

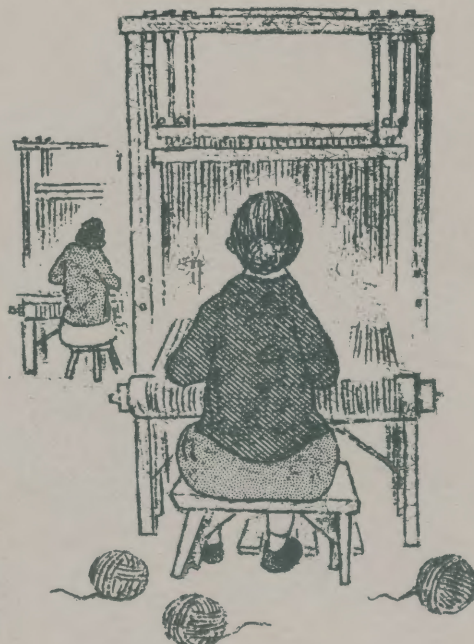
Feminine ACTIVITIES



Knitting



Flower-arranging



Weaving





Going to School



Coming Home

VICTORY GARDENS





• A shadowy figure crept stealthily through the forest, his excited eyeballs bouncing from side to side within their sockets. Large beads of sweat oozed out of his forehead.

Suddenly he stopped frozen to the trail, and his narrowed eyes peered ahead into the grove of twisted Cypress trees. Then, his shaking hands reached for the instruments hanging from his belt.

With one blood-curdling scream, the kobu fanatic disappeared into the thicket, brandishing his axe and saw; in a few moments you will see him emerge with his prize—just an odd-shaped Cypress knee.

Such is life in our forest on any sunny day—shadowy figures creeping through the woods, hunting kobu, mushrooms or whatever it may be. We are truly getting closer to mother nature, or, can it be that we are getting closer to the asylum?

DANCES

...were quite frequently held, and for many this was their only form of recreation. Ah yes, to dance to the soothing strains of current favorites in the soft glow of the colorful chandeliers would help anyone to forget his cares and worries even for a few hours.



MAY I CUT IN?



I couldn't get a chick so I brought an egg.

THE STAG



PUTTING UP WALLBOARDS

In December wallboards were distributed to each apartment to be put up by the residents themselves. These plaster-boards covered the ugly bare lumber on the two walls that were left unfinished by the contractors and added the necessary warmth and finishing touch to the appearance of our new home.

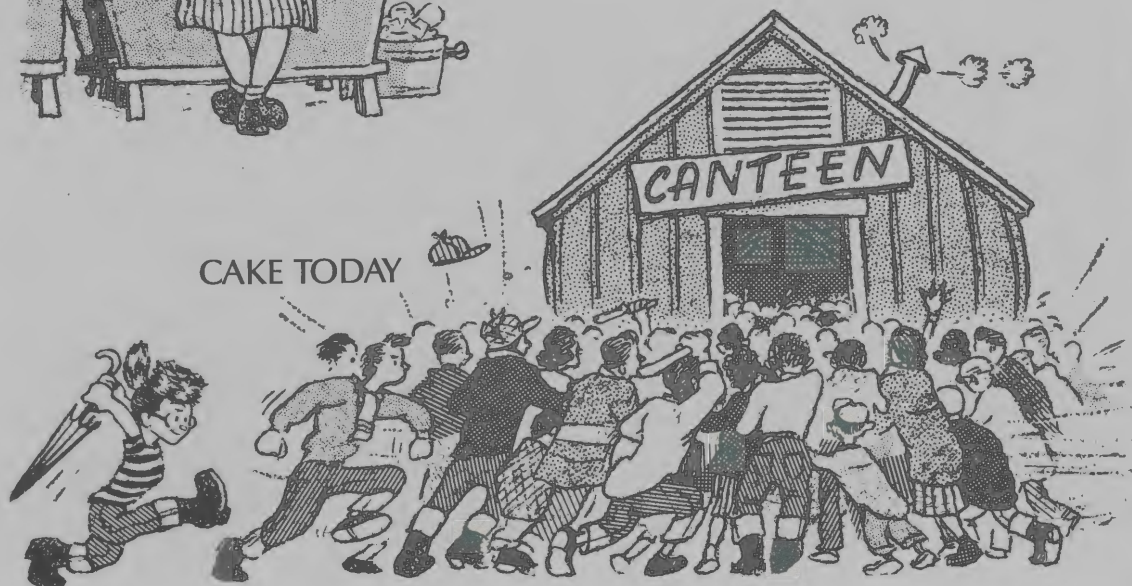
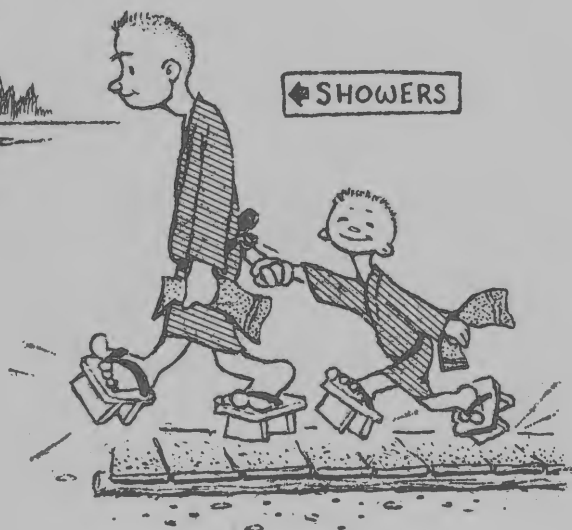
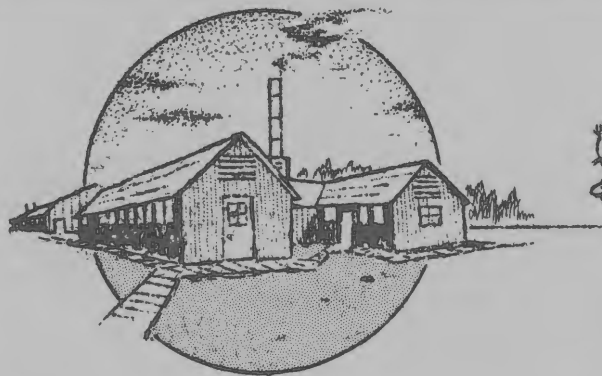


Familiar Sights

○ Rows and rows of long, black barracks, same size, same shape, same number of windows—victory gardens surrounding the dusty tarpapered houses—mess gongs clanging in the distance—the clacking of “geta” on the wooden walk leading to the shower room—fish odor from the mess hall—the crowded Canteen—lumberjacks—hospital smokestack in the distance—olive-drab trucks thundering by—bawling babies—a morning glory beaming from a roof-top—this is Rohwer.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○





Yup, you just made it! You're
in the Army now.



NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Bon voyage



HOT, ain't it!

ARKANSAS SUMMER

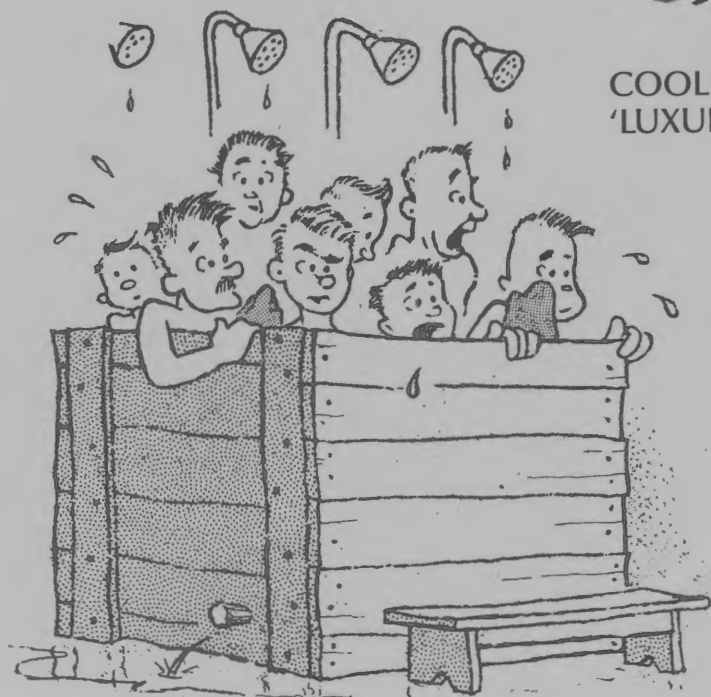


It must be a
mirage!



COOLING OFF IN OUR
'LUXURIOUS' BATH.

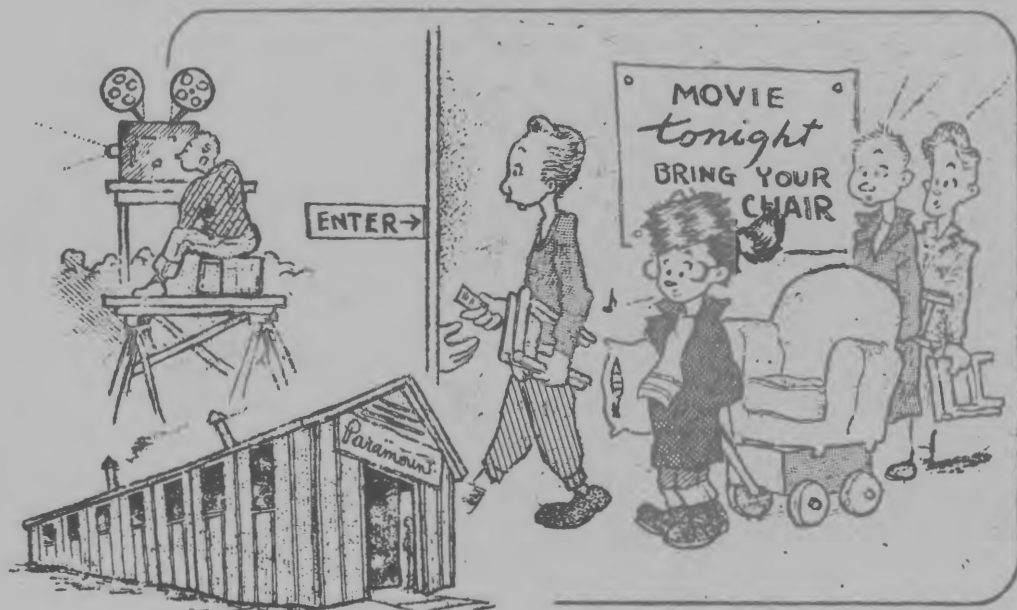
Move over!





TALENT SHOWS

MOVIES



RELOCATION

THE ROAD BACK TO
NORMAL LIVING



...And so, Lil Dan'l fades from the picture, and your artist throws away his pencil stub and paper to heave a long sigh of relief. The bags under his eyes will soon disappear, but the memories of the incidents recorded in this magazine will linger on.

May this pictorial review give you enjoyment in the years to come and help you to remember your first year in Rohwer.



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