

Heart Mountain, Wyoming

The day before, Frances, one of my students, searched me out at my barracks dormitory room. She was ready to teach me Japanese. I was not yet aware that learning "o hi o" as a greeting was forbidden if taught by a Japanese-American.

The barbed wire fences and lookout towers still looked forbidding in 1944, even though I'd been assured they ^{were} then only a symbol of United States military authority. As I walked toward one of those towers, an olive army jeep climbed the hill from the camp. The driver smiled and I smiled in return. My strong anti-war sentiments had not kept me from being friendly to the University of Wisconsin campus service men. Here I was again expressing friendship to someone whose vocation I did not approve. The private assigned to make the round of the towers that evening invited me to climb the tower with him and view the camp. As we climbed he answered my question about the earlier use of these towers to intimidate residents. He had been in Pearl Harbor the earlier years of the war, but insisted the soldiers only did their duty of seeing that no one left the camp without a pass.

The jeep ride back to the dining hall was my first such ride. All military and civilian personnel ate in the small barracks dining hall unless they were fortunate to have one of the few apartments on base. Private Gene Davis left with an invitation to meet him at the PX one evening the next week to play pool. Later we met again at the guard tower.