Mrs. Elmer Shirrell's Diary 44

August 1.

Elmer got me up at six to get back home by a little after eight.

...the Scudders arrived and in the late afternoon we took them over to see the Farm...The barley and potatoes look wonderful. The peas, beets (by the way, they are thinning the beets now and using them as greens in the mess halls) carrots, and rutabagos are coming on fine. The onions have had a hard life, however, the hot sun burning the tender stalks.

... - K and B are simply amazed at the size of the project and are fascinated by its possibilities.

August 2.

...

August 3.

O dear, it seems the Y.B.A. flew the Buddhist flag over the American flag while we were gone yesterday. Protests galore have poured in from colonists as well as staff members. We hope the whole thing a matter of ignorance and misunderstanding.

This afternoon Becky and I went to a meeting with several colonists and Miss Watson, a Y.W.C.A. secretary. The Girl Reserves are already in tentative organization here, and it was decided to concentrate on them for a while, letting the rest of the Y.W. program develop gradually.

After dinner we had a staff meeting, wives invited as usual.

There were several announcements and admonitions; the chief ones being those concerning the rating of colonists to be done monthly by foremen, section and division chiefs, and the warning that colonists must not be taken by staff members anywhere except to WRA property except in case of special

medical attention. Such medical cases, of course, would be covered by special passes. The necessity to emphasize this fact came on account of one staff member taking two colonists into Tule Lake for ice cream dodas.

The Sullivans, Townsends, and Weilers were not present. They'd gone in to K.F. early to deliver some rented cars back to their owners, as the rest of the WRA cars have come. We draw a ? Ken made a very fine talk which every one enjoyed very much. He certainly praised the project highly and then proceeded to give a number of extremely helpful suggestions.

August 4.

... managed to get myself dressed to go to K.F. where E. spoke at the Lions Club. We four went in, and Becky and I shopped hurriedly and then had luncheon at the Pelican.

We dashed back, stopping at Tule Lake...our Engineering Dept... Then we saw and approved plans drawn up for our house (if we get the Provost Marshall's 20 X 50 foot building).

The same plan will serve for a couple of similar buildings in the military area if (?). We got E's request granted for part of the military village, only 1/3 of which is now being used.

Between 3:30 and 6 I helped get ready for the party we are giving Ruth Elberson, entertaining Mrs. Henderson, and Mrs. Geary from K.F. for about 3/4 hour in the bargain.

About six I went to the administration building to meet Rotarians from K.F. and since we didn't have enough guides, served in that capacity myself for one car load.

I answered dozens of questions, I'm sure. I do get irked though

when people say "Well, I just hope our people in Japan are being treated as well as these," for I don't think the situations analogous. Our population here is about 75% American born, our own citizens.

Dinner at mess hall 15 was excellent...

The address of welcome by a member of the Council was extremely fine and very touching. In it was made a plea that those on the "outside" remember the genuine Americanism of those "within".

The community sing led by Sam Takagishi was the best I've ever known. ...the choir sang twice "American the Beautiful" and "Nearer Still Nearer." Any eyes left dry by Gerry Wakayama's address of welcome were wet when the choir had concluded.

Then we had vocal solos, a tap dance, tumbling act and the Hawaiian orchestra.

Again I was proud enough to burst, The whole affair went off so smoothly and beautifully that people were visibly impressed.

... We gave Ruth a crib and mattress, (at evening shower). She was almost overcome.

Our program was lovely... a solo "Lilac Tree" by adorable little Yoshiye Sakumura... and two songs by lovely Fumiko Yabe with her really exquisite coloratura soprano voice.

Mesdames Jacoby, Harkness, and Slattery provided hundreds of home made cookies...and Mrs. Fagan presided over the tea urn, Becky over the coffee.

After the party...we went to our respective homes, collected any husbands yet awake, armed ourselves with pots and pans to give the

Sullivans a good old fashioned (charivairee, chiveree?) When they came to the door, we trooped in and bestowed upon them the gift of the staff, an electric percolator and toaster, both very "illigent."

August 5.

I awoke tired but got up early to finish cleaning up after the party. Young Don Markness gave me a lift until the dining room waitresses discovered what I was up to when they insisted on finishing bringing in the tables and benches we'd removed for the party.

...interrupted shortly by the 'phone asking me to come take the Red Cross in tow. I ... dashed to the Ad. Building and returned with Mrs. Laird from the Alturas chapter and Mr. Woods from the S.F. office.

Since Ken was speaking at Tule Lake Rotary and Elmer was with him, Becky and I did the honors. Before we left I got Mr. Woods and Ted Waller together, but gosh, they locked horns. I surely wished for Elmer.

Ken came back feeling ill, but nevertheless, the Scudders left in the middle of the afternoon and after further conference I got the Red Cross people off.

Bridge in evening with Marg., Frannie and Ruth Alberson.

August 6.

Our first staff baby arrived this evening, little Miss Margaret Elberson. Since every one likes both parents all were delighted.

This morning Mrs. Iki came down to pay me for some thumb tacks, I'd bought her. She stayed all morning, and I found her most charming. She was taken by white people when she was only 8 months old. She has found association with Japanese of all classes very distasteful as hitherto her

friends have been either Caucasian or high class Japanese. Lack of table manners, particularly, revolts her, but even so, her attitude is unusually fine. She feels her lot here is better than that of the American soldier who lives in even more drab surroundings separated from his family as well as from his business.

May and Nancy called on me too, May bring sugar ration cards and money for me to get sugar. Their family will celebrate three birthdays soon ...

The colonists are simply cake starved... I can understand it since I saw the way the cookies disappeared at our party.

...

When I came back from the laundry tired...I flopped down on the couch while Margaret Hayes, almost as tousled reposed in a chair... callers, Mrs. Norton from Winema Gardens bringing me beautiful "glads."

August 7.

... went to town with Marguerite Harkness this afternoon. Mrs. Wilder, wife of the high school principal, is here looking us over before moving in, so she accompanied us. Marguerite got her drivers license...

At six Kit left for Heart Mt. Project at Cody, Wyoming. Miss Wetzel who has been "training" here, Dr. Iki and Miss Shinazaki, Kit's secretary, went with him. They are to set up the hospital there for Mr. Rachford.

Frankie and Frank Smith will leave Tuesday for Minadoka, Idaho, to help with the housing set-up. We are proud that our staff members are

chosen much as we need them here. Kit worked 3 hours this afternoon over a white boy, terribly burned in a gasoline explosion on the highway near here today. Mr. Gifford rushed to K.F. and back in 1:20 hour with blood plasma. Even so and with the gentian blue treatment, Kit is afraid he won't make it.

Elmer and I were over at the hospital tonight. Miss Graham looks terribly fagged; she assisted Kit all afternoon and is waiting up now to see the doctor from K.F. who is coming. Then she expects to have to get up in the night to assist with an obstetrical case, breech presentation.

We saw and talked to the father and mother of the boy who was burned. They are such toil worn, kindly patient farmer folk and both of them oh so desperately anxious.

We got back to the office about 10:30. The housing department was still in an awful mess with the census of last Friday night, largely because some block managers hadn't followed instructions and because of Sam's mulish inefficiency. Elmer sat down rolled up his sleeves, and went to it. We didn't leave until nearly one, but the youngsters are on the right track now. Sam just didn't dare obstruct Elmer as he does F.

Red cross chapter of our own organized today in the village.

August 8.

...the firemen had quite a time keeping a grass fire under control when they burned off an area where the poultry and hog buildings are to go. Mr. Rhodes was certainly hot, tired, and smoke begrinned when night came.

Franklin Scudder, E. and I stayed for dinner in town.

August 9.

... a good sermon by Rev. Mr. Fourness of Sacramento Council of Churches.

. We entertained him, his wife, daughter, and a Miss Nicolson at luncheon.

At two I addressed the Women's Association of Xian Churches. It was my first experience with an interpreter, a young Japanese Episcopalian clergyman. My audience was flatteringly attentive, and those who understood had very responsive faces. I suggested that it was not too early to begin to plan for Xmas.

Later the Wallers, Smiths and ourselves devoured an ice cold watermelon. After dinner the Jacobys, Mrs. Waller and I went to the farm where there were several groups picnicking. Alas, on account of rubber shortage and uncharitable white neighbors Elmer feels he must forbid the use of trucks for any picnics after today.

It develops the chief of police of Klamath Falls thinks we staff wives are using Japanese chauffeurs just because Kit had one of his orderlies drive the ambulance in to meet a sick patient at the train. The orderly was accompanied by Frank and Frankie in another car, both cars keeping together, but people up here seem to feel they are likely to be murdered in their beds...

A little problem has arisen of a Japanese ballad singer at an Issei program improvising a song of praise of the rising sun, much to the norror and distress of many Japanese present. He won't perform again, but otherwise I think no notice will be taken. There is no use of elevating the incident into a "martyrdom".

Mr. Clear from the Washington office visited with Elmer until 11:45 but before that Elmer and I had paid a couple of calls in the village. At one block manager's we were served tea by the attractive young wife. Their two year old boy was having his evening bottle. These people seem to have no sense about weaning children.

August 10.

The boy who was burned died today about noon...

One of the mess halls is upset; young, inexperienced cooks and as a result some people weren't fed tonight. The cooks insist they didn't have the food to cook, but the steward's department says "poor management."

The Civil Service has terminated Mr. Blodgett's appointment. They are pleasant people who will be missed. Both Smiths are slated to go, but E. will put up a tremenduous battle for them, and for Mr. Cooke.

We called in the village tonight on several block wardens.

August 11.

...washed this afternoon about 3 after entertaining Nancy, May, and their mothers for an hour. As Nancy's mother speaks no English and May's mother not too much, conversation was difficult.

This evening the judge, sheriff, district attorney, and county clerk dined with us. They came over here to hold court to commit a man to Napa, our first case of insanity.

That reminds me that poor inoffensive Mrs. Imagawa, collecting material for flower arrangement classes got off our property the other day and nearly scared an old woman silly. She saw a Japanese with a pair of scissors approaching a shrub so she barricadedherself in the house and 'phoned the Sheriff for help.

Mr. Imagawa is one of the pillars of the Christian church here and regards me as his special friend. He's bestowed on me a tub of marigolds and in return asks me to bring him ten pounds of fertilizer!

It is nearly eleven, but Elmer is still at council meeting in the village. Each block has a council representative and now all 64 of them are trying to draw up a constitution and get their permanent organization going. Since some speak little English all meetings last for hours and hours.

Aug. 12 to Aug 21.

Elmer has been in conference in San Francisco during this period. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, regional--Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday with the Washington groups, including the director Mr. Myer. I stayed in Oakland at Mother Crawford's.

The sessions were evidently strenuous; one night Elmer didn't leave the committee room until 11 o'clock. That was the day he succeeded in getting some of the "Tule Lake Bible" incorporated with its program of training not only on the job, for the job, but for future post war placement.

Mr. Ernst, the project director for Central Utah Project drove back with us through a very hot Sacramento Valley.

Aug. 22.

We arrived here this morning about 9:30 after spending the night in Dunsmuir. Everyone seemed glad to seeus. I think Joe was glad to be relieved of some of the responsibility, for he certainly had a baptism of fire--and aquitted himself well.

The night we left, that is around 4 a.m. store number 3 caught fire through a defective "pop" machine. A warden saw the blaze and gave the

alarm. The fire department arrived in record time and headed by Mr. Rhodes put out the fire without causing great damage by water specially to be commended since it meant the precious store repairing equipment was saved.

The next Saturday morning the Public Works and Farm crews did not go to work. They regarded themselves as striking because work clothes had not yet been provided.

Elmer and Mr. Fryer went into a huddle and E. wired that no one strikes against the U.S. that the strikers were jeopardizing all he was trying to do, and that they were spoiling the fine reputation Tule Lake Project had enjoyed.

Joe, meantime, had told the men if they had grievances to appoint a committe to contact the administration, but not to be foolish and mill around in a mass. They followed his advice and after he'd read their committee E's wire and talked with them, all quieted down and next morning every one went to work.

Tonight we took Mrs. Ernst to a program given by the music and Dance Divisions of the Recreation Department. This program was held on the outdoor stage and despite a poor public address system, a worse piano, and the discomfort of sitting on the ground, we felt the standard of the performance very high. Sears-Roebuck donated over a hundred yards of material which the sewing department had made into lovely costumes. Many of the dancers have been taking lessons only two months but the tap routines were amazing. Music both instrumental and vocal was of high caliber.

...An audience of fully 5,000 sat listening and watching for over two hours. The colorful finale was a Spanish Fiesta scene!

August 23.

Today was highlighted by a trip to the farm. Everything has grown prodigiously; we ate huge, sweet juicy carrots and handfuls of luscious green peas. If the cold weather will hold off just a while longer, we'll have a bumper crop, but there was a thunder storm not far off, and I'm a little fearful lest we never get our squash, cucumbers, or beans. We are beginning to ship turnips, beets, and spinach to Parker and Manzanar.

August 24.

Nancy and May showed up this afternoon; the former having a morning glory in a tin can, the latter some paper flowers her mother had made. I took them home later whereupon their mommas and Nancy's sisters all rushed out to say "How do you do" and "Sank you, sank you verry much," such polite little folk they are.

Staff meeting tonight was very long on account of the necessity of telling all about the conferences etc. and the new idea of W.R.A. of trying to get the colonists relocated out of the Western Defense Area as fast as possible - also the scheme for laborers to go out to the sugar beet fields.

August 25.

I was domestic..., visiting meantime with Marguerite Harkness, Mrs. Kallam, and Dorothy Smith who were occupied in like manner.

This afternoon I attended a meeting which was looking for ways and means to establish some higher education courses here. W.R.A. furnished no funds beyond high school, but need of education for those who of necessity will soon be the leaders of the Japanese Americans has brought a conference of educators here from S.F. Junior College, Sacramento J.C., University of Calif., U.C.L.A. and Whittier College as well as a member of the state board.

Tonight E. is at Council meeting. He looked very tired at dinner which was just a procession of people consulting E. on this or that, rather than a relaxing meal.

Council meetings are always terrifically long.

August 26.

Elmer didn't get home until midnight--dead tired....

Frankie and I went to Tule Lake this morning. This evening E. and I went to the final meeting of the education committee.... the committee long winded, but we got what we wanted, I think.

August 27.

Yesterday I lost my check stubs; today Mrs. Conner, Frankie and I went into town to try to find them but to no avail - ...

This evening I was a judge at the high school "oratoricals" - Three girls only - "My Thoughts on War and Peace" received first place, I making the award.

...went with Elmer to the dance given by the Placement office.

August 28.

Bill Leonard came last night from Winnies and the children returned from the Island. I piloted them on a tour of the farm; how big Bill's eyes grew as he realized the magnitude of the project with its great agricultural program. I know, for he's certainly sold on what we are accomplishing.

At 1:30 Frankie and I went to a nursery school program where we laughed ourselves sick over "Little Black Sambo" done in blackfaces by cunning moon-faced, almond eyed little Nipponese-Americans.

After the program given to a large audience of appreciative mothers, and grandfather or two, other young fry... Mrs. Newton and daughter here.

The evening from 7 to 9:30 was spent in acting as judge for the Post-High School Oratoricals - 10 speakers 8 boys and girls all of whom have had some experience in college or Jr. colleges. The winner spoke on "We Carry the Torch" i.e. for the minority groups in the U.S. and as such necessary to watch carefully lest civil liberty be destroyed little by little.

All the talks were thoughtful and well constructed. Only one speaker showed bitterness and some hopelessness that Japan and the U.S. will ever be able to resolve their difficulties.

After the decision was given, I came home, dressed, and went to the dance of the University of California Club.

August 29.

...I was tired from the day before. I forgot to say that in the late afternoon, I guided Mrs. Newton and her daughter around the Project, stopping at the hospital to leave the lovely flowers they brought and to see the babies.

Before luncheon Elmer called to say Walter Clark and a friend were coming. ... After luncheon I took them to the mass meeting at the outdoor stage where for two hours E. explained the new W.R.A. policies and answered questions. As everything had to be translated into Japanese, the process was a lengthy one. We left long before he had finished so that I might show something of the village and the hospital. Both Walter and Mrs. Blomquist were impressed to the point of exclaiming over and over of the size of the project and the complexity of the task.

Meantime the Army came and took 40 trucks we had had from the C.C.C. crippling us very badly. Also a new construction engineer arrived to take Dan Shecan's place, Dan having gone to Minadoka. The new man stayed two

hours and resigned. He didn't like the way we live!

A pleasant dinner and evening at the Harknesses rested us somewhat from a strenuous day.

August 30.

...Elmer had to leave soon as he had a meeting to consider ways and means with the limited number of trucks left us.

I forgot to say Luther Stults is gone, and we have a new steward, Mr. Peck. He was formerly with the Construction Co.

This afternoon the Carsons and us (minus Warren) went to look at the Fish and Game house where the Carsons plan to live and then to the farm to see if the cold mornings with their frost have done any damage. The beans and squash both suffered but were not totally ruined. Everything else is fine.

To let Joyce Jacoby go to Crater Lake with her spouse, I took her place at a meeting of 12 to 15 year olds. At its close the Rev. Mr. Kuroda came in to ask me to take a man to the hospital, but a warden came by so that I was excused from that duty.

August 31.

...

September 1.

...

Mr. Fryer flew in today from Minedoka. He and Elmer were together much of the afternoon, E. having met him at the airport. We took him back to town tonight. The poor man looked gray with fatigue after his tour to all the projects. He is very discouraged with the Utah project, fears

the land is no good, and is heartsick to think Tanforan goes there. He is pleased with this project... Elmer had to hurry back for Council Meeting.

September 2.

This morning our teacher's institute opened, Elmer gave an excellent address. Evelyn Johnson Davy is one of the teachers; I hadn't seen her for 27 years.

We are short about 25 teachers; I may have to teach but am really hoping that I won't.

Drs. Wagoner and Little from Mills and Miss Steels from Cal. arrived to see Marianne Robinson who is in S.F. I offered myself as guide therefore and piloted them about over the project and farm, a two or three hours' jaunt.

...I managed to get him (Elmer) and the Throck Mortons off for a sunset drive over by Petroglyph Point. Coal is arriving faster than we can get it unloaded; trucks are all too few and our vegetables ripen apace -- no wonder E. needs to get away for a few minutes.

September 3.

Frankie and I spent the morning in Tule Lake, and this afternoon I took Mrs. Kallam to call on Mrs. Newton. ... We are crazy about the Project, we do enjoy the colonists, but once in a while the six inch dry dust, the absence of all trees, and the lack of privacy coupled with the sameness of barracks rooms and furniture become overpoweringly depressing. (Of course these same irritations apply even more to the colonists, and they can't go outside to call)

Life has been very strenuous the past few days. Now the construction

men are all upset and not working, chiefly on account of a lack of tact by Caucasian staff members. The maintenance girls are "uppity" too, but with less reason. They are mad because they have to walk to work.

Warden's ball this evening.

September 4.

I spent part of the morning and afternoon at teachers institute. We had a very fine entertainment from our young folk today. I said afterward to some of the performers "I'm so proud of you; I feel just like a fond momma," to which Helen Mayeda and a young man dance instructor said in unison"And such a nice mamma, too." It touched me, for they are as Frank Smith says, "such swell kids."

Elmer was in a long conference with the construction foremen today. Just as he thought he had them about settled, Mr. Slattery threw a monkey wrench into the works by saying, "All the trouble makers are right in this room" and then once again diplomacy had to be exercised.

Joe is meantime working frantically on the coal unloading situation and the maintenance girls continue sulky after having had a row with Mrs. Tracy (who is sharp tongued, I'll admit).

75 new colonists arrived today from Portland and several sick (T.B's.) the other night. Winnie accompanied Kit to drive one ambulance.

At dinner time tonight the fire whistle sounded. E. and I were just leaving the Ad. Building. He dashed for the fire while I went on to the dining room. After a bit, I glanced across the aisle and lo, there sat Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Ownes, and Mr. Hoffman, the regional fire chief, not one of whom had heard the siren. E. has certainly kidded them about letting him fight fire alone. As a matter of fact, the firemen did a fine job--just another

case of faulty construction in a mess hall.

September 5.

The block managers, wardens, and other volunteers unloaded five cars of coal last night, and had themselves a jolly time in so doing. In addition the construction gangs have decided to go back to work Tuesday, after having had the requisiste number of meetings. Every so often these people just have to stop and pow wow.

I got E. away this afternoon to drive into Tule Lake on an errand.

...

This evening came the crowning of the queen for Labor Day. For several weeks the contest has been going on. Finally the field was narrowed to seven candidates and of these, a tall slender maiden received the most votes and was duly proclaimed queen. Elmer, who donned his dinner jacket for the occasion, escorted her through a crowd of about 10,000 to the stage and throne chair. There he crowned her while the six defeated candidates attended her as maids of honor.

Later we attended the ball given in her honor by the Recreation Department. It was certainly a gala occasion and lots of fun with a grand march and several simple but amusing folk dances in which every one participated. Refreshments were fairly elaborate for up here, as we had crackers spread with cheese, olives, ice cream cones, and the ever present potato chips. I never knew people could like the last named so well...

September 6.

Church this morning with Father Dai (Rev. Mr. Kitagawa, Episcoplaian) in charge. He gave a good Labor Day sermon, taking his text from Genesis

"In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread."

The afternoon was spent with a committee of three others judging the exhibits for tomorrow. We were simply overwhelmed by the perfection of the articles we were to judge, literally dozens of everything too, hand sewed, machine sewed, embroidered, knitted, crocheted. Three sewing instructors exhibited their classes' work, frocks, skirts, blouses, dressing gowns, and lingerie. There were knitted dresses, sweaters and socks, crocheted bed spreads, table covers, and doilies. An elderly man had made of scrap lumber a miniature saw-mill in which little mannikins pulled cross saws back and forth, the whole contraption run by the wind produced by a small electric fan. Near it stood a delicate wooden screen, and a landscape with tiny carved cranes and still tinier carved turtles all with an exquisitely painted backdrop of cloud and sky. Proudly the old gentleman displayed his blue ribbon!

At six E. and I dashed to Mrs. Newton's to return ladened with pine boughs, delicate greens and flowers for the flower arrangement exhibit.

Then tired and hungry we went down to Stronghold as we'd missed dinner here. A neighboring woman was eating there with her husband and what a tirade we were subjected to. "The damned Jap camp gets all the ham and bacon in the country--girls and women aren't safe here in their own homes--if you don't look out we'll declare an open season on the yellow, slant-eyed devils". On and one, louder and louder she raved. Elmer talked to her very quietly; finally , she half way subsided. I kept silent, otherwise I think I should have been moved to do bodily violence.

September 7.

Today came our big celebration with its parade and flag raising at our new 200 foot flag pole. "Bricks without straw" - What a people to do great

things with those things others despise.

When I saw one float covered with cattails, I realized why the other day I had passed a whole line of our farm trucks stopped by the roadside while various men gathered cattails. Fearful of censure on them, from passers by or from neighboring farmers, I had stopped and kindly suggested that it might be better for them to drive on. Now I blushed with shame to feel that in American we'd deny harmless human beings whose only crime is an accident of birth, the very cattails that grow in our marshes.

Tears came as the 350 boy scouts marched by, followed by the lovely camp fire girls, the majorettes, and the bright eyed bands, but to see American Legionaires stepping by bearing the American flag, men who wore wound stripes from the last war, virtual prisoners in a land they have fought for...-

The farm float was very lovely with its rows upon rows of scrubbed vegetables arranged in a pretty design of form and color--huge turnips, beets, giant white radishes, heads of lettuces, red radishes, onions, cabbage.

In the afternoon I went to the program given by the music, dance and drama departments. Later I escorted Elmer and Mrs. Newton to the exhibits, all of us beinf remarkably impressed by the flower arrangement exhibit which was extremely lovely.

This evening we spent a little time down at the talent show in the village, the first part for the Nisei, the second for the Issei.

September 8.

... flew around to get started for Alturas at a little after ten where E. spoke to the Rotary Club at noon...The military is having a dance for the

school teachers and we have to go, alack.

Sept. 9.

(The dance wasn't bad). Tonight we had a fine staff meeting featured by a talk by Father Whitton, our Catholic chaplain, who lived in Japan for ten years as head of the missionary work done by the MaryKnoll fathers. It is certainly interesting to hear him tell us many of the things E. and I have felt we had discovered and to know we are correct. We all laughted when he spoke of the Japanese love for meetings, and then more meetings.

September 10.

... The doctors and dentists are on the rampage now, and it is discouraging when the educated Japanese can't realize that if W.R.A. can't make this thing go, the army will!

September 11.

Now the warehouses are having a time. It seems strange that the colonists respect private property to the nth degree, we never lock our doors, but government property is another matter. They snitch much food from the warehouses, and E. met the women from the packing sheds tonight going home ladened with vegetables. Perhaps considering how many white feet get into Uncle Sam's public trough, no one should consider the Japanese peculiar. They are just more honest about personal belongings.

Tonight we dined with the Jacobys-Jakes father and mother are here, and we had delicious sweet corn for dinner, the only good corn I've had this season....

While we were there there was a fire alarm, another mess hall, wooden platform under the concrete block in which the range sits. Why oh why

did the army engineers fail to see the danger of such construction?

September 12.

Everybody is busy with sugar beet contracts, getting workers out to Idaho, Utah, and Montana. Meantime the school department is in a dither getting ready to open Monday. We are short of seats, books, and teachers. There are no blackboards and no small supplies.

We went to a dance in the colony tonight, given by some of the Seattle and Portland young people.

September 13.

The blow has landed. I have to substitute at high school until more teachers can be found. I suppose if none are to be had, I'll have to remain indefinitely.

If our construction crews would only move faster. No action has begun yet on our house or the teachers' dormitories. They are living in the part of the military quarters we have taken over. When their quarters are done, work begins to make apartments of the former military barracks.

We took the Harknesses to the farm tonight. The barley fields on every side were simply balck with geese and the sky was beautiful with their long, graceful formations. We begin harvesting tomorrow; here is hoping we have some barley left.

September 14.

School under difficulties. One block of barracks has been taken over for the high school with three class rooms to a barracks. The buildings are unceiled and have no doors between class rooms. There are some chairs and a few benches for furniture, but no blackboards, no desks, no books.

There is no auditorium, no loud speaker system, no bells.

I'm catapulted into the history department, largely world history courses for 9th and 10th graders. Every class has some 40 or more in it.

Dr. Thompson and party arrived today. He is transferring five of our doctors. It seems we have too many, other projects too few. (I hope he gets the trouble makers).

September 15.

Such a cold in my head but school goes on apace. Duncan McKay and wife were here today, he is a lieutenant in army engineers. I used my free period after luncheon to show her the project.

Elmer is at council meeting. I suppose that means midnight.

Sept. 16.

I guess Council Meeting was plenty hot last night. This Japanese doctor business is a headache. Kit was present to answer questions about the hospital. Anyway Elmer didn't get home until after midnight...

There was some unpleasantness in the village too. A repatriate tried to go with the beet sugar workers but through one of the girls in Placement was apprehended.

After school tonight we had a short faculty meeting and then I had to take Mr. Gibson from Regional Office over to inspect the teachers quarters.

It seems we are the only project to get our schools going, and he's very desirous of seeing how we've been able to do it.

Elmer was sick all A.M. but went to Rotary at noon and has gone to Yreka this afternoon.

September 17.

...

The first school assembly was held today, very fine considering the adverse circumstances. A loud speaker was installed back of the barracks in which the principal's office is located and a platform erected under it. The crowd of about 3,000 gathered around. Sam Tackagishi led in community singing and yells. A very good talk was made by a colonist teacher and several from the recreation department performed.

Tonight we went to a dance being held for Tom Okabe and the girl he is marrying. It has turned very cold; on the way home a fire alarm sent us scurrying to a shower building in one of the blocks -- just another chimney burning out. This Utah coal makes too much soot.

September 18.

... Tonight we relaxed at Kits' and Winnie's, taking a visiting fireman along.

At last Frank has grown hard boiled enough to dispense with Sam who has been a thorn in his side long enough. He's been very non-cooperative in the sugar beet business, practically refuses to work after his 8 hours are over.

It was discovered today that a young fellow here gave his name and pass to go to the beet fields to a man not eligible. The F.B.I. is on the trail of the one who's gone and the one here is in custody.

September 17.

I've had to spend all morning at a teacher's meeting, but this afternoon we drove Bob Petrie and Kiyo Kobayashi out to the farm. She had

a beautiful time; it was the first time she'd been off the place since she arrived, our first registered nurse.

To see literally thousands of geese sitting and eating our fine barley was almost too much. They act as though they owned the place and are playing smash.

Tonight was the wedding of Tom and Rose, very lovely indeed, with the Rev. Mr. Kuroda officiating. The recreation hall was prettily decorated, the bride all in white with a veil and lovely bouquet, a gorgeous two tiered wedding cake and so on. ...

Later we went to our first big general staff party where we danced in the mess hall and had games in the staff recreation building....

Before the evening was over, Elmer and Frank were called out by our "triangle" which bobs up every now and then. The woman and her paramour wanted to go to the beet fields; the husband was threatening to commit hari-kiri.

September 21.

The fire alarm sounded about five, but when Elmer found by telephoning that it was another mess hall chimney, he went back to bed.

I went to church in the 47 block with Ken and Marguerite. The speaker used to be with the Y.M.C.A. at the Seaman's Institute in New York. He was very interesting and gave a talk I wish all Japanese would hear and take to heart, especially about the relationship of parents to children and vice versa.

Our house is being worked on at last. I'll wager we'll be in by Xmas. The W.P.A. had nothing on the slowness with which our people work.

Nancy brought candied cherries today, a gift from her mother because Toyoko, one of the girls, has recovered from appendicitis, a Japanese custom, it seems to give gifts to celebrate.

I am swamped with school work. I didn't get through before it was time to go to Klamath Falls to dine with the Reeves family; he is the S.P. man for this district, and we grew well acquainted when our trains were coming every day.

September 22.

Rush...to get my five civil service forms off. O what a day. Elmer's had his troubles, too. Mr. S. just can't seem to get anything out of the construction gang.

We dahsed to K.F. where Elmer spoke at the Business and Professional Women's Club...Then they called on me.

September 22.(?)

I was good and sick in the night. It's been as much as a bargain to go to school today. My assistant, Fumiko Hitomi did most of the work.

E. at Council until 12:30.

September 23.

Today I dashed home to accompany Elmer, Frank and Frankie to Weed where E. spoke to the Lion's Club and we had a quiet restful dinner...

September 24.

We are working trying to adjust the size of our classes, a terrible chore.

Meantime the farmers are on their high horse and the painters too. These people would rather sit down and pow-wow than eat.

I dashed back from school for a few minutes to go to a tea for Don Elberson's mother.

E. is at the Forum tonight but I'm working on school work.

September 25.

.... The furniture people have quit now, they don't get along at all with Mr. Rouner. E's had a beastly day, but we had a pleasant dinner and evening at the Scott Warrens.

September 26.

Teachers meeting again. It seems under civil service, we have to work Saturday mornings. Gosh, I need some free time.

Right after luncheon some music teachers from the B. & P.W. Club arrived. After I showed them the Project, I took them to the Music Department where the young people put on a fine program for them. ...

September 27.

... and then Elmer, the Carsons and I went to see our new baby chicks, and the pigs that have just been bought. After that we rode over to the farm.

This evening I have worked on papers until 9:30 when we went to a dance for which we were chaperones. We stayed only until 10:30 -- to tired.

September 28.

A new teacher is here so that I am to have only five classes a day instead of the six I had today. I'll teach U.S. history four hours in the morning and then have a 2:15 - 3:15 world history class. What a relief it will be not to have to remain until 5:15 any longer.

I took a sick girl to the hospital this afternoon and Fumiko too, who has a sort of charley-horse.

Elmer's day has been vile. I haven't seen enough of him to find out the reasons. A group has been here from the War Information Bureau wanting a broadcast from the village.

I just got back from a meeting in our recreation hall to find who wants to buy groceries from the cooperative store in Oakland. I ordered my winter's supply of canned fruit and some other odds and ends.

September 29.

Well, the village decided not to cooperate with the W.I.B. Meantime, a regional man has been here on the furniture sit-down. Elmer has been run nearly ragged. Everyone here is disgusted at the refusal to play ball. E. came home from Council at 10. I guess he told 'em off a little.

September 30.

Life continues strenuous but some of the council are coming to see how foolish it is to let the Issei boss everyone around.

Meantime a rumor of Congress being about to revoke the citizenship of the Americans of Japanese descent has everybody excited. One of my good little students asked me today. She was worried sick.

This evening we went to Tule Lake on an errand with the Smiths returning to the Carsons to listen to some good music; we needed the relaxation.

October 1.

Elmer, Kit and Winnie had a delightful trip to Cedarville, but I taught as usual. One bright spot in my life is that 80 books

came for U.S. history and 32 for world.

Now it's the farm labor and the vegetable packers who are along on their jobs. Moreover produce merchants are still loath to buy our beautiful vegetables. Silly geese!

October 2.

After much finagling I divided 80 books among 170 pupils - what a life. I was so tired when I got home, I took a nap.

Our house is coming along. The bathroom fixtures are installed as is the kitchen sink. We hope we can be in and settled by the tenth as Mr. Myer arrives on the 12th to stay several days and we'd like to entertain him there.

I went to a Red Cross meeting tonight in the village.

October 3.

School meeting this A.M. I hate giving up my Saturday mornings. Moreover, I became very wrothy because two of our teachers just drip sweetness and light - but no common sense. They think all teachers can be so interesting that no pupil will be absent or tardy. Hah!.

Afterwards I took magazines down to Mrs. Kawanchi to be used by the Campfire Girls to make books for the hospital. Still later E. and I went to K.F.

October 4.

Today was World Communion Sunday, but although I went to church from 10 to 1, I never did get communion. I went to the Nisei meeting first and was asked to take the minister (Mr. Smith) from there to the Issei gathering near the cemetery

immediately after he'd finished preaching.

Such an inaccessible spot as it was. I dumped the poor man out as close as I could get and then wasted about 15 minutes trying to get my car closer. Finally I gave up and plowed the quarter of a mile through the gravel.

There I sat until nearly one in the broiling sun (with just a wrap-around turban on my poor defenceless head) only to discover that the congregation had "communed" in my absence.

Later we went to a very poorly attended mass meeting of the Nisei. They've been all "het up" about a couple of bills in Congress in regard to their citizenship rights, but even so, few showed up, and after Mr. Ferguson spoke, the meeting resolved itself into a more or less acrimonious debate between Walter Tsukamoto and one of our Phi Betes.

Guy Bosker is here and drove into K.F. with us when we took Mr. F. back.

October 5.

I've felt horrid all day; too much sun yesterday.

October 6.

Such brats. I could have killed some of my fourth period class. An assembly was held; all who desire are to quit school to work in the harvest, picking up potatoes.

Our strikes continue.

October 7.

With about half my pupils I've carried on today while Fumi has gone to the farm to do "bossing" duty. It is a great

relief to have smaller classes but very difficult to take the roll. My Japanese pronounciation leaves much to be desired and then, too, I have to write out a list of all absent and all present - takes ages. Of course, we are more or less marking time anyway.

Kit has been about ready to quit today. Dr. T. doesn't move to get Harada away from here, and he's just adroitly sabotaging the hospital.

A G-2 man here today.

October 8.

F.B.I. man here today. Hope he throws a gh scare into our agitators. Teachers' meeting tonight instead of Saturday - glory be.

Our house gets better and better.

October 9.

No school at all next week. The regular teachers have to report for curriculum work, but I'll be able to move and enjoy life.

October 10.

A telegram from Harriette that Brent died last night - also a letter from Ed. that Edna is very poorly. As a result I'm going south, probably by train as it is very cold and stormy.

October 11. to October 16. Elmer and I drove into K.F. so I could catch the early train, but it was so late, I commandeered the car and drove down, leaving him to hitch hike home. At 35 miles an hour, I

reached Colusa at 5 o'clock. I remained until Tuesday when I went to Oakland. Found Edna better, Pat "eloped." Left Thursday about noon and drove to Corning after spending an hour in Colusa with H.

Stopped in K.F. Thursday to have the car serviced and on home by 4:30.

October 17.

We moved today. Everything is wonderful, but sort of messy.

October 18.

Washed dishes, unpacked, worked all day.

October 19.

Still settling in.

October 20.

Ditto.

October 21, 22 & 23

Pink eye.

October 24.

Some better and in dark goggles went into Klamath Falls to shop. Elmer bought out half the Ben Franklin store at Merrill on our way into town.

October 25 - Sunday

Sixteen people in during the course of the day. I'd decided to have dinner at home; we ate it with six people sitting around watching us.

October 26.

My new little maid arrived today. She'll come every

morning at ten, clean up the house, make the beds, get luncheon and do the dishes.

October 27.

The time goes fast. Our house is almost in order.

October 28.

Went to K.F. with Mrs. Thomas today to a party at the .... A woman on being introduced said, "O, I see by the paper you are to be investigated."

"By whom?" I asked

"O, Uncle Sam", said she.

I returned airily, "We're used to that."

As a matter of fact the governor of Oregon has been joining in with the anvil chorus round about us. According to him we have 15,000 Japanese, only 6,000 of whom will work. The others just grouse about their food. He makes no mention of the fact that part of the 9,000 is made up of children, old men, and women, and the mothers of little children.

The K.F. Chamber of Commerce has investigated us; so has the Redding. The most fantastic rumors float about - enough to drive one crazy, but they make me furious. Fortunately, E. takes them in a more philosophical frame of mind.

October 29.

Spent all afternoon at a Y.W. meeting; it was the bunk!

October 30.

Frankie, Margaret, and I went shopping in Tule Lake.

October 31.

Our harvest festival today with a splendid parade at 10 o'clock all on foot to save rubber. The school children were adorable as Hansel and Gretel, The Old Woman in a Shoe, Bo-Peep, Flower Faces, etc. The Issei had a very interesting group illustrating 17 syllable verse which they have composed since arriving here. One man dressed in woman's attire carried a knitting bag, pattern drafting tools, and artificial flowers. His poem read "Even old women learn new arts at Tule Lake Project."

In the afternoon I went to a fine musical program and then over a little while to the booths which were doing a rushing business, especially the hamburger and wiener stands.

In the parade the farm crew had hats made of turnips. It seemed unbelievable that turnips could grow large enough to make caps for grown men.

November 1.

Mr. Chapman is staying with us. We sat up talking last night about his experiences in Japan etc. This morning I went to church to hear him speak.

About five thirty, Frank, Frankie, E. and I drove into Klamath Falls where we had dinner and then took E. to the train. I wasn't very hungry as E. and I had been guests of the Young Buddhists at a turnkey dinner given in honor of a Mr. Goldwater, an Englishman who is a Buddhist priest (He's a piffling creature but the dinner was good).

Mr. Chapman and Francis Stewart are occupying the guest

room so that I'm not afraid.

November 2.

School opened again this morning. I went to sleep last night dreading my fourth period class, but for some reason they were angelic. The meanest one of the lot didn't return, glory be. Also another glory, my room has been sealed (or is it ceiled).

November 3.

We had school just two periods today as the study halls aren't ready yet and it's too bitterly cold for youngsters to stand around outside.

Woke up with lumbago - very painful, but managed to keep going. The weather is cold!

November 4.

E. got home this morning. All quiet on our home front here.

November 5.

Weather is cold - still have lumbago, but a little better. Went to our program of "Japanese Culture." The Issei group from the parade appeared in costume;each verse was read in Japanese and then explained. The whole thing was tremendously interesting. Afterwards E. and I went over to Frank's birthday party which the boys and girls from his department were giving him. We had a delightful time; they are fine young people.

November 6.

This afternoon we went to a handicraft exhibit in Block 29. Two pictures, one of Paul Revere's ride, another a portrait of Captain Colin Kelly gave me pause. There were beautiful vases,

articles of furniture, paintings, model airplanes.

A party this evening was very lovely. It was given by the Union Church for the teachers. The program was unusually fine, a Sibelius number and the 1st movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, played by 15 year-old Carl Niwa, Mozart's Alleluiah sung by a young woman with a fine voice and excellent stage presence, a reading by one of the girls, community singing, and remarks by the Rev. Mr. Kiagawa (Father Dai). Then we all had tea while we visited. The tea table was very attractive, presided over by Mrs. Saito in a beautiful Kimono at one end and a friend of hers in kimono at the other end of the table. Both women were very beautiful.

November 7.

Teachers meeting in the morning and a quick dash to Klamath Falls in the afternoon. Kit and Winnie and the Shirrells played bridge in the evening over at the hospital.

November 8.

We went to church this morning and to the farm this afternoon. Elmer was with me for the latter. We called on the Reverend Mr. Tanabe, too. His mother died a few days ago.

The Throckmortons came over this evening.

November 11

Life is too strenuous; I just can't keep up my daily dozen in this note-book. I teach as hard as I can go all morning 4 periods of U.S. History, a ten minute walk home, luncheon, ten minutes back, a study hall, then World History. After that come

various chores at school, and then come home chores after I return. Perhaps I get dinner; perhaps we eat at the messhall, always many interruptions and unexpected jobs.

November 13.

Terrific dust storm this afternoon. We could hardly breathe at school. I hear Captain P. made an ass of himself at a Legion meeting Armistice night. He likes to be the big shot, especially when he's half full so he orated at length on the fact that he was sitting on the lid of a powder keg out here; things might blow up any time. He keeps himself and some of his men in a case of the jitters most of the time.

November 14.

Cleaned my first ducks today; wasn't hard at all. I was surprised. What a dust storm. The wind drove the sand in in piles everywhere on the south side of the house.

November 15.

A collection was taken at church today for war sufferers. Out of their pitiful little earnings the Japanese Christians gave liberally for the Greeks, French, etc. It seemed plenty pathetic to me, especially in view of the hatred with which some Americans regard them.

I cleaned and cleaned house this afternoon - thought I never would get all the dust taken up from yesterday.

We dined on pheasant at the Kendall Smiths tonight.

November 17.

I was to have spoken to the League of Women Voters in K.F.

tonight, but after several days of pleasant weather, we've suddenly had a blizzard so the meeting was called off.

November 18.

E. went to a conference in Salt Lake today. I went to the "movies" with the Eastmans. Charlotte was to stay with me, but remained in K.F. overnight, so I stayed alone after all, why not? The only possible fear that I'd have would be a drunken soldier.

November 19.

Grace Hosakawa gave a very interesting lecture and demonstration of Japanese flower arrangement to the Teachers' Group tonight.

November 20.

Went to the U.C. Club Rally tonight as tomorrow is the Big Game. Everyone tried hard to have plenty of spirit, but the younger group, especially those who were students at Cal. last year couldn't help contrasting last year and this.

November 21.

Ruth and Mort drove to Reno to meet E. but I just couldn't take the time, swamped with work.

November 22.

E. home at midnight after a good trip.

November 28.

Teachers' meeting this morning and E. insistent on a quick dash to K.F. this afternoon even though we expected Chuck and Dot. I nearly had a fit when E. insisted on going by the Newtons to get some plants. As I expected we were there a long time.

We reached home to find Dot and Chuck here. Was I regusted? She had dinner almost ready.

November 29.

This has been a busy day, and a rainy one. Chuck's assistant has had a fit because they didn't go on to Reno today. We finally got him over at the drafting room where he could work; there he was happier.

This afternoon we went to the farewell ceremony being given for the 35 fine young men who leave tomorrow for Camp Savage, Minnesota, to be soldiers in the Intelligence School there. When their parents were asked to stand up, they rose looking so proud but the mothers, like mothers everywhere, so sad.

Kit and Winnie came for wild goose dinner with us.

November 30.

Chuck and his man Friday left this morning for Reno, but Dottie is to be here until tomorrow. She went to the flower arrangement classes today. She finds herself fascinated by the Project - but I was sure she would be.

We had a wonderful staff meeting tonight. Elmer was never better and the staff responded just about 100%.

December 1.

We drove Dot into Klamath Falls to take the train, having dinner together at the Willards. We had to leave her there as the train was late, and we were due back here for the installation of the new council which is to function under the new charter. It was a very good meeting; Harry Mayeda was elected chairman - he's such a fine young chap, a graduate of Cal. and of Hastings,

now running the Recreation Department since Ted Waller's departure.

December 2.

E. was called to S.F. today most unexpectedly. He's a little worried for Mr. Connor is just back with the report that in the shuffle incident to Regional Office being closed, Mr. Coverley is to be sent here as director. I can't see how or why such a thing would be done, for this has been by long odds the outstanding project. Captain Patterson is to be transferred - he says to Poston on account of the recent troubles there.

December 3.

I went to Mr. and Mrs. Neito's last night and was certainly glad I did for no other one of the Caucasian guests could come. Joyce Jacoby was in bed ill, Elmer had gone, and the Billigmeier's called up after I'd arrived to say they couldn't come. But Hana Uyeno, her brother Tom and his wife were there, Oliver Kogi of our H.S. staff, the Miyamoto's (he was an associate prof. of sociology at the University of Washington before evacuation and she is a lovely little woman who is a very good musician). Mrs. Neito is his sister and their mother and another sister were present, too. We had a lovely time with plenty of food, and I mean plenty - cream of mushroom soup, sandwiches, fruit salad, cheese straws, olives, pickles, coffee, and a huge layer cake, not to speak of candy and nuts.

Had dinner with the Smiths tonight and stayed to visit afterwards when I should have been home working at school affairs.

December 4.

I knew it was too good to be true - Wandering Jews like

the Shirrells have to keep moving. Elmer is back, and we are on our way out. Why we don't know. He was told the military authorities think he's too lenient with the Japanese. Coverley is to have his job. What's back of it?

I don't see how I can ever quit crying. It's all so unfair. We've worked so hard, especially E., and he's done a swell job. This is the outstanding project - and the reward, Get out!

Three jobs are offered in place of this, but they all sound so uninviting after this. He said "No" to Washington, D.C. The others are relocation work in the Middle West or to go into the division handling evacuee property.

I was very proud of E. at staff meeting this afternoon. As Mr. C. had started the report, E. thot he'd better announce that he was going. What a gasp went up, and then "O no, no" came from every side. I bolted for the rest room because I couldn't hold back any more. Frankie joined me very shortly. Kendall Smith cried, too, and Frannie Throckmorton. Others were blowing their noses and expressing disapprobation even though they all felt that it must be a big promotion, or E. wouldn't be going. To try to smile and to keep up morale is our job, but I'm not up to it. E. is wonderful.

December 5.

I'm a rag today, and am surely glad its Saturday. It was all I could do to get through my study hall and World History class yesterday. I managed, though, until Staff Meeting. Then in the evening we had the dinner party we were giving to the

outgoing and incoming city council. $50 worth of turkey was our contribution to the affair. E. made his announcement there, and again I had an awful time not to make a baby of myself. Again from every side came expressions of incredulity and sorrow. Earlier in the day, Walter Tsukamoto came dashing over, as soon as he'd heard the news. He was very much excited and upset.

Today we have been forlorn. We spent part of the afternoon and all evening with Kit and Winnie. I can't seem to get hold of myself.

December 6.

I neglected to say that yesterday afternoon at 2 we went to the new tent factory where the dedication ceremonies were held for hours on end, mostly Issei entertainment.

February 11

Circumstances were too much for me. I was never "down" worse in my life, and I just couldn't write even though I didn't want to forget a single precious instant of the time that was left, except for the wakeful, weeping ones in the middle of the night which I'd have been glad to have omitted entirely.

No amount of self-lectures did any good. I knew that any other job would be stupid, any other spot a howling wilderness. And so it has proved to be. Chicago - ugh!

But now that I have time on my hands - and nothing but time - I'll try to make a summary of the events of those last crowded weeks.

December 5 and 6 the big celebration at the completion

of the tent factory went on all afternoon and evening. Elmer spoke briefly Saturday afternoon to the assembled multitude, 5,000 and perhaps more.

The 7th we heard of the riot at Manzanar, but we marked the anniversary of Pearl Harbor with a Red Cross benefit dance.

On the 9th the gardeners who had done so much for our little home talked to me very sadly because "now when we know and trust Mr. Shirrell, they take him away."

The 11th was the night of the big hospital benefit dance at the tent factory. The decorations (Christmas) were very beautiful, two good orchestras, and lots of fun. Hospital gurneys were used to wheel about huge stacks of sandwiches and pitchers of fruit punch. About 350 people took part in the grand march without a mistake being made. Really very slick!

Dec. 13 we went to church. Rev. Mr. Tanabe read " A Letter to Kogawa" by a New York minister. It was both touching and helpful, and I needed help.

In the afternoon an army captain from Medford and his wife were over on army business, so I took her on a tour of the project, winding up at a dance at the tent factory. Was she impressed? She came back to her husband with "Why they are the nicest boys and girls; it was a lovely party."

Later we called on the Scott Warrens and saw their adorable new baby daughter as well as Janet who is not so new, but an adorable minx herself.

December 14

Elmer's birthday was celebrated by the "Pioneers," those on the Project who arrived before June 1st. The party was held at Sari's on the outskirts of Klamath Falls, the best Italian dinner I've ever had. Such ravioli's.

Present were Ruthy, Mort, Frank, Frankie, Don and Ruth Elberson, Kendall and Dorothy, Joyce Jacoby, Frank Fagan, the Kallams, Jim Davis, Frank Fagan, Joe and Margaret, the Slatterys, Charlotte Stephens, and ourselves.

* * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Elmer Shirrell's Diary

May 14, 1942

Twenty-nine years ago today I was off to the gay house-party which celebrated the Mills College 1913 graduation. Today much older, little wiser, and burdened with a sprained ankle and fractured foot, I'm off again to a very different sort of house-party, one not for ten days but for "the duration."

It is just about a month ago that my spouse went to work for the War Relocation Authority, a bureau created by the President to assume responsibility for all Japanese in the Western Defense Area, most of whom are to be placed in so-called relocation centers, for one of which we are headed. In this month he has jumped hither and thither with me trying to keep up as nearly as possible. First to Parker, Arizona, for him and for me a stop en route at Santa Barbara. After five days of intense activity instead of the promised month, and he is back at Santa Barbara returning to San Francisco. There is a quick repacking, hurried farewells, calls from anxious Japanese, confused, pitifully ignorant of what is to happen them, and finally by noon Friday we are in San Francisco.

Saturday afternoon comes a ring of the telephone, "Pack my bag. I'm leaving on the six o'clock train for Tule Lake," but less than fifteen minutes later another call, "We're driving up in our car; pack your bag, too."

By five we are leaving Oakland, stopping enroute for Elmer to register for "the old man's draft" and thence to Colusa for a

brief visit, a brief sleep, and on the road again at six.

Klamath Falls for luncheon - all is familiar ground so far, but not so the remaining 35 miles to the project site. Bearing away to the south east, we drive into California again, into a valley ringed with barren hills, treeless acres of rich reclaimed lake bottom. For miles along the railroad stretch potatoes warehouses, doors at both ends, wide enough for trucks to enter, dirt banked up the outer walls, sod on the roofs. No signs of spring yet - not a leaf on the trees around the prosperous looking farm houses.

Tule Lake with its curving main street, chuck holes, dust, hums with activity far beyond normal, for every available space is filled with trailers - the construction boom is on.

The project itself, eight miles farther south-east on the Alturas highway is a beehive. Trucks, curious sightseers, army engineers, jam the highway. Numerous floors have been laid although ground was broken just three days earlier. By three days more some of these buildings will be ready for a baptism of paint. All will be typical army barracks for this is the military and administrative area that is going up. Across the highway rises a rugged butte; it is upon its slopes that wells are being dug for the water supply.

Until Wednesday noon we remained in Klamath Falls, Elmer journeying back and forth to the project through snow, rain, and hail, making arrangements for telephone and mail service, railway

sidings, and other immediate necessities.

At the hotel I heard many unfavorable comments; no one in this vicinity wanted "the damn Japs," I gathered. Men from the sugar beet interests were on deck hoping to get favorable word on Japanese labor so that the valley farmers might be induced to plant heavily.

Back to Oakland we hustled where I promptly fell down the front steps and laid myself up for the two weeks that Elmer collected members for his staff, he reaching San Francisco at eight or before every day and returning any time from seven to ten at night.

Yesterday the doctor removed the cast from my leg so that if we had to go I could manage. It is well he did for Elmer telephoned about five that we would leave at the crack of dawn.

Again a hustle of repacking but no time for farewells, not even by telephone, for that instrument rang almost continuously all evening in connection with business concerning Tule Lake.

This has been a long tiresome day with my sore, swollen foot, but we have arrived and are domiciled in the pretty guest-room at the Frank Johnsons.

May 15.

Last night we reached the project at six o'clock. To see a huge camp sprawling out where two weeks ago little existed is one of the modern day miracles. The military village is done, as are two dormitories, two so-called apartment houses, the administration

building, and a large part of the Japanese village. All buildings are built on the 20 by 100 scheme with windows right under the eaves. All doors open outward; I wonder how they'll work in windy, snowy zero weather.

Tired and forlorn I sat in the car watching the rain while Elmer tried to locate Mr. Chambers who is acting as his assistant here, and who was to have found a place for us to stay.

What good Samaritans the Thomases proved to be when we'd finally tracked Mr. Chambers to his lair at their house. At their insistence we had dinner with them before driving seven miles farther to the Johnson farm.

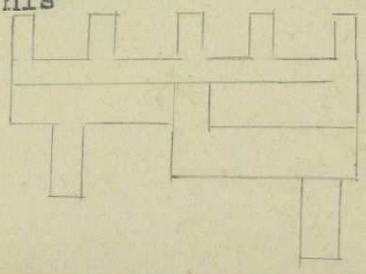
I have to smile as I think of our exit. Elmer walked on one side, Mr. Cooke on the other as I trudged through the grass on my crutches, Mr. Chambers bringing up the rear holding an umbrella over my head. I must have looked like a comedy Cleopatra.

May 16.

Mrs. Johnson drove me into Tule Lake, but I discovered that we'd practically exhausted its possibilities when we saw it in April. Elmer is very busy and hates the ten mile drive back and forth to the project, both on account of time lost and good rubber taken off by the gravelled road.

May 17.

I went to the project today. It is interesting to see how well along toward completion the hospital is. It is a regulation army base hospital very sprawly, somthing like this



No, it isn't, but the wards go stretching out like fingers - I never could draw even a diagram.

The Administration building has a few stoves, a long dilapidated counter, several tables and one telephone. Some odds and ends begged and borrowed from a C.C.C. camp stand around in more or less hodge podge fashion.

Staff members are arriving and conferences go on in this or that corner. Where can the agricultural group get enough seed potatoes for 500 acres, where are the women stenographers and secretaries to be housed, what is to be done with stuff arriving from the Quartermaster marked for the M.P's.

Some engineers from regional office consult with Mr. Slattery, our chief engineer, as to the best spots for schools, stores, and additional personnel housing. They are interrupted by such queries as "Is there a thermal control for evacuee showers?" "How on earth can four-feet-six-inch Japanese women turn on showers designed for husky six foot American soldiers?" "Where oh where are all the thousands of toilet seats that have been ordered?"

A telephone rings with a freight office reporting, "We got a carload of carpets here; where do you want 'em?" Hastily the incredulous staff member tries to spike the rumor at its inception, "Those aren't carpets; they're bales of renovated army blankets."

A lull permitted us to sally forth to inspect dormitories and apartments. The former are the ever present 100 x 20 barracks

divided into six rooms, each with a small bath containing shower, toilet, and bowl. The apartment buildings are divided into four parts, a 9 x 24 living room (what proportions) a 9 x 11 bedroom, tiny kitchenette, and bath. Up to date the apartments have no hot water as each is to have its own electric heater; therefore the Smiths and Shirrells have chosen rooms side by side in the dormitory nearest the administration building.

May 18.

We were up early, packed, and set off right after breakfast to take up our abode at the project. Since our room hadn't been cleaned yet and there was absolutely nothing in it but a tiny air-tight stove, I spent much of the morning with Frankie. She has two army cots, a nail keg or two, and several sofa cushions.

By afternoon the fill-in maintenance man had swept out the room and moved in two steel cots with their mattresses. I managed with Elmer's help to make them up and to set up our card table. Frank rigged up a shelf in the closet alcove and put up a few hooks. Then the two boys brought over an old table that had been brought over from the C.C.C. camp. On it we've placed radio, writing materials, and toilet articles; on the card table I have a few things by which I can get myself a bite of breakfast.

The absence of seats has been the greatest discomfort - even the toilet lacked one until the man next door gave me the one his bath boasted. More precious than rubies and platinum, toilet seats seem to be - Let's hope we find the carloads of ours that seem to

have gone astray.

After much talking to hard boiled army engineers, Elmer has succeeded in inducing them to equip the women's bath houses with partitions between the individual showers and toilets - but no doors. The showers, moreover, are six feet high, as I said before, and what is a tiny woman to do! Several of the staff members have volunteered to act as hoists.

May 19.

We slept well in our bare room with its sheet rock walls. Our bed lamp hung at a precarious angle from a nail over my head, the army cots were hard, the o.d. blankets heavy, but even so we slept soundly until six thirty.

The Smith's accompanied us to the cafe at Stronghold, over a mile distant, a cafe much overworked by the construction crew - vile breakfast!

Since I refused to endure another day without a chair to sit on, Frankie, Elmer, and I drove into Klamath Falls to do a little shopping. I brought back such refinements as drinking glasses, camp chairs, bath mat, ash trays, waste basket, and tea-kettle; Elmer found and bought shower curtains for a number of rooms, including ours. Several of the secretaries arrived last night, including Ruth Young, Elmer's secretary, and he's trying to get them settled in a degree of comfort at least.

After luncheon we drove back to find that a company of military police had just arrived and were stirring up plenty of dust with their trucking back and forth from the railway spur.

Frankie, Mrs. Friedman, and I are spending much time and thought on a list of articles likely to be needed by women and children. Mortimer Cooke, who has lived many years in Japan as a business man and got out on the last boat minus everything but a suitcase or two, is heading up our village store. He's afraid lest his customers will start a run on his non-existent stock. After all, we will have 11,000 people to supply.

May 20.

Some benighted soul's alarm went off at 5:30. Up popped Elmer and nothing I could say dissuaded him. I snuggled back as I'd decided to sleep in. A Stronghold breakfast doesn't appeal, especially as I find walking on crutches in gravel very difficult. About nine I had ovaltine, a cookie, and an apple.

Fortunately, I'd dressed and made the cots when Elmer and Captain Patterson of the military police came by. He is from Fort Worth, Texas, very pleasant with his good Texas drawl.

Thanks to his courtesy we are to be allowed to eat at the army mess until our eating facilities are set up - and at the rate of about 70¢ a day. For dinner we enjoyed steak, country style, mashed potatoes, canned peas, bread, butter, jam, pickles, olives, celery, and canned pineapple.

May 21.

Today has been one of all kinds of weather, sunshine, wind, dust clouds, thunder, lightning, and rain. I've been restless all day; these high windows make me feel as though I were in jail and

walking is so difficult that I don't go out much. I did stay in the office all evening last night; Elmer and the other staff members work from sun-up to ten, eleven, or twelve - Joe Hayes who is in charge of transportation and supplies burns the light until two or three.

May 22.

More weather today including thunder, lightning, and hail - sort of matches my inner turmoil for Mr. Fryer telephoned last night that the Washington director, Mr. Eisenhower, had named a new director for this project. Mr. Fryer seemed quite upset and said, "You'll remain as assistant director with your salary at $5,600. You'll like Mr. Rachford, the new man, and you two will make a fine team."

All this may be true, but Elmer has worked night and day on this project now for a month, Saturdays and Sundays included, and it's hard to turn one's "pet child" over to another. If only we don't get a broken-down politician on our hands we can stand it - but it would break our hearts not to have this project go as it should.

May 23.

I feel better. Mr. Rachford arrived this evening in time for the first staff meeting, and he emphatically is not the type we feared. He has been high in the forestry service for many years, is kindly, keen in sizing up a situation, and appreciative of good work well done. We'll get along, I'm sure, and I won't be altogether

sorry to have the tremendous responsibility on some one else's shoulders.

The meeting was wonderful. Each one rose and told briefly who he is and what he does, even the wives, four in number, and the one child on the project. After that Elmer introduced Mr. Rachford who made a pleasant little talk which was followed by committee reports, i.e. housing and placement, recreation, construction, internal security and transportation and supply - O yes, Mr. Fleming headed that on community services, and we had a report on the store we're to have.

Elmer gave a good speech, short, to the point, and appreciative of the fine work which has been done to date. Mr. Rachford followed him, saying, "I've been listening with every 'pore', but I have been unable to take in half of what you've been saying. Even so, I've learned more tonight than I did in two full days at regional office." (There's a lot to be said for training on the job; especially on a brand new job no one has ever tackled before).

Later he put his arm around Elmer's shoulder and said, "That was a splendid meeting, my boy. You are to be congratulated."

It was mighty good to see "Kit" Carson arrive today to take over the hospital and public health. He is such a cracker jack of a doctor and such a grand person that we know we're the luckiest project of all.

May 24.

Today, Sunday, the project was thrown open to visitors -

under very strict rules. From two until five p.m. cars were permitted to drive through at 20 miles an hour on certain designated roads. No stops were permitted; all rules enforced by military police. There was a steady stream of cars for three solid hours; people came from as far north as Eugene and south as Dunsmuir; all this despite the fact that the weather was threatening.

Frankie and I held open house for guests from Klamath Falls and Tule Lake who used the occasion to call on us.

Dr. Thompson, head of the regional office medical division has been here all day. He, Kit, Mr. Rachford and the Shirrells toured the hospital this afternoon late. I soon had to give up and sit down; my game foot wouldn't permit me to hobble the miles of corridors. Workmen are still busily engaged night and day in finishing jobs, plumbing, and electrical installation.

We, together with Kit, drove Mr. Rachford and Dr. Thompson in to catch the night train south from Klamath Falls. Mr. Rachford will not return until the middle of June as he has to put his affairs in order first.

Coming back we drove leisurely and visited much. The country begins to seem like spring now with trees leafing out, apple blossoms appearing and green grass sprouting. But after all its only a week until the first of June. I'm used to summer by then.

May 25.

After our pretty drive home, the weather decided to settle down and go to work in earnest. A wildly stormy night followed

with high winds and lashing rain. E. and I were both wakeful, worried lest the dike go out. Today the army turned over to W.R.A. land in the reclamation district to the extent of some 2300 acres. This land borders the lake; in fact, just a few years ago it was lake bottom, but by a fabulous sort of scheme it has been reclaimed and leased to neighboring farmers. The leases expired this year so that the land will be farmed hereafter by our agricultural department - provided the levees hold. If the high winds, late rains, and muskrats prevail all this 2300 acres will be inundated, and by the time they dry off it will be too late to get in a crop.

Today the dikes are being patrolled as they will be tonight by the M.P's. Two hundred sandbags were used yesterday and a drag line is busy today. Baled hay is in readiness to shove into crucial spots.

May 26.

Work rambles right along. Insulation is being installed in Japanese barracks. Yesterday's flurries of snow and hail prove the necessity of having fairly warm dwellings if we are to escape respiratory epidemics. E. had hoped to have all workmen out of the "village" before our first evacuees arrive, but that will prove impossible now that the sheet rock must be installed at once.

We drove down this morning (about half a mile from the administration area) to find crews working in the blocks which are being readied for tomorrow's influx of 450, a volunteer group

coming from the Puyallup and North Portland assembly centers to assist us in taking of the large numbers who will come daily a week hence. One mess hall is ready; the first temporary store has many shelves and counters built and its goods will begin arriving today.

Kit has been rushing the carpenters to finish some of his wards enough that they may be used altho there are no hospital beds as yet. He'll use army cots. He's dashed into Klamath Falls now to try to get sterilized pads; none have arrived as yet in the hospital stores. He does have his dispensary set up after a fashion and all his supplies are being inventoried and either held in his warehouses or placed where necessary.

May 27.

This morning at ten o'clock they came. Poor little people with their bundles and bags, their aged and their babies. We had lined up in our private automobiles to meet them on the railway spur, only to be told just before the train pulled in that the S.P. refused to take the train in and would unload at the front gate where we have no loading platform and by which the K.F.-Alturas highway runs. Down this road each way dashed jeeps laden with M.P's to cut off traffic, and we lined up by the track.

The train puffed to a stop and the military police who had accompanied the train gave permission for one carload after another to disembark. It was really dear to see the way the

soldiers helped the women and old men off the train. It was no uncommon sight to see a big burly chap with a baby in his arms, carrying it over the rough cinders for the little mother who trotted by his side. Such dolls as the babies are - and the little children, too.

I made four trips back and forth to the registration building where our secretaries all sat behind typewriters ready to make out the registration sheet for each family.

One of my passengers, a beautiful young woman told me that she is a registered nurse so she was rushed to Kit in double quick time, as he was absolutely alone in the laundry temporarily converted into a medical office for a quick survey of throats and for a census of bottle fed babies who must have formulae prepared.

After passing through the doctor's hands, the evacuees, or colonists as we prefer to call them, went to another building where the housing department took them in charge and in a rather short time, considering our lack of experience, each family had been assigned to its apartment.

Each apartment is a big bare room 20 x 25 feet. In it are placed a stove, an army cot for each one of the occupants, and to army blankets apiece. There are two overhead electric lights, and one double wall plug. The floor is bare, the windows up under the eaves. Each apartment has one door opening outdoors.

Families of more than six persons rate a second apartment, but even though small, families are not required to double up as

they were in assembly centers.

The day has brought its difficulties and laughs. Kit has had a particularly strenuous time. Yesterday he wrestled with the problem of bedmaking, aided only by Charlotte Stevens whose course in bedmaking has never included mitred corners and the other refinements of hospital techniques. She said, "He'd yell at me, 'My God, girl, didn't you ever make a bed?'" and I'd say, 'Lots of them,' and then he'd yell, 'Well then try to make one, just one, any one, but make it right.'"

Today he and the little nurse dashed back after registration and prepared the food for the two o'clock bottle feedings. This food was placed carefully in one of the electric refrigerators at the hospital. About twenty minutes of two, the nurse preparing to fill the bottles which were to be "taxied" to the hungry infants, took hold of the refrigerator handle which promptly fell off in her hand, and as Kit said later, "Then it took soldiers, sailors, and marines to get that door open." Meantime in the village the wailing began and continued until new food could be prepared. To expedite matters Walt Chambers rushed hot milk from the messhall kitchen in thermos bottles.

Frankie and I spent the latter part of the morning and all afternoon over in an empty messhall in the military area making curtains for the recreation hall and messhall. Several women came out from Tule Lake to help; quite a job as there were about forty-eight pairs to be done.

Tonight after dinner Frank wanted to look over the housing to be sure every one had a cot and bedding. Frankie and I accompanied him. We sat in the car while he went hither and yon and in so doing we met and talked with a number of young people who were strolling about. They were all very courteous, attractive, and bright. One girl said, "When I saw that butte across the road this morning, I said to Fugi here, "Wouldn't that be a wonderful place to carve George Washington's head." (The speaker's name, by-the-by, is Aster).

In general, these people seem to be glad to find they are to have adequate space and a modicum of privacy. Evidently the pavillions at the Portland Stockyards and the Puyallup Fair Grounds have left much to be desired.

There are five sick babies in the hospital tonight, one graduate nurse, one girl who has had a little training, and Kit.

Twelve cooks came in this contingent, six of them former hotel chefs. Altho we got no laborers, a large number volunteered for levee patrol work tonight. Our first impression is that of ability, backed by cooperation.

May 28.

What a life, what a life. "Never a dull moment" is certainly our motto.

This morning as I was dashing off a letter, a messenger came from the Ad. Building to say that Prof. and Mrs. R.L. Adams from the University of California were here and E. wanted me to tour them around the village. I piloted them down to see the hospital

and then to inspect a typical block with its barracks, messhall, recreation hall, and latrines, showers, and laundry in the alley.

To give good measure, I took them through the military area too and as we were driving back I said, "Now do come and see the way we are camping out." With which remark I pointed to our barracks and at the same time saw flames shooting up around the chimney of the boiler room. I yelled frantically at two Japanese boys who got the idea in nothing flat, grabbed a fire extinguisher, climbed up on the coal bin, and thence to the roof. Prof. Adams rushed into the Ad. Building to give the alarm whereupon out popped dozens of people, many armed with fire extinguishers. But by this time it was apparent that the fire had gained considerable headway in the attic; so the men began opening, even breaking into the apartments, and I hobbled as fast as I could around the building to grab my most precious belongings. Soon everything we possessed was in front of the buildings, the Smiths' belongings and poor Frankie herself most liberally sprayed with extinguisher fluid. We fared better in that respect, why I don't know except that the fact of Frankie's being just ready to step in the shower may have impressed her danger on the amateur firemen. At least, that's what we told her. At the first call of fire, she pulled on slacks and sweater and dragged a big trunk out. I'll never forget her white face and large scared eyes.

Slowly, lumberingly came the firetruck - our one and only - at 15 miles an hour. The governor hadn't been removed; Chief

Bauman was in a fine lather by the time he arrived. He said he had hard work not to jump out and run ahead, unreeling the hose as he came. A short time later the Tule Lake rural truck came crashing in, siren going.

Meantime E. had ordered everything moved farther back so that the fire apparatus could get in, and by the time the trucks arrived, the contents of all the rooms had been piled in wellnigh hopeless confusion across the road.

In the midst of the turmoil the Adamses departed, promising to tell our mutual friends in Berkeley that we were adepts at scaring up excitement.

Then the rain began to fall just as the firemen had finished chopping away the roof and drenching the inside of the building with water. Once more everything had to be moved, this time to the shed which serves as a garage for our cars. The floor of the shed is several inches deep in gravel; fortunately, Mrs. Slattery and several of the military police helped me segregate my belongings; my lame ankle being a constant menace.

Mr. Hawes had to be hospitalized on account of the amount of smoke he inhaled and Frankie was almost overcome by extinguisher fumes. Her lovely kidskin coat was completely ruined, but fortunately she has insurance on it.

Leaving two Japanese boys to guard my possessions this afternoon, I served as guide for a couple of Red Cross people from Klamath Falls. They wanted to see the hospital and the

project. Still later the Smiths and the Shirrells moved to two end rooms in the obstretrical ward at the hospital, the ward not being needed as yet for its primary function.

Distances are rather great; I go limping through a long empty ward to get to the bathroom, and have to use the car if I wish to go to the doctor's office at the fron t of the building. We keep the car near the back door of our ward.

May 29.

This morning we tried to settle in, but with no place to hang or store clothes we've had ~~xx~~ a time. We've finally hung our clothes hangers on a window frame and there they sway precariously, something going flop every now and then. I have part of an old sectional bookcase in which I've placed our other clothing. The card table serves as a dressing table, and we have two cots and our two camp chairs. Steam heat, though, how marvellous.

In the afternoon Frankie and I decided to rest frayed nerves by going to Klamath Falls and remaining for dinner. To be rid of the ubiquitous chocolate pudding of the army mess is wonderful! I'd forgotten cracked crab and fresh tomatoes could be so delicious. The drive home was lovely with a glorious sunset and rising full moon. The poplars against the back drop of hills makes the country side lovely now with the tender green of spring.

May 30.

Memorial Day and a holiday in the great outside, but

everyone has worked at top speed here today. We have to get ready for the days ahead when we'll be getting around 500 new colonists daily.

I'm beginning to feel as though I live in a gold fish bowl with workmen prowling around through every nook and cranny of this hospital. F. and I went down to the store and then drove around. That evening Elmer and I were patron and patroness at the first "Get Acquainted Dance."

Today, the 31st, began auspiciously with a lovely, clear warm morning. Our men folk were soon involved in the pressing affairs of the project, but Frankie and I dressed and attended the first Protestant Church service, a service for which a group of young people petitioned.

Mr. Allmand from Tule Lake, Prestyterian Community Church, officiated. His text was from the story of Nahaam, the Syrian leper. The main theme was that the world, today, is leprous, and we have tried all the ways to cure it, even war, without avail while all the time all we need is to dip in the River Jordan, i.e. to accept and spread around us the love of God through Christ Jesus, the Lord. I think we were all deeply touched; I know I was.

Kit's two white doctors and two white nurses arrived today to help with the strenuous week ahead. Many of the colonists arriving this week have no been in assembly centers so have not had typhoid shots, etc.

Tonight after supper, Captain Patterson took me for a long

jaunt in a jeep. We went over hill and dale, sagebrush and ditches, going high up on a mountain side so that I had a gorgeous view of the valley, the lake, the mountains, and the sunset.

A long but interesting staff meeting closed the session.

June 1.

F. and I went to Tule Lake this morning, returning incensed at the independent, almost insolent attitude of the local druggist. The grocery store was almost as bad.

At noon we four came back to the room after luncheon and had fresh strawberries dipped in powdered sugar.

June 2.

Paul Revere, alias Walter Chambers, came galloping up the steps at five this morning to say the train, due at 7:30 was already in. Up jumped everybody and by six o'clock with the M.P's out stopping traffic in the highway, the cars lined up, and we began our taxi services. I took a Methodist minister, his wife, and adorable 4 months old son in my car on my last trip.

Everybody is getting tired now, especially with this very early hour of rising. We had breakfast with the Japanese where we are to eat now until our messhall is set up.

We got our men home fairly early tonight, thinking we might get in a bridge game, but Elmer had to go to Kit for a "shot" and didn't get back in time.

parallel

~~parallel~~

June 3.

The Japanese drivers are all trained now so that I don't have to drive taxi any more. Since Frankie had never seen a "disembarkation," I took her down for our 10 o'clock train. We had plenty of excitement, for suddenly we saw smoke and flame over by the M.P. village. It turned out to be a rubbish heap burning.

F. and I spent the afternoon in Tule Lake having our hair done. Half the town seemed to have the same idea so that it was six o'clock before we were through. The boys met us and we had dinner together at the hotel. Nice change.

June 4.

We watched the train from a distance today. Later we brought a boy with a cut foot to the hospital. Ate dinner down at Stronghold.

June 5.

Still no salary check - it grows embarrassing. F. and I called on Mrs. Syng, sick here in the hospital, and on Mrs. Elverson. Dinner again at Stronghold, and then Elmer and I went calling in the village. Mr. Waller had given us a list of names but one address was evidently wrong. The people there, however, greeted us most cordially and insisted on giving us a can of Japanese tea. As we left, the woman who had giggled all the time, patted me on the back and said, "Come 'gain," pat-pat, "come 'gain."

June 6.

Two of the men I met last night nearly fell out of a car to bow and smile at me. One asked me to come again so he could show me a picture he has of Mr. Oliver at Willamette University. We were met in every home with the utmost cordiality, made to feel so genuinely welcome; poor little people, most of them asking ~~why~~ only what people the world over want, a chance to live their own little lives and let others do likewise.

I took Dr. Francis and Frankie to the train today, nearly 500 from West Sacramento and Clarksburg.

Afterwards Margaret Hayes joined us and we four went to Stronghold for lunch.

At Kit's invitation we had dinner at the hospital - very good.

We were supposed to be patrons at a dance, but a poor old Japanese man died about six thirty, and both Elmer and Frank have been busy all evening. The family feel quite bitter as they think the removal from their home hastened the man's death. Our men have been trying to locate a Buddhist priest, but find there is none in camp. Two men who are studying to be priests are here and can conduct the preliminary rites after which the body will be cremated, and the funeral itself will take place at a later date.

June 7.

Sunday and I celebrated this morning by doing a good sized wash, the reason being that I could use the hospital washing

machine in the temporary laundry.

This afternoon we called on several Japanese families, including the family whose head died last night. The widow's face was a study in sorrowful repression.

The captain had a Dutch supper party and had the joy of presenting his wife and youngsters who had arrived earlier than he'd expected.

Another church service tonight was attended by Elmer and me as well as about 100 Japanese.

June 8.

We (F. and I) went to Tule Lake this afternoon to do a trifle of shopping. Ran into Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Thomas at the store so we all had malted milks together.

At noon I took 4 Japanese girls down into the village. One of them, May "West River" said, "O I hope lots of people are looking so they'll see us drive up in style."

Strawberry shortcake for dinner - Mr. Kallam's treat as a reward to the Japanese nurse and aides who took care of him during his recent illness.

The old people, particularly old men, are having a time finding their respective dwellings. One old man who had lost himself slept in a vacant building with a mattress under him and one over him. Four others were locked into a building overnight by a harassed block warden who let them out in the morning to renew their search.

June 9.

Frances' birthday and I managed to get a letter off to her.

We called this afternoon on Mrs. Slattery, Mrs. Allumbaugh and Mrs. Jacoby. Margaret Hayes and Mrs. Elberson were there too - nice time had by all.

Three fires today - two in mess halls, one in the contractor's planing mill.

June 10.

A real spree today. We went into Klamath Falls with Mr. Townsend for dinner. He'd ordered a special one - steak and gobs of fresh mushrooms, lovely green vegetables, peas, asparagus, tomatoes, radishes, raw carrots, sherry - oh boy.

More Japanese doctors have been arriving - now have four and one dentist, but still no more nurses.

June 11.

Whee-eee goes the siren this morning at 6:20 - just another messhall - Elmer got into his clothes in nothing flat and dashed out to the car to find ice on the windshield. We have climate!

Tonight the Personnel Mess Hall was used for the first time. It seemed very nice and quiet and restful. Our dinner was very good - had a jolly time at our table, the Smiths, Shirrells, and Hayes - Each table seats only six and there is no confusion nor clattering of dishes nor echoing and re-echoing, the fault of too large rooms.

Elmer is down in the village attending meetings of the

Japanese who are getting ready to organize their preliminary government.

June 12.

Today was a large one in a social (and eating) way. F. and I spent the morning primping for the Guild luncheon in Tule Lake.

At noon we went to the Mess Hall for a bite; at one we arrived at Mrs. Thomas' house for another bite - vegetable cocktail, crackers, and cheese, by a quarter to two we were eating at the luncheon, and at five fifteen we were back at Mrs. Thomas' and eating canteloupe sundae after a rubber of bridge.

Six o'clock found us here at the Project with the Pattersons invited for dinner. Too much food.

I was late for Staff Meeting but in plenty of time to go with Elmer, Carol, and Frankie to Klamath Falls to meet Franklin Scudder.

June 13.

Lazy-lazy-lazy this morning and this afternoon Elmer actually came home and took a nap.

C. and F. went off to stay overnight in Klamath Falls and have themselves a real change of scene. They looked like a bride and groom.

Quiet day - one false fire alarm to mar the serenity.

June 14.

Elmer and I went to church in Tule Lake, the Harknesses arrived, Frankie, and Carol returned.

June 15.

Had my first class tonight. 5 girls, 1 boy, 1 man. I feel rusty enough but hope to get back into the swing soon.

The furniture exhibit is remarkable. All of it is made of scrap lumber and the wardrobes, dressing tables, chairs, benches, desks etc. are both ingenious and handsome.

The Drews, Priors, and Thompsons (Sears Roebuck manager in Klamath Falls) were our guests at dinner and served as judges. Elmer couldn't be present as he had to accompany Mr. Fryer into Klamath Falls.

Mr. F. and Colonel Cress arrived on the 4:10 A.M. train and were met by Elmer and Joe Hayes who had to get up at a quarter to three.

Nice staff meetings right after luncheon. Mr. Fryer was very complimentary indeed.

June 16.

Colonists began arriving again today. Mr. Rachford came also. I took Marguerite Harkness to see the train come in. Elmer was at a meeting until late.

June 17.

Got ready for my class which met this evening. Two of the girls who work on the paper "joined up."

I've been asked to lead the high school groups at Young People's Meeting. What shall I choose as my subject?

The other day I had a long talk with Miss Kohayashi, the little nurse. She feels the whole evacuation program is a blot on American

history because to her it is a travesty on democracy. She said, "We young people feel as though the foundations had been swept away from under our feet. Now the old people say 'What good is American citizenship to you,' and we have nothing to answer?"

June 18.

Moving day and am I "regusted." First, it has been a cold, disagreeable day; second, I got too well dusted by speeding workman, as I walked to the Ad. Building; third, Elmer's salary check still comes at the old figure; and finally, I am tired and had no place to rest until the cots were brought in after dinner.

Still camping out although we do have a chest of drawers and a small table of the new furniture.

June 19.

Winnie came this morning to visit Kit until Monday. Had the nurse here, too, today who came in with the colonists (we get a train a day now with about 500 on board).

This afternoon Frankie, Frank, and I accompanied Mr. Hawes, the visiting nurse, and doctor into Klamath Falls--Frankie and I did a little shopping then drove home with Frank about five.

Elmer at a meeting as usual.

Quite a time today. The captain is sure the Japanese are sending out information about our camp and is very jittery. He demands outgoing mail be censored. Elmer thinks it's all "hooey."

June 20.

Pried Elmer away long enough to call on the Johnsons tonight. Their columbines just through the ground 5 weeks ago are as high as the fence and in full luscious bloom. The out-of-doors is lovely now about sunset time.

June 21.

Up early and took Winnie to meet the train. I followed that by going to church at 10:30. The minister visiting here from Seattle and I were the only Caucasians present.

In the evening I talked to the High School Group on What it means to be a Christian American.

Elmer took the "visiting firemen" to Klamath Falls to the train. Two men were here from the new Denver regional office. Wonder if it means anything?

Winnie came by late to bring us some lovely iris and then just as we were dropping off to sleep the poor little Patterson baby had a bad spell of asthma.

June 22.

Frankie and I spent the morning being beautified in Tule Lake. Had luncheon at the hotel.

I enjoyed my class very much tonight. We had oral reports.

Later an unexpected staff meeting brought the news that Mr. Rachford is going to Denver to help with the opening of the Wyoming project. Does that mean Elmer will get the directorship here? Well time will tell.

June 23.

Morning watched the registration. Several women came out from Tule Lake to sponsor Red Cross work here. About 100 women attended the meeting. We met first with three of the women and then all went over to the large meeting. After we were introduced, Mrs. Kato presided over the meeting, talking in Japanese.

June 24.

Up at 5:30 after the Smiths, Hayeses, and Shirrells had a strawberry feed until 10:30. Frankie and I drove into Klamath Falls to meet the south bound train, as Mrs. Tahira was returning from her 5 year old son's funeral bringing with her the 20 year old sister who had remained in Olympia with the lad. A Mr. Cornwall was at the station trying to get a ride out to the Project. He helped us get the bundles of baggage aboard so we insisted on his driving out with us.

We had to leave all the baggage at the provost marshall's as it had not been inspected. Then we took the daughter, Toshie, down for registration; the mother to go through the medical check-up.

Slept a little this afternoon and worked on material for my class.

June 25.

Quite a rain last night or early this morning.

After my class last night, I went to the office hoping to get Elmer home, but it was after ten before I could snatch him away.

Went to the train this morning and had to take the doctor and nurse to breakfast, then to the hospital.

The weather is cold and blustery - my tired old stove which is squatting down on its haunches is to be moved out today. As a result, I have no fire.

June 26.

Cold-horrid weather. Dust storm followed by hard rain. Tried to catch up on odds and ends.

Weather still cold but clearing. Red Cross sewing meeting this afternoon - knitting this evening. Mrs. Miller at latter was remarkably successful with the Japanese women who laughed and chatted with her to the best of their meager English ability. As there weren't enough seats, I stood up for an hour and a half.

Went to the U.S.O. dance in Tule Lake. Too tired to be anything but a total flop.

June 27.

My foot nearly drove me mad in the night. We didn't get to bed until after one, and I slept only a little before the intolerable itching woke me up. After an hour of torture, I tore the adhesive tape off and greased the foot thoroughly, but it was a long time before it quieted down and let me sleep.

As a result, I slept in this morning. In the afternoon Elmer, Franklin Scudder, and I drove into Klamath Falls. Elmer and I bought ourselves a double bed. Every one laughs at us now, but wait until the long, cold winter nights.

As the office was being sanded preparatory to putting down "master " Elmer came home early.

June 28.

I went to the train this morning - Two stretcher (semi and no ambulances so I took them to the hospital in an automobile. Learned that our "first baby" was born at six this morning.

...

Called in the evening on several well educated, attractive families. One man said, "I've lost my feeling of being in a concentration prison camp, since I heard your speech the other night." That made E. feel good.

June 29.

... Margaret, Frankie and I spent most of it (morning) in front of the house...

A rumor that the Goodring project has fallen through and will be moved here makes us wonder what next? Our electricity off for a time. The military jittery.

June 30.

Margaret, Frankie, and I spent the day in Klamath Falls...Met Mr. Cooke and Mr. Smith who took us to luncheon.

...

Last night rather hectic--Joe came in mad at Mr. Goss who slightly "under" and belligerent. Then after we were asleep Jake (Mr. Jacoby) was in with a report of a rather serious scrap in the village.

Captain Patterson back from Reno with news that Lieut. C. has been removed, largely on account of car episodes.

Military is still censoring the mail - surely sickening.

July 1.

...

Mrs. Rhodes came this afternoon to meet with Mrs. Kato. She

brought cotton batting and more quilt scraps. Mrs. Kato brough beautiful blocks for several quilts. These Japanese women do lovely handwork...

Class this evening...

July 2.

Thursday morning Frankie, Margaret, and I picked out our rugs over at the warehouse...Later we went to Merrill for hinges for the closet doors, Mr. Davis has made for our closet.

Elmer had to get up at 3 to go to Klamath Falls to meet Mr. Fryer and Mr. Meyer...

After luncheon we had a staff meeting in our recreation hall at which time Mr. Meyer announced that Elmer was to lose half his title and be director, hereafter, not acting director. Everyone seemed very pleased.

We took the "visiting firemen" in to K.F. to catch the 7:30 train and to pick up the new nurses coming here for training before going to the Idaho project. (We don't get? Idaho, thank heaven - that was only a rumor).

Coming home Elmer told me Joe Hayes is to be the assistant director. I'm fearful of his youth, inexperience, and unpopularity.

July 3.

My misgivings were well founded as there is great dissatisfaction. I've been sick about it all day. I'm very fond of both J and M but I hate to see anything happen to our wonderful esprit de corps.

...

Mr. N. has flown higher than a kite - a prima donna if there ever was one.

...

July 4.

Up bright and early. The flag raising with scouts in charge, followed by pledge of allegiance was very touching...

...

In the afternoon were held athletic contests and races, but we took Mr. Cozzens and Mr. Power into Klamath. They have been here "pow wowing" over the school buildings and other new construction including staff apartments.

E and I had a good visit on the way home, talking over the J.H. situation. I think E. has everything well in hand and as a result, I feel better.

We ate in the Block 15 Mess Hall by invitation. The women of the block gave the chefs a holiday and cooked a large amount of "Shuzi" - a rice dish with chicken, eggs, green vegetables and either a dash of vinegar or lemon.

At six-thirty between 4,000 and 5,000 men, women and children assembled for the big program of the day. It was helf outdoors in the big fire break between 4th and 5th avenues.

Despite interference by the wind the public address system worked fairly well altho Elmer's speech--the oration of the day--did not sound as thoughuttered b his voice. A former prof. of Japanese at U.C. followed him immediately giving the speech again in Japanese for the benefit of the older colonists.

After a patriotic song or two, the variety show was on. Much talent was discovered--a very good violinist, several vocalists, beautiful

dancers both Japanese and modern, weight lifters, and a Hawaiian orchestra. Further entertainment for the Issei followed this program and dancing for the youngsters.

July 5.

We went early to church at nine o'clock. The choir sings beautifully. Their song this morning "Yes, I am able."... Young Mr. Tanabe, a Methodist minister from Sacramento, gave the sermon on "The Man from Nazareth." It was as well organized and delivered as though Harry Emerson Fosdick were the preacher. The subject matter, too, was fine.

The captain insisted on our going on a picnic at the Adams ranch near Merrill. He took the Smiths, the Hayeses, Kit, us, and his family.

...

Despite Mrs. S's difficulty with articulation, it was not a wet party so I enjoyed it very much.

July 6.

Frankie and I went to town to pick up more visiting firemen. ... One of the three men had his wife with him. She turned out to be Frances Turman, Frank Turman's daughter.

July 7.

Down at Mrs. Thomas' for a meeting of the committee wanting to give a dance to the military. I seem to be the liasen officer--much telephoning which I loathe.

July 8.

...

Taught in evening.

Mrs. Elmer Shirrell's Diary 36

July 9.

Expected to have my room painted but was drafted to drive a car into Klamath Falls to pick up Japanese arriving from Merced on the 10:55. Train was late so we did not leave until 11:15. Frank, Bill Stevens (Charlottes' husband) and I. When we arrived, train still later allowing time for us to dash up to hotel for quick luncheon...

Tonight came our first wedding to which the Shirrells, Hayeses and Smiths were invited. Elmer had gone to a mass meeting, hence it devolved on me to represent the family.

Since the office seemed a cheerless place, we adjourned to the Smith's (room house--it had been painted that day but was all in order). I dashed home for some flowers I had and borrowed some from Mrs. Rhodes.

After the wedding we toured the project in two cars en route to Block 11 mess hall for the reception. En route our car was halted by an excited grandfather to be who wanted us to get his expectant daughter to the hospital. Out we piled and sent her and her mother off with Mack Mcfurne while we chatted with the grandfather, Mr. Takeda (former N.Y. life insurance agent and our best rustler of laborers for the placement office).

When Mack returned, we went to the party...~~Thexxxxxx~~

There was a toast drunk to the bride and groom (in coca colas) potato chips (the Japanese seem to love them) cake and an orange for everyone.

We were all introduced and said just a word or two, two girls sang, and the bride and groom each thanked every one for the party...

July 10.

...

Winnie and family arrived last night so we ran up to see them for a minute - also Captain Patterson who is in the hospital with his laryngitis.

July 11.

A little orphan boy 3 months old arrived on the train this morning. I took him out to the hospital. Poor sweet little mite, his father is in a concentration camp, his mother dead , a suicide soon after his birth--one of the tragedies of war time.

...

In the evening we went to the community sing in the village and then to the furniture exhibit. After that to play bridge with the Carsons.

July 12.

A big trainload today about nine--nearly 600.

At noon went to a shindig at the military village. A number of couples were down from K.F., also a group of girls known as commandos.

Went to a meeting of 3 Japanese and me, to girls and one elderly man flower arrangement classes.

In the evening we had the Rev. Mr. Phillips and his wife as our dinner guests, and went with them to the Young People's Fellowship.

July 13.

Took material down to Mrs. Kato for the Red Cross and then tried to find Mrs. Miller's to get some plants she promised me. Failing in that Frankie and I collected grasses by the roadside. I brought them back to the flower arrangement people.

Had my final class in the evening. I hated to turn them overto Mrs. Gifford but trust she'll be a good teacher and like them as much as I have.

July 14.

...Mrs. Elberson and Mrs. Stolts did likewise (washing); Mrs. Tracy ironed.

Elmer called me to take charge of a visiting delegation from Oregon State. Was busy with them until luncheon. I find myself resenting the attitude of many outsiders towards our fine people here. Too smug.

...We looked at the Fish and Game Commission's house yesterday--we may lease it.

July 15 and 16.

Trains each morning.

July 17.

Coming back from the train a little Japanese girl eyed Claire and Gayle hungrily. It seems she has never played with Japanese children before and was pining to know some of the white children. Her delight in my room was pathetic. She said "We children used to have fun playing pirate. We'd steal strawberris out of our own berry patch. Japanese children don't play that way."

Elmer and I dashed into K.F. for him to give a talk at Rotary Club. I was tired when I returned and not up to being enthusiastic with the Red Cross contingent.

July 18.

...

We had dinner with the Kendall Smiths...

July 19.

Frankie and I went to church. Mrs. Stults and enfant terrible were there, too, but left fortunately.

E. and I took the visiting firemen into K.F. about 2:30. Mr. Chapman was rather disquieting on some inside dope.

In the evening Elmer attended and spoke at the G.B.A. installation. Except for the gong, the service was not unlike a Catholic service with its genuflections, rosaries, incense, and chanting. The six Buddhist priests all wore dark robes with purple stoles and each carried a book and a fan. The choir of girls were garbed in white satin robes with purple stoles.

...

Then we went for a time to the Bon Odori, Japanese dances for the month of July to celebrate the return of the spirits to this earth.

July 20.

Margaret, Frankie and I went to Tule Lake and Merrill this afternoon. ... Grace Hosegawa brought me an interesting juniper branch in a wooden container--Japanese style, very effective against my ivory wall. Our prima donna is prima-ing again. He is so childish and vain that he's ridiculous. I think Elmer is more tolerant than I.

July 21.

Mr. Lindley, project manager from Granada, Colorado, was here today. Also half a dozen cases of chicken pox arrived on today's train to add to the mumps cases that came yesterday.

...

...

Gave a book report to the Library club tonight. Good audience.

The Slatterys had us to dinner tonight, and we certainly ate ...

Met one of my former pupils. She regrets me and tells me that Mrs. Wada wants to quit the class too, since I am no longer teaching them. She says, "Your are much more interesting Mrs. Shirrell; we all want you back." Of course, all this made me feel good.

July 22.

No train today so we slept until about 7. Slept this aft. a while, then Frankie, Ruth Elberson, and I had iced tea out in the shade back of the house...Elmer at a council meeting.

July 23.

Went to Letty Rodolph's luncheon in K.F. today--didn't get home until nearly six. E. spoke at Kiwanis Club.

Such fantastic rumors as fly around. "Is it true the Japanese are furnished sheets with colored borders." "Were 7 girls bayonetted." "Did a young woman strangle her baby and kill herself because a man saw her in labor?" And so on ad nauseam. One workman had told Mrs. Smith that he was here the day a Japanese was killed--that he heard all the commotion but didn't see the actual killing.

It would be funny if it weren't so dangerous and tragic to spread such tales.

July 24:

Our last train came today so I went over and then down into the village for the registration program with its heads of families registering, the whole family getting throat inspections, mothers of little babies and expectant mothers being interviewed by the nurses, and finally families assigned to their apartments.

Later Frankie and I went to the Winema Gardens. Beautiful. .. flowers. We brought home great quantities of the latter; some for the flower arrangement class, some for the hospital, and some for a few bouquets here and there.

I made a corsage to take to the Niesse's cocktail party for Phil Sullivan's bride to be.

In the evening a very fine meeting with a group of 17 here from Stanford to survey our educational set-up. The staff members, heads of departments gave very fine 2 or 3 minute talks, and then the colonists present gave their ideas as to what they wanted from the schools.

Both Elmer and I nearly burst with pride because each one had a worthwhile idea to express. One mother distressed at lack of table manners in the mess hall wanted etiquette stressed in the schools; a man wanted 12 month schools to keep youngsters out of mischief with wrong associates; still another wanted his children to go back after the war and be as well prepared as their former schoolmates.

One man pleaded that these Stanford teachers go back with something of missionary zeal to tell people outside "we are still Americans."

A young girl requested that all teachers tell the same story as to the reason for the Japanese evacuation.

One man said, "We leave our children to you. Prepare them for a better world."

July 25.

E and I went to Klamath Falls this afternoon. Took in Sgtx. Norman and the Wallaces. I'll bet the Sarge comes back stewed on Monday.

Mr. Taylor, to be a project director in Arkansas and I went to a variety show given in the fire break. ...

July 26.

...

In the afternoon Mr. Christianson, Joe, Margaret, and I took all the dining room girls, Jack Monoye, and 3 of the cooks on a picnic! We

got lost and circumnavigated the lake before we finally reached the farm where we ate

The girls' happiness at being outside was pitiful.

In the evening I reviewed "That Day Alone" at the meeting for young adults. I didn't feel too successful because I had a violent headache.

July 27.

... We've been expecting Chink and Bud and May, but no signs of them so far.

July 28.

Quite a stew in block 4 last night over an anonymous letter in the paper. Not only the cooks but the whole block was up in arms -- loss of face, I suppose. Some of our staff bustled down to the mass meeting which was being held. They'd have done better to stay away, Elmer thinks. The Japanese seemed to resent it.

Frankie and I spent the morning in Tulelake being beautified.

This aft. I took That Day Alone to the Library and delivered some Red Cross stuff to Mrs. Kato's home.

Lots of visiting "Red Crossers" here -- some from Washington. I presume we're being investigated.

As I thought, Sergeant N. came home drunk and a shooting scrape resulted. I don't know the straight of it, but Captain Murphy is gone and a Colonel is here investigating, I presume. Captain M. probably asked to be relieved; he hated the lack of discipline but his hands were tied.

Mr. and Mrs. Conner arrived, he to take Mr. N's place--one prima donna the less, glory be.

Our electricity went out tonight for the third time since we've

been here.

July 29.

An editorial of apology appeared in today's paper from the editor to the mess hall in Block 4. So ends a tempest in a teapot -- or over a suki yaki pot.

I went to K.F. with E tonight to return Mr. Cozzens, Mr. Coverly and the nurse from the Red Cross. (She is supervisor for 7 western states) (I argued about 12x12 forms for 2 teachers).

E. very tired and glad the visitors have all left...

July 30.

J.H. feels that he is being too much curtailed and Mr. C. thinks Mr. Slattery too independent...how easy life would be without a clash of personalities.

Mrs. Slattery, Mrs. Jacoby, Marguerite Harkness and I are getting up a tea and shower for Ruth Elberson and our first staff baby to be -- ...

...

July 31.

We went to Alturas this afternoon. It seemed wonderful to be going away for overnight...

The Shriners Club were having a dinner, and Elmer was the speaker. He gave an informal talk on the project which people seemed to enjoy as they continued to ask questions after he'd finished. We had a night-cap with the editor of the paper and his wife...Their spirit towards the project is a friendly one.

...

Mrs. Elmer Shirrell's Diary 44

August 1.

Elmer got me up at six to get back home by a little after eight.

...the Scudders arrived and in the late afternoon we took them over to see the Farm...The barley and potatoes look wonderful. The peas, beets (by the way, they are thinning the beets now and using them as greens in the ness halls) carrots, and rutabagos are coming on fine. The onions have had a hard life, however, the hot sun burning the tender stalks.

... - K and B are simply amazed at the size of the project and are fascinated by its possibilities.

August 2.

...

August 3.

O dear, it seems the Y.B.A. flew the Buddhist flag over the American flag while we were gone yesterday. Protests galore have poured in from colonists as well as staff members. We hope the whole thing a matter of ignorance and misunderstanding.

This afternoon Becky and I went to a meeting with several colonists and Miss Watson, a Y.W.C.A. secretary. The Girl Reserves are already in tentative organization here, and it was decided to concentrate on them for a while, letting the rest of the Y.W. program develop gradually.

After dinner we had a staff meeting, wives invited as usual.

There were several announcements and admonitions; the chief ones being those concerning the rating of colonists to be done monthly by foremen, section and division chiefs, and the warning that colonists must not be taken by staff members anywhere except to WRA property except in case of special

medical attention. Such medical cases, of course, would be covered by special passes. The necessity to emphasize this fact came on account of one staff member taking two colonists into Tule Lake for ice cream sodas.

The Sullivans, Townsends, and Weilers were not present. They'd gone in to K.F. early to deliver some rented cars back to their owners, as the rest of the WRA cars have come. We draw a ? Ken made a very fine talk which every one enjoyed very much. He certainly praised the project highly and then proceeded to give a number of extremely helpful suggestions.

August 4.

... managed to get myself dressed to go to K.F. where E. spoke at the Lions Club. We four went in, and Becky and I shopped hurriedly and then had luncheon at the Pelican.

We dashed back, stopping at Tule Lake..,our Engineering Dept... Then we saw and approved plans drawn up for our house (if we get the Provost Marshall's 20 X 50 foot building).

The same plan will serve for a couple of similar buildings in the military area if (?). We got E's request granted for part of the military village, only 1/3 of which is now being used.

Between 3:30 and 6 I helped get ready for the party we are giving Ruth Elberson, entertaining Mrs. Henderson, and Mrs. Geary from K.F. for about 3/4 hour in the bargain.

About six I went to the administration building to meet Rotarians from K.F. and since we didn't have enough guides, served in that capacity myself for one car load.

I answered dozens of questions, I'm sure. I do get irked though

when people say "Well, I just hope our people in Japan are being treated as well as these," for I don't think the situations analogous. Our population here is about 75% American born, our own citizens.

Dinner at mess hall 15 was excellent...

The address of welcome by a member of the Council was extremely fine and very touching. In it was made a plea that those on the "outside" remember the genuine Americanism of those "within".

The community sing led by Sam Takagishi was the best I've ever known. ...the choir sang twice "American the Beautiful" and "Nearer Still Nearer." Any eyes left dry by Gerry Wakayama's address of welcome were wet when the choir had concluded.

Then we had vocal solos, a tap dance, tumbling act and the Hawaiian orchestra.

Again I was proud enough to burst, The whole affair went off so smoothly and beautifully that people were visibly impressed.

... We gave Ruth a crib and mattress, (at evening shower). She was almost overcome.

Our program was lovely... a solo "Lilac Tree" by adorable little Yoshiye Sakumura... and two songs by lovely Fumiko Yabe with her really exquisite coloratura soprano voice.

Mesdames Jacoby, Harkness, and Slattery provided hundreds of home made cookies...and Mrs. Fagan presided over the tea urn, Becky over the coffee.

After the party...we went to our respective homes, collected any husbands yet awake, armed ourselves with pots and pans to give the

Sullivans a good old fashioned (charivairee, chiveree?) When they came to the door, we trooped in and bestowed upon them the gift of the staff, an electric percolator and toaster, both very "illigent."

August 5.

I awoke tired but got up early to finish cleaning up after the party. Young Don Harkness gave me a lift until the dining room waitresses discovered what I was up to when they insisted on finishing bringing in the tables and benches we'd removed for the party.

...interrupted shortly by the 'phone asking me to come take the Red Cross in tow. I ... dashed to the Ad. Building and returned with Mrs. Laird from the Alturas chapter and Mr. Woods from the S.F. office.

Since Ken was speaking at Tule Lake Rotary and Elmer was with him, Becky and I did the honors. Before we left I got Mr. Woods and Ted Waller together, but gosh, they locked horns. I surely wished for Elmer.

Ken came back feeling ill, but nevertheless, the Scudders left in the middle of the afternoon and after further conference I got the Red Cross people off.

Bridge in evening with Marg., Frannie and Ruth Alberson.

August 6.

Our first staff baby arrived this evening, little Miss Margaret Elberson. Since every one likes both parents all were delighted.

This morning Mrs. Iki came down to pay me for some thumb tacks, I'd bought her. She stayed all morning, and I found her most charming. She was taken by white people when she was only 8 months old. She has found association with Japanese of all classes very distasteful as hitherto her

friends have been either Caucasian or high class Japanese. Lack of table manners, particularly, revolts her, but even so, her attitude is unusually fine. She feels her lot here is better than that of the American soldier who lives in even more drab surroundings separated from his family as well as from his business.

May and Nancy called on me too, May bring sugar ration cards and money for me to get sugar. Their family will celebrate three birthdays soon ...

The colonists are simply cake starved...I can understand it since I saw the way the cookies disappeared at our party.

...

When I came back from the laundry tired...I flopped down on the couch while Margaret Hayes, almost as tousled reposed in a chair... callers, Mrs. Norton from Winema Gardens bringing me beautiful "glads."

August 7.

... went to town with Marguerite Harkness this afternoon. Mrs. Wilder, wife of the high school principal, is here looking us over before moving in, so she accompanied us. Marguerite got her drivers license...

At six Kit left for Heart Mt. Project at Cody, Wyoming. Miss Wetzel who has been "training" here, Dr. Iki and Miss Shinazaki, Kit's secretary, went with him. They are to set up the hospital there for Mr. Rachford.

Frankie and Frank Smith will leave Tuesday for Minadoka, Idaho, to help with the housing set-up. We are proud that our staff members are

chosen much as we need them here. Kit worked 3 hours this afternoon over a white boy, terribly burned in a gasoline explosion on the highway near here today. Mr. Gifford rushed to K.F. and back in 1:20 hour with blood plasma. Even so and with the gentian blue treatment, Kit is afraid he won't make it.

Elmer and I were over at the hospital tonight. Miss Graham looks terribly fagged; she assisted Kit all afternoon and is waiting up now to see the doctor from K.F. who is coming. Then she expects to have to get up in the night to assist with an obstetrical case, breech presentation.

We saw and talked to the father and mother of the boy who was burned. They are such toil worn, kindly patient farmer folk and both of them oh so desperately anxious.

We got back to the office about 10:30. The housing department was still in an awful mess with the census of last Friday night, largely because some block managers hadn't followed instructions and because of Sam's mulish inefficiency. Elmer sat down rolled up his sleeves, and went to it. We didn't leave until nearly one, but the youngsters are on the right track now. Sam just didn't dare obstruct Elmer as he does F.

Red cross chapter of our own organized today in the village.

August 8.

...the firemen had quite a time keeping a grass fire under control when they burned off an area where the poultry and hog buildings are to go. Mr. Rhodes was certainly hot, tired, and smoke begrinned when night came.

Franklin Scudder, E. and I stayed for dinner in town.

August 9.

... a good sermon by Rev. Mr. Fourness of Sacramento Council of Churches.

We entertained him, his wife, daughter, and a Miss Nicolson at luncheon.

At two I addressed the Women's Association of Xian Churches. It was my first experience with an interpreter, a young Japanese Episcopalian clergyman. My audience was flatteringly attentive, and those who understood had very responsive faces. I suggested that it was not too early to begin to plan for Xmas.

Later the Wallers, Smiths and ourselves devoured an ice cold watermelon. After dinner the Jacobys, Mrs. Waller and I went to the farm where there were several groups picnicking. Alas, on account of rubber shortage and uncharitable white neighbors Elmer feels he must forbid the use of trucks for any picnics after today.

It develops the chief of police of Klamath Falls thinks we staff wives are using Japanese chauffeurs just because Kit had one of his orderlies drive the ambulance in to meet a sick patient at the train. The orderly was accompanied by Frank and Frankie in another car, both cars keeping together, but people up here seem to feel they are likely to be murdered in their beds...

A little problem has arisen of a Japanese ballad singer at an Issei program improvising a song of praise of the rising sun, much to the norror and distress of many Japanese present. He won't perform again, but otherwise I think no notice will be taken. There is no use of elevating the incident into a "martyrdom".

Mr. Clear from the Washington office visited with Elmer until 11:45 but before that Elmer and I had paid a couple of calls in the village. At one block manager's we were served tea by the attractive young wife. Their two year old boy was having his evening bottle. These people seem to have no sense about weaning children.

August 10.

The boy who was burned died today about noon...

One of the mess halls is upset; young, inexperienced cooks and as a result some people weren't fed tonight. The cooks insist they didn't have the food to cook, but the steward's department says "poor management."

The Civil Service has terminated Mr. Blodgett's appointment. They are pleasant people who will be missed. Both Smiths are slated to go, but E. will put up a tremenduous battle for them, and for Mr. Cooke.

We called in the village tonight on several block wardens.

August 11.

...washed this afternoon about 3 after entertaining Nancy, May, and their mothers for an hour. As Nancy's mother speaks no English and May's mother not too much, conversation was difficult.

This evening the judge, sheriff, district attorney, and county clerk dined with us. They came over here to hold court to commit a man to Napa, our first case of insanity.

That reminds me that poor inoffensive Mrs. Imagawa, collecting material for flower arrangement classes got off our property the other day and nearly scared an old woman silly. She saw a Japanese with a pair of scissors approaching a shrub so she barricadedherself in the house and 'phoned the Sheriff for help.

Mr. Imagawa is one of the pillars of the Christian church here and regards me as his special friend. He's bestowed on me a tub of marigolds and in return asks me to bring him ten pounds of fertilizer!

It is nearly eleven, but Elmer is still at council meeting in the village. Each block has a council representative and now all 64 of them are trying to draw up a constitution and get their permanent organization going. Since some speak little English all meetings last for hours and hours.

Aug. 12 to Aug 21.

Elmer has been in conference in San Francisco during this period. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, regional--Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday with the Washington groups, including the director Mr. Myer. I stayed in Oakland at Mother Crawford's.

The sessions were evidently strenuous; one night Elmer didn't leave the committee room until 11 o'clock. That was the day he succeeded in getting some of the "Tule Lake Bible" incorporated with its program of training not only on the job, for the job, but for future post war placement.

Mr. Ernst, the project director for Central Utah Project drove back with us through a very hot Sacramento Valley.

Aug. 22.

We arrived here this morning about 9:30 after spending the night in Dunsmuir. Everyone seemed glad to seeus. I think Joe was glad to be relieved of some of the responsibility, for he certainly had a baptism of fire--and aquitted himself well.

The night we left, that is around 4 a.m. store number 3 caught fire through a defective "pop" machine. A warden saw the blaze and gave the

alarm. The fire department arrived in record time and headed by Mr. Rhodes put out the fire without causing great damage by water specially to be commended since it meant the precious store repairing equipment was saved.

The next Saturday morning the Public Works and Farm crews did not go to work. They regarded themselves as striking because work clothes had not yet been provided.

Elmer and Mr. Fryer went into a huddle and E. wired that no one strikes against the U.S. that the strikers were jeopardizing all he was trying to do, and that they were spoiling the fine reputation Tule Lake Project had enjoyed.

Joe, meantime, had told the men if they had grievances to appoint a committe to contact the administration, but not to be foolish and mill around in a mass. They followed his advice and after he'd read their committee E's wire and talked with them, all quieted down and next morning every one went to work.

Tonight we took Mrs. Ernst to a program given by the music and Dance Divisions of the Recreation Department. This program was held on the outdoor stage and despite a poor public address system, a worse piano, and the discomfort of sitting on the ground, we felt the standard of the performance very high. Sears-Roebuck donated over a hundred yards of material which the sewing department had made into lovely costumes. Many of the dancers have been taking lessons only two months but the tap routines were amazing. Music both instrumental and vocal was of high caliber.

...An audience of fully 5,000 sat listening and watching for over two hours. The colorful finale was a Spanish Fiesta scene!

August 23.

Today was highlighted by a trip to the farm. Everything has grown prodigiously; we ate huge, sweet juicy carrots and handfuls of luscious green peas. If the cold weather will hold off just a while longer, we'll have a bumper crop, but there was a thunder storm not far off, and I'm a little fearful lest we never get our squash, cucumbers, or beans. We are beginning to ship turnips, beets, and spinach to Parker and Manzanar.

August 24.

Nancy and May showed up this afternoon; the former having a morning glory in a tin can, the latter some paper flowers her mother had made. I took them home later whereupon their mommas and Nancy's sisters all rushed out to say "How do you do" and "Sank you, sank you verry much," such polite little folk they are.

Staff meeting tonight was very long on account of the necessity of telling all about the conferences etc. and the new idea of W.R.A. of trying to get the colonists relocated out of the Western Defense Area as fast as possible - also the scheme for laborers to go out to the sugar beet fields.

August 25.

I was domestic..., visiting meantime with Marguerite Harkness, Mrs. Kallam, and Dorothy Smith who were occupied in like manner.

This afternoon I attended a meeting which was looking for ways and means to establish some higher education courses here. W.R.A. furnished no funds beyond high school, but need of education for those who of necessity will soon be the leaders of the Japanese Americans has brought a conference of educators here from S.F. Junior College, Sacramento J.C., University of Calif., U.C.L.A. and Whittier College as well as a member of the state board.

Tonight E. is at Council meeting. He looked very tired at dinner which was just a procession of people consulting E. on this or that, rather than a relaxing meal.

Council meetings are always terrifically long.

August 26.

Elmer didn't get home until midnight--dead tired....

Frankie and I went to Tule Lake this morning. This evening E. and I went to the final meeting of the education committee.... the committee long winded, but we got what we wanted, I think.

August 27.

Yesterday I lost my check stubs; today Mrs. Conner, Frankie and I went into town to try to find them but to no avail - ...

This evening I was a judge at the high school "oratoricals" - Three girls only - "My Thoughts on War and Peace" received first place, I making the award.

...went with Elmer to the dance given by the Placement office.

August 28.

Bill Leonard came last night from Winnies and the children returned from the Island. I piloted them on a tour of the farm; how big Bill's eyes grew as he realized the magnitude of the project with its great agricultural program. I know, for he's certainly sold on what we are accomplishing.

At 1:30 Frankie and I went to a nursery school program where we laughed ourselves sick over "Little Black Sambo" done in blackfaces by cunning moon-faced, almond eyed little Nipponese-Americans.

After the program given to a large audience of appreciative mothers, and grandfather or two, other young fry... Mrs. Newton and daughter here.

The evening from 7 to 9:30 was spent in acting as judge for the Post-High School Oratoricals - 10 speakers 8 boys and girls all of whom have had some experience in college or Jr. colleges. The winner spoke on "We Carry the Torch" i.e. for the minority groups in the U.S. and as such necessary to watch carefully lest civil liberty be destroyed little by little.

All the talks were thoughtful and well constructed. Only one speaker showed bitterness and some hopelessness that Japan and the U.S. will ever be able to resolve their difficulties.

After the decision was given, I came home, dressed, and went to the dance of the University of California Club.

August 29.

...I was tired from the day before. I forgot to say that in the late afternoon, I guided Mrs. Newton and her daughter around the Project, stopping at the hospital to leave the lovely flowers they brought and to see the babies.

Before luncheon Elmer called to say Walter Clark and a friend were coming. ... After luncheon I took them to the mass meeting at the outdoor stage where for two hours E. explained the new W.R.A. policies and answered questions. As everything had to be translated into Japanese, the process was a lengthy one. We left long before he had finished so that I might show something of the village and the hospital. Both Walter and Mrs. Blomquist were impressed to the point of exclaiming over and over of the size of the project and the complexity of the task.

Meantime the Army came and took 40 trucks we had had from the C.C.C. crippling us very badly. Also a new construction engineer arrived to take Dan Shecan's place, Dan having gone to Minadoka. The new man stayed two

hours and resigned. He didn't like the way we live!

A pleasant dinner and evening at the Harknesses rested us somewhat from a strenuous day.

August 30.

...Elmer had to leave soon as he had a meeting to consider ways and means with the limited number of trucks left us.

I forgot to say Luther Stults is gone, and we have a new steward, Mr. Peck. He was formerly with the Construction Co.

This afternoon the Carsons and us (minus Warren) went to look at the Fish and Game house where the Carsons plan to live and then to the farm to see if the cold mornings with their frost have done any damage. The beans and squash both suffered but were not totally ruined. Everything else is fine.

To let Joyce Jacoby go to Crater Lake with her spouse, I took her place at a meeting of 12 to 15 year olds. At its close the Rev. Mr. Kuroda came in to ask me to take a man to the hospital, but a warden came by so that I was excused from that duty.

August 31.

...

September 1.

...

Mr. Fryer flew in today from Minedoka. He and Elmer were together much of the afternoon, E. having met him at the airport. We took him back to town tonight. The poor man looked gray with fatigue after his tour to all the projects. He is very discouraged with the Utah project, fears

the land is no good, and is heartsick to think Tanforan goes there. He is pleased with this project... Elmer had to hurry back for Council Meeting.

September 2.

This morning our teacher's institute opened, Elmer gave an excellent address. Evelyn Johnson Davy is one of the teachers; I hadn't seen her for 27 years.

We are short about 25 teachers; I may have to teach but am really hoping that I won't.

Drs. Wagoner and Little from Mills and Miss Steels from Cal. arrived to see Marianne Robinson who is in S.F. I offered myself as guide therefore and piloted them about over the project and farm, a two or three hours' jaunt.

...I managed to get him (Elmer) and the Throck Mortons off for a sunset drive over by Petroglyph Point. Coal is arriving faster than we can get it unloaded; trucks are all too few and our vegetables ripen apace -- no wonder E. needs to get away for a few minutes.

September 3.

Frankie and I spent the morning in Tule Lake, and this afternoon I took Mrs. Kallam to call on Mrs. Newton. ... We are crazy about the Project, we do enjoy the colonists, but once in a while the six inch dry dust, the absence of all trees, and the lack of privacy coupled with the sameness of barracks rooms and furniture become overpoweringly depressing. (Of course these same irritations apply even more to the colonists, and they can't go outside to call)

Life has been very strenuous the past few days. Now the construction

men are all upset and not working, chiefly on account of a lack of tact by Caucasian staff members. The maintenance girls are "uppity" too, but with less reason. They are mad because they have to walk to work.

Warden's ball this evening.

September 4.

I spent part of the morning and afternoon at teachers institute. We had a very fine entertainment from our young folk today. I said afterward to some of the performers "I'm so proud of you; I feel just like a fond momma," to which Helen Mayeda and a young man dance instructor said in unison"And such a nice mamma, too." It touched me, for they are as Frank Smith says, "such swell kids."

Elmer was in a long conference with the construction foremen today. Just as he thought he had them about settled, Mr. Slattery threw a monkey wrench into the works by saying, "All the trouble makers are right in this room" and then once again diplomacy had to be exercised.

Joe is meantime working frantically on the coal unloading situation and the maintenance girls continue sulky after having had a row with Mrs. Tracy (who is sharp tongued, I'll admit).

75 new colonists arrived today from Portland and several sick (T.B's.) the other night. Winnie accompanied Kit to drive one ambulance.

At dinner time tonight the fire whistle sounded. E. and I were just leaving the Ad. Building. He dashed for the fire while I went on to the dining room. After a bit, I glanced across the aisle and lo, there sat Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Ownes, and Mr. Hoffman, the regional fire chief, not one of whom had heard the siren. E. has certainly kidded them about letting him fight fire alone. As a matter of fact, the firemen did a fine job--just another

case of faulty construction in a mess hall.

September 5.

The block managers, wardens, and other volunteers unloaded five cars of coal last night, and had themselves a jolly time in so doing. In addition the construction gangs have decided to go back to work Tuesday, after having had the requisiste number of meetings. Every so often these people just have to stop and pow-wow.

I got E. away this afternoon to drive into Tule Lake on an errand.

...

This evening came the crowning of the queen for Labor Day. For several weeks the contest has been going on. Finally the field was narrowed to seven candidates and of these, a tall slender maiden received the most votes and was duly proclaimed queen. Elmer, who donned his dinner jacket for the occasion, escorted her through a crowd of about 10,000 to the stage and throne chair. There he crowned her while the six defeated candidates attended her as maids of honor.

Later we attended the ball given in her honor by the Recreation Department. It was certainly a gala occasion and lots of fun with a grand march and several simple but amusing folk dances in which every one participated. Refreshments were fairly elaborate for up here, as we had crackers spread with cheese, olives, ice cream cones, and the ever present potato chips. I never knew people could like the last named so well...

September 6.

Church this morning with Father Dai (Rev. Mr. Kitagawa, Episcoplaian) in charge. He gave a good Labor Day sermon, taking his text from Genesis

"In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread."

The afternoon was spent with a committee of three others judging the exhibits for tomorrow. We were simply overwhelmed by the perfection of the articles we were to judge, literally dozens of everything too, hand sewed, machine sewed, embroidered, knitted, crocheted. Three sewing instructors exhibited their classes' work, frocks, skirts, blouses, dressing gowns, and lingerie. There were knitted dresses, sweaters and socks, crocheted bed spreads, table covers, and doilies. An elderly man had made of scrap lumber a miniature saw-mill in which little mannikins pulled cross saws back and forth, the whole contraption run by the wind produced by a small electric fan. Near it stood a delicate wooden screen, and a landscape with tiny carved cranes and still tinier carved turtles all with an exquisitely painted backdrop of cloud and sky. Proudly the old gentleman displayed his blue ribbon!

At six E. and I dashed to Mrs. Newton's to return ladened with pine boughs, delicate greens and flowers for the flower arrangement exhibit.

Then tired and hungry we went down to Stronghold as we'd missed dinner here. A neighboring woman was eating there with her husband and what a tirade we were subjected to. "The damned Jap camp gets all the ham and bacon in the country--girls and women aren't safe here in their own homes--if you don't look out we'll declare an open season on the yellow, slant-eyed devils". On and one, louder and louder she raved. Elmer talked to her very quietly; finally , she half way subsided. I kept silent, otherwise I think I should have been moved to do bodily violence.

September 7.

Today came our big celebration with its parade and flag raising at our new 200 foot flag pole. "Bricks without straw" -.What a people to do great

things with those things others despise.

When I saw one float covered with cattails, I realized why the other day I had passed a whole line of our farm trucks stopped by the roadside while various men gathered cattails. Fearful of censure on them, from passers by or from neighboring farmers, I had stopped and kindly suggested that it might be better for them to drive on. Now I blushed with shame to feel that in American we'd deny harmless human beings whose only crime is an accident of birth, the very cattails that grow in our marshes.

Tears came as the 350 boy scouts marched by, followed by the lovely camp fire girls, the majorettes, and the bright eyed bands, but to see American Legionaires stepping by bearing the American flag, men who wore wound stripes from the last war, virtual prisoners in a land they have fought for...-

The farm float was very lovely with its rows upon rows of scrubbed vegetables arranged in a pretty design of form and color--huge turnips, beets, giant white radishes, heads of lettuces, red radishes, onions, cabbage.

In the afternoon I went to the program given by the music, dance and drama departments. Later I escorted Elmer and Mrs. Newton to the exhibits, all of us beinf remarkably impressed by the flower arrangement exhibit which was extremely lovely.

This evening we spent a little time down at the talent show in the village, the first part for the Nisei, the second for the Issei.

September 8.

... flew around to get started for Alturas at a little after ten where E. spoke to the Rotary Club at noon...The military is having a dance for the

school teachers and we have to go, alack.

Sept. 9.

(The dance wasn't bad). Tonight we had a fine staff meeting featured by a talk by Father Whitton, our Catholic chaplain, who lived in Japan for ten years as head of the missionary work done by the MaryKnoll fathers. It is certainly interesting to hear him tell us many of the things E. and I have felt we had discovered and to know we are correct. We all laughted when he spoke of the Japanese love for meetings, and then more meetings.

September 10.

... The doctors and dentists are on the rampage now, and it is discouraging when the educated Japanese can't realize that if W.R.A. can't make this thing go, the army will!

September 11.

Now the warehouses are having a time. It seems strange that the colonists respect private property to the nth degree, we never lock our doors, but government property is another matter. They snitch much food from the warehouses, and E. met the women from the packing sheds tonight going home ladened with vegetables. Perhaps considering how many white feet get into Uncle Sam's public trough, no one should consider the Japanese peculiar. They are just more honest about personal belongings.

Tonight we dined with the Jacobys-Jakes father and mother are here, and we had delicious sweet corn for dinner, the only good corn I've had this season....

While we were there there was a fire alarm, another mess hall, wooden platform under the concrete block in which the range sits. Why oh why

did the army engineers fail to see the danger of such construction?

September 12.

Everybody is busy with sugar beet contracts, getting workers out to Idaho, Utah, and Montana. Meantime the school department is in a dither getting ready to open Monday. We are short of seats, books, and teachers. There are no blackboards and no small supplies.

We went to a dance in the colony tonight, given by some of the Seattle and Portland young people.

September 13.

The blow has landed. I have to substitute at high school until more teachers can be found. I suppose if none are to be had, I'll have to remain indefinitely.

If our construction crews would only move faster. No action has begun yet on our house or the teachers' dormitories. They are living in the part of the military quarters we have taken over. When their quarters are done, work begins to make apartments of the former military barracks.

We took the Harknesses to the farm tonight. The barley fields on every side were simply balck with geese and the sky was beautiful with their long, graceful formations. We begin harvesting tomorrow; here is hoping we have some barley left.

September 14.

School under difficulties. One block of barracks has been taken over for the high school with three class rooms to a barracks. The buildings are unceiled and have no doors between class rooms. There are some chairs and a few benches for furniture, but no blackboards, no desks, no books.

There is no auditorium, no loud speaker system, no bells.

I'm catapulted into the history department, largely world history courses for 9th and 10th graders. Every class has some 40 or more in it.

Dr. Thompson and party arrived today. He is transferring five of our doctors. It seems we have too many, other projects too few. (I hope he gets the trouble makers).

September 15.

Such a cold in my head but school goes on apace. Duncan McKay and wife were here today, he is a lieutenant in army engineers. I used my free period after luncheon to show her the project.

Elmer is at council meeting. I suppose that means midnight.

Sept. 16.

I guess Council Meeting was plenty hot last night. This Japanese doctor business is a headache. Kit was present to answer questions about the hospital. Anyway Elmer didn't get home until after midnight...

There was some unpleasantness in the village too. A repatriate tried to go with the beet sugar workers but through one of the girls in Placement was apprehended.

After school tonight we had a short faculty meeting and then I had to take Mr. Gibson from Regional Office over to inspect the teachers quarters.

It seems we are the only project to get our schools going, and he's very desirous of seeing how we've been able to do it.

Elmer was sick all A.M. but went to Rotary at noon and has gone to Yreka this afternoon.

September 17.

...

The first school assembly was held today, very fine considering the adverse circumstances. A loud speaker was installed back of the barracks in which the principal's office is located and a platform erected under it. The crowd of about 3,000 gathered around. Sam Tackagishi led in community singing and yells. A very good talk was made by a colonist teacher and several from the recreation department performed.

Tonight we went to a dance being held for Tom Okabe and the girl he is marrying. It has turned very cold; on the way home a fire alarm sent us scurrying to a shower building in one of the blocks -- just another chimney burning out. This Utah coal makes too much soot.

September 18.

... Tonight we relaxed at Kits' and Winnie's, taking a visiting fireman along.

At last Frank has grown hard boiled enough to dispense with Sam who has been a thorn in his side long enough. He's been very non-cooperative in the sugar beet business, practically refuses to work after his 8 hours are over.

It was discovered today that a young fellow here gave his name and pass to go to the beet fields to a man not eligible. The F.B.I. is on the trail of the one who's gone and the one here is in custody.

September 17.

I've had to spend all morning at a teacher's meeting, but this afternoon we drove Bob Petrie and Kiyo Kobayashi out to the farm. She had

a beautiful time; it was the first time she'd been off the place since she arrived, our first registered nurse.

To see literally thousands of geese sitting and eating our fine barley was almost too much. They act as though they owned the place and are playing smash.

Tonight was the wedding of Tom and Rose, very lovely indeed, with the Rev. Mr. Kuroda officiating. The recreation hall was prettily decorated, the bride all in white with a veil and lovely bouquet, a gorgeous two tiered wedding cake and so on. ...

Later we went to our first big general staff party where we danced in the mess hall and had games in the staff recreation building....

Before the evening was over, Elmer and Frank were called out by our "triangle" which bobs up every now and then. The woman and her paramour wanted to go to the beet fields; the husband was threatening to commit hari-kiri.

September 21.

The fire alarm sounded about five, but when Elmer found by telephoning that it was another mess hall chimney, he went back to bed.

I went to church in the 47 block with Ken and Marguerite. The speaker used to be with the Y.M.C.A. at the Seamen's Institute in New York. He was very interesting and gave a talk I wish all Japanese would hear and take to heart, especially about the relationship of parents to children and vice versa.

Our house is being worked on at last. I'll wager we'll be in by Xmas. The W.P.A. had nothing on the slowness with which our people work.

Nancy brought candied cherries today, a gift from her mother because Toyoko, one of the girls, has recovered from appendicitis, a Japanese custom, it seems to give gifts to celebrate.

I am swamped with school work. I didn't get through before it was time to go to Klamath Falls to dine with the Reeves family; he is the S.P. man for this district, and we grew well acquainted when our trains were coming every day.

September 22.

Rush...to get my five civil service forms off. O what a day. Elmer's had his troubles, too. Mr. S. just can't seem to get anything out of the construction gang.

We dahsed to K.F. where Elmer spoke at the Business and Professional Women's Club...Then they called on me.

September 22.(?)

I was good and sick in the night. It's been as much as a bargain to go to school today. My assistant, Fumiko Hitomi did most of the work.

E. at Council until 12:30.

September 23.

Today I dashed home to accompany Elmer, Frank and Frankie to Weed where E. spoke to the Lion's Club and we had a quiet restful dinner...

September 24.

We are working trying to adjust the size of our classes, a terrible chore.

Meantime the farmers are on their high horse and the painters too. These people would rather sit down and pow-wow than eat.

I dashed back from school for a few minutes to go to a tea for Don Elberson's mother.

E. is at the Forum tonight but I'm working on school work.

September 25.

.... The furniture people have quit now, they don't get along at all with Mr. Rouner. E's had a beastly day, but we had a pleasant dinner and evening at the Scott Warrens.

September 26.

Teachers meeting again. It seems under civil service, we have to work Saturday mornings. Gosh, I need some free time.

Right after luncheon some music teachers from the B. & P.W. Club arrived. After I showed them the Project, I took them to the Music Department where the young people put on a fine program for them. ...

September 27.

... and then Elmer, the Carsons and I went to see our new baby chicks, and the pigs that have just been bought. After that we rode over to the farm.

This evening I have worked on papers until 9:30 when we went to a dance for which we were chaperones. We stayed only until 10:30 -- to tired.

September 28.

A new teacher is here so that I am to have only five classes a day instead of the six I had today. I'll teach U.S. history four hours in the morning and then have a 2:15 - 3:15 world history class. What a relief it will be not to have to remain until 5:15 any longer.

I took a sick girl to the hospital this afternoon and Fumiko too, who has a sort of charley-horse.

Elmer's day has been vile. I haven't seen enough of him to find out the reasons. A group has been here from the War Information Bureau wanting a broadcast from the village.

I just got back from a meeting in our recreation hall to find who wants to buy groceries from the cooperative store in Oakland. I ordered my winter's supply of canned fruit and some other odds and ends.

September 29.

Well, the village decided not to cooperate with the W.I.B. Meantime, a regional man has been here on the furniture sit-down. Elmer has been run nearly ragged. Everyone here is disgusted at the refusal to play ball. E. came home from Council at 10. I guess he told 'em off a little.

September 30.

Life continues strenuous but some of the council are coming to see how foolish it is to let the Issei boss everyone around.

Meantime a rumor of Congress being about to revoke the citizenship of the Americans of Japanese descent has everybody excited. One of my good little students asked me today. She was worried sick.

This evening we went to Tule Lake on an errand with the Smiths returning to the Carsons to listen to some good music; we needed the relaxation.

October 1.

Elmer, Kit and Winnie had a delightful trip to Cedarville, but I taught as usual. One bright spot in my life is that 80 books

came for U.S. history and 32 for world.

Now it's the farm labor and the vegetable packers who are along on their jobs. Moreover produce merchants are still loath to buy our beautiful vegetables. Silly geese!

October 2.

After much finagling I divided 80 books among 170 pupils - what a life. I was so tired when I got home, I took a nap.

Our house is coming along. The bathroom fixtures are installed as is the kitchen sink. We hope we can be in and settled by the tenth as Mr. Myer arrives on the 12th to stay several days and we'd like to entertain him there.

I went to a Red Cross meeting tonight in the village.

October 3.

School meeting this A.M. I hate giving up my Saturday mornings. Moreover, I became very wrothy because two of our teachers just drip sweetness and light - but no common sense. They think all teachers can be so interesting that no pupil will be absent or tardy. Hah!.

Afterwards I took magazines down to Mrs. Kawanchi to be used by the Campfire Girls to make books for the hospital. Still later E. and I went to K.F.

October 4.

Today was World Communion Sunday, but although I went to church from 10 to 1, I never did get communion. I went to the Nisei meeting first and was asked to take the minister (Mr. Smith) from there to the Issei gathering near the cemetery

immediately after he'd finished preaching.

Such an inaccessible spot as it was. I dumped the poor man out as close as I could get and then wasted about 15 minutes trying to get my car closer. Finally I gave up and plowed the quarter of a mile through the gravel.

There I sat until nearly one in the broiling sun (with just a wrap-around turban on my poor defenceless head) only to discover that the congregation had "communed" in my absence.

Later we went to a very poorly attended mass meeting of the Nisei. They've been all "het up" about a couple of bills in Congress in regard to their citizenship rights, but even so, few showed up, and after Mr. Ferguson spoke, the meeting resolved itself into a more or less acrimonious debate between Walter Tsukamoto and one of our Phi Betes.

Guy Bosker is here and drove into K.F. with us when we took Mr. F. back.

October 5.

I've felt horrid all day; too much sun yesterday.

October 6.

Such brats. I could have killed some of my fourth period class. An assembly was held; all who desire are to quit school to work in the harvest, picking up potatoes.

Our strikes continue.

October 7.

With about half my pupils I've carried on today while Fumi has gone to the farm to do "bossing" duty. It is a great

relief to have smaller classes but very difficult to take the roll. My Japanese pronounciation leaves much to be desired and then, too, I have to write out a list of all absent and all present - takes ages. Of course, we are more or less marking time anyway.

Kit has been about ready to quit today. Dr. T. doesn't move to get Harada away from here, and he's just adroitly sabotaging the hospital.

A G-2 man here today.

October 8.

F.B.I. man here today. Hope he throws a ~~gx~~ scare into our agitators. Teachers' meeting tonight instead of Saturday - glory be.

Our house gets better and better.

October 9.

No school at all next week. The regular teachers have to report for curriculum work, but I'll be able to move and enjoy life.

October 10.

A telegram from Harriette that Brent died last night - also a letter from Ed. that Edna is very poorly. As a result I'm going south, probably by train as it is very cold and stormy.

October 11. to October 16.

Elmer and I drove into K.F. so I could catch the early train, but it was so late, I commandeered the car and drove down, leaving him to hitch hike home. At 35 miles an hour, I

reached Colusa at 5 o'clock. I remained until Tuesday when I went to Oakland. Found Edna better, Pat "eloped." Left Thursday about noon and drove to Corning after spending an hour in Colusa with H.

Stopped in K.F. Thursday to have the car serviced and on home by 4:30.

October 17.

We moved today. Everything is wonderful, but sort of messy.

October 18.

Washed dishes, unpacked, worked all day.

October 19.

Still settling in.

October 20.

Ditto.

October 21, 22 & 23

Pink eye.

October 24.

Some better and in dark goggles went into Klamath Falls to shop. Elmer bought out half the Ben Franklin store at Merrill on our way into town.

October 25 - Sunday

Sixteen people in during the course of the day. I'd decided to have dinner at home; we ate it with six people sitting around watching us.

October 26.

My new little maid arrived today. She'll come every

morning at ten, clean up the house, make the beds, get luncheon and do the dishes.

October 27.

The time goes fast. Our house is almost in order.

October 28.

Went to K.F. with Mrs. Thomas today to a party at the .... A woman on being introduced said, "O, I see by the paper you are to be investigated."

"By whom?" I asked

"O, Uncle Sam", said she.

I returned airily, "We're used to that."

As a matter of fact the governor of Oregon has been joining in with the anvil chorus round about us. According to him we have 15,000 Japanese, only 6,000 of whom will work. The others just grouse about their food. He makes no mention of the fact that part of the 9,000 is made up of children, old men, and women, and the mothers of little children.

The K.F. Chamber of Commerce has investigated us; so has the Redding. The most fantastic rumors float about - enough to drive one crazy, but they make me furious. Fortunately, E. takes them in a more philosophical frame of mind.

October 29.

Spent all afternoon at a Y.W. meeting; it was the bunk!

October 30.

Frankie, Margaret, and I went shopping in Tule Lake.

October 31.

Our harvest festival today with a splendid parade at 10 o'clock all on foot to save rubber. The school children were adorable as Hansel and Gretel, The Old Woman in a Shoe, Bo-Peep, Flower Faces, etc. The Issei had a very interesting group illustrating 17 syllable verse which they have composed since arriving here. One man dressed in woman's attire carried a knitting bag, pattern drafting tools, and artificial flowers. His poem read "Even old women learn new arts at Tule Lake Project."

In the afternoon I went to a fine musical program and then over a little while to the booths which were doing a rushing business, especially the hamburger and wiener stands.

In the parade the farm crew had hats made of turnips. It seemed unbelievable that turnips could grow large enough to make caps for grown men.

November 1.

Mr. Chapman is staying with us. We sat up talking last night about his experiences in Japan etc. This morning I went to church to hear him speak.

About five thirty, Frank, Frankie, E. and I drove into Klamath Falls where we had dinner and then took E. to the train. I wasn't very hungry as E. and I had been guests of the Young Buddhists at a turnkey dinner given in honor of a Mr. Goldwater, an Englishman who is a Buddhist priest (He's a piffling creature but the dinner was good).

Mr. Chapman and Francis Stewart are occupying the guest

room so that I'm not afraid.

November 2.

School opened again this morning. I went to sleep last night dreading my fourth period class, but for some reason they were angelic. The meanest one of the lot didn't return, glory be. Also another glory, my room has been sealed (or is it ceiled).

November 3.

We had school just two periods today as the study halls aren't ready yet and it's too bitterly cold for youngsters to stand around outside.

Woke up with lumbago - very painful, but managed to keep going. The weather is cold!

November 4.

E. got home this morning. All quiet on our home front here.

November 5.

Weather is cold - still have lumbago, but a little better. Went to our program of "Japanese Culture." The Issei group from the parade appeared in costume;each verse was read in Japanese and then explained. The whole thing was tremendously interesting. Afterwards E. and I went over to Frank's birthday party which the boys and girls from his department were giving him. We had a delightful time; they are fine young people.

November 6.

This afternoon we went to a handicraft exhibit in Block 29. Two pictures, one of Paul Revere's ride, another a portrait of Captain Colin Kelly gave me pause. There were beautiful vases,

articles of furniture, paintings, model airplanes.

A party this evening was very lovely. It was given by the Union Church for the teachers. The program was unusually fine, a Sibelius number and the 1st movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, played by 15 year-old Carl Niwa, Mozart's Alleluiah sung by a young woman with a fine voice and excellent stage presence, a reading by one of the girls, community singing, and remarks by the Rev. Mr. Kiagawa (Father Dai). Then we all had tea while we visited. The tea table was very attractive, presided over by Mrs. Saito in a beautiful Kimono at one end and a friend of hers in kimono at the other end of the table. Both women were very beautiful.

November 7.

Teachers meeting in the morning and a quick dash to Klamath Falls in the afternoon. Kit and Winnie and the Shirrells played bridge in the evening over at the hospital.

November 8.

We went to church this morning and to the farm this afternoon. Elmer was with me for the latter. We called on the Reverend Mr. Tanabe, too. His mother died a few days ago.

The Throckmortons came over this evening.

November 11

Life is too strenuous; I just can't keep up my daily dozen in this note-book. I teach as hard as I can go all morning 4 periods of U.S. History, a ten minute walk home, luncheon, ten minutes back, a study hall, then World History. After that come

various chores at school, and then come home chores after I return. Perhaps I get dinner; perhaps we eat at the messhall, always many interruptions and unexpected jobs.

November 13.

Terrific dust storm this afternoon. We could hardly breathe at school. I hear Captain P. made an ass of himself at a Legion meeting Armistice night. He likes to be the big shot, especially when he's half full so he orated at length on the fact that he was sitting on the lid of a powder keg out here; things might blow up any time. He keeps himself and some of his men in a case of the jitters most of the time.

November 14.

Cleaned my first ducks today; wasn't hard at all. I was surprised. What a dust storm. The wind drove the sand in in piles everywhere on the south side of the house.

November 15.

A collection was taken at church today for war sufferers. Out of their pitiful little earnings the Japanese Christians gave liberally for the Greeks, French, etc. It seemed plenty pathetic to me, especially in view of the hatred with which some Americans regard them.

I cleaned and cleaned house this afternoon - thought I never would get all the dust taken up from yesterday.

We dined on pheasant at the Kendall Smiths tonight.

November 17.

I was to have spoken to the League of Women Voters in K.F.

tonight, but after several days of pleasant weather, we've suddenly had a blizzard so the meeting was called off.

November 18.

E. went to a conference in Salt Lake today. I went to the "movies" with the Eastmans. Charlotte was to stay with me, but remained in K.F. overnight, so I stayed alone after all, why not? The only possible fear that I'd have would be a drunken soldier.

November 19.

Grace Hosakawa gave a very interesting lecture and demonstration of Japanese flower arrangement to the Teachers' Group tonight.

November 20.

Went to the U.C. Club Rally tonight as tomorrow is the Big Game. Everyone tried hard to have plenty of spirit, but the younger group, especially those who were students at Cal. last year couldn't help contrasting last year and this.

November 21.

Ruth and Mort drove to Reno to meet E. but I just couldn't take the time, swamped with work.

November 22.

E. home at midnight after a good trip.

November 28.

Teachers' meeting this morning and E. insistent on a quick dash to K.F. this afternoon even though we expected Chuck and Dot. I nearly had a fit when E. insisted on going by the Newtons to get some plants. As I expected we were there a long time.

We reached home to find Dot and Chuck here. Was I regusted? She had dinner almost ready.

November 29.

This has been a busy day, and a rainy one. Chuck's assistant has had a fit because they didn't go on to Reno today. We finally got him over at the drafting room where he could work; there he was happier.

This afternoon we went to the farewell ceremony being given for the 35 fine young men who leave tomorrow for Camp Savage, Minnesota, to be soldiers in the Intelligence School there. When their parents were asked to stand up, they rose looking so proud but the mothers, like mothers everywhere, so sad.

Kit and Winnie came for wild goose dinner with us.

November 30.

Chuck and his man Friday left this morning for Reno, but Dottie is to be here until tomorrow. She went to the flower arrangement classes today. She finds herself fascinated by the Project - but I was sure she would be.

We had a wonderful staff meeting tonight. Elmer was never better and the staff responded just about 100%.

December 1.

We drove Dot into Klamath Falls to take the train, having dinner together at the Willards. We had to leave her there as the train was late, and we were due back here for the installation of the new council which is to function under the new charter. It was a very good meeting; Harry Mayeda was elected chairman - he's such a fine young chap, a graduate of Cal. and of Hastings,

now running the Recreation Department since Ted Waller's departure.

December 2.

E. was called to S.F. today most unexpectedly. He's a little worried for Mr. Connor is just back with the report that in the shuffle incident to Regional Office being closed, Mr. Coverley is to be sent here as director. I can't see how or why such a thing would be done, for this has been by long odds the outstanding project. Captain Patterson is to be transferred - he says to Poston on account of the recent troubles there.

December 3.

I went to Mr. and Mrs. Neito's last night and was certainly glad I did for no other one of the Caucasian guests could come. Joyce Jacoby was in bed ill, Elmer had gone, and the Billigmeier's called up after I'd arrived to say they couldn't come. But Hana Uyeno, her brother Tom and his wife were there, Oliver Kogi of our H.S. staff, the Miyamoto's (he was an associate prof. of sociology at the University of Washington before evacuation and she is a lovely little woman who is a very good musician). Mrs. Neito is his sister and their mother and another sister were present, too. We had a lovely time with plenty of food, and I mean plenty - cream of mushroom soup, sandwiches, fruit salad, cheese straws, olives, pickles, coffee, and a huge layer cake, not to speak of candy and nuts.

Had dinner with the Smiths tonight and stayed to visit afterwards when I should have been home working at school affairs.

December 4.

I knew it was too good to be true - Wandering Jews like

the Shirrells have to keep moving. Elmer is back, and we are on our way out. Why we don't know. He was told the military authorities think he's too lenient with the Japanese. Coverley is to have his job. What's back of it?

I don't see how I can ever quit crying. It's all so unfair. We've worked so hard, especially E., and he's done a swell job. This is the outstanding project - and the reward, Get out!

Three jobs are offered in place of this, but they all sound so uninviting after this. He said "No" to Washington, D.C. The others are relocation work in the Middle West or to go into the division handling evacuee property.

I was very proud of E. at staff meeting this afternoon. As Mr. C. had started the report, E. thot he'd better announce that he was going. What a gasp went up, and then "O no, no" came from every side. I bolted for the rest room because I couldn't hold back any more. Frankie joined me very shortly. Kendall Smith cried, too, and Frannie Throckmorton. Others were blowing their noses and expressing disapprobation even though they all felt that it must be a big promotion, or E. wouldn't be going. To try to smile and to keep up morale is our job, but I'm not up to it. E. is wonderful.

December 5.

I'm a rag today, and am surely glad its Saturday. It was all I could do to get through my study hall and World History class yesterday. I managed, though, until Staff Meeting. Then in the evening we had the dinner party we were giving to the

outgoing and incoming city council. $50 worth of turkey was our contribution to the affair. E. made his announcement there, and again I had an awful time not to make a baby of myself. Again from every side came expressions of incredulity and sorrow. Earlier in the day, Walter Tsukamoto came dashing over, as soon as he'd heard the news. He was very much excited and upset.

Today we have been forlorn. We spent part of the afternoon and all evening with Kit and Winnie. I can't seem to get hold of myself.

December 6.

I neglected to say that yesterday afternoon at 2 we went to the new tent factory where the dedication ceremonies were held for hours on end, mostly Issei entertainment.

February 11

Circumstances were too much for me. I was never "down" worse in my life, and I just couldn't write even though I didn't want to forget a single precious instant of the time that was left, except for the wakeful, weeping ones in the middle of the night which I'd have been glad to have omitted entirely.

No amount of self-lectures did any good. I knew that any other job would be stupid, any other spot a howling wilderness. And so it has proved to be. Chicago - ugh!

But now that I have time on my hands - and nothing but time - I'll try to make a summary of the events of those last crowded weeks.

December 5 and 6 the big celebration at the completion

of the tent factory went on all afternoon and evening. Elmer spoke briefly Saturday afternoon to the assembled multitude, 5,000 and perhaps more.

The 7th we heard of the riot at Manzanar, but we marked the anniversary of Pearl Harbor with a Red Cross benefit dance.

On the 9th the gardeners who had done so much for our little home talked to me very sadly because "now when we know and trust Mr. Shirrell, they take him away."

The 11th was the night of the big hospital benefit dance at the tent factory. The decorations (Christmas) were very beautiful, two good orchestras, and lots of fun. Hospital gurneys were used to wheel about huge stacks of sandwiches and pitchers of fruit punch. About 350 people took part in the grand march without a mistake being made. Really very slick!

Dec. 13 we went to church. Rev. Mr. Tanabe read " A Letter to Kogawa" by a New York minister. It was both touching and helpful, and I needed help.

In the afternoon an army captain from Medford and his wife were over on army business, so I took her on a tour of the project, winding up at a dance at the tent factory. Was she impressed? She came back to her husband with "Why they are the nicest boys and girls; it was a lovely party."

Later we called on the Scott Warrens and saw their adorable new baby daughter as well as Janet who is not so new, but an adorable minx herself.

December 14

Elmer's birthday was celebrated by the "Pioneers," those on the Project who arrived before June 1st. The party was held at Sari's on the outskirts of Klamath Falls, the best Italian dinner I've ever had. Such ravioli's.

Present were Ruthy, Mort, Frank, Frankie, Don and Ruth Elberson, Kendall and Dorothy, Joyce Jacoby, Frank Fagan, the Kallams, Jim Davis, Frank Fagan, Joe and Margaret, the Slatterys, Charlotte Stephens, and ourselves.

* * * * * * * * *