religious director's office, also the store and pressroom, and the recreation and reading room combined. The other end contains the dining room and kitchen. Plenty of good water is piped from clear crystal mountain springs. Most of the buildings are of huge log construction.

Most of the boys work in the

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IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Did you ever dream of a millionaire uncle or cousin? Mr. Sherk, Harold, Doner and Harley Wideman took Francis Star into the Soo. While there Harold and Harley went to a smart new restaurant named "The Girl in Red" for supper. After ordering, Harold thumbed over the menu card and noticed that it had printed on it "Lyon's Girl in Red Restaurant".

Said Harold, "I have cousins here by that name. I'll investigate".

After enquiring of a waiter, Harold disappeared in the direction of the kitchen. Ten minutes later he returned with a genial, well-dressed, elderly gentleman whom he introduced to us as Mr. Lyon, a first cousin of his mother. Mr. Lyon seated himself at our table and told us a little of his life. He had built the restaurant for his son who was now in charge. He was formerly a minister in George S. Henry's cabinet. He now has a large hardware store and other business interests.

Harold was invited to visit him as often as he could get down, which Harold hopes will be often!

AFTER LIGHTS WENT OUT

FOSTER MOORE - Do you know, Jack, in all Jewish cemeteries there is a light at the foot of each stone?

JACK GRIEVE - Never heard of that before, Foster. What kind of a light is it?

FOSTER MOORE - An Israel-light!

LIFE AT MONTREAL RIVER CAMP

(Cont'd from page 2)

gravel pits or at clearing the bushlands. There are four or five to each two or three-yard gravel truck. Often it is necessary to blast by dynamite the hard stone, and ground formations. Sometimes the pick is very tough. Immense depths must be filled in. Some of the boys clear rocks that they may be drilled. Others dig pits for testing the land layers below, while some are employed in surveying. Additional duties consist of working in the kitchen, waiting on tables, caretaking, keeping the fires going at night, carpentering, dynamite blasting, driving teams to draw huge stones, stumps, etc., digging post holes, guarding the powder house, chopping and piling wood, office work, road sanding and leveling gravel. The boys speak well of their foremen.

The meals are very substantial and the fellows are more than satisfied. Potatoes and meat (chiefly beef) are served three times a day. The boys are well fed on beans. One Conchie gained forty pounds during his four-months, and the majority gain in avoirdupois. Both meals and atmosphere are conducive to good health.

Lights go on each morning at 6:15, when the assistant cook, Cliff, proceeds up and down the bunkhouse rooms ringing a triangular-shaped gong. At 6:45 a.m. we have morning devotions followed by breakfast at 7:00. At 7:45 we line up for roll call. Working hours are 8 a.m. to 12 noon and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. The boys working in the north gravel pit, one mile from camp, and those in the bush, two and a half miles from camp, eat their dinner in a tent. Supper is served at 5:15. Evening devotions are held at 9 p.m. Lights go out at 10:30 o'clock.

The most common trees are birch, pine, spruce, balsam, cedar and poplar. Farms and settlements are far apart. The nearest farm to the camp is about 60 miles distant. Wild animals roam the forests. These are bear, fox, moose, and wolf. Several bears have visited the camp. One night in August a bear walked thru the screen door of the cookery (now the blacksmith's residence). Bert Brydgress, the cook, opened the door to let him out, but the bear preferred to make his exit thru the wall and returned several nights in succession to batter down the covering to carry with him a bag of flour. On another occasion, a bear cub was captured and some of the boys from Waterloo district took him home.

~~The evenings are spent reading, writing letters, studying, and playing dominoes, checkers, chess and monopoly. Frequently interesting discussions and conversations are carried on. Quite a number of the boys musically inclined, play guitars, mouth organs, violins, trumpets, accordians and trombones. Music and singing play an important part in the evening's activities. Boxing is a favorite indoor sport; hockey and hiking favorite outdoor sports. Picture-taking is the chief hobby.~~

One of the boys operates a laundry while three or four of the Conchies are barbers. The fellows have put up homemade shelves and cupboards in their bunks, making use of nearly every available space. Their clothing hangs suspended above. Photos of sweethearts adorn the bunks. Some of the boys are married.

As might be expected, the fellows come from all walks of life. Many were employed in factories, offices, stores. Some are farmers, College students, school teachers, carpenters, mechanics, truck drivers.

The religious director conducts a Bible Study hour each Wednesday night. Friday evening has been set apart for choral practice. On Sunday, Bible School is held at 9 a.m., followed by service at ten o'clock, and again in the evening at 8 p.m. Prayer groups meet thru-out the camp. The Conchies are sadly in need of a new recreation and prayer room. Steps have been taken towards the erection of one. We trust that this building will soon be a reality.

The Canadian Service Camp at Montreal River differs from most other "Conchie" camps, such as they have in United States, because of its distance from the nearest farms and towns. The camp's post office is over 80 miles away. The boys seldom leave the camp as there is no place to go. In case of serious illness, accident or dental care, it is necessary to go the long trip to the Soo. The Conchies appreciate the kindness of the religious director who motors to the Soo about once a week at which time he looks after the purchases of postage stamps writing paper, camera films, oranges and chocolate bars. These winter months, visitors to the camp are few and far between. In the summer months, parents frequently visited the camp, but this is now almost out of the question. Yet the fellows are happy, especially when the mail comes in. On such a welcome occasion, the boys crowd around the office boy, and eagerly look on as he reads out the names on the letters and parcels. The boys do not expect you to visit them, but they do ask you to write and to write often; also they need your prayers. Thanks!

By Peter Enns

With the best of my good wishes
And the tidings of good cheer,
I shall answer your sweet letter
Though I wish that you were near.

While the fires are cheerily blazing
And the radio's playing low,
I am writing to a dear one,
In fact, the sweetest girl I know.

I shall try to paint a picture
Of the life that we lead here;
What the boys do in their spare time--
Though a poor attempt, I fear.

When the office boy comes staggering
To the bunkhouse, without fail
There's one big and mighty scramble
As the boys gather round for mail.

Now the mail has all been dealt out
And the gang has all disbursed,
Though of letters they get many
There is one they all read first.

It's the one from their beloved,
Though to some, she's only "friend",
The fair maiden whom they hear from
Is the same one in the end.

From their sparsely bearded faces
It is very plain to see
That thoughts are exceeding pleasant;
Their eyes speak ecstasy!

After dreaming half an hour
To the writing room we rush
To answer this lovely letter;
Thinking up this kind of LUSH!

Our spare hours are quite many,
But all are put to use,
With our Church right in the bunkhouse
The boys can't offer an excuse!

Bible study is on Wednesdays.
On Friday nights, the rafters ring
When the chorus turn on full volume;
Rev. Sherk can make them sing!

Sunday School and Church on Sunday,
Teaching starts at nine o'clock.
Church again during the evening,
Afternoon, we write or talk.

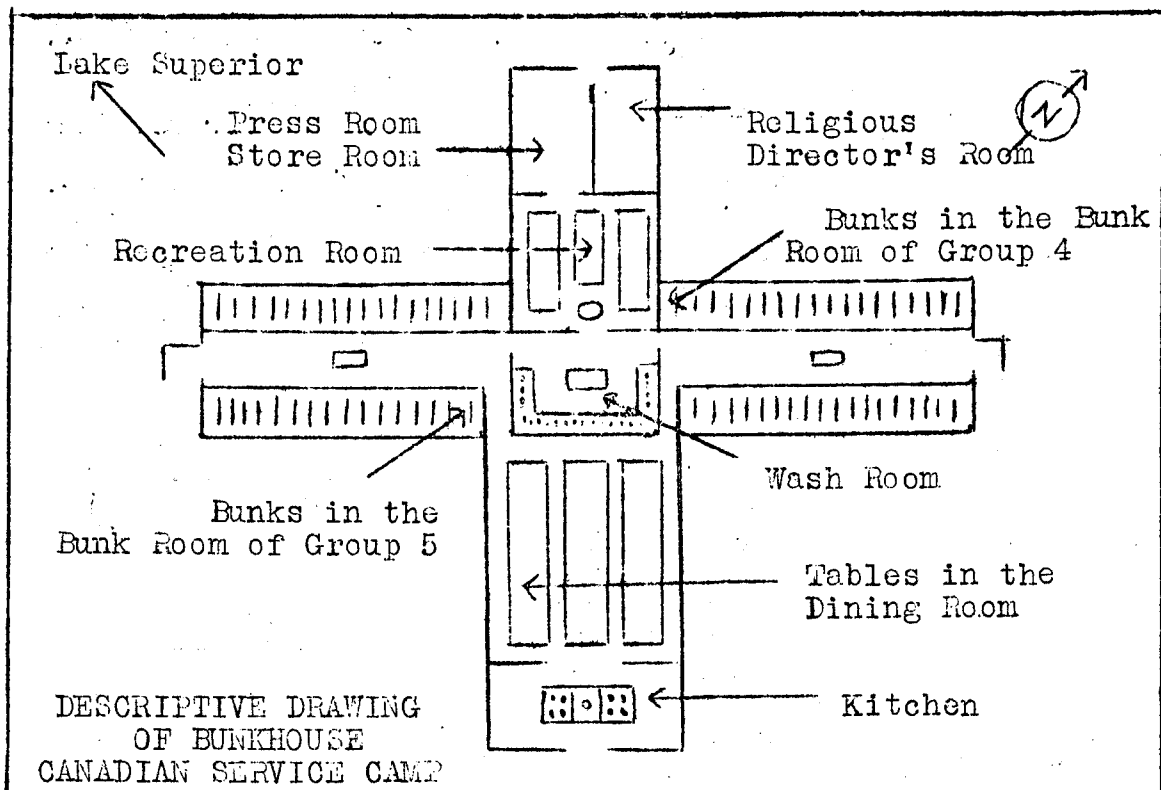
Other evenings are spent washing,
(Tho' Kirby's Laundry does most of that)
Playing checkers, chess and boxing,
Reading, writing; some just chat.

Though life here is free and easy
I should be termed as mad,
If, when our four months are over
I should say I wasn't glad.

An old maid, having almost despaired of ever getting a husband, was delighted upon reading Genesis 2: 7, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust", and therefore decided to no longer sweep under her bed. How unlike our camp caretaker. They not only sweep the dust from under our beds, but boots, slippers and whatever else there is!

MORAL: Everything off the floor.

Christmas Day a squirrel outwitted five Conchies and two dogs when he made a daring escape from the kitchen wall, directly under the nose of Tuck, one of the camp dogs, and vanished beneath a wood pile. Maybe the boys didn't care, but it seems the number of pursuits shows they meant business and it is embarrassing to have to admit defeat at the hands of such a tiny creature!



SPORTS SPOTS (by Nick Siblock)

Each week-end finds some of our outdoor enthusiasts limbering their legs on the frozen liquid, passing the puck between sticks and bottles. Cec. Bell has been the only casualty this season, having received a cut hand. It is still hoped that an illuminated rink will soon be built, but in the meantime, see you on the river dodging bottles.

There is the odd bout in boxing, but not enough. It is hoped that in the near future there will be organized boxing bouts of a friendly nature. All those interested, report to Nick Siblock who is willing to give instruction on Tuesday and Thursday nights each week.

If Big Ben can slug a baseball bat as well as his mitts, he'd make a better ball player than a boxer.

Art Holland is said to have the most athletic body, but does not engage in any sports. Why doesn't someone challenge him to a game of checkers?

Seems most of the boys pass time pining their hearts away over sweethearts and wives pictures. Come on boys, snap out of it!

'Pop' Johnston is determined to make a fighter out of Kirby yet. Watch out fellows; don't irritate him.

SCARLET FEVER QUARANTINES CAMP

After suffering a heavy cold, Francis Star was taken to the hospital in Sault Ste. Marie last Wednesday afternoon. We were indeed sorry to hear that Francis is ill with scarlet fever. We wish him a speedy recovery to health and pray that God will be with him in his lonely hours. No other

TEMPERATURE RECORDINGS AND WEATHER REPORT

From Dec. 24 to Jan. 1

	HIGH	LOW	
Wed. 24	10		Partly cloudy
Thu. 20	4		Colder; sunny
Fri. 11	3		Cold; fair
Sat. 18	Zero		Cold; fair
Sun. 16	Zero		Clear; cold
Mon. 22	6 below		Fair
Tue. 28	22		Cloudy
Wed. 26	18		Clear; cold
Thu. 16	Zero		Cold

RECREATION

(by Don. Moffatt & Don. Darley)

Perhaps the first thing this column should do is mention something of its intent and purpose. The Recreation Column's primary objective is to stimulate interest in and report on the events of recreation.

A survey has been made, and it was found that out of an approx. 40 hours of leisure time each week one here in camp spends only 15 minutes in recreation. Any of you will agree that this is an absurd situation. It is quite evident that something must be done.

Without recreation one grows mentally stagnant and in a world of "men only", such as this, one's moral begins to decay. In the ensuing time, life may become painfully boring. This is where recreation comes to the rescue.

This column will plan for various items of interest to you. To mention just a few possibilities; open forums, mock parliaments and trials, chess and checker tournaments, debates and amateur contests. This column would sponsor a checker contest if sufficient interest is shown, and would be pleased to get a program of this type underway as soon as possible. Success depends upon your enthusiastic cooperation.

WHAT MAKES A CONCHIE TICK?

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30,000 BEANS

vice to all and His refusal to retaliate in kind for injuries received, lay strong obligation upon the conscience of all who follow Christ and have received His Spirit. Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, affirmed that he lived "in the spirit and power of that life which makes war impossible." To such persons objection to war is much more than a matter of conscience; to them war and the spirit of Christ are utterly incompatible.

Religious training evidently effects attitudes to war, since we find among objectors many persons who do not profess personal conversion but who respect the teachings of the Gospel in matters of conduct and who therefore object to war as they do to dishonesty, profanity, or other infractions of the moral code of Scripture. Such persons are most commonly found in the homes and communities where objection to war has been traditional as a Christian doctrine and practice. Their objection proceeds from an enlightened conscience - a taught conscience - though it may not be supported by the "spirit....which makes war impossible."

Then there is the person who, philosophizing, finds war to be unsocial, an enemy of humananity, more injurious in its effects than the evils which another hopes to remedy by war. He may or may not be a Christian, may or may not have Christian teaching, may indeed be antiChristian, but his conscience is guided by his philosophy and he is found among the objectors to war.

Cowardice is sometimes alleged as a motive for conscientious (?) objection. There may be some objectors of whom the allegation is true, but, if true, the strain of events is likely to reveal it and the same motive which led to professing the doctrine of the "conchie", when that way seemed the easier, will impel to renouncing the objection when that way becomes the harder.

Many conscientious objectors are strongly influenced in their choice not only by the negative principles of objection to war and its means and effects but by the positive principles of world-wide love and constructive service. Hence they willingly serve under any conditions - however hazardous - and to any extent of personal sacrifice, so long as their Christian and humanitarian principles are respected. Recognition of this has secured for them the measure of tolerance and the openings for service which are theirs today. God bless them in their

"Pass the beans, please..... What! no beans! Surely there must be a mistake. I just simply got to have my beans."

Who could there be that has never eaten beans? Everybody eats them at Montreal River Camp; yes, and twice a day, day in and day out. Over 30,000 beans consumed daily, twenty pounds, in fact. This means a Conchie averages 100 beans a meal. Believe it or not - we like them still?

3,000 ARTICLES OF MAIL

Statistics reveal that 2,604 letters and 349 parcels, making a total of 2,953, were received by the boys at Montreal River Camp up until Christmas. Late Christmas mail would bring this figure well over the three thousand mark.

OUR FIRST EDITION

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long as the Montreal River Camp continues to serve as a Camp for non-resistant trainees. The price of our publication is five cents per copy, postpaid to mail subscribers.

The circulation department of The Northern Beacon takes this opportunity to solicit your subscription if you have not already expressed your desire to be a regular subscriber. You may order the paper either for a period of one, three or twelve months, by writing the Northern Beacon, Box 444, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Upon request a sample copy will be mailed you free of charge. We would greatly appreciate if all non-resistant ministers would make an appeal either personally or publicly for subscriptions for this paper. Any further information will be gladly given upon request.

The publication of The Northern Beacon is not a money-making scheme. The personnel of the paper is receiving no salary but each one of the staff is offering his services gratis for the benefit of the public. We urge you to fill in the below order form at once, detach, and mail.

NORTHERN BEACON ORDER FORM

Please send The Northern Beacon to

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Address.....

.....
for.....weeks, or for...mths.,
for which I enclose \$.....

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RELIGIOUS REALMS

by Ben Baerg

John 3:27 John answered and said, "A man can receive nothing, except it have been given him from Heaven." John as the forerunner of Jesus Christ was preaching to the Jews a message that was absurd and ridiculous to them, especially to those of higher social standing. "Repent and be baptised," he preached to them. Where did he get this message? Whence came this man with such thoughts and stirring words?

It was when John was alone in the desert that God spoke and revealed these things. It was also there that John learned who and what he was. Thus his word "A man can receive nothing, except it have been given him from Heaven".

Fellows, have we come to that realization? Oh, that it might be our prayer to learn this. Let us make haste to be alone with God.

SUNDAY SERVICES

Sunday, Dec. 28, 1941, morning devotions at 7 o'clock were in charge of Cecil Bell. The 9 a.m. Sunday School classes were taught by Howard Pollard, Leonard Burkholder, Floyd McReynolds and Leonard Ramer.

Due to the absence of the religious director, the 10 a.m. service was in charge of Ben Baerg, taking the form of a prayer meeting.

Rev. Sherk, religious director, arrived back in time in the evening to conduct an evangelistic service at 8 o'clock. He spoke on the subject of "The Helmet of Salvation", continuing his series of addresses on the Christian's armour from Ephesians, Chapter 6.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

The greatest outlet of power in any Christians life is through prayer. Personality influence has its limitations, but power through prayer can be directed to any place at any time. The relatives and friends of the boys of Montreal River Camp can, through prayer, be as potentially present with them, though over 600 miles away, as if they were right there.

The boys of the Camp are daily aware of the protecting hand of God from dangers seen and unseen and realize that many prayers are ascending to the throne on their behalf. The Northern Beacon, on behalf of the boys of the Camp, takes this opportunity of saying, "Thank you, and we hope you will continue to pray for us".

Montreal River Camp received its first snowfall this winter on October 27th.

CHRISTMAS SERVICE

Choosing his text from the first chapter of Matthew, verse 23, particularly the last clause, "God with us", Rev. J. Harold Sherk delivered his Christmas message of the Incarnation to the boys of the Canadian Service Camp Christmas morning at an impressive service held at 10 o'clock in the north-end bunkroom. The service opened with the hearty singing of the well beloved Christmas carols.

"The mass of people today have an erroneous view and a distorted conception of God", asserted the religious director. "This started with Adam and Eve who were supremely happy until the temptation, but the devil, in his subtle way, made them believe that God was not concerned with man's best interests and caused them to fear their Creator. So man today, in spite of God's concern for all mankind that He might bless them, has an abstract dread of the supernatural Being."

Our Religious Director made application from his own life as a boy to illustrate the great love of God.

"I hid for hours in the cornfield because I disobeyed my father by swinging on the farm gate and feared the impending consequences. When I confessed to my father, his heart motivated by love toward me, almost broke because of my wrong doing and the thought that I would fear him. Although betimes thereafter, I disobeyed and knew the result of such transgression, I no longer feared my father because I had had an insight into his heart. Fellows, if we could only have an insight into God's great heart of love".

Then he pointed out that the loving heart of God was not recognized by man until Jesus came to reveal the Father. "This Christ did, when His voice made the winds to cease, quieted the waves, healed the sick, comforted the sad, and forgave sins. Whose voice could do all this? Whose voice could it be but that of God? The people who had sinned the most, now crowded up to Jesus because they realized 'God with us'.

So God is with us, not against us. God yearns that every lost, unsaved, unhappy or burdened fellow cast their cares upon Him. He wishes that man might grasp the idea that God's grace is for him. No man has a corner on God's grace. He is not far from any one of us. Fellows, let Him meet YOUR need."

IRISHISM

"The sooner I never see your face again, the better it will be for both of us when we meet" said Pop Johnston to Ronald Morrow.

CHRISTMAS AT MONTREAL RIVER CAMP

by Ross F. Bearss

Christmas-tide arrived at Montreal River Camp to find 96 fellows varying distances from home. However, we made the best of our situation by forming a decorating committee to create suitable atmosphere in the dining hall. Ben Baerg, Harley Wideman, and Donald Darley are to be complimented on their fine decorating of the walls with evergreen bows hung with tinsel and tied with wide red ribbon. Red and green streamers interspersed with Christmas bells criss-crossed our ceiling.

A conventional fireplace was arranged in the corner, with a great red light for the fire, casting weird shadows on our beautifully decorated Christmas tree. Presents for all were heaped high beneath its bows. The 'Three Wise Men' led by a star graced the black board. Gord Bolender's skill as an artist was heralded throughout the camp.

Rev. J. Harold Sherk, Religious Director, arranged our evening program, which was opened with Paul Storms playing the First Noel on the organ, followed by a reading from Isaiah by Gord Bolender. Floyd McReynolds, Harley Wideman and Cecil Bell also took part in the program. The Glee Club rendered as a feature, "We Three Kings from the Orient Are" in beautiful harmony. Rev. Sherk led in singing numerous Christmas carols. 'Away in a Manger' was specially sung for children visiting from nearby homes.

Lights were suddenly dimmed and the fireplace glowed red thru deepening shadows. Rev. Sherk read 'The Night Before Christmas' to an awe-struck audience. The dancing feet of reindeer were heard on the roof-top, then Old Saint Nick in the person of Don Crone came tumbling down the chimney, the chimney following! The kiddies received gifts and candy from Santa and parcels were distributed before Don Crone staggered from beneath a load of chin cotton and red wool suit. The National Anthem closed our program.

The privilege of having lights on after 10:30 was allowed by G.E. Tunch, Camp Superintendant, and enjoyed by most of the boys, and when finally put out, they were ready for sleep.

Christmas dawned bright and clear. Half the fellows didn't show up at breakfast in anticipation of a good dinner. No one was disappointed, for the table was laden with good things to eat! 100 pounds of turkey disappeared, A washtub of dressing, two and a half bushels of potatoes, gallons of brown gravy, pies and cakes were also listed as missing. Cliff,

CATS HAVE TASTE

Light sleepers in the north end bunk room were awakened sometime during the night hours of December 23rd by uncontrolled chuckling. The camp cat lay in quiet repose beside the sleeping form of Alex. Kirby, nestled snugly in his breast. Such mutual affection was too much for the night powder-house guard who, coming off his watch, gave vent to his feelings. The domesticated carnivorous quadruped apparently took the jeering to herself and decided to seek rest away from the public gaze. John Dyck, tucked in in his bunk some distance down the row, was awakened awhile later by a movement near his legs. In horror he had recollections of the return of Mr. Weasel who visited that same corner of the bunk house about a week prior. But it was only the cat who had tunneled down past John's face through the covers to apparent safety. For several days now, the same animal has been noticed to sleep on John Dyck's bed in preference to others. We wonder what there is about Kirby and Dyck which calls for such cat-confidence.

CHANGE OF RELIGIOUS DIRECTOR

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Director. He will preach his first sermons on the Sunday following. Rev. Groh is pastor of the Mennonite Church on the Danforth, East Toronto. He is also conference secretary of the Mennonite Churches of Ontario and has distinguished himself as an able minister of the Gospel for many years.

Rev. Groh needs no introduction to many of the boys at the camp, having conducted the 4th group of Conchies from Toronto on November 25th, at which time he stayed in camp for several days assisting Rev. Sherk.

It is anticipated he will receive the same splendid co-operation afforded our present Religious Director. Amongst the duties of Rev. Groh is that of President of The Northern Beacon.

DETECTIVES

There is no phono in the Conchies' bunkhouse. Yet, while lying on their bunks, the boys are able to tell whenever a call comes in to any of the neighborhood telephones. This is how: When the Soo central rings the Camp office, one long and two shorts are clearly distinguishable by static on all radios, while on the other hand, when the Camp office calls central, two longs and two shorts are statically discernable.

There are nine radios in the boys' bunkhouse rooms. the chef responsible for these good things is to be highly commended.

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WHO'S WHO

Paul L. Storms, Managing Director of the Northern Beacon comes to us from Toronto Bible College, a 2nd year student preparing for the ministry. Associated with Daily Sun Times, Owen Sound on both the advertising and circulation departments. Graduate of Port Elgin High; completing Honor Matric; graduated from Northern Business College, Owen Sound in Business Administration. Hobby - Photography. Youngest son of Rev. & Mrs. D.J. Storms, returned missionaries from Turkey. Member Calvary M.B.C. Church, Owen Sound.

Wes. Brown, Editor-in-chief, comes from Donlands United Church, Toronto, and is associated with Broadview Y.M.C.A. A member of the Ontario Boys' Work Board and Toronto Boys' Work Board. Hobby - Active Church work.

Foster A. Moore, Circulation & Advertising Mgr., born 1918 in Toronto. Lived in same until present forced exit. Grad of Harbor College with honour Matric. Machinist with S.A. Baker & Son, shoe mfg. Associated with Christians gathered unto the name of the Lord Jesus. Favourite sport - swimming. Impressed with Montreal River Camp accommodations.

Gordon Bolender, Art Editor, Born in 1920 at Bethesda near Stouffville. Attended Public and Continuation Schools there. Grad of Toronto Normal School. Since then principal of Altona Public School. Member of Mennonite Brethren in Christ. Hobbies - reading & sketching. Sports - Skating & Softball. Ambition - a successful High School Principal.

Cecil E. Bell, Assistant Circulation & Advertising Mgr., was born in 1918 in Stayner, Ont. Graduated from Stayner Continuation School 1937, then was employed by Bank of Toronto. Studies practical banking and accountancy in spare time. Actively interested in Young People's and Sunday School Work. Member of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ. Pastimes are reading, fishing and skiing.

Ross F. Bearss, Associate Editor, graduated Ridgeway, Ont. in 1919. Now electrician & sales mgr. for Bearss Elec., authorized dealer for Westinghouse Appliances. Hobbies - hockey & taxidermy. Convinced that "absence makes the heart grow fonder".

The usual bedtime stories in the north bunk house, a week ago Friday night, consisted of dead people, coffins, cemeteries, cremation, etc., cheerful matter, to be sure, and most conducive to pleasant dreaming!

16 DENOMINATIONS REPRESENTEDAT MONTREAL RIVER CAMP

Mennonite	6
Old Order Mennonite	1
Mennonite Brethren in Christ	21
United Mennonite	21
Mennonite Brethren	6
Brethren in Christ (Tunker)	13
Seventh Day Adventist	6
Christadelphian	6
Brethren (two groups)	6
United Church of Canada	3
Pentecostal	2
Baptist	1
Quaker	1
Church of Christ	1
Megiddo Mission (Rochester)	1
Protestant	1
Total number of Conchies	96

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REGULATIONS EMPHASIZED

In a statement made Friday morning by Mr. A. DeForge, general foreman of Montreal River Camp, he reminded the trainees of a regulation stating they must not go off the highway without first obtaining permission from the office.

This statement was forthcoming due to the late return Thursday evening of 17 trainees who had gone hiking. Deciding to return back to camp by the Montreal River course, the Conchies did not realize that such a route was so lengthy. The weary party arrived in camp 20 minutes after an organized group had left to search for them.

INTERESTING ENOUGH

The next important date to that of December 25th is March 25th (less one day). Forty-eight boys of Group 4 at the Canadian Service Camp look forward to this date

LETTER TO SUBSCRIBERS

Box 444, Sault Ste. Marie;
February 18th., 1942.

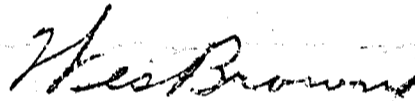
Dear Subscribers:

In arranging for the issue of the Northern Beacon the matter of securing approval from the Dominion Government was overlooked. This approval has now been secured, and while it has meant some delay, we are grateful for the privilege accorded us and can now proceed with publication.

At this date we believe it best to publish semi-monthly rather than weekly and ask for your subscription support. Because our first edition is reaching you only now, we are making it a contributors gift.

Our second edition will be off the press on February 21st. We anticipate your subscription to contribute to our "C.O." cause. It costs only 5¢ a copy or \$1.00 for an annual subscription. Fill out our subscription coupon on page 6 now. Invite your friends to contribute with you.

Sincerely,



Wes. Brown,
Editor-in-chief.