Sunday 8:10 AM

Dear Family,

First off that date line, let me explain that I'm well! But at 7:30 this morning Cousin Ethel phoned from Twin Falls and I know that I won't write if I don't do it now. She will stay for 2 or 3 days.

I'm very sorry you worried about my silence. If I could ~~[illegible]~~ I'd have somebody write for me or else I'd be sure to have leisure to write myself. As for internal trouble I'm not a bit worried. The camps which have had trouble have much worse circumstances under which to work and from WRA people who have been there to know the inside story we learn that the causes published by the information officers are purely for public consumption — the most likely to be believed — a face saving device for poor administration. For one thing both Poston and Manzanar have smaller areas in proportion to the population. The people are jammed in blocks and surrounded by barbed wire. We have a more spread-out arrangement than any other camp. Second we are nearer to a town than any other camp, have more contacts with outside agencies who come (churches, Girl Reserves, Rotary, Kiwanis, etc.) and more passes granted colonists to go to

2/ town (marriages, shopping, business, etc.) Third, when our people went on to Victory Harvest we sent a much larger proportion of the population and they didn't go so far. For instance at Boston you have to go 400 miles to get anywhere and the harvest workers had to go to Montana! ~~Third~~ Again, Manzanar is still having daily dust storms which are so bad you can't see across the room when it's blowing outside. Everyone says we have infinitely better circumstances. Then, in addition, we have an excellent administration. The morale here is a result of it. Mr. Stafford is an exceptionally fine person, the administrators all have a similar philosophy which helps. Oh, yes, there's another thing — there was restricted Dept. because we've been more lenient than any camp. Manzanar in its one mile area of houses has 3 distinct groups who won't have anything to do with each other — the fishermen of Southern California, the city people of Los Angeles, and the farmers. We have a rather homogeneous group from Oregon, Washington and Alaska. The greatest trouble we've seen has been Portland-Seattle rivalry. I guess that covers it.

Now to go back — teaching is still a thrill although at times it seemed I had just too much to do. But the

3/ guidance work tapered off and now I'm equal to the game once more — for a while.

I think I told you that I was elected one of two faculty ~~reprses~~ advisors for the student council.

Monday night was choir — excellent in spite of no pianist.

Sunday, by the way, I did a huge ironing which I had sprinkled the Sunday before Thanksgiving, then on Thanksgiving, then on Sunday after, then the following Sunday I had shaken it out!

Tuesday night I played bridge with Zubie, Bob, Gretchen and Gladys and Gretchen's sister from Minnesota. We took turns.

Wednesday John went to Seattle on business to be gone till tomorrow. I thought that would mean the social whirl would abate and ~~we~~ I'd get things done. But Wednesday night I had a headache and just went to bed.

Thursday we had a <u>super</u> choir rehearsal.

Friday night in the dorms we had pop corn and cokes in the early evening and then I spent the rest of the evening correcting autobiographies (my 11th grade classes.)

Yesterday we had teachers' meetings all morning. I spent the afternoon drawing up school plans for the coming 2 weeks.

4/ In the evening I went up to Block 29 to practice with the Episcopal choir for Christmas eve. We sang from 7:30 to 9:40! No mid-mission! We're going to have a carol service and then the whole communion service in plainsong! I met the new Japanese rector who just arrived. He's only about 24 and very nice. He is a Berkeley (U. of Calif.) graduate and knows Palo Alto too.

This morning Cousin Ethel phoned and so my time is full. She had written earlier so I wasn't surprised. But the time of her arrival had been uncertain. I'll have enough to keep her interested I'm sure. (Now I learn she sent an air mail Wednesday which never came!) For instance, I could have gone to church 3 times today to do justice to all my connections! 8 AM Communion — the first for the new rector, 10:45 Federated church, 3 PM Father Rolls of Twin Falls for Episcopal vesper service (twice a month!)

I had the most exhilirating afternoon today! I felt the day was most successful. In my first class the committee put on an unusually fine round table discussion of the opinions for and against evacuation. Not only did they conduct it in a very mature way, but they, on their own initiative,

5/ had scoured the community libraries and had excellent sources to quote. They were really like a college group.

In the second class I had a real surprise! To explain, I have 4 boys who are very much "boys" boys — full of pep, bright as can be so they still don't miss anything although they sit and draw cartoons during discussions, inclined to be rough and loud partially because of their age and partially environment. They've been out in the beets until school and it has been really hard for them to settle down to school especially in that class which comes the last 2 hours Jan 8 hour day on uncomfortable benches where we seat 12 to a table instead of 8 or 10 which can be accommodated (the teachers can vouch for it after their Workshop!). Well, Wednesday this group had been enthusiastic about a debate and their committee wasn't — in fact the group is ~~the~~ rather "nice" intellectual type and didn't quite know what to do with the 4. By general consent the 4 seceded and formed their own committee. So I made sure they had plenty to do — of their own devising — the debate, a discussion, classroom procedures because they complained the class was dead.

6/ and an investigation of recreation facilities. Thursday I had a core teachers' meeting and left the committees to work with my assistant to keep things going. She assured me the 4 had worked enthusiastically discussing their program.

Friday I turned the class over to them. The 4 marched up and stood in a line across the front of the room. I suggested that they set down "round table" fashion but Hiroshi, the chairman, said they had to stand and be moral support. Then he hauled a paper out of his pocket and said he was going to read an essay. That surprised me but when you read the first sentence you'll understand I just gaped. But I decided the best policy was to admit I'd walked into something and let them go on. It reproduced just as he gave it to me. Then he called on the others to say their pieces which were extemporaneous — more or less. The class responded beautifully and the boys are gaining their respect. Mr. Light felt it was a really noteworthy bit of work — he was quite pleased and amused. I'm delighted to think I've done something more constructive than

7/ just bawling Hitosh out for being noisy. He's really sincere in trying to calm down his svs. If I just look at him he straightens up immediately. He wrote a very clever autobiography too — he plans to be a journalist and I think he's got something. Gladys is going to invite him to rework the essay into a more general treatment of class unresponsiveness for the first issue of the school paper. The teachers are all complaining of the positive silence, especially of the girls. I seem to have gotten more results than average — especially in that one class!

Just to outline the coming week: today one or 2 church services, tomorrow I have a conference with 2 students second period, council meeting 5th period, choir at night. Tuesday another committee meeting 4th period and one aft. dinner. Episcopal choir Wednesday night. Our choir Thursday night. All high school carnival mixer Friday, Talent show, contact party, or staff party (conflict) Saturday night. Monday choir Tuesday + Wednesday choir concert, Thursday caroling at 7 then choir party; then 11:00 Christmas eve communion

8/ I'll try to write sometime!

I was thrilled with Daddy's notice of the radio coming. I know it will be just right. And I'm glad to pay that much. You're very generous about the money — I'm sorry I didn't get some of it to you but I'll be on my feet Jan 1 again if not before.

Before I forget. Two of our most charming and beloved Japanese people are going East. One, a girl, Waka (Wahka) Mochizuki, has been in charge of all club work on the project. She has a job in the Baptist headquarters in N.Y.C. The other is Frank Watanabe (Wah tah nah bā) who is one of our phys ed teachers is going to Columbia school of Journalism to finish up. I hope you'll be able to entertain both of them — maybe together. They can tell you more about the project than my letters. I know you'll like them immensely. I'll get their Eastern addresses before they go. Frank leaves Wednesday.

I must go to breakfast now!

Love,

Helen

P.S. The packages came safely.

P.S. 5:45

Cousin Ethel arrived shortly before 10 on the bus which the protestant ministers bring out to service on Sunday. She had been over 36 hours coming from Denver. The train was 9 hours late from Denver to Ogden! I'm glad I'm not traveling!

We had breakfast and a nice chat. Then I took her to choir rehearsal at 1:30. It was good. We left at 2:30 to go to the Episcopal service where I played the piano for hymns. Zubie went and then brought us home in his car. Father Rolls of Twin Falls was excellent, again.

Cousin Ethel is now resting after her hard trip. She seems to be having more trouble with her feet lately but it is mechanical and not worse at times. She is very game about walking though. We saved her walking by stopping on Low for choir halfway to church.

She is going to her 94 year old aunt in Los Gatos, California for Christmas.

By the way, Aunt Betty invited me for Christmas especially since Dorothy may be home. I'm sure I won't try to travel. We may have a few days vacation for school kids and that will mean the teachers can catch up if they don't take leaves. I'll like that.

Mrs. Suzuki is coming to call sometime before 7:30 tonight and then we go to Zubik's P.D. party.

Love, again
Helen

Dec 3.