

## Heart Mountain, Wyoming

Heart Mountain beckoned, with its odd shape, more like a top hat than a heart. The past few days I'd been reading books my fifth grade class of Japanese-Americans would use and making lesson plans. Sunday dragged even though I located the Christian Center and attended worship. I was not willing to admit I was homesick. This was a strange place with no relatives or friends. Lonely, I headed for the outcropping dubbed Heart Mountain. As usual with mountains it wasn't as close as it appeared. The magpies were as raucous as they were near the barracks where I had a room.

I examined a few pebbles among larger rocks. The polished, odd-shaped stones appeared to have once been water animals. One was a fossilized snail. A clump of Indian Paint Brush high-lighted the brown grass, tumbleweed and sagebrush, relieving the drabness and dreariness of the place. I hadn't yet located the green irrigated gardens near the Military Police Headquarters at the entrance of the camp.

As I walked under the beautiful blue sky with sun on my back I wished I had not been so quick to say "Yes" to Superintendent Carter's invitation to join the Heart Mountain teaching staff. School would not start for another week but I was worried I wasn't qualified to teach. No practice teaching in elementary school would be a definite disadvantage.