

It is so easy to remember only the happy occurrences about Internment work. These notes remind me of the other side, of the headaches, the pressure under which we worked, of the "nastiness" of these people for whom we were sincerely trying to do the very best we could, of the days when we all felt, we just couldn't come back inside that gate and take any more insults, and still we knew, we had to come back, because our country was at war and we had a job to do.