

FROM THE
ROOTS OF
PIKES PEAK

PEEKS FROM THE PEAK

The fire bell's sudden rampage the other Sunday broke many a boy's peaceful afternoon siesta. Little had they dreamed that the next night would be spent in patrolling a black, charred hillside near Palmer Lake. This was a good break in the monotony of camp life, but it took some of us a week to catch up on our sleep.

The new nurse-matron, Mrs. Bohrer, is slowly gaining the confidence of the boys. The



idea of going to a person of the weaker sex with their minor organic disorders and injuries was for some time a new thing. In as much as most of the boys in camp are secluded to a large extent and are becoming progressively more girl-shy, any contact with that sex easily creates embarrassment.

An article in the Reader's Digest informs us that over-eating is the chief cause of obesity. If this discovery of science is true, we must conclude that a few of the boys must put in a very hard day's



work. It is said that Paul Buller, besides eating a full meal, downed 5 1/2 glasses of milk and his share of ice cream Tuesday evening. Slender Virgil Brennehan often amazes his table by feats of heavy eating. At several breakfasts he has been seen to eat 4 large bowls of cereal. During the noon meal in the field, Virgil is reported to eat from 6-8 sandwiches. Why his excessive eating does not cause a gain in his avoirdupois is something which, we are sure, would puzzle the scientists.

The kitchen was the center of excitement for a few days last week. Since Dave Toews received a number of packages through the mail, the following is suspected that his birthday would be in the near future. Further investigation revealed that the hunches were right. With best intentions to give Dave the proper recognition on his "red letter day" about four kitchen boys picked him and gently ducked him in one of the wash tubs. The tub was comfortably filled with warm water.

Leonard Johnson, that silver tongued night watchman, was

(Cont'd on page 7)

When we think of cooperation we think of harmony, joint-action, peace, unity, beauty and strength. In nature we find many wonderful illustrations of cooperation; take for example the many heavenly bodies moving in an orderly fashion, the human body with all its complicated systems functioning as a unit, the rotation of the seasons. Christ taught us things of love, peace and the Brotherhood. Cooperation exists whenever Christianity is found and wherever we find Christianity we find true democracy, social justice, abiding peace.

CPS camps should unquestionably be examples of a cooperative unit, molded as we are (or should be) by a challenging, common purpose, but it is not easy. It takes a man to cooperate wholeheartedly with all kinds of people we meet in CPS, living so closely together as we do for literally years and being as we are under such abnormal circumstances. It can be done and is being done but a love above that of man is necessary. We can have that love through the

Master. To really cooperate it takes more than true love-- we must understand, appreciate and be interested in our fellow campers. When we put ourselves in the other fellow's place we see as with a new light.

Without cooperation would be impossible. With the cooperation of Congress, CPS was legally authorized. With the cooperation between Selective Service and the National Service Board, the program is administered. With the church constituencies cooperating through the administrative agencies, the program is backed financially and otherwise. Through the medium of the camp staffs, the local units are directed and, finally, with the cooperation of the campers with the technical service, the work of national importance is accomplished. Should any of the above groups fail to cooperate, Civilian Public Service would abruptly stop. In a very real sense CPS succeeds only as we all cooperate.

Let us dwell more specifically on cooperation within the camps. Here the staff, campers and the technical agency function cooperatively in a
(Cont'd on page 6)

FIRE CALL

The quiet of a tranquil Sunday afternoon, Oct. 17, in CPS Camp #5, was suddenly shattered when a call came in saying a fire was raging near Palmer Lake and that men were urgently needed to fight the blaze.

Men in camp were immediately summoned and as soon as they were ready the trucks were loaded, tools were packed, and two truckloads of fire fighters were on their way to Palmer Lake. They left camp at 3:30 P.M.

Upon reaching the scene of the fire our men immediately started building a fire line around the burning area. A burning car started the blaze at the foot of a mountain above Palmer Lake. By evening the fire was temporarily under control. A group of the men stayed at the fire, while the remainder of the men came back to camp for supper.

The second call came about 9:00 P.M. Spot fires had broken out and more help was urgently needed. This time all except 15 men were called to the fire. The last truckload of fighters left the camp at 12:30 A.M. Monday morning.

The men were divided into groups, allowing for three different shifts. Some carried water packs to the spot fires, others worked with axes, while others used shovels and picks. Most of the work consisted of patrolling the fire line and extinguishing spot fires.

Most of the men left for camp at 9:00 A.M. Monday morning, leaving one shift to guard the burnt over area until 11:00 A.M., when they too, returned to camp.

A group of twenty five men spent Monday night at Palmer Lake. Two shifts were run; one starting at 7:30 P.M. till 1:30 A.M.; and the second one running till 7:30 A.M. Only a few small fires were found.

To make sure that no additional fires would break out, Mr. Caton sent four men to cover the area on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Some interesting incidents featured this hectic week of fire fighting. One of the men heard that bears and panthers frequented the mountains where the fire was located. This caused all sorts of imaginary shapes and images to loom before him.

Then there was a family at Palmer Lake who served hot coffee to the boys all during the night and also provided cots and beds for a few hours of rest at scattered intervals. All in all it was truly quite an experience for the men in camp.

--WJW

SCARS

There's a broad black scar on the prairie--a few charred acres where life has come and gone and only memory lingers. Rolling hills bask in the sun as usual and haze covers all with a blanket of silence and monotony.

A week ago I looked up at the burnt trunks of trees stripped of the leaves that give them breath. The few remaining branches zig-zagged up toward the sky, neatly wrapped in black velvet. I felt hollow as I saw them stand so still, their silence swallowing my desire to speak.

There are no tree stumps on the prairie here, no skeletons clutching for the sky. The space is small and the prairie grass was thin anyway. Who cares if a little bit of pasture burns crisp?

Ah, it is different! This broad black scar is where a bomber with its crew circled and fell. The motors roared as the earth claimed its own again from the sky. Then as sudden as that it was over.

The forest burned and the land was laid waste, but it was never as grim as this. For here human life has come and gone--been snuffed out. Trees will grow again in time but no one can take the sorrow from those who gave life and cared worlds for these men. The little things that made them dear--the way they smiled and talked--they're only reminders now that they are gone.

I look at these marks on the endless prairie and I thank God still for life. These men lost theirs and futurity echoes as the wind stirs the fine, powdery blackness.

There's an emptiness deep inside of me. Would that grass still grew over this scar on the hills.

--AES

It is the day by day repetition of work without honor and with but little adventure that tests us all but which proves our sincerity and belief.

type of triangular arrangement. Community toleration and cooperation with the other groups directly involved in our program is all essential too. The common enemies of cooperation are fear, tradition, prejudice, conceit, ignorance, laziness, stubbornness, mis-trust, low morale, selfishness and poor health, be it physical, mental or social. It is most regrettable, I feel, if any one should go through CPS and not learn how to work with others. It is comparatively easy to cooperate with those of a like mind or similar background but did not even the Scribes and Pharisees as much? Anyone can cooperate for a few weeks or months but true cooperation extends to eternity. Most of us were quite cooperative before we were drafted and all flowed smoothly but now we are in the storm.

Above the entrance to a state building in the California state capitol these words are found, carved in stone, "Give me men to match my mountains." May we say to God in this time give us men who can match our cause. Who be there among you who can cooperate with friend, stranger and foe through the setup that

is ours for the duration plus a lifetime? It would seem to me that the Kingdom of God on Earth would be the superb example of moral cooperation. We know that the Kingdom is within us to the extent that it does exist. Also, as a man purposeth in his heart so is he. Therefore, if we are really deeply concerned about the things of Christ, we will only naturally cooperate and all the democracy, success, happiness, harmony, etc. that we all desire will be added graciously unto us. Let's cooperate! --Albert E. Bohrer

NEW ARRIVALS

Since our last issue three new men have come to our camp and two have been released. The newcomers are:

Oscar Zook, Kalona, Iowa
Gen. Conf. Mennonite
Jonathan Bochs, Fairview,
Oklahoma. Church of God
in Christ Mennonite
Gordon Kauffman, Newton,
Kansas, Gen. Conference
Mennonite

Those released went into military service. They are:

Erwin Ratzlaff, Henderson
Harry Ratzlaff, York, Mo. Br.

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SAFETY MEETING

At 5:45 Thursday evening our regular safety meeting was held.

Mr. Caton first introduced a new member of the SCS technical staff, Mr. B. M. Schwartz who is now serving as our project engineer. Mr. Schwartz is a native of Colorado Springs and received some of his schooling here. He has had considerable experience as leader of survey groups.

We were reminded of our responsibility as we work in groups in the fields. Mention again was made about the carrying of tools in trucks where men are being carried and of riding in the back of dump trucks and load luggers.

Mr. Caton invites our participation in safety programs and a plan was outlined whereby two dormitories would go together and present some feature on safety from time to time.

We men all appreciate the keen interest of our technical staff in the preventing of accidents in our camp. We certainly hope to cooperate and do our best to help them.

the victim the next day. He had been with-holding some vital information from the kitchen force. In an effort to get him to talk he too was put in the tub and both faucets were turned on. All this, however was in vain. Johnson, for once, remained silent.

The next day Orlando Warkentin had the happy privilege of having a birth anniversary. He was amply forewarned of what he could expect. After he had made the proper preparations and the tub had been partially filled with water, his some 200 lbs. was heaved into the tub.

Space does not permit us to tell how these boys looked and acted after their dampening experiences, but an old maxim was again proved--"In unity there is strength."

We understand that Wes Wolgenuth, another one of those Okies, spent a pleasant weekend in Denver. It seems as though he visited a relative or something. At any rate, his courtship with a girl from Colony, Okla. was involved. Maybe we could call his Denver friend a "future brother-in-law."



--HG

TRIBUTE

Tuesday evening, Oct. 19, at our evening meal, we paid tribute to our matron, Mrs. Selma Linscheid, on the occasion of her leaving our camp. Mr. Martens spoke of her tireless efforts and her kind, motherly spirit, and it is true that he was not just expressing his own opinion, but was voicing the sentiments of every camper. As a token of remembrance, a blanket was presented to her by the campers. Mrs. Linscheid than expressed joy in being able to serve us, and her regrets in leaving. Mrs. Linscheid will long be remembered for her endless patching job as "mother" for 100 men; but she will be remembered much longer for her kindly, sympathetic counselling and devotion to the cause of Christ as she lived it among us.

Thursday was "moving out day" not only for Mrs. Linscheid, but for the Martens. Mingled with the fact that we are very sorry to see them leave our camp, is our feeling of joy that Mr. Martens is able to go into an even larger area of service as director of the Menonite Rocky Mt. area camps. The Martens will re-

turn to their home at Newton and Mrs. Linscheid will return to Arlington.

--RF

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