

The Westerners Came Rumbling

Hello, Denson, Arkansas! Is this what you are? But where are the "corn-lik-kered" squirrel-gun-toting hillbillies, the sacred razorbacks, the snake and alligator-infested swamps and the 65 inches of rain we heard so much about while in California?

The "Westerners" who came rumbling 2,000 miles over the rails to establish one of the largest cities in Arkansas practically overnight have not had their worst fears confirmed. They have found that they have been able to live here without having to battle strange creatures and unknown elements.

Man has survived these thousands of years in different climes all over the world. The migrants, 1942 style, have been no different; they are making necessary adjustments and learning the "lay of the land" rapidly.

The "black-haired" ones from the Golden State have fitted into the physical and mental pattern of this war-born city. The Center, after five months, has assumed that "normal" appearance.

Unlike the hustling, scrambling world outside, on the whole, life here goes on at an almost even keel. In exchange for the loss of certain liberties, the Project's people do not have to worry about tires, gasoline, sugar, rent, hospital bills and other normal and wartime headaches.

Let's follow one of these transplanted citizens for awhile: Joe Evacueemoto gets up, rushes for the washroom. Then he dashes into the dining hall just before the 7:30 a.m. deadline. He trudges to work. He asks his fellow workers what they had for breakfast and registers surprise when he finds out his block had dried prunes instead of dried peaches They hold a discussion on the merits of their mess halls and praise and cuss their cooks. A girl next to him raves about the "sharp" dancer she



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