Cooperative Effort Saves Asbury

MOUNTAIN

Herschel Asbury, Lockheed engineer and Sierra Club mountain climber, owes his life to his own guts, Russ's instant courage on the spot, Fred Meckel's leadership and determination, the mountain-climbing skill of Norman Clyde, and the grit and dogged persistence of a six-man rescue crew from the Inyo Spike Camp of CPS 37.

Lacking any of these, Hersch might still be lying on the narrow ledge a few hundred feet below the peak of North Palisade Mountain to which he was dragged, leg and finger broken and face badly bruised, by his comrades. Four days and a night or two of the hardest kind of work brought about a successful rescue.

Paul Olmstead, Inyo Spike camp leader, helped Clyde, Russ, and Meckel bring Asbury down from the mountain ledge to the comparative safety of the Palisade Glacier. A six-man stretcher crew, including Gregg Phifer, co-author of the narrative in the parallel column, took over at the crevasse between mountain and glacier.
Corbet, local ranger, had horses and pack mules waiting for our use. Most of us choosing "the gentlest, "horse, one that "will know what to do," we were soon on our way.

Reaching the end of the trail about 1:00, we ate a dinner ration, packed our knapsacks, and climbed ahead. Accompanied by Bruce and the packer, Wilfred, we stopped the glacial moraine about 2:30 and saw our task for the first time. North Palisade Mountain, a mile of glacier away, has twin peaks and running from the notch between them to the top of the glacier 1500 feet below stands a valley set on end, a snow chute or chimney.

A half hour later we saw a black speck descending from the upper edge of the glacier. Knowing that to be Norman Clyde, the guide, we soon got out to meet him. Laboriously we scrambled over the glacier. When Paul and Fred met him, he seemed reluctant to talk, but finally said that the two men whom he was guiding had taken too much time roping their way up. A rock, its top centering united by the sun, had fallen and hit Horseclel in the knee, knocking him forty feet back down. But, the third man, had held the rope between them and saved Horseclel from falling to the feet of the mountain. Clyde and Rues had then pulled him back to a ledge ten feet above where he was dangling.

Fred decided to go up with Clyde and, macks ready, Fred turned to me and asked if I would go. Almost without thinking I answered, "Yes." Five of us pleaded up the steep slope of the glacier to the crevasse, where Dunn and Phifer, who had burned up stretcher and rope, turned back. We crossed the crevasse on a natural ice bridge.

I don't remember much of the climb to the ledge. It seemed quite easy. Men watching from the glacier were amazed at the speed with which we climbed--an hour and three-quarters compared to over four hours for the previous group. We didn't use ropes at all. The hardest part of the climb was the last ten feet getting from the ice in the upper end of the chimney to the ledge. Lacking even the fingers of our shoes, we had to resort to traction holds. We probably climbed other places as dangerous, but here we know, without looking, that a slip meant falling to the top of the glacier more than 1000 feet below.

What a place for two men to spend a night and a day! Three feet at its widest, a ledge not more than twelve feet long. The night before Rues had covered Horseclel's body with his own to keep him warm. After tying ourselves to the ledge, we gave Horseclel a drink of Bruce's coffee and then tied up his leg, terribly swollen with a compound fracture, using a blanket for a splint. Fred then wisely decided that we should start down immediately, about 7:00 in the evening.

Tying one of the ropes around Horseclel's waist, we passed the other end through a notch (iron spike with a ring in its end and for holding when no rock finder is available), Fred roped himself similarly, and
To:
CPS Camps

American Friends Service Committee

Re: Discipline and Camp Government

Whereas the work project is the chief purpose of the camp day, the AFSC would also stress... that all camp life should be religion in spirit.... That in camp basic problems of social responsibility are met, and social theories tested by... imperfect human material and the need for constructive discipline....

The AFSC operates within the framework in some respects extremely rigid, prescribed by Selective Service. There have been questions as to whether this framework leaves room for democracy. The AFSC believes it does. It is convinced camp participation in discipline and operation is not only possible but essential.

The nature of responsibility is such it can be delegated only to those willing and able to accept it... (We) have an obligation to see that both camp directors and men understand and accept the share they have wished to take... In some cases our responsibilities have not been satisfactorily met. These failures have caused Selective Service to further restrict (our) freedom... (We) are resolved that the responsibilities shall be met so as to give no cause for further restrictions... 

It has been recognized that responsibility for living conditions lies with the men. All evidence (is)... that they have failed to meet this responsibility... (Therefore) the camp will select a... manager of sanitation... (who) shall make a thorough daily examination of all buildings... and the orderliness of personal possessions of campers and report on an individual basis to the director. He shall initiate corrective measures where individuals fail to do this voluntarily.

Paul Furman

Civilian Public Service

Camp No. 47

When CPS was organized it was our understanding the AFSC believed the only successful basis for community government was the integrity and sense of concern of the group. This was a conviction, religiously held, arising out of the... Society of Friends belief that men grow only as they can be entirely responsible in making choices (adopted) not because the men or the Friends said so, but because this is the only universally valid method of organization if men are to be treated as human beings of ethical integrity who will grow through their own successes and failures.

It is our conclusion that the intent and method of your memorandum violate this conviction. We do not agree that when men fail in one area of responsibility the logical course of action is for the AFSC to take away that responsibility. We believe we should be permitted to suffer the results of our failure. There is no freedom unless a group has the power to make mistakes.

We do not believe (in) abortive efforts to eliminate... a lack of discipline which is a symptom that the present program is not one which has inspired us to live rigidly disciplined lives... (and) that the AFSC has not given us a program and leadership which would inspire the best personal effort.

We feel no staff member has authority except in the validity of his ideas manifested in his example to us. We are deeply concerned over the growth of benevolent paternalism. We are aware our method of final authority residing in a community of people has not been entirely successful, but we feel it offers the only valid possibility of success. We are convinced that effort to administer from the top down will only provoke impossible tension and conflict... and destroy the program.

Camp Meeting CPS #47
Bishop Corbett Dreams of High Church Revels

By Werner "Casey" Janeway

This is Bishop Corbett's dream.

The American Flood Service Committee, an assortment of triumphant acquaintances, all, with black boards and emblazoned lores, have met to celebrate their Great Victory: their dark and hidden machinations to get CFS in their power have at last succeeded! So it is a jolly bunch of pirates who have gathered around the festive board at 22 South Twelfth to celebrate.

Bishop Corbett listens.

"Arise in unison:

Budded of bones our house shall arise;

We'll fashion the windows of GFS eyes,

All strung through with wires of dead men's hair,

Gathered from chins new gleaming so bare!

Arthur Sable sings:

To eat we'll have maww; to drink we'll have blood,

And drunken with drafts of that ultimate flood,

Sated and snug, our sleep we'll begin,

Stretched beneath covers of tanned canvas skin!

All join in the chorus, clinking their glasses lustily:

"Che: Then fill up the cannikin, flush with the brink;

Pass round the can again, don't keep back the drink!

With a hey! and a ho! and a merry haw, haw!

It's down with rebellion, and up with the law!

Monarchs to assumption and subject to daring,

Are flatter than anchovy, and dearer than herding!

Dave Swift bellowa, beating time with a knuckle-bone:

Of their bones we'll make line, of their fingernails glue;

From their joints we'll get grease, and we'll render it, too!

Then ring out the gay shout, the season approaches!

We're bordering them west in Pullmans and coaches!

Mary Newman joins in, in a refined, blood-thirsty way:

The assignees are worried, the campers are nervous;

But we know that we're sanctioned by Selective Service!

So their teeth will make scrapers to scrape off the mud;

But chiefly we're anxious to drain down their blood!

The walls of 22 South vibrate with the chorus:

"Che: Then fill up the cannikin, flush with the brink!

Fill up the skull, lads, there's plenty to drink!

While there's blood to go round, there's no need of a draught!

Come carve the exact ensign, with his foot in his mouth,

Out of the door with that pacifist bunch,

And up with your banners to Berkeley and Ketch.
BEWARE THE IDES OF OCTOBER

by Karl Olson

Before October 15 the American Friends Service Committee must decide whether or not it will for the fourth time renew its contract with Selective Service for the operation of Friends' Civilian Public Service camps. In considering this problem, many Quaker leaders are re-evaluating the entire situation in the light of changed conditions, with the result that they may press the Government for important changes in the arrangement.

Expressing "Disappointment with the present set-up and tendencies for the future," Clarence Pickett, executive secretary of the AFSC, recently stated that we should have some "entirely new suggestion by October 15." Aware of the fact that neither Selective Service, the Friends' Service Committee, nor the men in Friends' camps are satisfied with existing arrangements, Pickett believes that the experience of the new government camp at Manos is pointing the way toward future CPS policy.

"New assignments might be sent to church-operated induction camps for a period of six months, after which they could indicate their preference for future service: maintenance projects, detached service, or training units. If qualified, and if the project were open, men could be sent directly to these units. Otherwise they would be transferred to a government-operated camp, with later opportunities for special service."

Assuming that government camps would differ little from present CPS camps, Pickett believes that such an arrangement would simplify the present setup, ease the financial burden on the churches, and emphasize special service projects. He considers that the greatest value from camp life is achieved in the first six months, and that subsequently little is gained. Adding that "as long as the service committees have so little jurisdiction over their own camps," he sees "no reason why we should not have government camps."

EX-BUCK CREEKERS REPORT ON PARATROOPERS

Caledonia men transferred from Buck Creek will be interested to hear that all three Smoke Jumpers chosen this spring from Buck Creek—Paul "Buck" Jamison, Bryan "Mick" McFarland, and Harry "Corroded" Brooks—completed their training successfully and are now stationed for service, Paul at Nine Mile and the other two at Scoley Lake. "Buck" is a veteran of one jump, having gone out on the third jump call given Nine Mile, "Scoley Lake," report "Corroded" and Bryan, "has had but one call—then the fellows couldn't find the smoke so they returned by plane. The food here is marvelous. The top is $1.35 per man per day. Breakfast always has fruit, cereal, eggs, pancakes, and meat. Fried chicken twice a week, pie and cake every day, homemade doughnuts, etc., etc." No wonder they report that "most of us consider this the best project going." (Letter dated August 9.)

SMOKE-JUMPER "GROUNDED CREW" DOES THE WORK

"This camp at Hason, rumor said, was going to be the base for the ground crew and it was taken rather hard by some of the fellows to be told that Hason would be their home for the rest of fire season. However, this camp has jumped on more fires so far than all our other side camps put together. We are just getting into the very dry season now, and things should "pop" any day." Norman Krabel is reached through 819 S Higgins Ave., Missoula; Charles Stecker, at Scoley Lake; all others from Caledonia, at Butte, Montana. "The Regional Forester is now in the process of asking SFS or NES to make this camp a permanent one." (Letter from Glenn Gerney.)
Antelope Worship Strikes a Universal Note

By Bob Cary

Corporate worship at Camp Antelope, as in any Friends’ CPS camp, is planned on a broad basis to attract as many campers as possible. Represented in CPS 37 are thirty-four denominations, underlining the need for the simplest religious forms. This serves to make of the Chapel the plainest house of worship, almost devoid of sectarian symbols. No wonder, too, that CPS 37 services tend to strike a universal note.

Since the Chapel belongs to the campers themselves, so are the services completed by camper planning and execution, focused through the channel of a Religious Committee.

To make the Chapel widely representative and stimulate personal participation in its use for the worship of God, the Religious Committee holds out a free hand to everyone in camp to take over in turn the leadership of a service.

Programmed services are held on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, with silent meditation on other weekdays. An average of ten people attend these morning meetings, lasting twenty minutes between the last breakfast bell and the work whistle.

To supplement camper direction, an occasional visitor comes from the outside. Recently Miss Seabury, an inspired leader in the Congregational Christian Mission, graced our Chapel with some high inspiration in spiritual meditation, and, at this writing, Wendell Miller, pastor of the University Methodist Church in Los Angeles, has given us two challenging messages.

Since the religious programs in CPS strike the ultimate in grass roots democracy and strive among other things for a direct relationship between every camper and his God, it is difficult to forecast improvements in program planning. This article is, nevertheless, a standing invitation for interested campers to bring forth their suggestions for improvement.

With the small monthly sum at its disposal, the Religious Committee plans to purchase some spiritual recordings for religious uplift and to bring in some outside speakers. It has also offered to assist nearby Coleville, wholly lacking in worship services of its own, in a regular schedule of such programs.
Casey Describes:

HIGH JINKS AT DOG PATCH
By Werner "Casey" Janney

Lift begins at breakfast in Dog Valley, and then slinks furtively away until the work's all done, when it comes back with a start about six o'clock. Then, while the cooks are serving the plates, a few cannon gather on the unknown bay under some nearby trees and have a quiet meditation, trying not to hear the yelling from the horseshoe pitchers, but not minding much if they do. The rest of the organized spiritual life of Dog Patch is practically encompassed by Sunday morning services--rather sparsely attended--in which the standard varieties of worship alternate with explications of comparative religions. The private religious and spiritual life of the campers is, of course, their own business and not to be too lightly discussed here, but Christadelphian or Methodist, Melkonian or Quaker, we all have our varying modes of taking our spiritual food. Whether reading the Bible and inspirational essays, or holding a quiet bull session in somebody's tent, Dog Valley is a very nice place to be close to God.

The educational program is somewhat more lively, though not as amiable, interrupted as it frequently is by the semi- or tri-weekly fire siren. However, when the camp isn't off somewhere riding herd on the sagebrush, we are quietly after ourselves, learning creative writing from Craig Bedwell, our captive author, or investigating the intricacies of modern culture, sensate and insensible, as disclosed in a solution of Sengler-Derek and strained through Dexter Mackridge. Elyse is also solely responsible now for the teaching of a class of eight public speakers since Phifer faded into the deep night of Mammoth. Dexter assures us that the class meets regularly, but be not mistaken: nobody has been jolted yet by the measured rise and fall of an orator's voice at midnight from the educational-regal-library-recreational tent. Also, if we ever potent or insomniac teachers sit on of a log with the other Dog Patchers on the may have classes in Radio and First Aid before snowed in.

The individual educational programs are coming along swimmingly, most of them, of course, through books, the Reader's Digest, and the Saturday Evening Post to mention Superman Comics. Practically every camper is reading us on something, whether it be pacifism, literature, philosophy, comparative religion, or what have you? The list includes Thoreau, Lagercrantz, Gertse, Anche, Khayyam, Huxley, Beaudry, and, of course, Sengler and Sorokin and its mutual antidotes.

The recreational program is in the most muscular condition of all. Ed Lange has pushed horseshoes and baseball until they are a part of our life here. Of course, nobody is going to tell his face that we think he started the baseball just as he that sprained ankle that kept him off project for two weeks, but perhaps we can (Continued on Page 9)
CPS Men Look Ahead
by Harold Barton

Recognizing that as presently constituted the camp plan for CPS fails to provide a complete outlet for the utilization of abilities of all the men, in areas of religious and social service, much thought has been given to finding channels for additional contributions. Because men in the camps sense the tragedy of war conditions, their criteria for desirable work hinges more upon the need, and constructive aspects, than upon any consideration of personal gain.

99 and 101 AMBULANCE AND RECONSTRUCTION UNITS CARRY ON

Though thwarted by Congressional storage of full-time training in the China Service and post-war reconstruction units, men are returning to camp projects with full intentions of fitting themselves for Christian reconstruction work whenever opportunities are opened to them. Many will work on projects which will give them special abilities in rehabilitation; others go to hospitals for medical service and training. Men will devote their time during off-work hours to educational work which will prepare them for any field which may develop.

DOG VALLEY MEN ORIGINATE FOOD PLAN

Under the title "Farming To Feed Those Who Have No Food" men of our Dog Valley Spike Camp have submitted the following outline proposal:

"If there is farming land enough, and manure enough, there should be no hungry person in this land. To this end, the men in Civilian Public Service might devote their energies and testimony. It is therefore suggested that voluntarily, by consensus, the present camp-program of Civilian Public Service be changed to one of farming-to-feed-those-who-have-no-food."

The plan as originally drawn up indicates that administrative organization and financial arrangements would remain essentially as at present, while the farm program might make CPS more self-supporting. Comments are being received quite freely by the Spike Camp, Box 125, Verdi, Nevada.

Unquestionably, the program would not only serve to provide an adequate outlet for those with farming experience and ability, but would meet a critical need as well.

CHINESE EMBASSY DESIRES SERVICES OF CPS MEN IN 99 UNIT

Dear Mr. Pickett:

In reference to your letter of December 11, I take pleasure in informing you that I have received a message from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs stating that the project of the Friends Ambulance Unit has the support of the Chinese Government.

In brief, it is our understanding that your Committee proposes to send in 1943 seventy additional American men to augment the Friends Ambulance Unit in China. The new personnel will include medical doctors, engineers, auto mechanics, and public health and sanitation technicians. They will work in collaboration with the Chinese Official and private agencies in the field of civilian relief, control of epidemic diseases and public health.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my deep appreciation of the valuable services your Committee has rendered to the Chinese people and I sincerely hope that the project of sending additional men to China can be successfully carried out.

Sincerely yours,
Wei Tao-King,
Ambassador.

5,016 MEN IN CPS ON AUGUST 15, 1943

A recent tabulation showed 4,579 men working on non-maintenance projects and 1,478 on maintenance work. In the latter group, 904 were in mental hospitals and 495 on dairy farms. Largest group in non-maintenance work are those working under the direction of Forest Service, 1,738; 127 are in Soil Conservation projects, 537 in National Park Service and 232 in Foreign Service.

Forest fire prevention and control is chief summer work in FS camps.
HIGH JINKS AT DOG VALLEY

(Continued from page 7)

write it behind his back. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Ed's head should be swelling at the epidemic of sprained-ankles-from-softball that he touched off.

It's on Sunday evening that the Dog Patchers show that they can put up with one another's company. That's the night that sees us late to bed, after two hours of variegated tea-party without tea. No refreshments except original poetry and prose, songs and witty stories and a bottle, a hot-one! what am I saying? Let's start over: Songs and witty stories, and chivers from grousom-gaited campers with minds geared to ghost stories with the lantern set outside. Sunday night is our main medium—besides meals and fires—for meeting each other and finding out what we're like. We appreciate you!

For pure enthusiasm, I reckon our forest fires outshine all our other recreational activities. It's on our way out of camp—and not while coming home, Edgar—that we strain our voices on "Old Time Religion," "I Gotta Harp," "Standing in the Need of Prayer," and "Daisy, Daisy," "Learn You Sweetheart," and similar canned schmaltz. If there is anyone in Reno who doesn't know that our theme song is "When the Saints Come Marching In," he must be deaf. He's certainly not in the Reno graveyard, because we've already waked the dead. Coming back from the fire, however, there are always about three damn fools who insist on singing while the rest of us want to sleep.

The individual recreation of us Patchers ranges from knife-making (old files) to chipmunk trapping (Bobby Watts, the boss's son, as he keeps reminding us) to card tricks (he pulls them out of his beard) to hunting arrow-nage of seventeen anices), reading mail order catastrophic blondes with "Special, $1.79" underneath) to why serve the experiments and call them sisters? And the firm of Tomichoff, Tomichoff, and Mak- tice their sprinting and hog-calling at elevon—n? no need to pull the tent down, boys.

Oh, well, that's enough from Dog Patch. Lil Abner sends his regards. But who's got Daisy Mae?

PATRONIZE NICE'S two LAUNDRY

Let Jimmy Nice, Ioyo telephone line work jerk, take your clothes, too, into the shower with him. His patent-pending laundry method is guaranteed to bring fast results. Avoid offending! Stay nice with NICE! (Antelope branch contact, Genio) - Unpaid non-political advertisement.
Report on the Whittier Conference

SHOULD AMERICANS RECONSTRUCT EUROPE?

By George Colc

This year's Whittier Institute had the benefit of some superb non-partisan thinking, coming largely from Elmer Motherwell and Peter Drucker. Three or four propositions stand out in my mind after several weeks, and I shall state them in my own words with an admission that they may have suffered some in interpretation.

First, a warning on post-war planning in terms of some form of federal or international world government: Several speakers, holding widely different points of view, cautioned us to be skeptical of the formal setting up of an international government, manifesting itself in a written constitution or the like. The speaker feared that the written declaration might be used as a substitute for action that is required to effect an improvement in international politics, and that such a written document would raise hopes that would only result in disillusionment when four or five months after the end of hostilities world government was not being practiced.

Secondly, there was some realistic and challenging thinking on the topic of world police force, and the related problem of policing the "liberated" countries. This, mind you, from Elmer Motherwell, a hard-boiled newspaperman! He United States Army, said Motherwell, was currently testing its system for "policing" under experience gathered in the last war. Coblenz, the citadel of success by occupation, is the center for modern policing. The problems faced in the quiet little town of Coblenz after the Armistice in 1918 have no parallel in the disarmament and chaos of European cities today. The United Nations, declared Motherwell, cannot police Europe; policing will inevitably and eventually fall into the hands of the European countries themselves, the proper solution.

Thirdly, this opinion of Motherwell's as an answer to a question put to him during a small group discussion. The question was asked, what do you think of Americans moving into European countries to work of reconstruction and of relief? It was Motherwell's turn to ask, who's questioner, "Work with the hands or with the mind?" The questioner said to explicit, and Motherwell continued, "We were completely opposed to the idea, accepting that at best a handful of Americans, working with their brains, would be needed to administer food relief in Europe. One man in Milan, one in Berlin, one in Paris, and so on, could handle administration, letting the Europeans carry out the actual distribution.

What, asked Motherwell's persistent questioner, about the things that the European can't do that we can do? "I know of nothing that the American can do that the European can't do," said Motherwell. "You will be taking away jobs, the very salvation of humanity in Europe, by moving into these areas, creating conflict and mistrust. Besides," he continued, "the American is capable of existing in terms of material necessities on the same subsistence level as the depressed European another source of mistrust and hatred." Most of the other speakers were in agreement.

Something to think about?

I DREAM OF JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

For two weeks last month Stephen Fischer's classic melody reigned as Inyo's theme song while Dean Clark acted as class president and soon after went to work. P.S. Her soldier-fiancee, whose "graduation" she is attending, is stationed at Fort Knox, Kentucky.
Six Men, Plus One Stretcher, Conquer Glacier

(Continued from Page 3)

Phil and I hurried after the others, leaving the pipe-bearers, Harry and Frank, to follow as they could. We were astonished to see Wallace reach the crevasse, then turn back and sit down about twenty-five yards from the mountain. "Fred told me to watch out for rocks," he told us on arrival. Falling boulders emphasized this warning, until we moved farther down the steep upper slope of the glacier.

There we sat, waiting, and, after a while, watching the climbing party on its way down. Exhausted, Harry and Frank stopped in the middle of the glacier. About 10:30 that night we prepared the stretcher and Phil and Fred made Hersch as comfortable as possible. It was nearer midnight by the time we lifted the stretcher to the lip of the crevasse and sent Hersch down, head first, with Phil guiding from the front and the other three of us snubbing on a heavy rope. On the more nearly level portion of the glacier we worked our way slowly forward, a yard at a time, seeking new footholds among the deep snow cups after each short lift.

About 200 Monday morning (Hersch was always asking what day it was), we came across canvas draped but nearly frozen, and Harry and Frank, with their help, and despite a couple of near collapses, we turned toward the shelter of the middle moraine. Dawn's first thin red line appeared above the mountain as, for the first time, we lifted the stretcher from the ice and snow of the glacier onto a flat rock. The stars had begun to twinkle out as we curled up on the rocks for a little rest.

The warmth of the morning sun in our veins and emergency breakfast rations under our belts, we resumed our long carry across the glacier. After the snow cups came flatter snow, across which we could drag the stretcher like a sled, and after this, choppy ice cut by dozens of little streams. Across this last quarter-mile the four of us carried our patient, twenty yards between "blooms," crossing two streams. Just before we left the glacier, about 1:00, Paul Clinstead, and then Fred Winkel, came over the moraine toward us. But coffee and food followed close
behind, and with renewed strength and six men on the stretcher, we finished the carry across the moraine.

Lettin the stretcher down a series of snowfields on the other side, with short rock "fortresses" between, was neither a long nor a relatively difficult task. At the trail the doctor was waiting with sulfa drugs to treat Hersch's leg and re-bandage his broken finger. Taking turns, six carrying with four resting, we carried the stretcher down the two or three miles of side trail to the junction with the main trail, arriving just after dark. There the doctor and Mrs. Asbury stayed with him most of the night. Refreshed by sleep and breakfast at the Lodge, our crew hiked down the trail five miles with the rack while that carried Hersch to the waiting pickin. That good man to the Pineon hospital, from which he was rushed that night to Los Angeles for treatment by a bone specialist.

(Endeck's narrative concludes.) The two men who made the rescue possible were Hersch Asbury himself and Fred Beckel of the Forest Service. Had it not been for Hersch's uncomplaining courage, his good Samaritan while in pain, his endurance, and his complete faith in those around him, it would have been an impossible venture. If it had not been for Fred's rendering patience, his wise decisions, and his personal guidance of Hersch's leg, our friend Asbury might still be on that mountain. We who were on the mountain owe Frank Clyde many thanks for his knowledge of the mountain and his skill with ropes. We are deeply grateful to all the people who always gladed Lodge who cared for us in our times of need.

ANTELOPE CAMP MEETING ACTS:

July 30th, the Antelope Camp Meeting voted unanimously to accredit the proposal of the Camp Council to elect a five-man managerial-editorial staff for Sage O'Tison in an effort to divide the responsibility of editing, and to make the paper more representative of the entire camp. The staff has not yet been elected, but future editions will become the responsibility of the camp rather than of interest groups alone. August 11, returns from all male camps indicated a 79 to 26 vote in favor of using parliamentary procedure in future Antelope meetings. The meeting voted 15 to 1 to inform Paul Punman by letter of our intention of being represented at future conferences and of cooperating more fully with the program. Wesley Hors received a clear majority to represent Collegeville at the August AFSC meeting and is now in Philadelphia with suggestions offered by several of the mountain. Dexter Kecric received the nomination for Educational Secretary, having been well out in the lead.

Civilian Public Service Camp for Conscientious Objectors with base camp at Collegeville, California. Copy for this issue collected and edited at the Inyo, Bulke Camp, Kerneth Lakes, California.

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SAGE O'TISON August, 1943

This copy sent to you by: Men of}

CPS 37