

PIKE

VIEW

PEACE

NEWS

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June 26, 1943

DIMINISHING RETURNS

Still they continue to leave and not return. On June 16, we learned that the Dairy Unit of El Paso County was to be increased to its quota of 25 men. Three men were selected from this camp to make up the balance. Harold Schrag was assigned to the John Janitell Dairy, Walter Owens to the Sharp Dairy, and Rueben Friesen was assigned to enlarge the unit at the Holland Dairy. Rueben joined Henry Loepp and Marvin Janzen formerly of this camp who have been at the Holland Dairy since the middle of April.

17 more men from this camp have indicated their desire to be placed on dairy farms in other counties over the country when new units are opened. There is no definite information as to when new units may open or as to the number of men that will be needed. The boys are waiting with much anticipation for transfers to that work.

Last Monday morning W. J. Dye, Paul Graber, Albert Hiebert, and Vernon Karber were pleasantly surprised when Harry Martens read their names and told them that their transfers to the Unit at the Denver Psychopathic Hospital had arrived. The first ten men in that unit were taken from this camp on January 15. One man selected from the Fort Collins camp and the four from here will bring that unit to 15.

W. J. Dye has been secretary to the director and leader in leathercraft. He was unable to be considered for the Denver Unit when selections were made in January, but has been looking for this opportunity ever since. Paul Graber, "Cat Skinner", and originator of many of the comical sayings in camp is especially happy to get to this new work after 15 months in C.P.S. With Albert Hiebert, hospital work was (continued on page 2)

FIGHT FIRE ABOVE TIMBERLINE--Almost

Shortly after noon last Wednesday smoke could be seen rolling up over one of the highest of the ~~shades~~ ridges south of Pikes Peak. It wasn't long before the call came from the Sheriff's office asking for all available men. 11 men were mustered from among the cooks, mechanics and office workers.

There was over 30 miles of mountain driving part along a very narrow one-way work road hanging to the side of the mountains. The road ended in a grassy high range valley right at the foot of the fire which was sweeping up the mountain and threatening to spread out over the ridges into dense forest areas on the Colorado Springs watershed.

Our crew worked with several other groups and by dark the fire was circled and under control. A few men were on duty throughout the night. Our crew bedded down from midnight till 4:45 A.M. We remained on duty pushing the danger zone farther back from the fire line until about noon. Shortly after, our crew was released on the assumption that the balance of the work could be carried on by a few forestry men.

(continued on page 3)

EDUCATIONAL QUARTER ENDS

Despite difficult conditions caused by shifting camp population, the educational program proved quite successful. P.C. Hiebert, Chairman of the MCC put a fitting climax on our Core Course. Mr. Hiebert was with us for several days and offered us a great deal by way of informal fellowship.

Leathercraft, woodwork, and visual education made up the balance of the planned program.

EXPANDING CIRCLES

The word community has lacked its true depth of meaning because of the accepted stress upon its geographical qualities. Certainly it is apparent when that term is applied to large urban centers that it is almost strictly geographical. For practical purposes, such considerations are bound to enter into our concept, but physical bounds are entirely secondary to the basic elements of the true community.

Community connotes people in group activity. Its emphasis is upon the relationship of people one to another. Fundamental to the ideal concept of the community are such terms as sharing, participation, interaction, common interests, intimate and helpful association. The ideal meaning includes sharing of rights and responsibilities, sharing of joys and sorrows, and sharing of gains and losses. It is more than a spacial area, but how many can one include within his community?

From a physical standpoint, there is a horizon beyond which we cannot see for the curvature of the earth. Yet there are many who cannot see even to that point because of some impediment to their vision. So it is with spiritual things. Vast is the expanse within the horizons which God has laid out before us, but pitifully small is the area within the limits of our defective vision. Some of us feel a sense of sharing with the members of our families, but with no larger group. We wish to provide for the needs of the small circle around us, but those out of that circle must look after themselves. Others have a real concern for the welfare of the members of their church as they form the community of their thinking. But beyond that group the world is unknown and little thought of. That is a large community - could one be expected to encompass a larger one?

Physically we are limited in the number of people with whom we may be in personal relationship. Yet there is another realm in which there are no limits save those which we place upon ourselves. It is the community of the spirits of all men who live in the presence of God. For the Christian, residence in the realm of the spirit is his goal. When we find that community we discover that we are joined with Christians from over the world - Kagawa in Japan, Schweitzer in the missions of Africa, and Siegmund-Schultze of Germany. And while there we are joined with the Christians of the past - the original 12, Saint Francis, and all of the others even to Christ Himself. Such a community it is which encircles the world and extends throughout the years of history.

As one grasps the vastness of the scope of our spirits dwelling in the realm of God, the world diminishes in size, and responsibilities outside of ones little family circle loom into sharp focus. When that vision is ours we cannot help but be in prayer seeking the ways in which our circles may be widened to include the service of more people - seeking the responsibilities which are ours in the social sickness of the world. When we take our place in God's Community, and only then shall we live to the utmost in our community relationship to men. RCH

DIMINISHING RETURNS (continued)

second only to a 2C classification. Since that is so remote a possibility, Albert is very well pleased. Vernon Karber has spent most of his time in camp as office clerk for the S.C.S. He will be very much missed there but he will be released to do this work to which he has been looking forward.

We wish all of the men that have left us an interesting and satisfying time in their new work.

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This morning I am looking back. Two years ago at this time I was bounding along eighty miles an hour on the City of Denver. It was a cool morning, that June 23, that I boarded the train at Sterling. When the train started to move, I felt my eyes become moist, I looked straight ahead and clutched the papers from the local board sort of like an invoice attached to a shipment.

I couldn't think because there was nothing to think about. I seemed in mid-air. The past was a dream and the future seemed so empty that it almost echoed. Besides I had been thinking day after day as I stood high on the ladder at home, painting. And I was sure. A few weeks before I had filled out my questionnaire. I can still see the printed words at the bottom of a left hand page: "ARE YOU CONSCIENTIOUSLY OPPOSED TO WAR?" It was the first time I had ever thought of the issue. If I had ever heard about conscientious objectors in the last war, they meant nothing to me. Civilian Public Service was as foreign as the "Zweibach" rolls I was to eat and learn to like in camp.

"Are you conscientiously opposed to war!" It was a simple question and I answered it. There has never been any doubt in my mind about whether I answered it the way I should have.

On the train I knew only that someone would be waiting for me in Colorado Springs or I was to call the Civilian Public Service Camp. A certain Albert Gaeddert was to be in charge of us. In my suitcase were packed new work clothes. I figured I'd have plenty of opportunity to use them.

Wide eyed I stepped from the train at Colorado Springs, I called information and stammered the name which I had difficulty in remembering. I checked for sure on the bulletin Selective Service had put out about what to bring along and so forth. Someone from THE CAMP answered. That voice seemed almost like an electric current. I had no idea how far away the camp might be but I would soon be a part of that camp.

In fifteen minutes a young fellow, a hand, and a voice came forward with "I'm Roland Bartel". He mentioned something about the camp so I knew who he was. I think he preceded the word camp with the letters "C.O." but that didn't mean anything to me. He said there were thirty five more men coming that day which made me feel better. We picked up Ezra Shenk and the three of us talked like everything. I wondered about Goshen and Hesston and Bethel. I had never heard of them before.

We arrived in camp with greetings, bed making, clothes marking, sending of cards home, and then soon heard the supper bell. The process of bells was duly explained. I was still lonely. That evening, though, we gathered together outside and from the cool mountain air came the blended voices of Hobe, Stump, Ike, and Les. Only it was J. Hobart and Isaac and I didn't remember the rest. As they sang I forgot everything and was conscious only of the tingle down my back. It was swell!

I cherish these two years!

Trinidad Side Camp

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Fight Fire (continued)

The danger in the fire was somewhat minimized by the fact that part of the fire could be allowed to burn itself out without any attention. A portion of the top edge ran into timberline where it could go no farther. The valley in which the fire began was over 11,000 feet in altitude. Part of the upper edges were just below timber-

line and had to be watched carefully to prevent the fires going over the top but one large section burned itself out at timberline on the 12,300 foot mountain. We wonder if this is not the highest fire yet fought by C. P. S. men. If others have any higher we would like to hear about it.

THIRD SUNDAY

June 20 as the third Sunday of the month was homecoming day for the dairy boys. There are 25 men in the unit at present, and they are always welcome in camp, but are invited specially for the one day a month.

17 of the men were with us taking part in the services and fellowship of the day. David Pauls who is located at McKnight Dairy presided at the 11 o'clock service. Two special numbers were offered by three of the dairy wives, Mrs. Don Bartel, Mrs. Dave Pauls, and Mrs. Melvin Gaeddert. The Father's Day sermon was given by Harry Martens and it was based on the parable of the lost son. He stressed the great need of Christian fathers who are willing to sacrifice and labor for the building of God's Kingdom.

The afternoon was spent in visiting about the events of the past month in camp and on the dairy farms. In the evening there was a C.E. meeting including special music and several short talks. Ed Schmidt who attended the regional C.P.S. conference at Newton, Kansas made a report on that conference. The day was well spent in the building of new strength and courage for carrying on in the coming days.

QUOTES FROM SMOKE JUMPERS

"After days of training on the tower and ropes, and physical toughening on the obstacle course, the time came for actual jumping to begin. The "Pin Goose" droned in from Missoula, banked sharply over the Ranger Station as we were suiting up, sat down on the tiny field between snow covered peaks at the head of the lake. Since then the parachutes have blossomed out in clusters of three, and each form swinging underneath the silk has undergone an experience unlike anything he ever had before."

War's a game which, were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at.

Cowper--The Task

"As you step to the door with static line hooked, your heart gives a heavy beat, and a grand feeling envelopes you as you take your place."... "Then the man in front of you jumps, and it is your turn. The feeling is indescribable. If you stop to think you may turn back. You must jump... catch your breath as the slip stream hits you, then brace yourself for the shock you feel sure is coming."... "I looked out below and my power to jump almost left me, yet somehow I was able to complete the jump."... "Too late now; we're over the spot; I'll be out in a minute--and I was--out like a light! a little rag doll being swung around in space on the end of a string.... Can this really be me?... Nice and quiet up here. The ground's moving up--I'm going to hit--ugh! Oh, boy! I'm OK! If ma could only see me now."... "My third jump: A little more apprehensive this time... Perhaps it's because I'm beginning to realize what I am really doing--diving out of a plane at 2000 feet with only a bag full of silk and a few small cords."

Ed. Note: We have included these quotes so you may sense some of the adventure of one of the most spectacular and worthwhile projects in C.P.S.--

NEWS IN BRIEF

Albert Gaeddert and daughter, Carol dropped in for a short visit. Albert went on to Denver and Fort Collins and Carol is staying with Mrs. Linscheid, our camp matron, until Albert returns here in a few days.

Rev. J.M. Regier of the General Conference Church in Hillsboro, Kansas stopped in camp on his way to Canada where he is to represent the Home Missions Board of the General Conference.

At present a choir is being organized for camp religious activities. Some of the wives of dairy farm boys located near the camp are assisting.

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