

It has been guarded up to now but due
It is much better than to see people digging little scraps
of coal out of the ground when all the pile has been used.
the scrap pile. There is such a thing...remnants of the
building material.....a block long situated a little ways
off from camp. That is where ~~all~~ this mad parade was
going. It had been released for public use because of
the coal shortage. I saw the ~~old~~ this long stretch of scrap
wood alive with people moving back and forth like animated
ants. It is wonderful to see people so vigorous but of
course inside one weeps a little too. I think this was the
impetus which made people especially active near the lumber
pile which is forbidden to be taken. It is beautiful wood
and masonite which is being saved to build something or
another. The important thing is that this wood was not
to be touched. Last night Speko and I were coming home
from a ex-college group meeting where Miss Briesmaster of
of the National Y spoke. Having visited all the other
centers she was ~~very~~/~~well~~/informed about many interesting
things to say. Well anyway to continue with the story,
as we were walking home, ~~we~~/~~did~~/~~not~~ when we came near the
~~lumber~~/~~pile~~ forbidden ~~to~~ lumber pile we saw people bearing
masonite over 6 feet long and over a yard wide it seemed
on their backs and scurrying. Whistles seemed to be
blowing all over but nobody seemed to be getting
caught. Of a sudden I noticed dark figure all over the
place scurrying like mad. We saw many people coming and
going. In fact when ~~we~~/~~were~~ arrived at her home, we
discovered her mother had been on a excursion too. After
having coffee and toast with jelly and butter at her home,
I ~~was~~/~~left~~ about 11. Believe me, Mr. Schmoepopel
were puffing and dragging home lumber even then. Many
homes were open and men and women were pulling in their haul
I could hear laughter and laughter. When I hurried home,
to and behold my mother my own own mother was making
shelves.

This mornign at breakfast everybody was talking about it.
for thought it has been happening right along, it has never
happened on such a big basis. Everyone's guess was that
there would be a general inspection of all homes and a
truck would pick up all stolen lumber. However I don't
think they could get anyone in the camp Japanese to do
such a thing. In the first place there is not furniture
that has ~~been~~/~~made~~ of wood given to us. for w
Besides the "colonist" were not given any wood which means
that though by now every home is supplied with furniture
all of it must have been stolen ~~you~~/~~see~~/~~what~~ some way
nor another. There are two kinds of stealing, are there
not. One that is necessary and one that humiliates the soul.
Although inspection of homes is a futile ~~thing~~/~~impossible~~
thing, I feel quite sure that the administration will
take some step on this matter.

*in m...
my will
humiliate the
soul*

While our sisters and brother become beet field laborers,
while our fathers polish stikes, while our mother scurry
and steal wood let's hope for the best. Please find me
work outside, Mr. Schmoepopel. I ~~will~~ will try my best to under
take the responsibilities ~~that~~ expectations of those who
that go with such a fulfill the expectations

Florence Tateoka has been eyes outwards too. ~~if~~ I think
you probably ~~know~~/~~her~~ She lived at Friends Center and

Worked at the U
was full-time secretary at the purchasing office of
UW. Also she used to be secretary at the Japan Society.
Having been a PhiBeta Kappa and accustomed to meeting
people and witty and full of references she is capable of
almost anything. It would be my job if you
could keep her in the line.

As for such Japanese she received -
let me see from Tom Bodine about doing
and she can try to learn camp. She is going
to do so in student union.
Best regards to Mrs. Wilson, Ethel + Ruth Owen.
Thanks you very much.

Sincerely,