

Sebastopol, Calif.  
August 11, 1945.

Dear Kazuo and all:

Well, finally I got so I couldn't go out this afternoon and it is probably a good thing, because I have neglected you people terribly. I don't know what has taken hold of me, as a matter of fact, a lot of others have been going through it around here - a nauseating feeling and terribly weak and sleepy. Of course, the sleepy part can be accounted for after a couple of months of about five hours per night, but the nausea is peculiar. Joe is not so well and Bob had a sick spell early this morning. My folks up home all went through it last week from Grandpa down to the baby. This morning I got up to your place around 8 O'clock with my brood from town and picked up right with them until nearly 1 O'clock when we ran out of boxes then came home and delivered them back to town. I was pretty good until I sat down to have something to eat and then went haywire. Gosh, this has just about got me down! Truthfully, if someone had told me that things would ever turn out like this I would have said they were crazy. At that, I think we have been a little better off than some of them around here being that our dryer started only about ten days late - one of them just got started this week and they will have nothing but rots all through the season. The dryer situation is bad enough, but the packing house deal is the worst yet. For the past three weeks, better than that, ever since the first week of picking the mature fruit, the houses have not been able to handle the fruit, partly because of lack of packers and partly because of lack of box shock. The first two weeks they let you line up and wait for hours - the growers got sore paying high wages to men waiting in line and kicked so they put out long sheets of paper and when you drove in line you walked up and registered your truck, then you unloaded according to the position you came in. This was bad enough, but things got so bad they began telling you when you could come in with the load and had you register the truck license number and the amount of boxes you would have, etc. Then you could not bring that truck in before time and could not use it to swing stuff over to some other house because there would be trouble with the growers there. Well, we started out with our Ford truck and Johnny's trying to haul with our Ford from here and the Chev from there, figuring at least two loads from there daily. We hauled the first load of 62 boxes in on July second only to find that they were running much below the required  $23\frac{1}{4}$  inches. I had them pick where they had been thinned, too, but the crop was just too much and they didn't make the measurements. There were only 4 men picking and when I got there and noticed how small they were running I took them from there and put them down at Johnny's where they were even too big to be good. Well, to make it short, the first we could get in after they started to size was on the 14th - this due to the fact that the green apple market was flooded and they had to pass the maturity test before they would go. Right off the bat we couldn't get the Chev unloaded and back for another load the same day, so we took in just one load per day until they started getting ahead of us then we used the Ford and got two loads in for a couple of days. Then the trouble started and we couldn't get either truck free - both of them in line all day long and no truck to haul dryers with. So we had to do something about that - a grower at Sagu who was just standing around gassing waiting to be unloaded asked me how things were going and I told him we were stuck with both trucks in line and getting very few apples off. He didn't make any bones about telling me that if we didn't put that Studie in line with apples from the ranch he would turn it in and have it so some of those growers could use it to save their apples. Well, there is no use mentioning names because it is neither here or there, but I knew he meant it and so I came home and told Joe and Sam about it. Sam told me he thought it was the thing to do so Joe and the fellow driving for us went up right away and got it going

They took the original battery and tried it, but it wouldn't turn it so we got a second hand one and put it in. Joe has been trying to keep it alive by putting it on the little charger we bought every once in a while, but the cells went haywire anyway. I was just looking over the tags and I see that the first Studie load went in on the 27th so you can see how foolish I was to leave it instead of getting it out and putting it in line. Well, the load that was taken off on the 27th went in there early on the 26th, but at least we had the Chev to load up and the Ford free to haul empties, etc. That was the sticker up to then - trying to get boxes hauled to the pickers, boxes hauled to the ones picking up and boxes hauled to the packing house all at the same time with two trucks. That isn't all there is to it - to start with there were no lugs and they told me they would not accept these small ones at the houses. I proceeded to rent some lugs - I got 300 from one fellow, we had nearly 500 here and my Dad had about 450. We got them all assembled and I knew there weren't near enough the minute the packing house jam started, but try as I would there was no chance to get any more so we went on with what we had. The first two days we came out O.K., but after the trucks got in line and stayed there we ran out of boxes and the men began getting disgusted - one or two days we had six - the balance of the time we had four. Some days one more would drift in and stay the day, but always we would fall back to the original four. Gosh, the whole thing has been a terrible mess. The only people who were smart were the ones that got the Mexicans and believe me, next year if there is any chance at all we are getting them, too. They are good workers and all that are using them are tickled with them. The only sticker with us was that they are not allowed to work in the dryer and in order to have that other type for the dryer we couldn't give the Mexicans the house to live in. At Forestville the situation was just as bad - Sam turned up his nose at the Mexican idea right away and I knew there wouldn't be any chance of parking them up there so there was nothing we could do about them. The rules are that we have to give them living quarters with ample sanitation and farmers can't take them unless they can supply quarters that can pass inspection by the government agents. A lot of the farmers around here have them and they didn't build anything fancy for them at all. If this keeps up Joe and I, Walt Bennett and a couple of others close are going to try and get together and get a camp for a group of them and then take them out as each needs them. Regardless of what this other labor thinks of those people, from the way things are going something will have to be done to assure ourselves the salvation of our crops for the duration. It is pitiful to see the condition around here now - thousands and thousands of boxes that never got picked, consequently on the ground they go and the dryers are not able to handle them so - you have rotten stuff - tons of it. Just for example - here on our place, the best crop we have had for years - picked 300 boxes of green stuff then quit, waiting for maturity - when they did make the grade we were able to get two men for a week. They picked along five days - that is all we were allowed to pick because the houses did not receive after noon on Saturday and we had to be in line early in order to get in at all so it didn't pay to pick after Friday afternoon. In those five days we got off another 475 or so and that ended it. We ran out of boxes and the men asked for their time and beat it. The only reason the others stayed through at Forestville is because the crop was so grand that even if they only picked each day until all the boxes were full they made good wages. I never paid them over 15¢ any time, although some of the ranches paid 20¢ after the jam started and some went as high as 25¢ in order to keep the help