

PIKE

VIEW

PEACE

NEWS

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#### STAFF CHANGES

The new camp director and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bohrer, arrived in camp last night. Waldo Voth also arrived yesterday to assume his duties as assistant director. Harry and Olga Martens and Duane expect to leave for Kansas the latter part of next week. In the meantime, Harry will help Albert become acquainted with the camp.

We regret to say that Mrs. Selma Linscheid who is our matron and one of the veterans of the camp will be leaving us to return to her home in Kansas. Her grand spirit which has been so helpful throughout the life of the camp will be very much missed. Mrs. Bohrer, who is a registered nurse will assume the duties of Mrs. Linscheid and also will assist in the infirmary.

#### STATE CONFERENCE

Saturday evening and all day Sunday, October 10, at the Old Mennonite Church in Manitou Springs, there was held the annual Colorado Conference for the Old Mennonite Churches of the state. Bro. E. M. Yost of Greensburg, Kansas and Bro. I. Mark Ross of Wichita, Kansas were the guest speakers at the conference.

Many guests and friends from the neighboring towns of La Junta, Limon, Denver, and the Colorado Springs and Ft. Collins C.P.S. Camps were present. Lunch was served on the church grounds Sunday noon and evening for the guests. There were many inspiring thoughts given during the conference which were enjoyed by all who seek spiritual blessings.

Bro. Yost and Bro. Ross spent Saturday night at our camp here. Bro. Ross took charge of the Sunday morning devotions and Bro. Yost brought the morning message.

#### CAMPER TURNOVER

Since the last issue of the paper two new men have arrived in camp. The first arrival was not new to C.P.S., but new only to this camp. James McVey whose home is in Madrid, Nebraska entered the C.P.S. Camp at Magnolia, Arkansas on January 23, 1942. From there he was transferred to the Camp at Santa Barbara, California as one of the group assigned to open that camp. He was transferred here and arrived on October 3 in order that he be closer to his home. That privilege was allowed him because of the present ill health of his mother.

The second new arrival was Melvin Unruh, brother to Ramon who was formerly located in this camp and is now in the Denver Hospital Unit. Melvin came here from Hutchinson, Kansas on Oct. 7.

Dick Hunter received a transfer to the Hospital Unit located at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. He will leave for his new work next Tuesday, October 19.

#### MORE TO EAT

The East Holdbrook Sewing Society of the Mennonite Church in Cheraw, Colorado has done a great deal this last summer to help the camp's food situation. Upon the request of Mrs. Harve Snyder, president of the Society, the camp sent empty fruit jars to the club.

During the summer, the club canned 75 quarts of apple sauce, 121 quarts of cherries, 136 quarts of beans, 38 quarts of beets, 33 quarts of tomato juice, and 25 quarts of tomatoes.

We are indeed sincerely grateful to the Sewing Society and Mrs. Snyder for the interest shown by their activities on our behalf.

## SEASON, DON'T ABANDON

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Such is the common characterization made concerning idealistic youth by settled dissolutioned adults. Most of those that would speak thusly would not be as harsh in their judgment as is the word "fools", and most would admit that they fall some short of the virtue of the angelic hosts. Yet it is many a youth who has accepted the futility of high ideals through the influence of adults - who by their own lack of vision and courage have become mired in the commonplace, and who will not give youth credit for the courage and strength which they themselves lacked. Because they fell short of their own ideals, they take upon themselves the responsibility for preparing a new generation for its failure.

It is true that in the time of youth, much is done in an impetuous manner without proper deliberation, and much of what is done falls by the way for lack of knowledge of the proper way to implement the idealism. Most every generation of Christian youth has its programs for "New Horizons" or "The World of Tomorrow". No generation has attained the goals set in conferences running over with idealism and almost void of knowledge of the practical problems involved in bringing the idealism to fruition, and in conferences of the impatient who could not spare enough time to discover Christ's way - the only way to attain the ideals emerging from His life and teachings. But the fault for that failure lies not with the idealism but rather with the idealists. The answer lies not in abandonment of idealism, and not in the acceptance of the way which human selfishness makes expedient and appears to demonstrate as profitable, but it lies in maintaining the idealism tempered with poise and a sense of the reality to which the ideals must be related. The "reality" which is so frequently referred to by the dissolutioned is only the fact to which the idealists must apply their ideals, and it is not an unalterable fact which invalidates all the dreams and ideals that youth has for a world more comparable to the Kingdom on earth.

Sometimes it is a parent, or a teacher, or just a friend, and at times even the pastor who with a very understanding and sympathetic smile speaks to a young man or woman and says, "That all sounds well and good, but wait until you are as old as I". Then that person with the wisdom of the ages will persuade the youth that the ideals, yet not near as remote of realization as those held by Christ Himself, are beyond the realm of possibility. He will tell that youth that he should try to be more "realistic" and face the impossibility of attaining the goals envisioned and reconcile himself to live in the same old rut worn smooth by the continued travel of the spiritual blind.

Don't believe it. Refuse to be burdened with the sterility of those who have lost enthusiasm for the adventure of new gains which come by the eternal struggle for the victory of good over evil, of truth over falsehood. Youth must be wise. It should know the facts that constitute the reality with which we struggle. Great ends do not come by mere wishful thinking. The ideal must be understood and tempered tools must be devised for the building of the ideal into the concrete form of reality. Speed alone is not an asset, nor is impatience, but the energy expressed and latent in speed and impatience when harnessed to mature thinking and planning is a force for good which should be developed, not discouraged.

There is much to criticise in the behavior of youth as it views the needs of the world, but to deny the validity of many of the ideals of unsophisticated youth is to deny the omnipotence of God - to deny that all things, even the visionary goals of youth such as a warless world, are possible through Christ who will strengthen us if we are inclined to His will. Youth needs wisdom and guidance from those that have seen the world as it is. To furnish that guidance is a worthy task for those that have passed the days of their utility on the battlefront of social change. But there shall be no reward to him who turns the mind of youth from the service of mankind to a sense of the impossibility of attaining high goals in life, and to a sense of defeat terminating in a life given to service of self even as most people now live decent but self-centered lives. RCH

ROCKS

These are the hills. From these slopes I gather rocks. Down from the top we roll them, watching them bound along. With hesitancy they choose their way and here and there one stops as though the roll was not worth the effort. We shall have to lift and heave them a time or two again. Once more their chipped edges will tear at our fingers. We take our gloves off. Fingers get raw but they wear better.

Here's the big rock from above on the crest. I remember its flat side. It was too heavy to lift the first time but I did. It looks like we ought to have a load but experience says no. We must keep going!

Here's a cactus nestled close to the rock I was going to lift, guarding it like a watch dog. Lucky I saw it for it would have stuck me just for spite.

I look at the sun in the West. It's just as high yet as it was yesterday when I thought it was quitting time. A show of watches will reveal it's only about 3:00 o'clock, perhaps a

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S.C.S.

With the coming of cold weather and later daybreak, new work hours have announced by the Soil Conservation Service office here in camp. Starting on October 18, the men will leave camp for work at 8:00 in the morning to give the sun a little start. They will have a shorter lunch period and will return to camp at 5:15.

In a safety meeting Thursday evening after work, Mr. Caton, the project superintendent stressed two things. The first was preparation for forest fires. At present the forests are at their driest. There has been very little moisture. In addition there are many people in the forests since this is hunting season. The second thing he stressed was the need to use special care with the power equipment. He said that replacements would not be available in less than 5 years, and he reminded us that we would have to work even if we had to walk to work and build dams with wheelbarrows. His

little more, Ingersoll time.

I start counting as I throw. One. Two. And a little one. Four. It takes a long time to count five because it's a big rock and I have to carry it down the slope a ways. When I drop it, it rolls over and goes to sleep again. I yawn, my arms feeling as though I still held the rock. I forget to count further.

At last we have a load--a load made up of rocks and thoughts, bits of impressions of the smoothness of a rock or its color or the bounding energy of the one that bounced out of the truck again.

There are a lot of rocks, each different and yet all the same. They're like the days we spend. We count days too like rocks--up to six and then a little one--that's Sunday. A load, or a year, and then we start all over again. The rocks roll and the days pass. These are the hills. From these slopes we build our lives.

AES

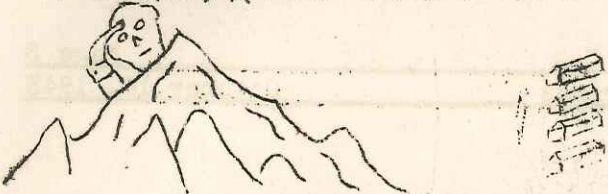
warning was well taken, and with the friendly spirit with which it was given.

FRIENDS VISITOR

Mr. Howard Elkinton of the American Friends Service Committee paid our camp an unexpected visit on last Thursday. He was on his way from a visit to the government camp at Mancos, Colo. to the Friends camp at Trenton, North Dakota, when he decided to take this brief side excursion. Mr. Elkinton travels regularly for the AFSC visiting their C.P.S. Camps. He also visits the camps of alien internees to render assistance there whenever needed.

Our guest spent two years in France at the close of the last war doing relief work, and worked in Berlin for several years prior to our entry into this war in 1941. He had some very interesting things to tell to a group that met with him on Thursday evening in an informal session in the lounge.

# PEEKS FROM THE PEAK



It is rumored that a dark-haired, brown-eyed girl and some 10 nurses from La Junta attracted several boys to the Manitou Church last Sunday. We were hoping at first that the sudden interest was for the special speakers there for the conference. On the theory that there should be a certain girl for every boy, it might soon be time for a few boys to be looking around.

Elmer Miller, commonly known as "Whing Ding" was again drawing the Ah's and Oh's from the girls in the Manitou Church. He charmed them with the cute pencil curl which follows the center of his scalp. Some individuals might think it sissy-like, or an arrangement suitable for a beauty contest for 2 year olds, but on Whing Ding the curl is the key to popularity.

Orlando Warkentin, also known to some as the "kitchen psychologist" was caught off his guard the other day. He has a particular liking for fruit juices so at every opportunity he cleans out the nearly empty jars. Orlando had just finished some pear juice when the benevolent and chuckling Walt Stucky offered him another glass of "juice". Warkie gulped the contents, and then realized that it was not the juice of pears. At first he thought it might have been potato water. After questioning the cooks at length, they informed him that it had been merely egg whites.

Milton Grundman has saved the day for the unskilled at the art of sewing. He has agreed to sew name tapes on the unmarked clothing of fellows who need help. He is using the matron's sewing

machine and is using the time which he has while getting over an operation. Grundy has been doing the work in the dorms at night, and some times he is unable to resist the temptation to do some "extra" work. He sewed the legs of a few pajamas, and he sewed a few bed sheets together, all of which meant certain difficulties at the time for retiring. And Milton has had a rather bad effect upon some of the others. It is reported that Dave Toews sewed the pajamas of Ray Bentsch while Ray was sitting at the machine inspecting some of his own handiwork.

## WINTER SPORTS?

October weather has not cooled the enthusiasm of campers for volley ball. However, early darkness threatened to black out the sport for the year. Even supper at 5:30 as it has been lately did not allow enough time to make it worthwhile. But the enthusiasts were not to be easily defeated. Lights have been installed at appropriate points, and the game can continue on into the evening to stop only when letters must be written. This winter it will be interesting to see the men in sheepskins and mittens playing under the lights.

Among the first to use the lighted court were the men chosen to represent Oklahoma and Kansas in the eternal feud between those two states. As yet no one from Oklahoma can give a very good explanation for a rather crushing defeat. They are trying to forget it or are planning some horrible revenge.

## PIKE VIEW PEACE NEWS

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"We came into this world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another." --Shakespeare



239

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