

Thursday 5-18-44

Dear Family,

Did you wonder what had happened to me? Well, lots has since my last writing! In fact the past two weeks are like months as I look back!

Briefly, last week was nightmarish from Sunday on. I had known that Mrs. Pomeroy (former supt. Fed. and now head of Community Mgt.) and Mrs. Klunkoff (supt. Fed.) were both skeptical of Jerry's (and the whole original plan as developed by Dr. Hanna and others) educational philosophy but I hadn't guessed how personal and underhanded they were making the conflict. Sunday I learned they had asked Jerry to resign or they would fire him (that means hearings and investigations since he now has tenure under Civil Service). We also learned how Klunkoff had pumped people supposedly to keep things confidential and then misquoted them to Jerry. They had gone to some depths in being underhanded. Sunday we felt helpless because they weren't following the rules and you couldn't tell what

2/ they would treasure for months and then
spring in a cursation later! Then and
there I decided to go to Stanford "to find out
about my thesis" and incidentally
to get the straight story to Dr Hanna and
Mr. Gibson who could relay it to the
right people in Washington. The rest of
the week was exciting. When word of Jerry's
case reached the teachers they rallied to
his support and the Community
Council got word of it and took it
up (it seems, this is just a fragment of
a whole knot of problems, that is being
unwound on the project) and the
students started circulating petitions
for Jerry's retention. It has turned out to
be a most rewarding testimonial
of the evacuees' appreciation of sincere
effort on our part. By Friday when I
was to leave, things looked very rosy -
Mr. Comeroy was in Denver at a con-
ference and Mr. Klunkoff was backing
down into sweet reasonableness
and sugar syrup (we think he's just a
tool in Comeroy's hands - a little man
who isn't equal to his "inferiors"). The Community
Council kept sending grapevine messages
to us to sit tight and not to let Jerry resign
under any circumstances - "drastic

3/ action" was being taken - etc.

I went to Stanford anyhow and felt rewarded - but it was a strenuous four days! I left here 8:40 PM and found all buses crowded. I had to sit in the aisle on a suitcase from Wills to Elko and then was wedged between two soldiers on the back seat the rest of the way to S.F. When I arrived about 10 PM I had a hunch I should call Jimmy to make sure she had room for me (I had written her) - and she didn't. The two Palo Alto hotels were full, Kay Riekola had company and no room in her apartment and all S.F. hotels were full! Finally I got a room in the Y.W. with another girl who was very nice. I slept like the dead till Sunday noon.

I was able to get a hotel room in Palo Alto Sunday night so I went down. Ethel Suransky had just gotten my untouched thesis out of the clutches of Morson Theobald (who had been made director of the Scouts and found her self too busy to do it and felt too guilty to admit it). I went out to Ethel's and had a delightful visit and tea and we went over the thesis page by page. She will do a splendid job and I'll get my degree in July. I called Aunt Betty long distance Sunday and had a nice chat. She pounded

4/ busy and happy and delighted that I had called. She finds the 2 days a week at the hospital hectic, however. They have a very inexperienced young girl there 6 days a week and Aunt Betty's former assistant goes over 3 days a week so the girl is only alone Saturdays.

Monday I had a very satisfactory conference with Dr Hanna. I think the trip was worth it. I also saw Mrs Doyle and Nonie Davies of the office staff and Mr Roberts of the reading center. I had a good half hour's chat with Tenney and caught up on some of the news. Then I caught a bus to the city for a luncheon date with Kay Rikola who was to teach here. She looked like a million and we had a wonderful visit at the Persian Room of the St Francis Drake. Then she showed me where she works (she's in the office of a large optical company.). I spent the rest of the afternoon trudging up to the Red Cross offices in the Civic Auditorium to inquire about a scholarship in psychiatric social work. I couldn't see the right people but I got a little information. I was to get a 6:15 bus out so I started getting in line at 5:45. It was a mob scene. Soon it was so crowded

3) I didn't dare sit my suitcase down for fear I couldn't reach over for it. We stood that way till nearly 8:15! I was fortunate enough to get on the second bus. We left about 75 behind! They also left crowds in Valijo and Sacramento. The only difficulty in the trip back was that I had acquired a stiff neck Sunday night and holding my suitcase hadn't helped. As a result I slowly began to feel as though my head and shoulders were in a cast. As a final touch our bus broke down about 10 miles from Twin Falls and they had to take one off another route to pick us up. The owner of the line was so nervous he came out and drove us back himself. He just put his foot to the floor and we sailed! If we had met any thing or had a blow out it would have been too bad!

I arrived in Twin to find 27 of our Hunt boys reporting for the Army. I was glad to be able to see them off.

I got in here at 11:30.

I wouldn't have gone to work yesterday but we were scheduled to take the 6th grade through the school prior to choosing electives for 7th grade. It was cold and windy and dusty and I had to plow

6/ ground all day with the two groups.

Last night Ellen Herndon rubbed my back several times and I had a hot bath and went to bed fairly early - but today I was still stiff so I borrowed Gwen's electric gad and cooked my back till 10. Ellen said she could feel the knot in one muscle. I planned to go to work in mid morning but it is blowing fiercely and I didn't think it worthwhile to buck the wind for such a short time. I'll ride both ways this afternoon.

Since I've been back I haven't heard much about "our case" except that things are still stewing. The council had a 2 day session Tuesday and Wednesday and passed a strong resolution in Jerry's favor. When the whole story comes out about the total picture it promises to be a hot one! It looks now as though Jerry might decide to stay next year (he had previously planned to stay only until he had proved his record clear and he had another suitable job.).

As a result of all that excitement I was unable to accomplish anything!

7/ Every night the pattern was the same!
I did absolute necessities like Japanese
lesson and washings and spent the
rest of the time either conferring with
people or composing notes in the dorm.
It was exhausting!

The week before we were all stirred up
entertaining Sgt. Ben Kuroki the air
force hero here at the Project. We had a
parade for him Tuesday, a staff dinner
Thursday, he ~~was~~ crowned the May King
Queen at our May Day Friday (he gave
a fine speech too) and was guest at
a splendid luncheon given by the
Federated Christian Youth Fellowship.
He is a splendid young man and
just radiates wholesomeness and
sincerity. He boosted Project morale
wonderfully.

Thursday night of that week I gave a
book review before the Young Matrons
club. It was fair — I think they
enjoyed it. The girls in the dorm kidded
me — asked what I could tell matrons!

I have stayed home this morning
and cooked my neck and shoulders
and feel somewhat better now.
I mailed another bond this

morning.
Sorry to have been so late in writing,
Love,
Helen

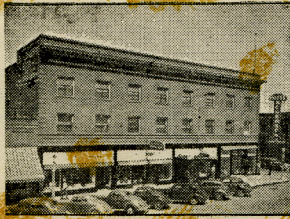
slept from 4 till ⁵ 7:45. I
had dinner with Margy
Pollock and we went to
"Standing Room Only." It is
a hilarious comedy.

I was home by 10:30 and
slept the clock around plus!
I had a delicious breakfast
at 12:15! Now I'm debating
going to Song of Russia this
afternoon. I'll get the 6:10
bus back to Kent.

Only 5 more weeks of
school. The thought chills me
when I consider what remains
to be done!

I'll skim your accumulated
letters when I get back to see if
any further answers are
needed. One I recall con-
cerns evaporated milk.
I had tried to hint subtly that
if you could spare me some
points I'd like to buy some
small cans to drink mightly to
try to put on weight. It would
involve terrific red tape to
apply for points from my own

97
ROGERSON



HOTEL

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LYNN STEWART, MGR.

IN THE HEART OF THE IDAHO POTATO DISTRICT

Twin Falls, Idaho

Look because I had to turn
that in to the Project for eating
all my meals there.

Andy Monmoto's address
on the announcement. He
sent me is 610 W. 115th St. (3B),
New York City 25.

Love,
Helen