

strange feeling of happiness. To feel happy in a camp like this struck me strange.

I'm looking forward to the "Spring Informal" next Saturday.

## MAY 12, 1943 GOING, GOING, GOING

Joni Shimoda is leaving for Chicago tomorrow. Grace Asai, Stan Sugiyama, Roy Yokote, I and some of his close friends were invited to a farewell party tonight. It gives me an empty feeling to watch the fellows, whom I've become attached to during my stay here, leave one by one. Riley also leaves tomorrow. Art Morimitsu says he has no other alternative but to volunteer for the Army to show his loyalty. He has applied for Camp Savage.

## MAY 15, 1943 THE OUTLOOK

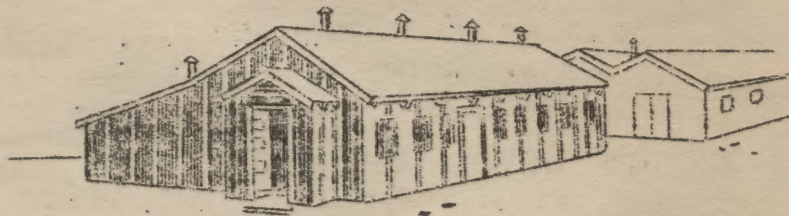
Now that I have made plans to leave the Project, I feel like staying here a little longer. Life here has made me soft and indolent. I'm clothed, sheltered and I don't have to worry about where my next meal is coming from. I feel as though I've become a part of the dust. I no longer gripe about the physical conditions of this camp.

There is no economic pressure living in a socialized world such as here, and I am living day to day in purposeless drifting, planning frivolous things to do tomorrow. It's funny.....I want to prolong this sort of life but if I procrastinated I'll be here for the duration and I don't want to be here when the war ends. My better conscience tells me that the sooner I re-establish myself in a normal American community, the better I would be prepared to meet the post-war future.

I must go out and make my living the hard way again. Yet doubt and fear disturb my mind. Would I be jumping out of a frying pan into the fire? Will I be happy outside in a strange community? To go out means to depart from my life-long friends. It means to tear myself away from a life of comparative ease and security to start life all over again. It makes me feel weary. I hope this will be the last time I'll have to move again.

AND.....  
 this is the brief story of a poor bewildered nisei and his many problems. Although government agencies and the public are doing all they can for him, he knows too well that in the end only he can save himself.

# Greetings ON NEWELL'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY



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