

# Untitled by Nancy Yamauchi

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I came to Owens Valley last year on May twenty-nine nineteen hundred forty-two. I've left home on May twenty-eight at four forty-five P.M. from Manteca Depot and reached Owens valley the following morning at eight A.M. When I first sighted the camp, I thought of it as a dead place. People came rushing near the bus when it stopped in block twenty-six.

About two or three months later, I got used to this camp and liking it. I made many friends. With these friends, I do nothing but go out to play.

Many people are getting lazier and lazier each day because they cannot do the work they have been doing before come to camp. Ladies are now sitting in the house knitting and sewing, while the men are getting woods from trees and carving to make vases, canes, and many other things. Boys are doing nothing but playing basketball, marbles, and flying kites. There is nothing to do in this camp, but eat, play, and sleep.

The weather over here is very terrific. In the summer, it was very hot, but now in the winter, it is very cold.