

Reeko wrote
Letter from Sir Galahad 939 Diestel Road, Salt Lake, Utah

July 25, 1942

outside
Dear Jimmy;

Your postal dated 17th reached me Tuesday (21st) . Then how do I account for this delay? Well, this week being our last week of Summer session, it was devoted to the usual headache.... and I had to cram for them per usual. Now, am I forgiven?

But now that I have started this missive of mine, what is there to say? Nothing much, really. All the news I have been hearing are so discouraging, that I am completely unhorsed... perhaps not so hopelessly, but I certainly need someone like you to keep up this steadily weakening moral^e of mine. There is recurrence of our eventual evacuation talk; of fears, not unfounded ones of the possibility of those camps being made into permanent institutions to be in operation after the war; at least if not as such, some harsh means to prevent our assimilating and making ourselves an integral part of this greater America and to compel our isolating into a racial unit. Our acquiescence to this whole undemocratic procedure, because we felt that it was a military expediency and that it was our duty and contribution to the national war effort, was short-sighted and misconceived, as these recent developments so clearly indicate. And yet we are so helpless. Somehow I feel I should do something, any thing/.... and ~~the~~ then I realize sadly how utterly hopeless, insignificant and useless anything I might do... even detrimental, too, perhaps.

Yesterday was the day set aside commemorating the founding of this fair city by the Mormons. The whole week was a gala one for the local residents, with parades, rodeo, street dances and other entertainments which go with any provincial town celebration. The local Japanese joined in the fun and some even braved rodeo with other residents. These few innocent ones were exposed to an entirely uncalled-for embarrassment when an army official announced over the public addressing system for them to kindly step out to a certain designated areas where they were requested to sit under MP guard and asked to leave the ground immediately after the show. The spectacular manner in which this was carried out, and especially before such a huge public gathering aroused unnecessary suspicion in the minds of those present and was so entirely unjust! They had every right to be present there, to mingle among other fellow Americans, to live and enjoy the things others do. The person recounting this incident to us was in tears, not because of her own suffering but she felt and understood some of the mingled emotion of resentment and feeling of confinement those in the camps are experiencing daily.. and we all felt our utter hopeless situation so keenly. Disillusioned? Yes, but still undaunted... I AM a stupid fool as someone so frankly and kindly told me.

Letter from May ~~###~~ Takasugi

June 28, 1942

M- 19- 3 Tulare A.C

Tulare A.C.

Dear Niisan, Jimmy and Ruby;

Your cards and letter came to us and we stretched our eyes to read your opinion about Tule Lake. It sounds awfully good but you haven't told us whether you liked it or not. It may not be so good but sure it's better than Parker Dam or Manzanar.

Yesterday was the day we waited for, as bit nervous for fear of not going over well. In the early afternoon Jane came and said Mrs. Rish a former director for girls choir in Guadalupe (4 years) came and are willing to direct our choir. We had a rehearsal with her and I was just overjoyed because now I knew our choir would be better than ---; This feeling I'm deeply ashamed of but I have it although I'm sick of having so many ugly streaks in me. Anyway, although Kingo was coughing almost continually and I with my performance ahead of me dressed up early and waited for the Booths from around 7:00 It's a good thing we went as Susumagos and ours were the only reception they have received at the gate. They finally arrived at quarter to eight. Mr. Booth takes caution in every act he makes. That is he told Jeannée not to wave when they first drove up. Alos no to come near the gate until they got a pass. They brought Esther Rhodes (missionary to Japan for many years) and so it took time for Mr. Booth to get permitte by phone for Miss Rhodes admittance. Jean was asked by the soldier (In the meantime) if she wanted to come and talk to us if she doesn't step over a line. So of course she came adn joined hands with us and talked. Mr. Booth gave her one dirty look. That's how cautious he was.

The service was just simply wonderful. Boy! I'm mighty proud of the Budhist Choir. It was a huge choir and sang most beautifully. They sangy about brotherhood and peace and love. My song was Allelujah (but wa interpreted by Mr. Booth as Hallelujah) and he mixed these 2 things in his talk. He has a marvelour voice and what he talked about, I wish I could tell you. I also regret for not seeing to it that someone took it down by shorthead. Anyway he gave various examples and incident and stories to express that fact that there is not separation between white and colored race or Budhist or Christians and etc. We are one. The more he lives the more he realize that in every one we whould have a spiritaal base within ourselves, whether God or Buddha or Confusious, a strong foundation I guess. He gave examples like in ne religious group meeting in Shanghai of various sect they had an argument that "why that teaching comes from my religion " "no mine" and etc. He gave several examples to convince us that it really is all one. I feel like I'm spoining the talk by trying to tell you so I'll quit. Religious topic was only minor tho'.

Afterwards Mr. Booth said when he was asked to talk to both Budhists and Christians he marveled at the idea and just

couldn't help but come. He indeed made it a success and I'm sure most people went home with their hearts enlightened and contented. I've asked few peoples opinion like Aiko, Taka and few others and they thought it was wonderful. Now, I'll try and approach some Christians. The Budhist people seemed to have enjoyed it and not feel that awkward feeling the feared. Whether it is my pride or crooked thinking or not but I got the impression that some Christians might have felt small. I'm reffering to the choir. It was much smaller and not impressive (to my evil eye) . Ayako wasn't around ~~and~~ a few minuet after the service ended. Jean wanted to see her so badly. I hope it wasn't her pride. You know her bossiness has mounted so high that I just can't approach her and enjoy like I used to. She made me change O Columbia the Gem of the Ocean to Star Spangle Banner on Memorial Day and 1 verse instead of 2. Also this time too, she thought I should have sung a song from Messiah instead of Allelujah. Now, I think that's going too far. However, tonite I'm going to see her and get her opinion about yesterday's service, as I'm going to give tajimas some oranges the Booths gave us yesterday.

We have not had a chance to read your card to Jessica and Alice, Jimmy. Poor Jessica's father isn't coming back and also her boy friend (No. 1) in Manzanar got engaged or something to a good for nothing girl, and one of her boy friend here is going around with a kibe. And one other shock has upset her. My, my, I'm sure glad I've passed the stage of thinking about boys and worrying over how you rate. She said she wouldn't go to service (last nite) because she hasn't any escort. Yae's got a new and better job. She's a secretary to councilmen. Oishi and Henry. This is her first day and I thin she's gling to like it.

Ma is in a happier mood now that she's sure pa is coming back.

Ruby please take care of yourself and I hope taking care of 2 boys won't be too hard on you. If it is don't kill yourself to do you, neh.

Yours Sincerely,
Kingo and May

Letter form Wang

Mobile Camp #5 Rupert, Idaho

Monday June 29, 1942

Dear Doctor,

God damn you, don't be so damned cold and scientific in your letters to me. Hell, son of a bitch, I'm no f-machine.

Someday, when with equanimity, I have settled down to a life of leisure, I shall write a treatise on the effects of the immediate environment upon a person's vocabulary. Mine has been pretty horrible for the past three weeks.

You are pessemistic, Doctor. That I don't like. I like it here. I like my freedom. I like the people. Perhaps they aren't quite so sophisticated as the people in Berkeley or San Francisco, but they are decent. They appreciate the fact that we are human beings, individuals just like themselves and that we've been given the rottenest break since the Indians got theirs.

Americans here seem to have a fine sense of balance, of values. Mostly, they are Adamicans -- Lous Adamic Americans.

Uses interviewer: "You boys sure got a hellova deal; you weren't responsible for the mess. It was those dirty .. over in the Islands".

"Doc", an employer: "Americans, when you come right down to it, are all furriners. Without firriners, there wouldn't be no Amuurica,.. you boys are Amurricans just like the rest of us. But there's some bastards back in Washington who don't know theri ass form a hoel in the ground./"

Tom, a high school grad.: "Geez, you guys sure did get a raw deal .. after all, you weren't responsible ..."

Waitress in a cafe: "When do you boys have to ba back in camp?"

"Why at 8. Why'd you ask?"

"Gosh, no shows or anything." (sympathetically.)

The one thing that I notice here more than anything else is our complete acceptance as Americans. So far, I have noticed no hesitancy on the part of the local citizenry to make us feel at home, to ho out of their way for us.

This is too damned rosy. The fact still remains that we, li like the seagulls that saved the mormons, are ina way saving the economic life of the people hefe. We are hired labor, and good hired labor. What if we should buy property and be gin to compete?

Incidentally, the only person I've met who has been cool toward me was a young Idaho Nisei. Not too difficult to see why, either.

The only people who hav

*Beetfield
Disorganization*

The only people who have sex problems, you should know by now Docotr, are those who are prohibited either by the social mores of this community or by barbed wire fences from carrying but their normal sex urges by screwing or being xcrewed. (Why don't you damned sociologists ever get to the point?) There are a number of cathouses about five miles away in Burley. The houses are massaging the love muscles of little orientals for a fee, said fee being fixed at \$2. Most of the money made is going down this filthy drain ... That is of course an unscientific and an extravagant statement. ~~Her~~ Here is the real dope: Workers have been averaging from "\$2:50 to 6.50 per working day, 5 to 6 days of work a week. Food costs have ranged from 50 to 80 cents a day. And since we are given complete freedom (except for curfew), we have done quite a bit of shopping, bowling, going to shows, etc., in Rupert.

Official setup here is strictly FSA-USDA. When the Sugarbeet man promised adequate housing, medical facilities, etc., he was promising what my migratory worker in the US landing in a FSA camp might expect free of charge.

The one or two days we have off per week we spend cleaning up, laundering, etc., going to shows, bowling, loafing. The camp has a recreational director, and now that we ~~hav~~ have been transferred to a former CCC camp (address the same), recreational facilities including billiard tables etc. After a days work, there is no problem of spare time.

There is the inevitable gambling going on: hana, poker, dice. They start (I swear to God) at 5:30 a.m. (in the morning) before it is even reasonably light. Most of the players are Issei (farmers from Sacto) and Kibei.

Population: 13 from Tanforan, 23 from Walerga, 124 from Manzanar. Interesting reaction: A Los Angeles-San Francisco split in Camp.

Morale of the ~~group~~ group is generally high. Typical: "Anything is better than Tanforan or Manzaanar. And ~~we~~ we're getting paid." And when the officials and the twons people treat you nice ("I like dem because dey treat me lik I was a man."), you have no kick coming there. Food is good and reasonably priced. Sex problems are solvable. We have a tolerable amount of freedom, and there is no prison like atmosphere to dampen our spirits; though "freedom" has been variously interpreted. One interpretation: "the only freedom I want is to be free to have a hell ~~vagood~~ va good time. That's the only reason I came up here." More over, work is plentiful and there is a minimum of idling (exception: Wang. Wang has been laid up for the past week with a severe case of the -- measles. Wang may not be able to work for another week. Wang is taking it easy, see. That is why Wang is answering right away, see?) Their medical

needs are attended to with medical facilities better than those in an Assembly center. Housing, while it has been in tents, is now in army style barracks, 42 men to a barrack... Give any reasonable group these facilities and you will find their morale good.

As for saving money, that is an individual matter. Generally, Issei don't spend much, keep theirs. Same with Kibei. Missei are naturally more loose with their money. What they do not lose playing "friendly" games of poker, they spend on cokes, wenching, etc. I came here broke and in two more weeks, I'll be able to float a loan to keep the Back of England from inflating the Pound, so that should give you some indication of the amount of saving I've done.

Type of people here: Out of the thirteen from Tanfo, 4 are Nisei, three Issei, and the rest kibei (two can't speak a word of English). Ages range from 20 (myself) through 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 30, to the Issei, all over 40, most over 50, one 69. Of the 124 from Manzanar, most, I should say, are nisei. Perhaps half are kibei and issei. Four married couples. A fifth is a special case.

General relations are good, except for minor personality difficulties. The leader of the Manzanar group is vociferous, an ex-Hawaiian. One Tanforanite's opinion: "I never did like Hawaiians anyway."

~~General relations are good, except for minor personality difficulties. The leader of the Manzanar group is~~

A.S. is the special case. One quarter Japanese, bearing a Scotch name, married to a white, he was nevertheless evacuated to Tanfo and came with us so that his wife could rejoin him here (which she has). Kibei in our crew are generally unfriendly toward him, call him "hopo" or "ainoko" or "keto" behind his back. I've wondered about this and here is my theory: Japanese in general WANT to feel superior to whites since they've been pushed around a lot. Not that they are or that they DO feel superior. They want to. Actually, they feel inferior. An ainoko, or for that matter, anyone who is different, becomes the "goat" for the Japanese. Because Ainoko are Japanese, and yet not Japanese, Japs want to look down upon him as something inferior. They do this by making him targets for their ridicule, talk unflatteringly about them behind their backs... A.S. is obviously troubled. He feels he does not belong, refers to J as "you fellows". Looks Italian, and nobody would suspect his Japanese ancestry. He tries to be a regular fellow, but feels that no matter how friendly he is, the Japs just won't accept "him": "There's that feeling there." (Uneasily) Only thing for AS to do would be to get the hell out of the J community. But he's a prisoner now.

Come to the end of my rope. Keep your nose clean, James, as well as your mind. Wang.

Tulare
Letter from May Takasugi

June 30, 1942

Dear Niisan, Jimmy and Ruby;

Thanks a lot for your letters. Your letters dated 21, came so late, How come? Your 2nd letter came to me today, Jimmy.

We are dying to go to Tule Lake specially after this terrific heat has come up, since Sunday. I'm just hoping it'll come through, because I can't think of going elsewhere, really.

Jessica told me she received a letter from you but she never seem to share anything with us. She's really a problem child. As long as her dad's not coming back she get'd emotionally upset so easily. I believe there are lots of boy friend affair which occupies her mind a great deal now. I've told you about it haven't I? The last cards she wrote to you, Jimmy, is really a proof of her upset mind.

I'm taking dancing lesson with the rest of the married women from that good dancer Amemiya. The first lesson was a wow! I hesitated in going because I thought of being a sight with my clumsiness but you ought to see some of the others. Everytime I look at others doing it I nearly have to roar with laughter. However it's good for our physique and we all seem to enjoy it a lot. Yesterday there were more people. Anyway I could stand a great deal of improvement in poise.

There's going to be a Victory Queen to be chosen for 4th of July. Toshie is chosen from M section. There were two who suggested I'd make a nice Queen but no married woman's allowed. How do you like a bow-legged Queen. Yeh! that sure bothers me yet.

The Booths came to see us today. We took some sodas and ice cream and had a wonderful chat. Don't tell Kingo but Mr. Booth kissed me good-bye. I certainly admire Mr. Booth.

Did you read about the marriage of the Arroya Grande people? I hear the girl is 21 and the man 65. Ask George about it.

Kingo and I'm same as ever. Except I'm doing my school work with full force now and it's fun! I've adopted a crate desk and Kingo's father made me a nice board across it and it's really a nice desk. I have to carry it out of doors from about 9:00 A.M. as it gets so ~~hot~~ hot. Then in the afternoon it's too hot to stay indoors and I could hardly wait till the shade forms from the Barrack. Then again my crate and I stay under the shade till dinner time. Now that I got started, there's so many thing I want to do. Read books memorize Madam Butterfly.

July 3, 1942

I don't know why I've kept this letter unfinished for such a long time. It could be the heat.

I've asked around about J.A.C.L. but I don't know anything

specific yet, except that they are not able to organize such a thing here. As the isseis are unable to hold my position the M section will have to vote for another councilman instead of Mr. Oishi. There are many capable person whom we will miss, like Mr. Miura.

Last night a boy 21, tall, well dressed fellow sneaked out. Ma saw the boy coming toward the fence than sneaking back again as if afraid then coming up again. I think, he ran out around 1:00 I'm not sure. We thought perhaps this heat drove him nuts and he was out of his mind at the time but it does not seem so.

Yae is the same. She is a secretary for the councilman and talks a lot about Henry and her fiancée. She thinks well about Henry and reminds her about Bob. Yesterday Kingo said she's always raving about Henry that he's a brain storm and etc. But of course she denies the fact perhaps because Toshi and I was around. Anyway she's one girl that doesn't know what she wants and d n't realize what she's saying or I don't know what. Once I saw Toshi pretending to kick Yae because she said all evening she was going to choir practice and when Toshi walked up with her to K6. She said she's not going. I think she wants people to coxx her, tell her let's go Yae. So I told Fay to come and coax her sometimes because she sants to go to choir practice, I think. At last she always says she's sorry she didn't go to choir practice. She doesn't get sick any more. She seems to be busy every nite going where I don't know. She goes to dancing now that Tixie comes after her. But she was complaining that she's forming his habit of dancing and she didn't like it, to Toshi. She's excited about a fortune teller who said lot of things to her, which coincided with Ruby's. One time she said she doesn't expect to get married and etc. Gee, my mind is beginning to whirl around trying to analize her, so I quit.

Tosh's sweet heart Joe is going around with all kinds of girls. Now it seems Like it's Ayako Matsumoto.

Jessica came and told me he can't understand a certain boy. He's a mess-hall checker and I often saw him with Teruko Nishiyama. She said that he's ben acting funny lately. I think he's not nice to her any more. She said she thinks he's ben used to going around when he was younger but now have changed to a quiet sort, that's all she could make out of him as she thinks about things lying in bed at night. I asked her if he has shown in any way that he cared for her. Nope. Then it's his business how he treats other girls. I went as far as telling her that even married man goes around seeking for different girls. No one woman can change a man even if she's got gold of him tightly. A type of man that goes around chasing girls will do it all his life. Then she said she doesn't like 2nd hand. I asked her is she a 1st hand? Never thought and loved anyone before? (She's loved Kingo one time of her life and many others so I hear) She said Nope but she doesn't like anyone to act like that. I also told her you wouldn't like anyone whose not ro-

mantic for your husband would you? People who don't have any such feelings are abnormal and before people become 21, and over they have all kinds of experience and feelings for other. I don't know if that helped her any or not but I think she's taking the wrong attitude and blaming everything on this poor kid I want to help Jessica as much as I can. Can you help her in any way, Jimmy?

What's the difference between WCCA and WRA?

Remember Pa is back with us so we are 5 instead of 4. Since he's here he's made us few chairs. He's had a reputation of being the most studious person in Santa Fe. He's got a desk for himself and studies sitting right along side of me, but I generally catch him "inemuri".

Helen wrote me and said she's married and seems to be awfully happy. She said Madam Sugimachi lives right across the street from her. It seems it's a home town for the Sugimachi's. Yama-moto Sensei is not able to come back and also Mr. Sugimachi, I certainly ought to write to him. Can you give me the address of Nishimura, and Nakamura.

We're going to be able to eat all the hot dogs and lemonade we can on 4th of July. We will have chicken dinner and watermelon for dinner. The workers will have all day off. Looks like Ruth Hagiya's going to be the Queen, although I hope Toshi could

I see so many husbands both issei and nissei helping their wives wash their clothes. I love to see unity and affection in a couple.

Yesterday I was playing with Coco (Michi and Taka's baby), because it was so hot I was wondering around for a cool place when I found it outside their barrack. Mrs. Nomura told me (Taka was out), how Taka hasn't got any "shumi" of any kind and that Michi doesn't go out for anything ever since he got married. She finally scold him and said she spent \$30.00 each month for his violin lesson and told him he should make use of it. She's so anxious to give Coco and Taka Japanese education because people without Japanese education do not have any respect for the elders and no "ninjomi". But Taka (as she told me) said there's no necessity in learning Japanese ways in America. If we all kept up our American ways we wouldn't have been sent to camps like this. So Mrs. Nomura said for Taka to go out and play and she'll take care of Coco from now on. They're having a time between them. I know I'm going to have trouble from Kingo's ma but I'm going to have my way about training my child by golly!

The other day ma said for me to tell Yae to come home early on the dance night. I told her she's old enough to take care of her and besides I don't want to butt in any of her affairs, she's no 16 or 18 years old.

Mrs. Baker said the Student Relocation Committee, (So. Calif. Office 574 Hilgard Ave West Los Angeles) asked about me. Is it Friend's these relocations are only going to give us permit to.

Friend's these relocation are only going to permit to leave here and if we want help (financial) we have to write Conard about it? Please tell me ~~###to write Conard about it###~~ if more about it and should I write to San Francisco about wanting to go?

Letter from Hid

Route 2. Box 204
Reedley, California
July 12, 1942

Dear Jimmy,

Thanks for your card. I envy you 'cause I picture you being in a place very cool (like Berkeley) surrounded with beautiful nad picturesque buttes and girls. Here in this heal-hole it's hot as the dickens wth nothing but grapevines surrounding us.....

But kidding aside, how is the weather over there: Is it cool as they say? From what I hear. The weather is very much like 'Friscon or Berkeley. My mom has a weak heart and she can't tolerate very much heat so we are trying to obtain a permit to go to Tulalake instead of Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, or wherever they are to send us. Can you describe the conditions of the camp in your next letter?

How are coming along with your research work? Have you done anything concrete along that line.... that is the committee? You are helping in conducting a research, n'est-ce pas?

And speaking of diaries, I met a girl in Selma, who was formerly of Moterey, and she says she has kept a diary for over 10 years.....she claims that the diary is very subjective and complete. Very personal too. She has evacuated from monterey to San Jose to Selma, where she is now residing. Her father was drowned in the Kings River, which runs thru Reedley, last Sunday. She had been working at the Monterey Presidio at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack. All these incidents should go to make a very interesting diary, shouldn't it, Jimmy? The diary covers a long period of time, thus her background, training, reactions, etc. could be studied too. Perhaps I could persuad her to let you indulge into it, Jimmy.

As for me I intend to keep a diary of at least some sort of record of my reactions when I go to camp or even before I go to camp. However how long I will keep suhh good intentions, I know not.

If you see Jobo at camp tell him to write won't you? Coke has asked me to tell you to write several times. Write to him and cheer his lonely heart, won't you? You were our guiding influence, you know, and 'tis too harsh of you to drop us flat.... write soon.

Sincerely

Hid

Merced A.C. family
Letter from Martha Takemura

July 14, 1942
Ward A. St.1, Unit 18
Merced Assembly Cente
Merced, Calif

Dear James.

I received your card some time ago and it was very unexpected, therefore was delighted to be remembered by you. Please don't feel that I completely forgot or ignored you because in my mind, I had intentions of writing you soon. Thanks ever so much for the card.

Here in Merced, rumors are flying that we will be sent to Idaho any where from a week to one month. Others say Arizona. Whatever it is I'm trying not to listen to all the pessimists around here.

The pre-school age children are getting very unruly, according to the mother's reports and observations made. There is no longer the private home life where the parents have the power of discipline and the children are all given attention to.

The pre-school age children are getting very unruly, according to the mother's reports and observations made. There is no longer the private home life where the parents have the power of discipline and the children are all given attention from other adults, neighbor, etc. and find no need to respect their parent. If parents are cold, others will give them comfort. Many of the shy country children are becoming show offs and plain "naughty" due to the influence of older bullies in the neighborhood. Plenty of free coupon book gives them opportunity to indulge in ice cream or soda pop, cracker-jack etc. all day long. The mess hall is a place where they look at people, show-off and they have no interest in eating, therefore much malnutrition exists. Habits are broken, because "other" children stay up and play till late at night, or "they" say bad words etc. The educational range for small children is very narrow, limited only to barracks, people, dust, a few plants and the lawn in the ball park. Schools and churches are not popular for all groups because it's more "fun" to fool around.

To older children of elementary school age, life is like a picnic or festival. Movies, talent shows and ball games fill the weekly program. They feel as though they were quite grown up, because all these things are not attended by them without their parent's accompanying them. No definite chores make them unhappy. The attitude of high school children is similar to the elementary age group. For once, they are more powerful than their parents on the matter of running around. Many adolescents find it a wonderful opportunity to flirt with hundreds of boys. Home town girls are ignored for more attractive and "fast" girls. Many boys are rowdy, cocky, and smarty aleck in order to attract the "good lookers."

Well, the older people who are in the twenties and above seem to have a different outlook. They are very doubtful and

pessimistic about the future. The chances of marriage are poor because the environment is not ideal for the searching of a good mate. Economic security for the future is nil. Many of the older groups don't even try to go out socially.

This is more a picture of the Kivington group. They are much more conservative and "slow" than are the people from other localities.

Now, that is briefly a picture of people here. I forgot the Isseis. Somehow they seem a little less depressed than the group of my age. They have "akirameru" ed the whole matter and many seem to be enjoying the gossiping, sumo, knitting etc. How are the people in your camp? They are permanently relocated so their attitude may be a little different. ### Please write and tell me about it all.

You said you were working. What are you doing? As for me, my education and training was not in vain because I am Nursery School Director here and I also advise the girls working in recreation for playground activity. Most of my time goes to Nursery work and I enjoy it very much. It all keeps me terribly busy and all the letters that I do write are written in a rush, so you'll understand my scribbling and unorganized letter. I should have written a record all along but I did not do that. Somehow, I can't settle down to write observations or case histories of children who were hard to handle at first. I must be the lack of privacy and lack of quiet environment.

My boy friend has been in the hospital outside of camp but, in Merced. He has improved so quickly that he is practically well but the doctor wants to keep him for ### 3 more months. I'm very relieved because the doctor's report was very definite and I can expect to see him home in 3 months. Of course, he will be left behind when we relocate, but it will only be for 2 or 3 months.

I'll close this rambling letter, hoping to hear about your side of the ### world.

Sincerely,

Martha Takemura

June 25, 1942

A United action is the only means to successfully contest and combat these elements, and yet the existing one so far has been rather ineffective. To organize now under a new standard and leadership seems imperative, but under the existing conditions almost an impossibility. Which ever way we turn, we are a lost case. Some hope is still in me though, fire, too, for there are countless number of Caucasians who understand and are willing "to go to wat" for us. We must, individually and collectively, keep in touch with them and possibly increase their number through our contacts with fellow Americans, most of whom are complacent and ignorant of the grave implication of our present plight.

Forgive me, Jimmy, I must have either lost my mind (don't ask me whether I have one to lose) or else am taking an undue advantage of your good nature. You will overlook it, I know; you must meet a number of brooding souls in your new work. Incidentally, I met a friend of yours from Cal. Tech., Walter Wada who wished to be remembered to you.

Your Sir Galahad is still at Reedley; heard from him on the 21st, apparently enjoying the sweet presence of Kazu Ikeda, there with the WAAC.

Drop me a line, any short one will do, from time to time and let me know how you are, will you?

~~Sincerely~~
Sincerely,

me

P.S. Do you know of any study made as to the relative successes of college educated Nisei? A friend of mine, Toshiaki Miyazaki formerly of Northwestern is anxious to obtain such information if any, or else make such study himself.

Letter from Yae Takasugi

August 10, 1942

Tulane
Dear Ruby,

Golly I meant to write to you all, long ago but somehow when you don't feel like writing you can't and when you feel like it your'e busy so here I am now. I have time, but not in the "groove" so excuse the future mess. My apologies to George and Jim too.

May probably tells you what is going on, so when I repeat bear up with me. My pen is on the bunk so I fell like- "blankety blanking".

East Thursday May sand on the Symphony hour as the guest. She was really good. I think when she sang her 3rd song she was better than any time in her life. The audience liked her darn well, and asked for an encore. Ofcourse I'm very cirtical, and when she sang that nite I really (for paper conservation (over) had to say she was good.

Kingo and May don't go out very much. I wish Kingo would get out ~~##~~ a little more. May has friends and visits during the day but all I see of Kingo is when he's lying in bed or resting outside. Don't tell him I said so.

Right now I can't think of anything that's exciting or anything you'll be terriably interested in. The thing I hear most about is goint to Gila.

There's a lot of parties being given sort of as a farewell I guess. Mat who is working in the corporation yd. is going to the "corp".party this Wed, nite and wants to take the girl that looks like Bobi.

Tonite and tomorrow nite we're having an picture show called "The Great Victor Herbert".

Last Saturday we had a dance which the populare had to "dress up" to go, I went with Truikee as usual. There weren't hardly any stages and it's an outdoors affair too. The orchestra played most of the vening, records the rest of the time. I enjoyed it lot's even if I did dance "all" my dances with my esort. You know his dad died a couple of weeks ago---due largely to a stroke and bad care. He had one stroke and then they let him walk all the way home to M. Then he got 2 more after that. He was put in an hospital. Ther are nurses and their aides (There's only 2 reg. nurses) who say they don't have much to do yet, he fell out of his bed twice. He fell from the hi-bed and so they put him on a lower bed. He was pretty bad all the time. and after he fell, he was unconcious until his death. After the fall he had a cerebrae hemorrhage. Some eople got permits for him to be moved to the co. hospital, but the doctors in camp say they wouldn't take any responsibility if he is moved and anyway the wife felt she'd btter not or anyhow he wasn't moved but he died, and there sure was a lot of cirtcizm after that.

Excuse the mess and corrections-- it's impolite but in this war-time we all have to conserve our ---- and --- neh? (oh yes?)

I was just going to tear this sheet up, but if I did I know i'll never get around ariting to you again.

The kids in camp are making the cutest things. From wwood they carve and burn in designs and names and make fancy and sim simple clips. With a half a peach seed which they smooth down and an wood base they care a turtle, paint and shellac it and make a swell looking clip. From veal bones they carve rings smooth and nice.

Aug. 12, 1942

Gee it seems I qit in the middle. Here goes again. We're to leave for Gila on the 21st. We're thesecond bunch to go. C goes first on the 20th. Kingo and May are packing--- May's carving some cute animals out of wood for Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

We're starting the blanket checkup today. There doesn't see seem much more to add--- Oh yes --- Pomona is leaving for Wyoming--near Cady--- I believe Helen and Masato left already--tommy and Pete and Diana are going to Santa Anita -- you know Tommy's expecting sometime this month.

Boy gossip is thick around here, but you wouldN't care for it -- and I don't feel like spreading it-- at the present time anyway. So until agina Au revoir.

As Always.
Yaye

p.s. Give my love to the boys and a kiss for yourself.