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Weekly column of Heart Mountain news, written by John Kitasako, for the Powell Tribune - a weekly newspaper of Powell, Wyoming.

HEART MOUNTAIN GLIMPSES

Greetings! With this issue, we take over the column of Mary Oyama, who has so capably presented the story of the people up here on the benchland at Heart Mountain. We shall do our level best to measure up to her high standard.

Military Funeral

A quiet, purposeful World War veteran, beloved by all, was called by his Supreme Commander last week. He was Clarence Uno, whose death from heart attack left a depressing void among the populace of the center.

A military service, worthy of a faithful servant of this nation, was accorded him by American Legion members of Powell, Cody, and Heart Mountain.

Though a native of Japan and therefore an alien ineligible for U. S. citizenship, Clarence Uno was granted his United States citizenship papers by a special act of congress for serving with the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I.

Only recently, Governor Lester C. Hunt appointed Uno a member of the registrants advisory board of Park County.

The accordance of a military funeral and salute by Powell and Cody Legionnaires, impressé in full regalia, warmed the hearts of Uno's family and friends. It was a tribute of respect and neighborliness appreciated by all center residents.

Rationing

Less meat and more fish is what the residents are finding on their plates these days. Salted fish, fried fish, fish with cream sauce. The Nisei Americans are rather allergic to fish, but their parents, who were brought up on sea foods, don't seem to mind a bit.

Residents are tightening their belts, for rationing has come to Heart Mountain just as it has to any other U. S. community. Persons over 12 years of age are apportioned two and one-half pounds of meat weekly, including bone and fat.

Children six to 12 years of age, one and one-half pounds per week.

The sugar bowl is never seen on the mess tables. A "sugar waitress" goes around with a can of sugar and a spoon and serves the rationed amount of the precious granules. She is under strict orders, and so no amount of wheedling will get you any additional sugar for your coffee.

Pampering?

Center residents got their dander up last week. Certain U. S. senators with elastic imaginations circulated reports that the evacuees in the relocation centers are being coddled and living the life of Riley amid luxury. A senatorial investigation of the camps is in the offing, aiming to switch control of all camps from the War Relocation Authority to the Army.

These charges were leveled at the WRA from the comfortable Washington offices of senators who have never been inside the barbed wire fence of any center.

All of which rubs the wrong way, for here we are, living in our quiet way, enjoying no luxuries, enduring inconveniences, and playing ball with the WRA.

But we are 100% for an investigation, one which will, once and for all, quash all charges that the "Japs are being pampered". Then we'd like to be left alone. The residents and the WRA are getting along just a bit alright.

Skating

Skating rinks of all sizes and shapes have mushroomed up all over the camp, alongside latrine buildings and mess halls and between barracks. Greenhorn skaters, and there are many, usually sneak out to practice after dark, when the rinks are deserted. There, in comparative privacy, they can struggle with the law of gravity, "faw down and go boom", and their dignity does not suffer, only their seats.

Casualties have been mounting each day; about fifty-five cases have been treated at the hospital to date. We fractured our wrist when we took a nasty spill the other day, we have sworn off skating for the duration and are now looking for a buyer of our skaters. We are afraid that the next time it might be our head, which is a bit on the weak side.

Mary Oyama

Mary is a grand girl. A writer, a lover of the arts, a busy mother of two, a girl who loves life. She took the evacuation like a soldier, and endeavored to promote a healthy attitude toward internment among those who were weak of mind and spirit. Always cheerful, always full of wit, always ready with a kind word. Yes, Mary is a grand girl. We'll surely miss her.

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Pot of Gold

The circumstance of war has arched a golden rainbow over Wyoming, with the pot of gold at the rainbow's end in the Heart Mountain Relocation Center. The state of Wyoming and Park County are reaping huge financial benefits from the establishment of this center.

Over a half a million dollars, mostly through taxes, are paid annually to the state and country. This was recently disclosed at a conference attended by Governor Lester G. Hunt, WRA officials, Park County Attorney Oliver Steadman, Sheriff Frank Blackburn, Court Commissioner Mrs. Oliver Steadman.

In addition, the tremendous business transacted in the center stores bring over \$1,200 per month in sales taxes to the state coffers. Center residents have plunked down many a hard-earned dollar across the counters of Park County merchants, especially during the harvest season, when hundreds of boys went out to work. And even now, residents send orders through the mail to merchants in neighboring towns.

Were it not for stringent restrictions on resident leaves, the evacuees would be spending many more dollars in Powell. The residents of the Utah and Colorado Relocation Centers are permitted to shop in their nearby towns, but Heart Mountain residents are not that fortunate.

Livestock Project

The War Works Division's proposal to set up the livestock project in the gully northeast of the center hospital failed to meet with the approval of the City Planning Board when the site was first recommended.

The Board declared that the nuisance factors of noise, and odor, as well as the possibility of disease made it unwise to locate the project so near to the hospital. Prevailing winds sweep over the proposed area toward the hospital and residential districts about 20% of the time.

However, when further investigation revealed that no other site could provide the necessary water and sewage connections, and the natural shelter offered by the gully, the Board accepted the recommended location. Additionally, the site reduces the problems of transporting personnel and gar-

bage and feed supplies.

How near is near? The cow pens will be located a quarter of a mile from the hospital and the hog pens about a half a mile distant.

The meat requirement for the center, based roughly on the OPA rationing quota, is 1,300,000 pounds per year. This means that each adult will consume about 130 pounds of meat per year. The individual requirement will probably be divided into the following kinds of meat and amounts: beef, 60 pounds; fresh pork, 50 pounds; cured pork, 10 pounds; lamb or mutton, 10 pounds.

In addition to fulfilling the meat requirement, the livestock project intends to provide eggs and poultry meat.

It is expected that many difficulties will be encountered before the project can operate in full swing.

Cotton Formal

Heart Mountain is to have its first formal dance, a Valentine Cotton Formal, with bids selling at fifty cents a copy. The Brenda Starrs, a club composed of girls working on the newspaper staff, are sponsoring the "Mayfair" affair.

Naturally the girls are all in a dither, and are taking all necessary precautions so that everything will be "just right" for that momentous evening.

"No more peanuts for me until after the dance; they give me pimples."...."I'm laying off of ice-skating; no cuts or sprained ankles for me."....."I'm praying every night for above-zero weather."...."I look better with long hair in a formal dress, so I'm going to get my permanent after the dance."

And what about the boys? Well, they're taking it pretty much in stride. They will just drag out their dark suits, shine up their shoes, and they'll be ready.

But some of the fellas are beginning to wonder where they can get corsages - priced within range of their small salary.

Package

Christmas was over but a very welcome package arrived at the Girl Scout headquarters last week. It contained song-books, handbooks, handkerchief, and official scout pins. The

card inside bore this inscription; "To our Scout sisters
in Wyoming, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. From
the Chinese Girl Scout Troop 45, Los Angeles, California."

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Volunteers

The young men of Heart Mountain were asked last week by the War Department to volunteer for services with the U. S. Army. Volunteers from this center and other centers are to form an all-Nisei American combat unit. And later on, other young men will be drafted through the selective service channel.

Naturally this news, the most momentous since evacuation, has hit the camp like a bombshell, provoking widespread discussion among young and old alike. The War Department has sent four officers, headed by Lt. Ray McDaniels, to set in motion the program for accepting volunteers.

The circumstances of evacuation, our dubious citizenship status, the temporary and therefore insecure residence in this center under a policy-changing authority, the welfare of our parents - all have raised perplexing problems.

The Nisei is American. Yes, and he desires to be treated as an American on an equal basis. He did nothing disloyal to be branded an alien. It has rankled him no end and when the stigma of disloyalty and suspicion was placed on him.

Young Nisei: Lieutenant McDaniels, I'd like to ask why the sudden change in attitude? Why has the Army suddenly decided that we Nisei are loyal and can be trusted to bear arms?

Lt. McDaniels: Don't you think it was about time? It's been too long in being corrected.

Young Nisei: Back home, after the war broke out, a lot of us tried to volunteer for the Army, but were turned down because of our Japanese ancestry. And then we were classed as 4C or aliens, given a black name, and put into these relocation centers.

Lt. McDaniels: The War Department admits certain mistakes have been made, and is anxious to right a wrong. As far as the evacuation is concerned, you were removed from coastal areas as a military precaution. It had to be done right away, with no time to determine your loyalty.

Young Nisei: We desire to have our name cleared through a nationwide announcement. Many Americans are under the false impression that we were put into these camps because we were convicted of some disloyal act.

Lt. McDaniels: The War Department will do everything to restore you to your rightful place as citizens.

Young Nisei: Is it wise, Lieutenant, to segregate the Niseis into a separate combat unit? We want to fight side by side with other Americans.

Lt. McDaniels: By having a unit of your own, you can gain wider attention of your war efforts than if you were all to be scattered and diffused with millions of the other American soldiers.

Young Nisei: But I still feel that it would be better if we were to mingle with other Americans so that they could get to know us and to understand us better.

Yes, the Nisei speaks up, for that is what democracy has taught him. But he will deliver; he will forgive and forget - and fight.

Basketball

The other night Heart Mountain's basketball team journeyed to Lovell to play the highly-touted Lovell Westwood Indians, and came out on the short end of a 46 to 22 score.

The spirit of friendliness which prompted the invitation from the Lovell team struck a very appreciative chord among the center residents. The local boys were tickled pink over being asked to participate in the Infantile Paralysis Benefit contest, and over the chance to go "outside". The boys had a steak dinner (on their own) before the game, and after the game, they were treated to refreshments by their hosts.

Ham Hamasaki, coach of the local team, had words of high praise for the crack Lovell outfit and for the sportsmanship of the spectators. "The Mayor is a swell person," said Ham. "We had a nice talk with him. Our boys did well considering the short time they've been practicing outdoors in the snow and mud."

Ham's teams back home in California frequently took on Caucasian teams, for he believed the field of sport was as fine a place as any to better inter-racial relations. Therefore he was overjoyed to lead again, away up here in Wyoming, a team of his own against a Caucasian team.

Forum

The harmony pervading among the faiths in the center was demonstrated by the religious forum held recently. Those participating were Father Harold Felsecker, Catholic, Rev. N. Senzaki, Buddhist, and Rev. K. Unoura, Protestant. Each spoke briefly about his religion, after which a general discussion followed.

Father Felsecker is a familiar figure in the center. So deep and sincere are his interests in the people here that he has even sought to make his home here among his flock. Regulations, unfortunately, do not permit this.

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Farm Program

Originally, an extensive agricultural program was planned for Heart Mountain, but it was curtailed when the War Relocation Authority policy to resettle the evacuees in outside communities as rapidly as possible went into effect.

The farm program is now basically aimed at fulfilling the needs of this center only, and not intentionally for additional production of a surplus for outside marketing or for lend-lease purposes. However, it is mostly in the blueprint stage as yet.

Glen Hartman, director of the agricultural program, figures that this center, on the basis of proposed plans, will be 90% self-sufficient in farm products. Approximately 1,080 acres, already cleared of sagebrush and awaiting cultivation when the ground thaws out, will be subjected to intensive farming to produce a whole year's supply. Much of the produce will be canned or dehydrated for winter consumption.

Due to the shortness of a favorable growing season for some crops, certain vegetables will have to be secured from other relocation centers on an exchange basis. For example, arrangements have been made with the Gila Center in Arizona to send us celery and broccoli in the winter months in exchange for dry beans and potatoes which our center will ship to it.

A certain number of acres has been set aside here to grow the crops for trading purposes specifically. Exchanges will be made also with the relocation centers in Arkansas and Colorado.

The agriculture program calls for cultivation of an additional thousand acres for production of livestock and poultry feed, such as grains, hay, and silage.

Mr. Hartman has set up a committee of forty evacuees, many of whom were big-time operators of thousand of acres back on the coast. Mr. Hartman enjoys very cooperative relations with his committee, and barring unforeseen obstacles, his farming program should attain its goal. However, he must contend with many problems, unprecedented problems which are calling forth the utmost in patience and ingenuity. These will be discussed in a future column.

Defense

It was bad news to us when a press dispatch quoted Senator E. V. Robertson of Wyoming as saying that the Heart Mountain residents are leading a soft and easy life. The Senator has never visited this center, although it is just a stone's throw from his home in Cody.

It really hurt us, for Senator Robertson's word on this issue presumably carries more than ordinary weight with his fellow senators.

But another prominent Wyoming figure, State Democratic Chairman Walter Q. Phelan went to bat for us, and issued a press statement to the effect that the Senator was very much in error about conditions here at the center. So the score on the press dispatch board was balanced, thanks to Mr. Phelan.

Mr. Phelan is "sticking his neck out" politically and otherwise by coming to the defense of the Administration of this center. But we like him a lot for his sense of fairness and courage. Would there were more like him.

But we wouldn't want to have this relocation center made into a Wyoming state issue, not only for our welfare and peace of mind but also for the sake of fostering harmony in Wyoming politics. We think there are matters of much greater importance in these critical times.

Brief Notes

The young boys of the center are sharing indirectly in the efforts to defeat the Axis by building model airplanes for the Army and the Navy at the request of Raymond S. Orr, Wyoming Director of Model Aircraft Project. Model planes are urgently needed to train Army and Navy men in identifying enemy as well as friendly aircraft. The local boys hope to produce 900 planes each month.

The hook and ladder brigade of the center worked overtime last week when two major fires on successive days broke out in evacuee barracks. Luckily, the absence of strong winds at the time prevented the possible spread of the fires, which were caused by overheated stoves.

When a fire gutted Dormitory 12, occupied by Caucasian administrative personnel several months ago, the Community Christian Church took up an offering one Sunday to help those administrative members who had sustained losses in the fire. Thirty-four dollars were realized. However, the thirty-four dollars changed hands again recently when

the former occupants of Dormitory 12 decided to turn the sum over to the center fire department in recognition of its valiant service to the community. The money is to be used for recreational and educational purposes.

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Community Church

Here at Heart Mountain we have a church which has consolidated all the Protestant groups into a federated body called the Community Christian Church. Separate services are held simulataneously, one for the Japanese-speaking Isseis, and two for the Nisei Americans, which are in English of course, in a beighoring building. The Niseis have one service for persons of high school and college age, and the cther for those over this age group.

The church is a recreation hall, 100 by 20 feet, converted into a place of worship. The walls and ceilings are of sound-absorbing celotex. Recently a loud-speaker system was installed so that speakers no longer find it necessary to shout their sermons.

The hall is bare and dingy. We don't mind that so much, but we do sort of mind the low sturdy wooden benches, which get harder by the minute. They say there is a certain technique in the way one sits on these benches, but so far we have not found anyone who knows.

Attendance varies at the English-speaking services from 400 to 600, depending on the weather. On the morning the mercury dipped 28 degrees below, about fifty attended for an all-time low. Sunday school attendance averages 450. The pastors have urged young people, especially the girls, to dress practically for protection against the elements and not for appearance. But somehow despite frigid weather, most female churchgoers continue to wear high heels, thin stockings and California dresses.

Correspondence

Letter-writing consumes most of the leisure time of evacuees. Never before in their lives are evacuees licking so many postage stamps as they are now. The approximately 3,500 pieces of mail dispatched from the center daily attest to the voluminous correspondence carried on by the residents. This means that the residents purchase slightly over a hundred dollars worth of stamps daily.

Most of the letters travel long distances - to relocation centers in Arkansas, Arizona, California, or Colorado; to soldier friends in midwest army camps (there are 5,300 Japanese Americans fighting for Uncle Sam); and to

Caucasian friends back on the coast.

The residents, appreciative of many kindnesses extended to them by Caucasian friends back home, write religiously to them, going to great pains to describe the camp and all the developments. Some residents are discovering to their amazement their heretofore hidden writing talent for the first time.

Writing letters has many salutary effects, for it helps to relieve the monotony of regimented living, to ease the despondency of being separated from friends in other centers, and to provide a means to blow off steam.

Letters are awaited eagerly by the residents. Since there is no mail carrier system as yet, residents must call at their district sub-station for their mail. People usually call at least twice a day, and many call whenever the mail truck pulls up at the station door, which is about three or four times a day.

Mail from Caucasian friends back home are great morale builders. A note of sympathy or encouragement goes a long way toward making camp life more bearable and to keep our faith in a fair America from faltering.

Marriages

Heart Mountain's unofficial "ball and chain society" is adding about three couples to its roster each week. A rather odd aspect is that an unusually high majority of the nuptial knots are tied over in Powell or Cody.

When a couple goes out to get married, they get to ride in a WRA car and are accompanied by a Caucasian administrative representative and attendants. From now on, however, these matrimonial trips can be made only on Wednesdays. So when two or three couples want to be married outside on the same day, they'll all go together in one car, and each couple must act as witness for the others.

We got to wondering why couples insist on going outside, instead of getting married in camp in the presence of parents and friends. So we conducted a little poll, and learned that "it's the thrill of getting to go to Powell or Cody even for a few free hours," or that "anything as sacred as marriage should be performed outside of barbed wire fences," or "we don't care for inquisitive crowds," or "for no special reason, but just because everyone else seemed to be doing it." But a largely majority emphatically said that getting married

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Visit to Powell

This column shall digress slightly and talk about a thriving Wyoming community called Powell.

We feel this is in order, for there exists an amicable kinship between Powell and Heart Mountain. Many are the evacuees who have harvested on Powell farms, dined in its restaurants, sipped cokes at its fountains, and shopped in its stores. A goodly number of the Caucasian personnel of the camp make their homes in Powell. Also, evacuees from the center are now variously employed in Powell. Yes, there is a definite tie-up between the old community of sturdy pioneers and this new community of wartime evacuees.

On February 27, for the first time in our five months stay at Heart Mountain, we were able to go beyond the barbed wire fence to visit Powell. And was that a thrill! We had heard a great deal about Powell's good neighbor policy from Heart Mountain boys who have been there. After our visit, we agree with those boys 100%.

Naturally, eight months of confinement in an assembly center first and later in this relocation center made us feel just a bit awkward and self-conscious at first, but we soon got over it.

We met our bosses, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Baird, and were particularly impressed by their broad outlook on current problems and by their genuine interest in the Heart Mountain Project. We met the men who set up our weekly column, and even met the reliable Tribune press machine.

Then, we sauntered around Main Street to do some shopping for friends in camp. No one stared at us; no one turned around to look at us twice. We were just another customer, and received courteous treatment wherever we went. It all gave us a reassuring lift.

The simple life of rural Wyoming has helped the people of Powell to maintain a sensible perspective which many people elsewhere have lost.

In a short spin around town, we noticed an unusually large number of churches. To us, that explained a great many things about the friendly attitude of the citizens of Powell.

Yes, Powell has kept itself remarkably free from the race hatred and sordidness that war engenders. We hope it always will, for that is what gives Powell its simple, refreshing charm.

From Our Notebook

Hikes: An increasing number of permits is being issued these days to clubs to go on hikes outside of the barracks area. Permits must be secured a week in advance, and an experienced leader must accompany each group of fifteen. On Sundays especially, groups that march briskly out of the main gate in the morning may be seen returning before dusk dragging their heavy feet. We went hiking last Sunday with a group of people younger than us, and regretted it all day, for these youngsters sure did burn up the road. We did a good job of holding up the rear going and returning.

Draft: Vacancies created by Caucasian staff members and teachers being inducted into the Army are keeping the administration heads very busy these days finding replacements. When Nisei American volunteers march off to Army camps very shortly, the shortage of labor will be acutely felt in this center.

Finis: Heart Mountain's ceramics project recently made the front pages of many U. S. newspapers when several eastern congressmen decided they didn't favor the project here. One of them claimed the products made here would compete unfairly with those manufactured by private firms on the outside. Another feared the evacuees would go to Japan after the war and use the training gained here for the benefit of Japan.

The project was suspended at Heart Mountain, but not because of the blasting by congressmen, but because of the WRA policy of de-emphasis of projects at all relocation centers. This was unfortunate, for the setup was well-nigh perfect for a big-scale production, what with an eager staff diligently in training for months, a huge plant in the process of erection, and rich beds of clay handily nearby.

Lens Plant: The \$100,000 lens-grinding project has also been abandoned. This was to be a war industry to manufacture precision instruments for the armed forces. Just when the building, the most pretentious in camp, was nearing completion, word was received to discontinue the industry.

All major camp activity has been either curtailed or frozen, in line with the WRA policy rapid resettlement of evacuees in outside communities.

March 15: Many center residents are scratching their heads and sharpening their pencils these March days. Yes, income tax reports are due, and evacuees must file them like anyone else. Only a small percentage will have to make payments, however.

outside was so much "less fuss and bother."

Personally, we like this last reason the best. It shows that the Nisei want to conform with the simplicity of camp living. They want everything to be simple and clear-cut. They always did. Big wedding affairs, a pernicious Japanese custom, are mostly the handiwork of glory-seeking sponsors and relatives. So we're glad to see the Nisei having their own way at last.

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Town Hall

The core of democratic expression in camp is the block meeting. Every Monday night is set aside in each of the twenty blocks for the gathering, which takes on the atmosphere and purpose of a town hall meeting.

The meeting is held in a block mess hall. A block has about 550 residents, so when a rip-snorting issue is on tap, attendance shoots up to 350 or 400. The congested, regimented camp life breeds many problems, and the block meeting is a sort of a clearing house for all of them.

There is free speech, and plenty of it. Anyone who wants to put in his two cents worth can do so. When a block is divided into political factions, the arguments wax hot and long into the night.

The presiding officer is the block chairman, who serves as a link between the administration and his block, and vice versa. His main function is to iron out problems and to keep peace among his constituents. His is a thankless job, one that requires a cast iron nervous system to withstand the barrage of complaints and criticisms.

People who don't like him refer to him as the "block-head". But he can take it. Up till December, the Chairman received no compensation for his services (now he gets \$19.00 per month.) He is a demon for work, putting in as much as 60 to 70 hours per week.

In the beginning, criticisms of the Chairman were loud and unreasonable, but now for the most part, criticisms are more of a constructive nature. The Chairman has won the prestige of his block through his patient handling of the various problems which have arisen.

At first, block meetings were attended by a number of Nisei-Americans, but the bi-lingual difficulty reared its ugly head as usual, so the outnumbered Nisei gradually withdrew from the Japanese-speaking meetings and formed their own Nisei clubs.

Call Powell 100

The quiet of a Sunday afternoon in Heart Mountain was broken by radios blaring out the Red Cross Benefit program on KPOW, a carry-over from the night before (March 6, 7). Center

residents lent an elated ear, for it marked the long-awaited debut of Heart Mountain on the airplanes.

Featured on the programs were Al Tanaka's Hawaiian Surf Riders from the snowy benchland of Heart Mountain. Announcer was a personable Nisei-American named Moe Yonemura. Famed in the center as master of ceremonies, Moe's ad libbing is second to none. Moe's alma mater is the University of California at Los Angeles, where, as head cheer leader, he led the mammoth rooting section of 9,000, one of the nation's largest.

"Call Powell 100 - and keep it ringing!" pleaded Moe. And Big Horn Basinites, especially beaming Heart Mountaineers, kept the operator busy. The total for the two days shattered all previous records in the current Powell drive.

"All of us got a big kick out of it, and we want to do it again," Moe told us. "What was especially gratifying was the swell way so many Heart Mountain residents, both Caucasians and evacuees, responded to our appeals for contributions."

Not heard on the programs, but sweating and toiling behind the mike to keep the shows moving along without a hitch was Vaughn "Bonnie" Mechau, Heart Mountain's jovial chief of Public Relations. Bonnie is a former Denver newsman, and so whipping up those choice RedCross appeals on the run between numbers must have taken him back to those hectic days when he had deadlines to meet.

Al Tanaka's Surf Riders will have a regular half-hour spot each week on KPOW. Bonnie and Moe are trying to secure more time on the airwaves in order to present more of the center's wealth of talent.

Between the Barracks

Registration: All females 17 years and over were registered in camp this week for possible service in the Nurses' Corps or for enlistment in the WAAC. A trim WAAC lieutenant was in camp to interview interested girls. Male registration has been completed, and volunteers will be departing shortly for army camps. Right now the volunteers are being permitted to leave camp at will to shop in Powell or Cody preparatory to their departure.

Pastimes: Bridge is number one on the pastime parade in camp. It's getting so a person has to know how to play bridge, or else become a social dud.

The ouiji board craze was just a flash in the pan. The most amazing thing about ouiji was his ability to answer questions put to him in Japanese. Ouiji was most

consistently pestered by romantic girls who wanted to know when they were going to get married.

Jitterbugging continues to hold its own. We ourselves stay on the sidelines when a jam session is on. We enjoy watching the hepcats, but that's as far as we'll go. Jitterbugging is much too strenuous, and so hard on shoe leather, which is another thing to consider these days.

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Community Stores

If you're a resident of Heart Mountain, you must have walking stamina and two good arms to carry packages. There is no shopping district; stores are located at various points in the center, wherever there happened to be available space. There is no bus service (only workers get rides in covered trucks). Therefore, a shopping trip which includes a visit to a food store, the drygoods store, and the shoe repair shop, for example, is an excursion that calls for a powerful lot of walking.

The Community Enterprises Division establishes and operates all stores in the center. The highly successful organization of this division is tantamount to a business miracle. With not a single penny in WRA appropriation to start with, the original director Douglas Todd set up an organization which today grosses \$70,000 worth of business monthly. Shrewd business ability is the answer; Todd's success in "selling" this center to dubious wholesalers and manufacturers.

Of all the Community Enterprises Divisions in the ten evacuee relocation centers, Heart Mountain's credit is the soundest, its reserve the most robust, its purchasing power the widest.

The profits of the enterprises are being held in reserve for the benefit of the residents. Very shortly, residents will receive refunds on their total purchases for the present quarterly period. Refunds are to be based on the cash register receipts which the customers get with every purchase. This is similar to the cooperative system of patronage dividends. The establishment of a residents' cooperative association, however, is still pending. In the meantime, a temporary legal trust has been set up.

The center has two general food stores, which are relocation center versions of a country store, with a pot-bellied stove and soup-to-nuts merchandise. A drygoods store, which did \$2,000 of business on its opening day, employs thirty-five workers.

Montgomery Ward has been serving the residents through three mail order desks at which orders are placed. The Community Enterprises Division receives ten per cent of the total

amount of orders going through the order desks.

The dry cleaning is done by Klindt's and Leo's of Powell, both of whom have counters side by side in the same building. The laundry is sent out to Billings.

Shoes are repaired by evacuee cobblers, but when the shop is swamped with orders, some shoes are shipped to Billings for repair. Radios are fixed by experienced technicians. The fire insurance agency did landoffice business after two major fires had occurred, but business has tapered off since.

Latest enterprises to make their debut are the much-needed beauty and barber shops, all manned by licensed evacuee operators.

This, then, is a glimpse of the shopping and service facilities in this relocation center.

Her Share

We have come to meet and know many Caucasian Americans since being evacuated. The one whose sincerity and understanding have impressed us the most is a teacher on the center high school staff: capable and unassuming Miss Clarise Chase.

We came to know her when we enrolled in her night school course in Cooperatives last fall. (Caucasian night school teachers, who are mostly regular day school teachers, render their services free.)

We got to wondering how she happened to come west to barren, improvised Heart Mountain. We knew she had left behind the comforts of a modern home, a secure Washington, D. C. position, and the social life of that bustling nerve center of wartime America.

Certainly there must be a deep-rooted conviction. And there was. As though a bit hesitant at first, she told us, "After the war started, I saw the terrible race hatred growing against the Japanese - which even small American children were developing. I knew it was happening all over the country. I knew the Nisei-American children would be hurt.....and become embittered by it.....that it would damage their faith in people.....and in America. So when I learned about the WRA camps, I saw chance to let these Nisei know that all Americans do not dislike them.....that there is yet much love. So this is my small share.....to keep the brotherhood of man free from race hatred."

We have never seen anyone so earnest and so diligent. Students and friends rate her absolute tops. Verily her mes-

sage of love has reached a wide number of Nisei. But not without a price. For presently, this emissary of goodwill is perilously well in the center hospital. This is the third time she has been laid low by overwork.

Yes, Heart Mountain reports a casualty - from extreme devotion.

Brief Notes

Dan Cupid took a well-deserved holiday last week for the first time in many weeks. Probably resting up for the anticipated spring rush. Old Doc Stork, on the other hand, made four deliveries.

Blue-and-white is to be the color combination of the H. M. high school, and school are to be known as the Eagles.

HEART MOUNTAIN GLIMPSES
April 1, 1943

Farewell Party

The other night our young men's club gave a farewell party for the four members who have volunteered to fight for Uncle Sam. The hall was decorated in a red, white, and blue motif, with giant V's all over the walls. On the walls also were pinned individual pictures of the four volunteers. Before the party was over, however, souvenir-minded girls had hijacked all of the pictures.

The dance committee was in a pretty tough mood, and ordered each club member to bring a date, or else stay at home. A number of the fellas brought their "steadies", but several fellas not so fortunate (or unfortunate) had a busy time trying to date up a girl. One desperate fella even got a blind date, but he appeared to be having the best time of all.

First there was group singing, then games, and dancing, with time out for refreshments and entertainment.

During the intermission, our club adviser, Bob Kuwahara, gave a pointed farewell message to the volunteers. Bob is from Hollywood, where he was formerly an animator for Walt Disney and later an art director at the famed Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"As you volunteers go to the front line, you will be fighting two wars.....the war against dictatorial governments, and the war on the home front to safeguard democratic principles. How you commit yourselves as soldiers and as citizens will have a great bearing on the Nisei-American's place in postwar America. Yours is a responsibility greater than that of the average soldier."

We are sure those are words the volunteers will not forget.

Misunderstanding

Recently, we were thinking about the way the residents of the camp have become, broadly speaking, one big family. But it was not thus from the beginning. The early days of the camp found the people divided into distinct factions, among whom no love was lost.

Heart Mountain's population is composed of 1,000 evacuees from the North Portland Assembly Center in Oregon, 5,100 from the Pomona Center and 4,600 from Santa Anita, the latter two in Southern California. The Pomonans were the first to arrive here, followed by the North Portlanders, and finally "those Santa Anitans".

The Santa Anita Center, the largest assembly center on the West Coast, had a black reputation because of its strikes, riots, and other disturbances.

We happen to come from Santa Anita, and we witnessed the strikes and disturbances, but we saw nothing unusual in them. Where 19,000 evacuees are jam-packed into 350 acres, such disturbances were bound to occur. And it must be realized that only a very minute fraction of Santa Anita's population was ever involved. However, newspaper exaggeration of those occurrences gave Santa Anitans the reputation of being notorious rioters and troublemakers who "hit first and talked later".

Therefore, when the Santa Anitans arrived at this camp, they had two strikes against them. They were greeted coldly and suspiciously especially by the Pomonans. Some Santa Anitans were snubbed and insulted so outrageously they had to move to another district in the camp. Pomona gangs squared off with Santa Anita gangs. The spoils system was practiced by some Pomonans who held responsible positions, and many a qualified Santa Anitan was detoured from a job in favor of a Pomonan.

It was an unhealthy situation, and an utterly stupid one. But with the passage of time, the feuding gradually dissipated as Pomonans learned that those "awful Santa Anitans" were no different than any other evacuees.

News from the Hospital Front

Resettlement of evacuee doctors and nurses in outside communities has cut deeply into the medical staff. There are now only six physicians to administer to the needs of 10,700 residents. The clinic is packed daily, and all wards are being taxed to the limit. It is supposed to be a 100-bed hospital, but at present 120 patients are hospitalized. The rigors of the first Wyoming winter, as well as the high altitude have hit the residents hard and frequently.

No longer, and in view of doctor shortage, are home calls made by the doctors. Instead, persons who require medical attention but are unable to walk are brought to the hospital by ambulance. An average of 250 calls are made each week by

eight drivers who operate the two ambulances in shifts.

The medical staff has issued a bulletin warning the residents against the danger of ticks. The hospital has secured a limited quantity of serum which is being administered first to all agricultural workers.

Former Occupations

A glimpse at the occupational chart of the center residents reveals that farming was the chief pursuit of the largest number of evacuees. Domestic work ranks next, followed by gardening. We noticed too that listed among the more uncommon types of workers is a former boilermaker, a bacteriologist, a tinsmith, and a goldfish breeder. There are also five former masseurs and two morticians.

HEART MOUNTAIN OLIMPSES
April 8, 1943

Center Cinema

We have no theater building in Heart Mountain. The theater is just any mess hall where a picture happens to be shown. When the evening meal is over, the recreation crew clears out the tables, hauls in the benches, rigs up the screen, and presto, you have the H. M. Community Theater!

Two projection crews, working five nights a week, cover the entire camp from one end to the other. There is one showing for every two blocks of residents. A different movie is shown every week. Most of the films are not of a very recent vintage, but no one seems to mind too much. Besides, the admission is only five cents. One night we saw Mickey Rooney in "The Hoosier Schoolboy", which must have left Hollywood about eight years ago.

Good seats are at a premium, so the line forms about an hour and a half before the show starts. When the doors are thrown open, the people make a mad dash for the seats, and in no time, about 500 persons are sardined into the mess hall. There are not enough benches for everyone, so about one third of the people must sit on the concrete floor, using their folded jackets or sweaters as cushions.

Late-comers must sit behind one of the many posts which divide the mess hall right down the center. When "Sun Valley Serenade" with Sonja Henie was shown, we got a seat squarely behind a post. As we remember the film, Miss Henie did a remarkable job of co-starring with that post.

Troublesome Minority

In the big cities of this nation, war conditions have bred gangs of problem youths known as zoot-suiters. In this camp we have their counterpart, we are sad to report. They are coarse, loud-mouthed fellows, with long unsightly haircuts, and a monosyllabic jargon of their own.

Individually these boys are quite harmless, but backed by their cohorts, they are pugnacious and repulsive. Residents abhor them.

They have none of the qualities requisite for assimilation into American society. We cringe with horror when we contemplate the day these rowdies will be leaving camp to work

and to live among Caucasians. Already we have heard of instances where a few of these bullies have made it extremely unpleasant and precarious for Nisei-Americans who are trying their level best to live as good-mannered Americans.

These rowdies are but a small minority, but they can very well be the monkey wrench in the delicate machinery of successful resettlement.

How tragic will it be for the vast majority of law-abiding, diligent Nisei-Americans struggling to earn their rightful place in the turbulent wartime America.

Of This and That

Community dinners and parties are being arranged to honor the volunteers who will be leaving for Camp Shelby within a short time.

The local USO lounge is now practically complete with furnishings donated from various sources. Nisei soldiers on furlough from midwest army camps are able to rest their tired feet in this comfortable lounge and be entertained by pretty USO hostesses. The USO is celebrating the official recognition accorded to it by the national headquarters early last week.

The Agriculture Department, which is a beehive of activity these spring days, has issued an urgent call for sixty tractor drivers. Due to the intensive work necessitated by the limited season, two shifts of eight hours each will be put into effect.

A special call was also made for men to resume work on the canal project, which will bring irrigation water to the center. Work was begun on the canal last fall, but was discontinued when freezing weather set in.

Rural Defense Training Classes are being conducted now to help train young men in the various fields of farming so that they will be able to secure positions in the national agricultural war program.

The Hawaiian Surf Riders and the dance orchestra have been kept busy performing at different functions in nearby communities, and judging by the requests for their services which are being received each week, the boys seem to be doing alright by themselves.

The local Boy Scouts Drum and Bugle Corps is to go through its paces in Lovell at the invitation of the mayor

of that community. This Corps should prove a big hit, for most of the boys are members of an outstanding corps from Los Angeles.

We would like to see the Mandolin Band make appearances on the outside also. This is the smoothest musical unit in camp, and although its repertoire consists mostly of Japanese songs, it would be able to fashion music to suit the fancy of Caucasian audiences. It is a 12-piece band, with an accordion, a trumpet, a violin, a flute, and a guitar. The rest are mandolins.

HEART MOUNTAIN GLIMPSES
April 15, 1943

Of This and That

The camp will have a thorough face-lifting in the latter part of this month. A number of the officials and residents are getting quite tired of hearing visitors from other camps tell them how untidy our camp is, so a campaign has been set in motion to stage a camp-wide clean-up. Civic pride is a wonderful thing.

Heretofore, if a person wanted to go out of the fenced-in residents' area for a walk, he had to secure a permit. But from now on, anyone may roam at will over the entire 27,000 acres west and south of the center proper. But this will be permitted only from sunrise to sunset. But we don't think many will take advantage of this new freedom for quite a while. The tick scare is on, and people are wary about taking walks off the beaten path.

The local Boy Scout staff points with pardonable pride to its splendid volunteering record. Six of its nine scout leaders have volunteered for the army (one is a father of two children). Already one scout troop has been disbanded because of the lack of trained leaders.

The Boys and Girls Clubs Division is likewise being hard hit by capable leaders resigning to leave camp to work or to volunteer. The shortage of leaders is very serious, for prolonged daylight hours are going to necessitate a more extensive recreational program.

Red tape has been the bane of the program to resettle residents in outside communities. Many persons have tried to leave camp for work, but the delay in getting clearance has been nothing short of exasperating. We knew a girl in camp who wanted to go to Kentucky to marry her soldier fiance stationed there, but she had to wait three whole months before she was able to secure permission to leave. Another girl accepted a position in Chicago, but had to wait six weeks before her leave clearance came through from Washington. This sort of delay is to be a thing of the past hereafter, for Washington has promised to speed up the whole procedure.

Efforts are being made to give better protection to out-going labor this spring. Some groups of workers who went out to work last fall met with unpleasant situations when their

employers failed to live up to their agreement. A local committee is to study all labor contracts and intends to make a tour of factory districts if possible.

On a Sunday Morning

On a Sunday morning, the tempo of camp activity slips into low gear, and residents leisurely go about doing their chores or amusing themselves. This is what we saw on a short stroll last Sunday morning, when the sun was shining in all its splendor: Two girls exchanging gossip as they sat in the sun drying their hair.....An old man carefully mending a broken folding chair.....A police car prowling down a bumpy road.....A girls basketball team going through its paces in the middle of a street, while a group of boys stood around offering "advice".....A lover of the soil tenderly working over a patch of the earth in front of his barrack.... A wife helping her husband erect a picket fence around their forthcoming victory garden.....Boys sitting on their doorsteps giving their shoes their weekly shine.....Shoppers returning from the food store loaded down with bags.....A lady taking her pekingese out for a walk.....Children gleefully scampering off to Sunday school.

Love, You Funny Thing!

Spring has sprung, and young peoples' fancy has turned to thoughts of love. But all is not too smooth, however, judging from snatches of conversation we've overheard recently among the younger set.

"He's just like all good-looking boys. He's plain conceited."

"She's pretty and all that, but after the first five minutes, she sure gets boring."

"If you ask me, he's just like a lump of coal, hard and rough. I wish he had a little more polish and finesse."

"The trouble with her is you always have to say hello first."

"I can't figure her out....She's always sort of sitting on the fence, as though she can't decide which fella she likes most."

"She's led too easy a life, I guess. She can't rough it. I like girls a little more rugged."

Weather

Winter is over, and even though it was our first taste of snow and sub-zero weather, we came through it better than we had expected. We aren't kidding ourselves by saying it wasn't cold. No sir, for it will be a long time before we'll forget that day the mercury dropped 32 degrees below. But, taken as a whole, it wasn't so bad as all the wild stories we had heard about how severe the Wyoming winters are. As a matter of fact, we saw more days of sunshine in the Big Horn Basin this past winter than we ever used to back home in "sunny" California. And say, coming from a native Californian, that is pretty strong admission.

What we dread now are the dust storms this summer. Some of the violent dust storms we had last fall have us somewhat worried. We're hoping that the things we've heard about the summer storms are only half true.

HEART MOUNTAIN GLIMPSES
April 22, 1943

Of This and That

The new siren at the firehouse now sounds regularly to signalize the hours for the working personnel of the camp to begin and quit work. The wail of the siren makes us feel a bit nostalgic, for it sounds just like siren in our home town in California. We like this siren system, because it's something we were accustomed to having for as long as we can remember. And besides, it's nice to have these regular demarcations in our day, for no longer does a day seem to drag on as though it were a single drawn-out hour.

Requests have been recently received from Cody for services of the camp dance orchestra and the Hawaiian Surf Riders. This is really something to cheer about, for this center's public relations with Cody heretofore have not been too encouraging. Up till now, the musical units of the camp have performed only in communities north of the camp at the kind invitation of organizations in Powell, Lovell, and Cowley.

We've been going down the main gate quite often these days to bid farewell to departing friends. The young people are leaving camp in a steady stream for domestic, defense, and farm work. In the young men's club that we belong to, of the twenty-four members, only four will be remaining in camp by the end of the week. Five have volunteered for the Army, five are going to Cleveland, Ohio, for defense work, and ten have already left for various points for farm work. This breaking up of the old gang is a painful but inevitable episode of resettlement. The drain on manpower has put a crimp in the operation of administrative departments where key workers have left for greener fields. Young and inexperienced replacements are filling in the gaps. We're wondering just how topsy-turvy it will become when the outward stream turns into a swollen river.

All the mess halls are vying for the honor of being the cleanest eating hall in the camp. An "E" pennant is to be the weekly reward. This is a good idea, for some of the mess halls have become quite lax in sanitary ways. But it certainly must be a terrific headache for the judging committee, for there are 39 mess halls, and they all look nearly alike. Well, the tabulation of the first week is in, and a mess hall in Block 6 won the pennant. We're hanging our head in shame, for our own mess hall didn't do very well; in fact

it was rated the very lowest!

Each week in the camp newspaper appear notices put in by residents thanking their friends for their thoughtfulness during convalescence or bereavement. Recently, with an unusually high number of illnesses causing so many such "Thank You" ads to appear, the newspaper has been making in a neat little income.

Parties for Volunteers

Last week was Volunteers Week in Heart Mountain. It seemed that all the organizations wanted to give parties for the volunteers. The heavy schedule of two or three parties a night began to have its effect on the volunteers, who were distinguishable by the bags under their eyes and by that awful tired look. Some of them were frankly worried about whether they would be able to pass the physical examination in their present condition. The Week started off with a gala dinner by the community at large, which was attended by notables from neighboring communities. We dashed over after our church meeting, hoping to have a short chat with Mr. and Mrs. Kay Baird, and to meet Mayor and Mrs. Bever of Powell, but we got there just a little too late.

Changes in the Scenery

Banked-up quadrangles of earth, which were once skating rinks, are now but forlorn reminders of those exciting sub-zero days when ice-skating was the favorite pastime. The skating season was so much shorter than so many people thought that a great number of persons who ordered their skates rather late did not get a chance to use them.

Piles of coal, which were always stacked high between the barracks during the winter months for the convenience of the residents, are getting flatter and flatter as the coal becomes gradually pulverized by the elements and the tramping feet of small children.

Sticking out like a sore thumb on the camp landscape is the nearly-completed high school building. The bright Christmas-red roof of the school adds a great measure of color to the drab surroundings of funeral-black tarpaper of the barracks. The young people especially are hoping the auditorium-gymnasium will be finished soon so that big community affairs may be held in a central location with enough elbow room for all.

elbow room for all.

But the most welcome change in scenery has been the appearance of green blades of grass on the weather-beaten soil. The good earth is good to us, alright. The grass is there only in feeble spots, but it's green, and that does our souls a world of good.

G-Men

Our camp has a corps of G-Men too, but they have nothing to do with law and order. A G-Man in Heart Mountain is the glorified name taken on by the garbage crew. Collecting garbage may not be too enticing or dignified, but the G-Men draw just as much pay as a doctor, dentist or an engineer, which is \$19.00 per month.

HEART MOUNTAIN GLIMPSES
April 29, 1943

Assorted Thoughts

How different Wyoming is from California. Take the American Legion, for instance. In California, The American Legion is leading the fight to prevent our return to our homes and to deport us after the war, whether we are citizens or not. The Legion in Wyoming is a legion of another color. Its commander, Ernest J. Goppert, delivered a stirring message at the Volunteers' Dinner in camp recently, and has shown on other occasions that he and his legionnaires are red, white, and true blue Americans.

That was a splendid write-up which the Tribune carried on the gala Volunteers' Dinner in Heart Mountain last week. It was complete and accurate, outdoing the story in the camp newspaper itself.

We are adding the University of Wyoming to our list of favorites. The tolerance of its student body toward the Japanese-American students there, as revealed in the campus newspaper, merits high recognition.

It's small wonder that few people are going out on hikes any more. One man said he saw four rattlesnakes on a short jaunt, and another man ran into a nest of 39 rattlers.

Unbroken Circle

In the past two weeks our camp has been visited by Caucasian representatives of the Student Relocation Association, the American Friends Committee, the Protestant Committee for Japanese Service, and the Presbyterian National Missions. These persons have come, as others have from time to time, to aid in the resettlement of the evacuees.

Back home during those bewildering days of evacuation, American Christians demonstrated to an immeasurable degree their friendship for people in distress. "The circle of Christian friendship will be unbroken no matter where you may be," a Quaker friend told us when we parted.

How true has that been. Their love has followed us into the camps, right into our hearts. In the test of their sincerity and loyalty, American Christians have risen to magnificent heights. They have given us encouragement, counsel,

and hope, keeping alive our faith in the American way of life. This will be the only pleasant memory of this horrible war.

Short Items

Learning took a holiday at the local high school last Friday. But the prepsters had a full day. They started off by cleaning up their campus, then held a baseball rally, watched the ballgame with Lovell High School, and then entertained the Lovellers after the game with an informal social.

With their limited income, camp residents have not been able to invest in war bonds as much as they would like to. Since the camp opened, about \$8,000 in war bonds have been sold at the camp post office. Of this amount, \$6,000 was purchased at one crack by a single individual.

The Shoshone National Forest Supervisor has requested the formation of a corps of volunteer forest firefighters in this center. The volunteers, who are to fight fires in northwest Wyoming, are to undergo training within a short time.

The sweet sorrow of parting was never more keenly felt as on that day last week Clarice Chase, Heart Mountain high school teacher, departed for her home in Washington, D. C. Ill health forced her to resign, but not without a fight. The main gate area was jam-packed with a host of friends and pupils bidding farewell to one who had well-earned an everlasting place in their hearts. Being torn apart is a necessary pain of friendship.

Mary Oyama, former conductor of this news column, recently made the news in Denver, where she now resides, when an invitation for her to speak at the Authors' Club of Denver allegedly stirred a tempest among some of its members who objected to having a Nisei-American girl speak to their organization. Mary spoke anyhow, and did a swell job of it, too.

When evacuees from camp go to Powell, one of the places they usually make it a point to visit is a church. This is particularly so with the girls. "It is so refreshing and peaceful to go inside a real church, even for a few moments," one girl told us. This is understandable, for our church in camp is a somber-looking recreation barrack. The exterior is of tar-paper, while the interior is walled with brown celotex boards. Were it not for the altar, the hall

would look like another recreation room.

A volleyball game between two girls teams had to be cancelled the other day. Reason: two girls on one of the teams had appointments with the beauty parlor for permanents. Beauty before play. Keeping up appearances is a serious business with the girls in camp. The standard of grooming and dressing relatively high for camp life.

HEART MOUNTAIN GLIMPSES
May 6, 1943

Repercussion

We first heard about -- the execution of the American aviators -- from a friend who had listened to a radio broadcast. We hoped he had heard wrong. When we tuned in our radio, we were gripped with that same nauseating sensation of horror that we had experienced right after Pearl Harbor.

Soon the whole camp was buzzing - condemning, cursing, deploring. Pearl Harbor was still fresh in everyone's mind. We knew that though we were 7,000 miles from the scene of that barbaric Tokyo execution, our lives and our future would be vitally affected. We would have to take the rap.

What we feared came to pass. Overnight the pendulum of public sentiment swung against us. What had taken months of patient endeavor to establish friendly public relations was shattered in one fell swoop by the reverberation of the murderous volley of shots in Tokyo.

Camp morale has hit a new and miserable low. The resettlement program has suffered a devastating setback. All we can do is to hope and pray that the sentiment of the American public, once it has recovered from its awful shock, will differentiate between the American Japanese and the Tokyo Japanese. For there is a difference, a great difference.

The Post

Last week, the Heart Mountain Relocation Center was rocked by vicious attacks by a series of articles in the Denver Post. The nature of the articles reminds us that there are three types of readers. Some readers believe every printed word. Others believe only what they want to believe. Others weigh the facts, the source, the paper's policies, and then formulate their conclusions. The series in the Post offered a strong test for its reading public.

Tidbits of News

Local girl scout leaders have been holding many skull sessions to work out plans for the International Play Day on May 8. The Girl Scouts are all excited, for 50 fellow scouts from Powell are to participate. This beautiful gesture of goodwill on the part of the Powellites is deeply appreciated

by the local girls, who will put forth every effort to make it a memorable day.

The leaders are praying for fair weather, and for the wind and the dust to stay put. Recently when the Lovell High baseball team came to Heart Mountain to engage the local prep team, the wind and the dust made pests of themselves all during the game, and a very miserable time was had by all.

These are days of great opportunity for Nisei-Americans who can read and write the Japanese language. An opportunity to serve their country and to earn a good living. Teaching positions in army and naval language schools and translation work for governmental agencies are just begging for qualified Niseis. The fact of the matter is, however, that the percentage of Niseis who can read and write, much less reasonably understand, the Japanese language is small indeed. Most Niseis neglected studying the tongue of their ancestors, for they had their hands full enough trying to master the English language.

Farm Report

The Agriculture Department is racing against time these spring days, and so far it looks like a neck and neck race. The preparation of the land for planting is slightly behind schedule, but the boys hope to catch up by putting on two shifts of tractor drivers.

The canal which is to convey the precious irrigation water from the Shoshone Reservoir is about 80% complete. Right now the canal crew is performing the highly-important but time-consuming task of placing the layer of bentonite on the canal bed. Unless the canal is completed in time for the planting season, the farm program will be in a pretty pickle.

The shortage of labor in various departments, especially in the agriculture section, is so acute that the high school is going to be dismissed two weeks earlier, which should be fairly good news to school-weary youths.

Dollars

The recent camp clean-up campaign was somewhat costly to the Recreation Department, which was "cleaned out" of \$100. This is how it happened: The Rec Department derives a good part of its operating expenses by salvaging fats, crates and bones. Through hours of sweat and toil, the Rec boys had

saved up about one ton of fats, valued at \$100. Along came an over-zealous clean-up crew who, thinking the fats were wastes, hauled them to the burning pit, and thus sent \$100 up in flames. Long faces were the order of the day.

Here's an item about honesty. A man lost a wallet near a store. It was found by a 12-year old girl, who turned it in to the clerk at the store. The clerk later turned it over to its owner. The wallet contained \$580, probably his entire life's savings.

HEART MOUNTAIN GLIMPSES
May 13, 1943

Mission to Heart Mountain

Christian Democracy was at work last Saturday on the sloping benchland which is the Heart Mountain Relocation Center. And making it work smoothly and gaily were young girls, Powell and Heart Mountain Scouts, participating in the Girl Scout International Play Day.

Last Christmas the Powell girl scouts made their first visit to this center when they came to sing carols. They brought with them an abundance of good will.

Last Saturday when they came again, it was under very different circumstances: public sentiment toward the evacuees had changed, Heart Mountain was under suspicious scrutiny, people were saying bad things about the residents of the camp. This time, then, the Powell scouts were not on a mere visit; they were on a mission to Heart Mountain, a mission of understanding, courage, and Christian friendship.

It was their good scout turn, not for the day, but for the year. They were being sisters to scouts of another race at a time when scout sisterhood carries an almost sacred meaning.

Splendid as it was, the program became, in a sense, incidental. Boiled down to its elemental significance, International Play Day was a beautiful manifestation of the integrity and courage of the Powell Girl Scout Council. In accepting the invitation to Heart Mountain, the Scout Council answered a challenge the likes of which will perhaps never meet again in its lifetime.

"This has meant a great deal to our girls," said Mrs. Marilyn Toriye, Heart Mountain Scout Director. "I cannot speak too highly of the Powell Scout Council. Their attitude has been very American and very Christian."

From early morn, everyone was talking about, or rather cursing, the weather, which was enjoying an awful grouch. The sun was in hiding, and a bitter north wind whipped briskly across the flats. The whole program had to be moved indoors. In place of the volleyball tournament, the scouts viewed an old Abbott and Costello film. But along toward noon, the weather, as though repenting for its meanness, caused the sun to smile and the wind to subside. And once

again, the program was shifted outdoors.

The program, presided over by Mrs. Toriye, included the regular scout ritual and speeches by Mr. Marlin T. Kurts, camp director of Community Activities, Mrs. P. W. Metz of Basin, Mrs. Howard Bell of Cody, Mrs. Alec Healy of Worland, and Mrs. Harry Nye of Powell, substituting for Mrs. J. M. Browne of Powell.

Entertainment, with Sadako Mitamura as chairman, included several clever skits by the Powell Intermediate and Senior Troops, and a scout quiz in which the contestants giving the correct answers received a 10 cent war saving stamp. Powell's share in the entertainment was directed by Mrs. Robert Nize, and Mrs. Ernest Nylander. Heart Mountain's contributions to the program were a fashion preview, a performance by the Drill Team, a Japanese ceremonial dance by 50 Brownies, and a snappy exhibition by the Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Corps.

Miscellany

The other day the patients in the hospital were suddenly commanded to get out of their beds and stand by. In marched a troop of 30 young girls, who immediately set about making up the beds. This done, off they marched to the next ward, and repeated. To the startled patients it was explained that it was part of the training for high school girls who are to be inducted as nurses' assistants immediately after school is out to alleviate the serious shortage in the hospital.

A trip to Cody to sing at church services! That's what the local church choir had been looking forward to do so eagerly for months. It was to be a sort of a reward for their faithful service. Then came the news of the Tokyo execution. Local church authorities deemed it inadvisable to make the trip under the circumstances, so the trip was cancelled, much to everyone's chagrin. The baptism of 11 youngsters from the center at the Powell Baptists Church, scheduled for May 2, was likewise postponed until a later date.

Robert Kodama, director of Boys and Girls Activities, is a young man with ideas and a lot of push. He's involved in so many activities and goes to so many meetings, his wife hardly gets to see him. His push has been responsible for the success of many drives in the center. The latest cause to feel the force of his energy is the campaign to sell War Savings Stamps. He has set up key committees; he will have

the camp plastered with 100 posters in English and Japanese; he will spread the gospel of thrift in the newspaper and bulletins. He has designated May 10-17 as Thrift Week. He means business. Because war bonds are beyond the salary means of the residents, the emphasis will be put on the purchase of 10 cent war stamps.

Quotes

Bits of conversation we've picked up here and there:

".....The trouble with our block is that we have too many guys who oppose anything new or different."

".....I'd rather get kicked around in America than live in Japan."

".....Camp life has brought me in such close contact with other people I think it's made me more human."

"I'm volunteering for the army because I want to be with a bunch of fellas who feel the same way about the whole thing as I do."

".....Nowadays I feel just like I did before evacuation; I just don't give a hoot about anything."

".....My dad's health is much better since being in camp. That's because he's had to quit drinking."

".....Some people will never learn that in camp we all have to share alike."

".....The chief cook in our mess hall was a farmer back home. That's why our meals are so lousy."