

Block 713-C  
Newell, California  
November 2, 1943

Hi, Mamie,

I received your post card and letter. May I acknowledge them-- since it looks pretty black on the record for me. However, may I also say that my silence does not mean that my thoughts do not turn to you on numerous occasions daily. In fact, it is not infrequent that I write to you, but oh, so sentimentally that I kick myself back to reality. I haven't found anyone that I can pour my troubles (?) to. Remember?--

When you're a long, long way from home,  
It's hard to find a pal that's true,  
That you can tell your troubles to--

Ah, well, such is life--I'm really in the dumps today with nothing to do at the office--I'm typing this at the office, by the way. And, too, I'm shaking in my boots yet. Yesterday afternoon, suddenly a strike was called--it was so sudden that I didn't know what was happening and what to do. I was really scared. Here goes the inside story----

In the morning at 10:30, Sam Uchida, you remember him, came around to the office and asked me to take down the minutes of the conference with Mr. Myer, who was scheduled to arrive at noon. I told him, naturally, that I couldn't and shouldn't go. He seemed to talk in riddles, saying that I didn't have to worry about Mr. Silverthorne's work--The weekly report, by the way, had missed the deadline again) I also made the mistake of telling him that I didn't want to go. Then at lunch everything dawned on me when the block manager announced the work stoppage and asked every young man to assemble in front of the administration building. I didn't know whether to go to the office and clear up my desk or stay home, since Mr. Uchida has menacingly told me that he would come again at noon. Gee--- So I scurried off to a friend's house on the other end of camp -- I stayed there all afternoon, coming home at 4:30, at which time the strike was all over.

I am certainly glad we had moved to Block 7 (I shall tell you about Mr. Silverthorne's help), since this block is mostly reserved for doctors and hospital workers. I feel more at home in this block, because many of the married folks and even older Issei speak English. Hospital workers and mess workers were requested to stay on duty and in out block, only young men were asked to join the mob. In other blocks, I noticed while "fleeing" that everyone was going, even mothers with baby buggies. The order, I later learned, was "everyone who could walk." Each block was represented by orderly masses of marching people, led by the block manager. It was really terrifying!

The army immediately went into action by guarding the gates. A parade of tanks and jeeps bristling with guns was quite impressive. The back gate, which I was able to see from by "foxhole", was blocked by two large tanks, a jeep and a group of m.p.'s. The watch tower above the gate was crowded with m.p.'s.

From time to time, trucks and ambulances came around honking their horns, asking everyone to go, picking up stray colonists as they went by.

What took place at the ad bldg, thank heavens, I do not know. I hear that over 10,000 people crowded the administration area. From the amount of trash scattered and the plants and grass trampled, I would say that they numbered very easily over 10,000.

The conference took place in Mr. Best's office, with Miss Battat and Mr. Best's secretary doing the reporting. Three evacuee girls were also present. I understand that Lily's name was called over the loud speaker several times. They even appealed that it was for the good of the Japanese people, that girls who knew shorthand were heroines in that they were serving Japan, etc., etc. I'm certainly grateful to my own judgment in not being there. I'm still not clear about what the whole thing was about; evidently, to demand more lumber, buckets, etc. for the colonists.

Mr. Myer, in his usual manner, handled the situation very diplomatically. My only regret is that I missed hearing a good speaker.

The only violence was the beating up of Dr. Pedicord, the head of the hospital. A bunch of Kibei boys pulled him out of his office, kicked and badly injured the doctor. Two nurses carried him back into the hospital after he was unconscious.

I now realize, as Dr. Ishimaru and a dozen others had told me prior to leaving Poston, that this is no place for me. I've tried to look at the whole thing objectively. Things have quieted down today, although I am still "a-shakin' in mah boots" and in a very unsettled and depressed mood. May I not feel sorry for myself-- that I will not excuse. My attitude, I suppose, should be "I asked for it, I'm getting it."

By the way, on the way home at 4:30, I stopped by at Lily's place and was stopped by a notice hanging on her door. No, not a "WANTED\*\* \$5,000 reward"!, but a notice for us to be at the conference--it was addressed to me. Strangely, it did not bother me, although Lily immediately went to the writer's house and apologized. The way I look at the request is this: If I could, I would. But I can't, so I don't. I've heard Mr. Myer speak before -- that time Doc Ishimaru took me -- and I know how he speaks. In the first place, he's so interesting that I hate to take anything down. In the second place, and the main reason, he goes TOO FAST FOR ME.

Tra-la--- 'Snuff said.