

We switch on lights  
to run go along.

lights experiment

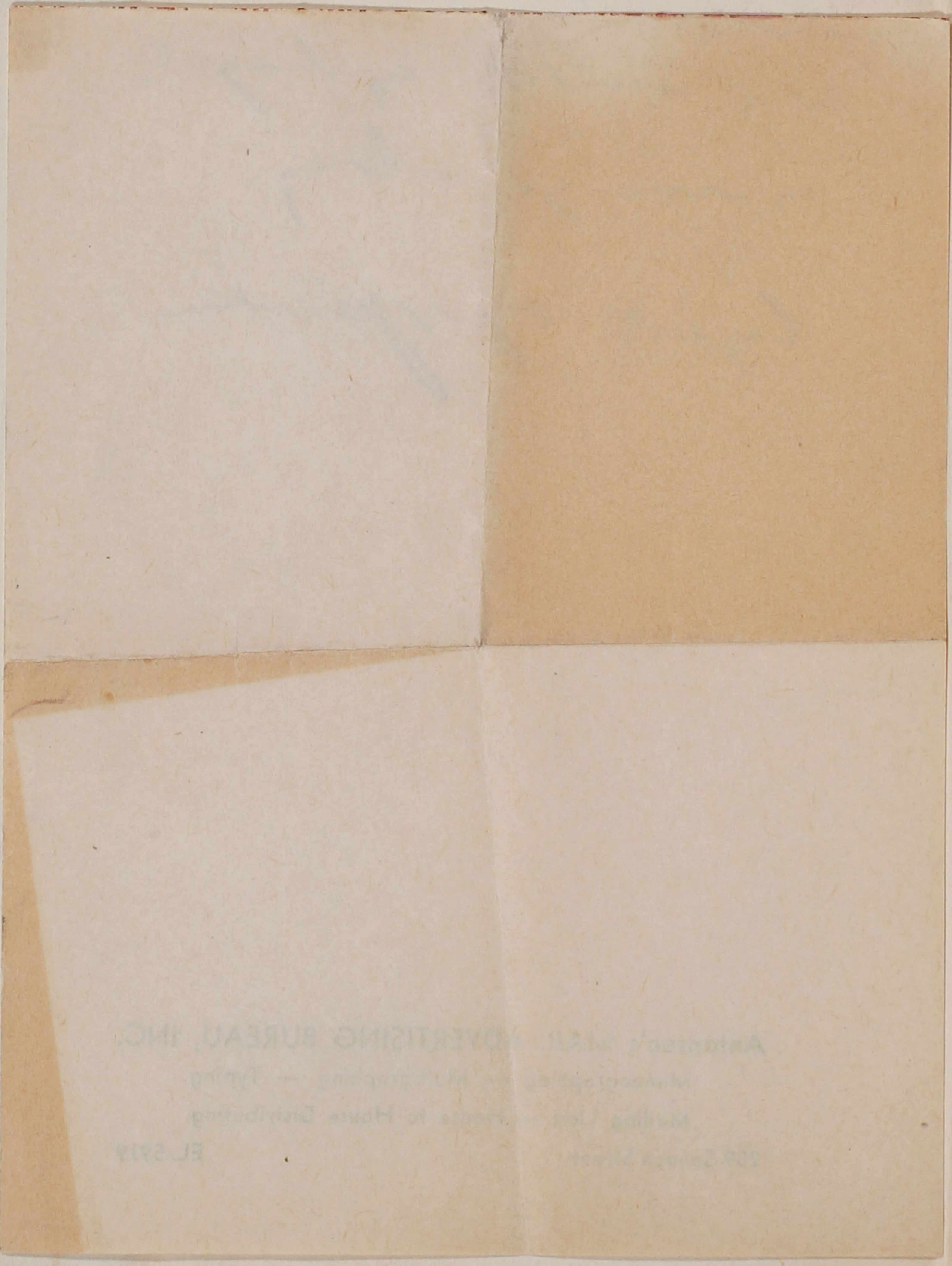
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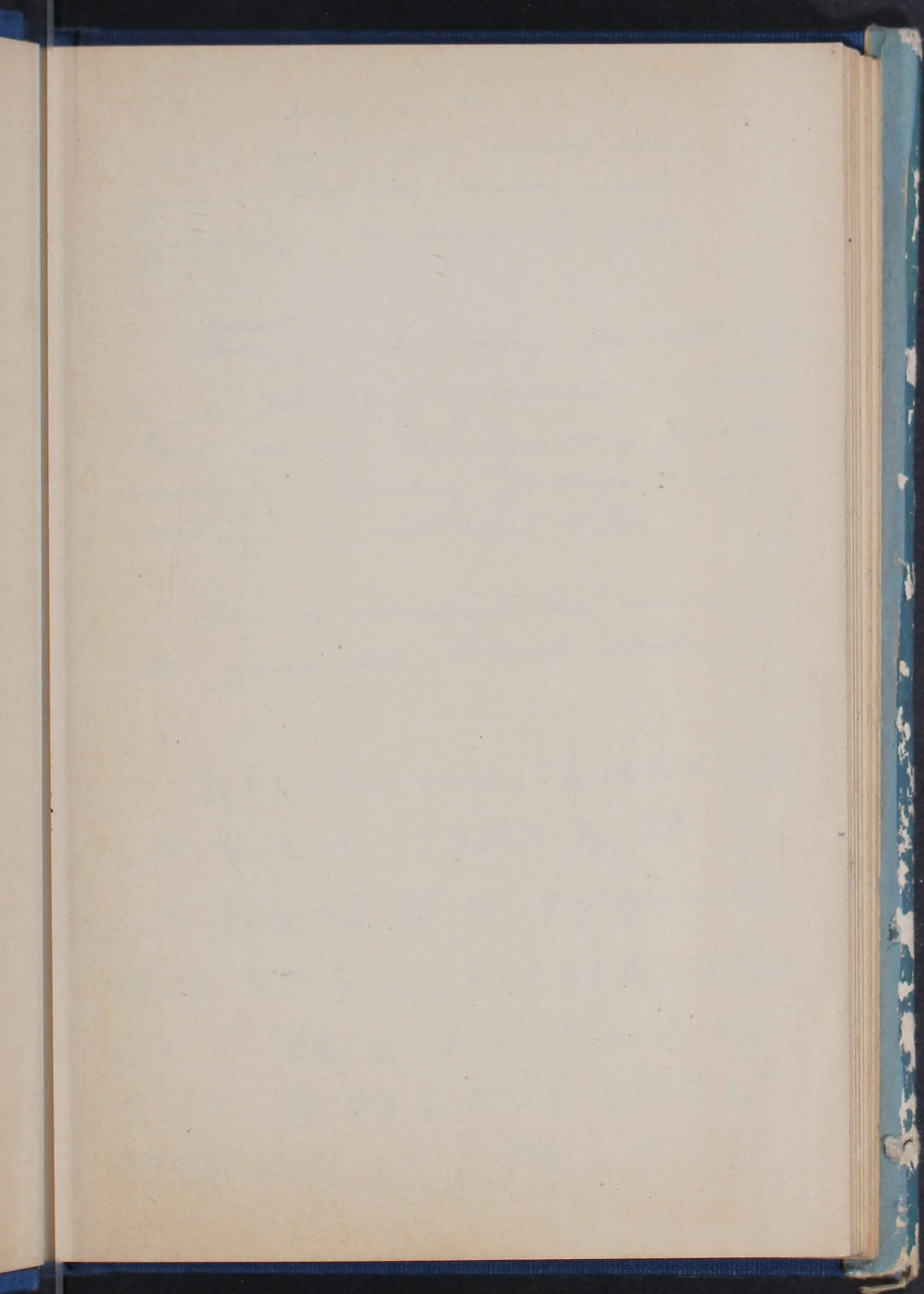


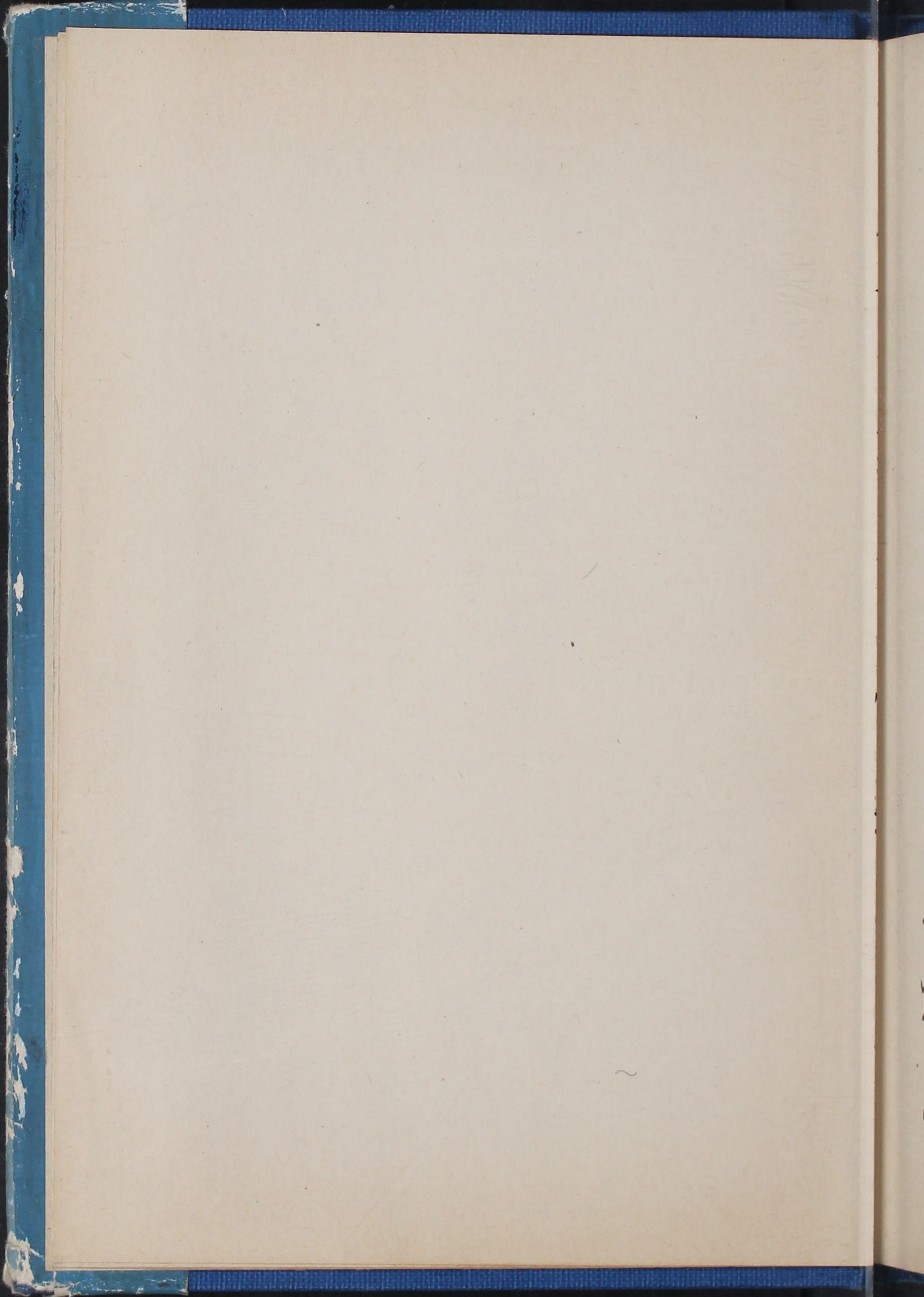












She put strength in the wrists of her  
arms. She would never sleep  
again. ~~she~~ She could walk  
forever, by day and <sup>by</sup> night.

Heart  
Body, soul, body. The combination  
is a thrilling experience. I have  
been in it through my Japanese  
dancing. Someday perhaps in my  
writing I will meet it too.

There is whiskey in this world  
180 years old. Good whiskey.

おはようさん said, "人はこれだけ  
(か)をもちうまれている。舞に  
出て来る。お前、前の、夕、夕、夕の  
舞は、(か)を、すらすらとした、おおい  
らしい。舞よ。おはようさん大好き。  
はっ、思、あすこともないけれど"  
氣持持ちつよ、舞よ。"

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

林の静ちゃんも躰はきらい、  
 ままの目時にすい くだしてしまふつよ、  
 つまり おしがかきかきいんたね、  
 いい 躰だけい 気持がちれ  
 し おあつかない

“とこへ 持って来るし おま  
 の文ちゃんも躰をかきつ  
 おあつかい いるね、あの子は  
 きまったら つまの歌が 始  
 まるまで “をたいて” 待つ  
 みるから。

“くせ” その人の気持が  
 出るのね、~~同じ~~ 同じ じょうりで  
~~同じ~~ 同じ 月日 = 人の子供に  
 躰を教へても 違ふ、躰りが  
 出来るのね、その人の気 ~~性~~ 性  
 が 出て来るの、そりや いっも  
 いっも 吉田の 輝ちゃん 見たいの  
 はるか かりいっも 出来て来ず

Handwritten text in a cursive style, likely a letter or a page from a diary. The text is extremely faint and difficult to decipher, but appears to be organized into several paragraphs. The ink is light and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

也<sup>3</sup>ん、向<sup>3</sup>、た<sup>3</sup>、つて。身性<sup>3</sup>  
た<sup>3</sup>の<sup>3</sup>あ<sup>3</sup>や<sup>3</sup>は<sup>3</sup>し。あ<sup>3</sup>ん<sup>3</sup>を<sup>3</sup>に  
こ<sup>3</sup>也<sup>3</sup>こ<sup>3</sup>也<sup>3</sup>し<sup>3</sup>た<sup>3</sup>さ<sup>3</sup>い<sup>3</sup>を<sup>3</sup>こ<sup>3</sup>言<sup>3</sup>つ<sup>3</sup>た<sup>3</sup>て  
出<sup>3</sup>来<sup>3</sup>た<sup>3</sup>い<sup>3</sup>て<sup>3</sup>よ<sup>3</sup>う。”

art after all mirrors the  
artist's character and personality. His  
naked ~~face~~ self — faults and  
good points — all come <sup>out</sup> clearly  
~~out~~ in his work. There cannot  
be a good artist who is not a  
good being.

When we heard the 死  
の 時 刻 父 君 の 葬 儀 是 日 夜  
papa was surprised that she had  
ever died. It was sudden and  
happened Friday when our whole  
family was upside down  
preparing for the fat latch door.  
Papa said, "well, it'll go when  
the 時 刻 父 君 死 ぬ." Indeed,  
I am sure it will not be

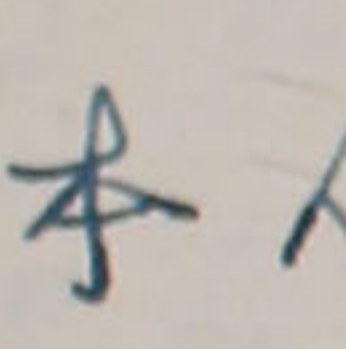
Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

A paragraph of faint, illegible handwriting in the middle section of the page.

A larger block of faint, illegible handwriting at the bottom of the page.



4

Two for off. I heard that the  
man and his wife had been  
practically starving when the  
A & H  found out and placed  
them on the relief roll. Old  
age in relief. What a cold wet  
sad. It reminds me of the  
man walking in the rain, and  
seeing nothing a hungry dog  
sniffing around a <sup>wet</sup> garbage can.  
The man stopped and opened  
the can for the dog.

### Tenrin Collection

Broken mirrors nevermore reflect,  
Fallen flowers bloom not again  
on the branch.

He points out your home mountain;  
The road is not very far away.  
Cliffs a million feet tall meet against  
the pale evening sky.  
A line white cloud veils the mouth  
of the gorge.  
Down many birds seeking their nests at  
dusk will go astray!

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

James Colburn

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

~~The woman~~  
 Gyo-koken o to i-i-ku  
 said to to i-i-ku the "E"  
 to i-i-ku to i-i-ku she didn't realize  
 to i-i-ku to i-i-ku she wasn't really  
 how close to the truth she  
 was.

At Nagamiya, the sales-  
 man with the mustache  
 who looks very English said,  
 "あなたも 誰か おかしな  
 ところか" 十 九 賣  
 ち。おれも 誰か たら かし  
 ところ。" E-k laughed. Later  
 when Mr. Asaka came in,  
 he smiled and put me on  
 the shoulder.

On Saturday night when  
 the bon obori was going on,  
 to i-i-ku to i-i-ku & I were in  
 the basket. He did not  
 talk of anything. ~~But~~ He only

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

smoked on side on. How peacefully  
 the man smokes. He called  
 Hira son into the bookstore.  
 Soon they were talking about  
 this and that and eventually  
 came down to drinking.  
 Hira son had very peculiar to  
 speaking, quiet. He began to  
 discuss drinking habits. Hira son  
 evidently just drinks and  
 drinks without talking and  
 finally gets drunk & down.  
 下りて 之 曰 曰 曰 曰 曰 曰

軽く 之 曰 曰

I wanted like to see this  
 now let go. "Let us go drinking"  
 I said. He laughed. Later, up  
 in memory Kai Oyoichi son  
 was drunk. "之 曰 曰 曰 曰 曰 曰"  
 の 曰 曰 曰 曰 曰 曰 # 1 之 曰 曰 曰 曰 曰 曰  
 Everything she spoke to him.  
 She nestled against  
 him, embarrassing me. How  
 many other women have  
 nestled against him, and how  
 many have been successful, I

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

wondered. When she left her seat,  
I said to him, "おち-えんも  
よつとらあんをい"やないの?  
いっつかつれてつちよつて  
い. ちしおにね."

Everyone was joking about  
the 不の音會の躰 I  
was embarrassed and wondered  
why I ever asked him to  
come up. Every time 初音の  
ししよえん said "早い早い"  
or "あ、い" or "待て待て"  
or "笑ろ、ちやいけえい"  
someone, especially Judo, can  
wonder repeat.

いれホ. He humbly said  
very little. Occasionally he  
laughed and clapped. After  
Judo's dance, he said,  
"おち"おししよえんよ. あんを  
おちを"を ぼつたりした時  
に emotion の feeling と ちよつ  
ちよつた."

"おちの - あつしまつ  
よつまらちおちね. Superficial  
?" "Would it be superficial

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



if he were twenty? I suppose so.  
 When the night was over,  
 he went straight across to  
 Nicks Inn. I felt slammed.  
 at least he could have walked  
 back to the hotel, and then you  
 returned to Nicks Inn. To prove  
 together.

「王. おおんを 誰に 夜 橋子  
 の 誰に いたして。」 ト 2. 「おん said,  
 “おん” の ち ち “おん” の ち  
 おん “おん” の ち “おん” の ち」

What a jealous creature I am. With  
 people I like, they must look at  
 me & talk about my interests or  
 I completely get fall out of tune  
 & look frozen into space  
~~smaller~~ of themselves. I begin to hate  
 them.

I think he thought it very strange the  
 way I looked into beach for  
 space & ~~at~~ ~~they~~ sitting very  
 still. I felt angry about  
 them, a want to cry.

Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Handwritten text in the middle section, appearing as a list or series of entries, though the characters are too light to read.

Large block of faint handwriting at the bottom of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side, covering most of the lower half.

I feel like taking him to America & <sup>9</sup>  
could have him alone. How  
can he talk about such travels,  
jubalins, night streets in Europe,  
Grand Hotel of Rome, Paris and  
London her stops - all these things  
staring at Jerusalem

Later he talked of the  
profusion of geniuses in Scotland,  
all these poor teachers can't  
get along financially without poor  
pupils. That is the reason the  
teachers call them geniuses to  
show them around. I ~~was~~ feel  
hot and without. Mr. Hilkey's  
presence helped to raise my  
eye.

I feel horrible as if I had been  
found to use a sacred instrument  
for a lowly purpose. I suppose  
like averaging the ecclesiastical music  
numbers. He means very much  
to me. A source of delight and  
inspiration in art composition.  
All this or to have to show his  
will others is reprehensible. I  
appreciate him in full glory.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*[Small handwritten mark or characters.]*

"I surrender to happiness" says Philip  
of a "of Human Bondage". There

are unmarried men who look boyish in  
their late 50's. They <sup>who</sup> have preserved <sup>their</sup>

flasky and mental integrity ~~have~~ <sup>been</sup>  
are still young. One ~~to~~ <sup>man</sup> many

they give up their <sup>personal</sup> ~~personal~~ integrity.

They have given hostages to security.

They have entered the "human

hostage" ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> perhaps will discover

such experiences as are deeper,

more powerful, more mysterious, more

<sup>fundamental</sup> than ~~present~~ integrity which rests largely

on personal opinions. <sup>what</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup> may have

been founded on accidental experiences

August 6

Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

Faint, illegible handwriting at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or date.

「つと」 といふと Dr. Koike, the  
magnanimous enthusiast who writes  
poetry, climbs mountains, takes pictures, and  
maintains no reservation in his official.

One day つと said to Dr.  
Koike who was speaking in poetry  
of mountain views and also ~~the~~ <sup>delights</sup>  
in climbing them every Sunday. "How  
can you ~~write~~ compare song & mount-  
ains," said つと. "You who  
climb ~~to~~ mountain tops, - the  
place you can see from the mountain  
top is on the mountain side, the surrounding  
valleys, the individual or masses of  
trees, rocks. ~~and see of part of~~ <sup>at any rate you cannot</sup> The way to  
can only look down. To behold it from  
admission a mountain is from the  
bottom. To behold it from  
various points of around the  
mountain and then to see and to  
sing of its beauty." ~~illumin~~

~~I think~~  
of writing, one ought to be able to  
say, "Only he could have written it."

二 山 上 へ 登 り 頂 上 を 見  
て 下 界 を 望 む

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



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Japanese have a spiritual nature.  
Perhaps this view from the fact that  
they are by custom & tradition a rather  
suppressed people - reserved and collected.  
Thus their emotions are collected  
into zealous religious devotion, literary  
clubs, community singing.

At any rate when we were  
walking on his way to church was  
suddenly struck by the beauty  
of the full moon. He stopped and  
raised his face to the ~~full~~ <sup>celestial</sup>  
light and thought, "surely, even  
a man like me, see some <sup>a</sup> face or  
some expression of beauty ought to  
rise on a night like this." He  
felt something cold at his nose.  
A ~~rough~~ bold-ry man was  
searching him with deft expert  
fingers. He took out his money and  
his pocket watch.

Thus ended his aesthetic moonlight  
& penance.

August 8

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

When his father came today  
 she asked of him "あつね  
 王子の近き親と日本か 2111  
 行ったかどうですか。"

and another man from Japan  
 was too "have around" in  
 tenhou and places of the like  
 and was known of such things  
 said, "あつね王子の近き  
 行くとはいか。" "444  
 近き行くとどうなるか"  
 "... 近き行くと近き行くと  
 いか。" "444"

あつね、ひさし、おんか、と  
 2 おしとあつね 大喜び

There is that lovely young fellow  
 from Japan, whose only  
 reason for coming to the  
 State was to avoid the long his

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

14

U. S. citizenship He is washing  
dishes at a cafe. Yesterday he  
got drunk and went wild.  
with the whiskey effects.  
He went to 13 of 3 and  
grabbed a woman. He tried  
to jump out by the <sup>front</sup> window. When  
the woman told people out  
roomers got him prevented he  
began repeated stories about his  
father and the phrase "Hello,  
thank you, good bye." He found  
and only English words he  
knew. Such conclusions must  
be great pain. Mrs. Whitman  
could not sleep all night.

Ichikawa - saw kept dipping ~~in~~ the  
sessions, but later he actually  
sat down still. He received  
letters from Japan today that  
I am sure, has something to  
do with his unusual color.

8/9/41

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

Wind bitten pines and firs  
 Ice tipped peaks  
~~Ice tipped peaks~~ ~~capped mountains~~ as silent  
 white tipped peaks  
 and cold as the night when snow  
 fell floated down and froze  
 upon them

In the rainy gray evening dusk  
 when alley cats creep under the  
 parked cars, ~~to sleep~~.

People walk close to the  
 building walls

Men at counters stare at  
 newspapers and listen to the rattle  
 of coins over hot coffee

Men ~~now~~ return to their  
 hotel rooms

How noisily it falls upon  
 the garbage cans towers

People pause under stone  
 awnings

Newspaper man pauses to roll  
 his own

Rain at dusk is like silver  
 speaking on over a evening

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.



Japanese dancing,  
 slight rises & falls  
 intricate  
 subtle

like a stream  
 like a stream  
 warm river

When he has many treasures  
 will be loved forever and  
 night & day will fill his place.

It is different to see him  
 from a low window on  
 a rainy day - as the world  
 sees him - ~~from~~ ~~boards~~  
 pockets of his coat pushing  
 against the rain, a man  
 over his middle eyes.

Today when I saw him he  
 was sitting on a bench & spitting  
 out blood on the street. He  
 had pulled out a tooth. ~~off~~

September 1864  
Dear Mother  
I received your letter  
of the 10th and was  
glad to hear from  
you.

I am well and hope  
these few lines will  
find you the same.

When I see my  
dear friends I will  
tell you all the  
news.

It is happening  
just as the  
war is going  
on here.

Just as you  
said it would  
be.

I am sure I  
will see you  
soon.

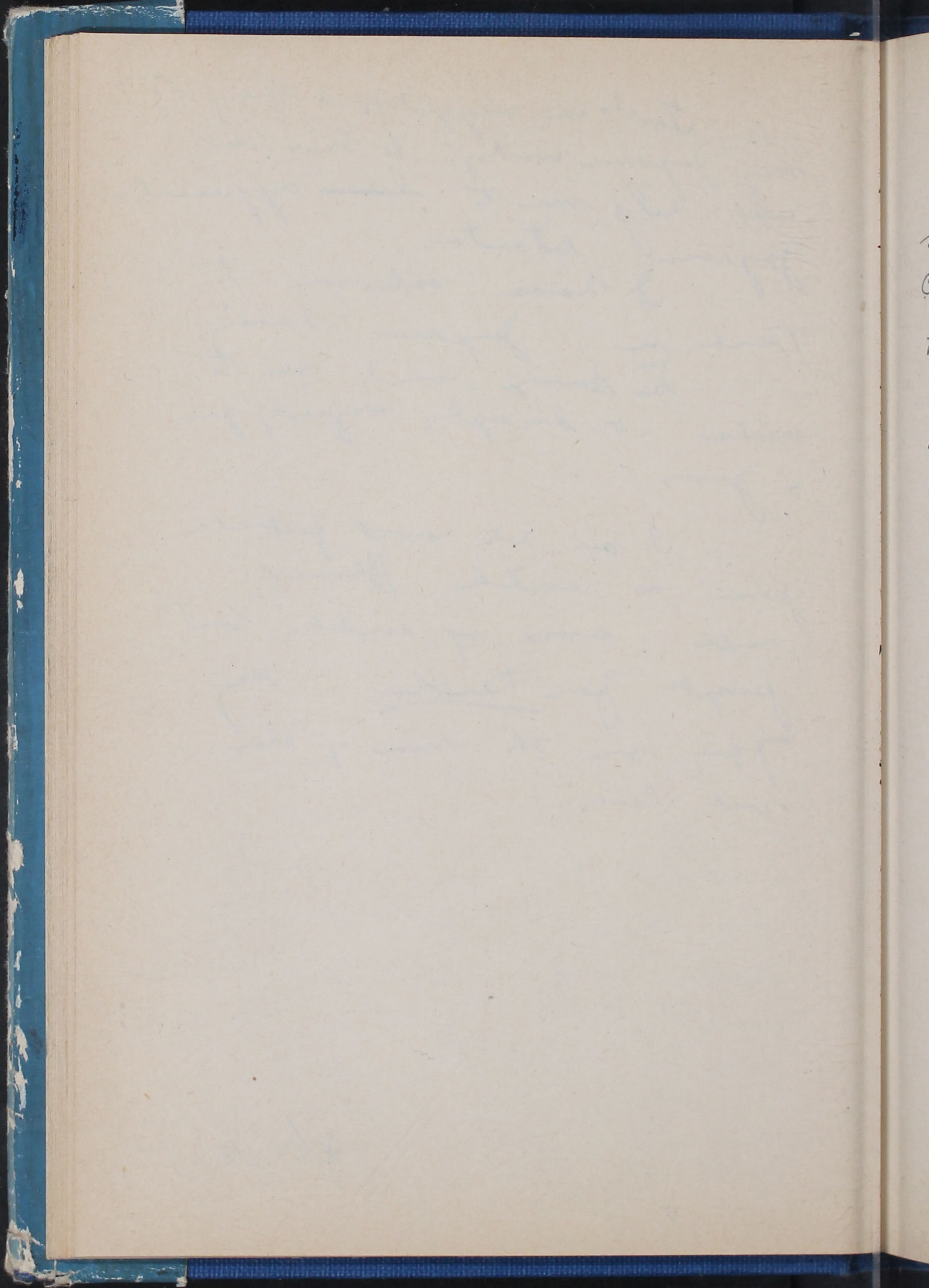
17

Toddson suggested I bring  
my Japanese writings to him. He  
will help me to ~~learn~~ appreciate  
Japanese literature.

I have chosen to  
teach in Japanese during  
the summer - want me to  
write a discipline myself for  
a year.

I am the most fortunate  
person on earth. Blessed  
with some of earth's best  
people for teachers - they  
for me the reason of their  
rich lives.

8/15/41



~~I sat upon~~  
 When I came to 三竹齋 that  
 night, he was already there reading  
 Chinese poems. I changed into my  
 finery and pecked in his books  
 without saying anything. Later Mrs  
 Haruyuki sat beside him and he  
 was admiring her embroidery work.  
 When she left he sent the poetess,  
 I sat beside him and he gave  
 showed me a few of 香白's verses  
 Chinese paper with black calligraphy  
 and red illustrations. The top of each  
 page. An old book. I leaned over  
 tucking his shoulder, was he conscious  
 of it? Laying sitting back on the  
 downpart I took the book  
 from him & he read them off for me.  
 His breathing lighted softly on me - my  
 breathing and his breathing. I turned  
 the pages backwards & forwards  
 feeling warm and a cozy splendour.  
 Soon chicks came & sat between  
 us. I put my arm around her  
 for she was rather sleepy. He played  
 with her - tucking her back.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

I said, "I'll bring my English Trans-  
lation tomorrow." 自分が書いた

日本語の文章を持て来さう。

I laughed, "I can hear your ~~書~~ <sup>声</sup> already."  
He had his ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> closed

hands behind his head and he was  
looking for H.H. He would make a

wonderful teacher. ~~for H.H.~~

8/17/41

*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*



Talks with Fowler on -

f=30 - 8 W  
any 20, '97'  
:Stone

That substance arises out of

the subtle nature of the  
Japanese people. Art has no value  
if imitated. That is why I cannot  
understand people in Japan going  
crazy over things & all the rest  
paying high admissions and saying  
they understand. Art rises out of  
certain conditions and unless the  
audience is acquainted with  
that particular environment, they  
cannot understand or feel the music.  
How could they? When I returned  
from Europe women in Japan said  
to me, "I have a survey you -  
having ~~heard~~ <sup>heard</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>near</sup> to ~~knowing~~ <sup>the</sup>  
the European artists." but is  
truth I heard but did not  
understand. One is a while when  
I heard someone or koto  
playing, I stopped to listen

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

21

no matter how poor the exhibition.  
It was dear to me. So the critics  
in Japan gave and applauded  
European artists. Fools, when I  
spoke to Madame Miura she  
honestly said that she didn't fully  
understand Oriental instruments  
~~and~~ they are not a part of the  
Japanese people yet.

Japanese movies - yet are  
Hollywood imitations. ~~But~~ that  
industry in Japan is ~~not~~ just  
getting accustomed to the  
technicalities of motion pictures.  
They have yet to make it  
their own. If the Japanese  
are reserved and inexpressive,  
~~that does not mean they certainly have~~  
~~not the means~~ certainly that  
does not mean the Japanese do  
not feel. ~~In~~ Japan the  
Japanese people have been

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*[Faint handwriting on the right edge of the page.]*

influenced by Buddhism. Buddhism<sup>22</sup>  
in contrast with the lightness of  
Christianity emphasizes the darkness  
of evil. Frankness and sincerity are  
valued among the Japanese. Among the  
Japanese, the man who speaks  
the least is thought to be  
wise and deep and manly.

In these ways, the Japanese  
have their own set of values,  
and they should not have to  
go to Hollywood to learn  
expression. The movies should  
put my Japanese expression.

Perhaps soon someone will  
write.

The ideas you & I have had  
be put neatly into a book.  
Japanese and give me confidence  
in my own opinions.

He thinks most highly of  
Jin Shuki. He dropped her

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

Second block of faint, illegible handwriting, also appearing to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

career in Japan and went <sup>to</sup> back<sup>23</sup>  
 to Korea. Because she could  
 not fully understand Japanese or  
 Occidental learning. - She lived 20 to 25  
~~years~~ For 10 years she  
 scanned the country for  
 Korean bones and perfected them  
 with her passion and talent. Then  
 she took to Europe and  
 America and Japan.

The very air seems to move.

~~夕景~~ 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
~~夕景~~ 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。  
 夕景 ~~を~~ ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。

「夕景、を ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。」  
 夕景、を ~~描~~ ~~き~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~た~~ ~~も~~ ~~う~~ ~~て~~ ~~い~~ ~~ま~~ ~~す~~。

Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Main body of faint, illegible handwriting, appearing as ghostly impressions across the page.



How I admired 野々 for

his ideas about his own funeral.  
no funeral flowers, no speeches,  
cremation beforehand. When he  
died he just showed up in his  
lign - his wife wins and his job.  
He talked of his daughter in Japan.  
He died of a lonely death.

~~お~~ 死んでから せうに  
佛教會の せうに だの せうに  
佛教會の 連れの せうに  
花もおくた 話もせんにも  
いらすい。 たた あの 金か せうに  
おれを えらん 付の せうに  
ちーん せうに せうに  
その 音の せうに せうに  
ちーん せうに せうに  
おれを せうに せうに  
ちーん せうに 天国 せうに  
と せうに 行い

Aug. 21, 1941

The first part of the book is devoted to a general  
 description of the country and its inhabitants.  
 The second part contains a detailed account of the  
 various tribes and their customs.  
 The third part is a collection of the most  
 interesting and curious stories and legends  
 which have been handed down from  
 generation to generation.

The fourth part is a collection of the most  
 interesting and curious stories and legends  
 which have been handed down from  
 generation to generation. The fifth part  
 is a collection of the most interesting and  
 curious stories and legends which have  
 been handed down from generation to  
 generation. The sixth part is a collection  
 of the most interesting and curious stories  
 and legends which have been handed down  
 from generation to generation. The seventh  
 part is a collection of the most interesting  
 and curious stories and legends which  
 have been handed down from generation to  
 generation. The eighth part is a collection  
 of the most interesting and curious stories  
 and legends which have been handed down  
 from generation to generation. The ninth  
 part is a collection of the most interesting  
 and curious stories and legends which  
 have been handed down from generation to  
 generation. The tenth part is a collection  
 of the most interesting and curious stories  
 and legends which have been handed down  
 from generation to generation.

That old 41 1/2 of 5-5" etc  
 who keeps talking on and on  
 about his wife returning,  
 his advice to his wife dying  
 where she might be now,  
 on and on about death. The  
 question of whether we ~~live~~ <sup>live</sup>  
 or not after death does not exist.  
 Separately - we live. He lives  
 in his own world. He is in that  
 after life already.

When his wife ~~died~~ was  
 dying, he told her to go to the  
 old temple in that province  
 of Henschow. There is a priest  
 there who will tell you who  
 will tell ~~at~~ when to go  
 she said Thank you and  
 Good Bye.

Aug 21, 41

Just things as old folks, such  
folks, animals like Perry,  
the dogs across the street, our  
bird. become ~~the~~ such  
wonderful things in ~~the~~ times like  
those.

children on nest. Much like come  
home on one of the busiest nights  
saying, "We gave up. We were  
holding that magnifying glass over  
a pair of papers ~~the~~ but it  
never caught a few." I remember  
the ~~leaving~~ spot of a petting pen  
the window & seeing where  
reached the ground first.  
children's worlds are the  
best ~~part~~ ones.

at night after we have shown  
the air becomes alive.

One evening when the sky  
was just deepening I was gazing  
at the purple velvet irises  
in a full rich blooming row  
& somehow - the sky, they seemed  
to become a huge iris petal.

Deep purple dreams & pleasant  
cry.

The birds have been having so

must for watching the plow  
on the hillside.

Fiji on the hillside

5/10

If you don't go to ~~land~~  
your meals early, you  
miss some things.

Some folks complain, other  
don't talk, some praise.

The meals are <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>best</sup> ~~best~~  
sort. No butter ~~no~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>unless</sup>  
~~for~~ <sup>under 6</sup>; <sup>no</sup> <sup>smell</sup> <sup>unless</sup>  
<sup>under 12</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>no</sup> <sup>insufficient</sup>,  
no milk unless under 6.

We've been so used to such  
food that without butter  
& protein ~~in~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>of</sup>  
stomach <sup>can't</sup> <sup>initially</sup> <sup>handle</sup>  
forward <sup>to</sup> <sup>smelling</sup> <sup>even</sup> <sup>if</sup>  
it's full.

Small camp, not enough  
space for ~~the~~ <sup>baseball</sup> <sup>but</sup>  
tennis & <sup>handweight</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>an</sup>  
possibilities.

Conventions <sup>next</sup> <sup>room</sup> <sup>are</sup>  
perpetrated by <sup>them</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>us</sup> <sup>for</sup>  
inst <sup>over</sup>. ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~with~~  
to go she got extra to supper

CAMP Journal  
Stuff

I failed in  
the sounds  
heavily

... she didn't  
lie because  
I annoyed her

have  
she's pregnant.

by her own number -  
Mar-31.

was given ~~to~~ who was also  
recently remarried came in  
was employed she had to  
do everything even being  
the wood. I she also mentions

a few cues words - also American  
that she had thrown I her  
husband.

Japanese do not like  
showers. To the Japanese  
first generation - taking  
bath is not the business of  
getting clean. They love to  
lie & soak, have pleasant  
relaxation in the tub. These  
dark showers are the art.  
Eventually they'll begin taking  
showers though I did notice  
a few women bringing their  
Tubs.

I discovered the meal failed in  
were pushed away. The sounds  
like a good natured heady  
round person. I saw her  
at the med. exams. She didn't  
have to visit in line because  
she's pregnant. I recognized her  
by her room number -  
132-39.

Mrs. G... who was also  
recently remarried came in  
was employing she had to  
do everything even being in  
the wood. She also mentioned  
a few cuss words - also American  
that she had thrown at her  
husband.

Japanese do not like  
showers. In the Japanese  
first generation - taking  
bath is not the business of  
getting clean. They love to  
lie & soak in bath  
relaxation in the tub. These  
bath showers are the art.  
Eventually they'll begin taking  
showers though I did notice  
a few women bringing their  
Tubs.



Papa looks so lonely, sad,  
unoccupied. I wish we could  
move into another room. I'd  
was saying that there was a need for  
laboring (cleaning) & he might volunteer  
from what he. Free this  
+ Train tracks that go on  
for ever. ~~night & sleep~~

Next door - I can hear  
the card slapping the table.  
Plenty of that coming.

5/11

This morning - every morning in  
past - enjoy <sup>one</sup> adjust their  
hay mattresses. I sleep up  
the Ford Camps found  
during the night.

This morning I was taking a  
walk in the grassy section  
between the wires & the  
barracks. I had heard  
told that this part was  
restricted territory but the  
man was so sporadic that I  
kept on walking over the

wet morning grass. I could  
see farm houses and the  
berry fields, ~~way beyond~~

When I came to the watch  
tower ~~the~~ guard I spoke to  
the guard. He seemed very  
cold way my thin with  
his gun & search light at foot.  
He smiled generously & I  
went on. When I had walked  
2 blocks (2 barracks lengthwise)  
I noticed the guard at the  
end was moving. I thought  
first he was signaling to the  
watch tower guard. I looked  
back but the guard was  
up there was story in another  
direction. The truth was he was  
trying to tell me to get out of  
that restricted zone.

I changed my direction &  
hurried ~~my~~ <sup>to</sup> the alley between  
barracks & my to the guard at  
the end. ~~to~~ I asked her  
~~why~~ <sup>we</sup> "aren't we supposed  
to work ~~between~~ there?"

"No. Orders" he said. I felt like  
a heel being so mean  
but I said once more,  
"You can't walk there,  
with" & again <sup>said</sup> "No,  
orders." Finally he said  
"you'd go crazy with  
nothing to do." "Oh no,"  
I said, "I've got books &  
a radio." I noticed  
the cows way over  
beyond the green pastures  
so I said, "at least there  
are cows over there seen  
happy." I went ~~away~~  
back my way & he  
~~returned~~ "you have to  
stand around for 4 hours  
don't you?" He nodded  
"That isn't so wonderful either"  
I said & walked ~~back~~ back.  
He too returned to his tent.

No word since yesterday.  
John ~~the~~ man was  
struck by picking up the little  
bits tangled up with grass

They this is <sup>the</sup> heavy <sup>the</sup>  
concentration <sup>can</sup> / "I've  
young fellows are <sup>actually</sup>  
burying up their <sup>mind</sup> <sup>recess</sup>!"  
"I think 'it's easier to <sup>remember</sup>  
than than pick it up."

The people who come early  
are rather well stocked up  
in wood & the ones who  
come late are just less  
good better method of  
distribution ought to be found.  
Papa today went to suggest  
that a group distribute the  
same amount at each door  
step. In that way a real  
unworkable and unequal  
distribution would be prevented.

I listened to the man talking &  
joking or laughed with them.  
They were good interested people  
picking up the little pieces of  
wood.

"What are we going to do after  
the war. Everything here

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

taken over by the Caucasians  
& we can't get anywhere,  
hotel rates will be high  
& restaurants will be high  
two when they take over  
we won't be able to start  
again."

"They say even if the war  
ends well here in here for  
at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  year more  
so that the soldiers returning  
won't ~~see~~ kill us or seize  
& so that they'd have jobs  
upon we're back in circulation."  
I went back to my room  
thinking about what those  
men had said. ~~There's~~  
There's a lot of stuff in  
what they said, I don't  
rather pessimistic — of the  
future.

Govt  
"as long as the joint. Took  
us over they ought to keep us  
warm."

I have seen of the enormous  
 of our world that we understand  
 that with will this is the  
 of our world with the light  
 to see that they are  
 we must be able to do that  
 "

of the  
 they are  
 this will be  
 at least to report  
 in this the order  
 would be  
 to be that they  
 paper were  
 I was  
 think about  
 more had  
 there is a lot of  
 what they  
 rather  
 "

I was  
 think about  
 more had  
 there is a lot of  
 what they  
 rather  
 "

that  
 "a lot of the  
 so even the  
 "

5/13 I hear that a soldier who  
did some sort of errand for  
a girl prisoner was strictly  
reprimanded. So was the  
girl.

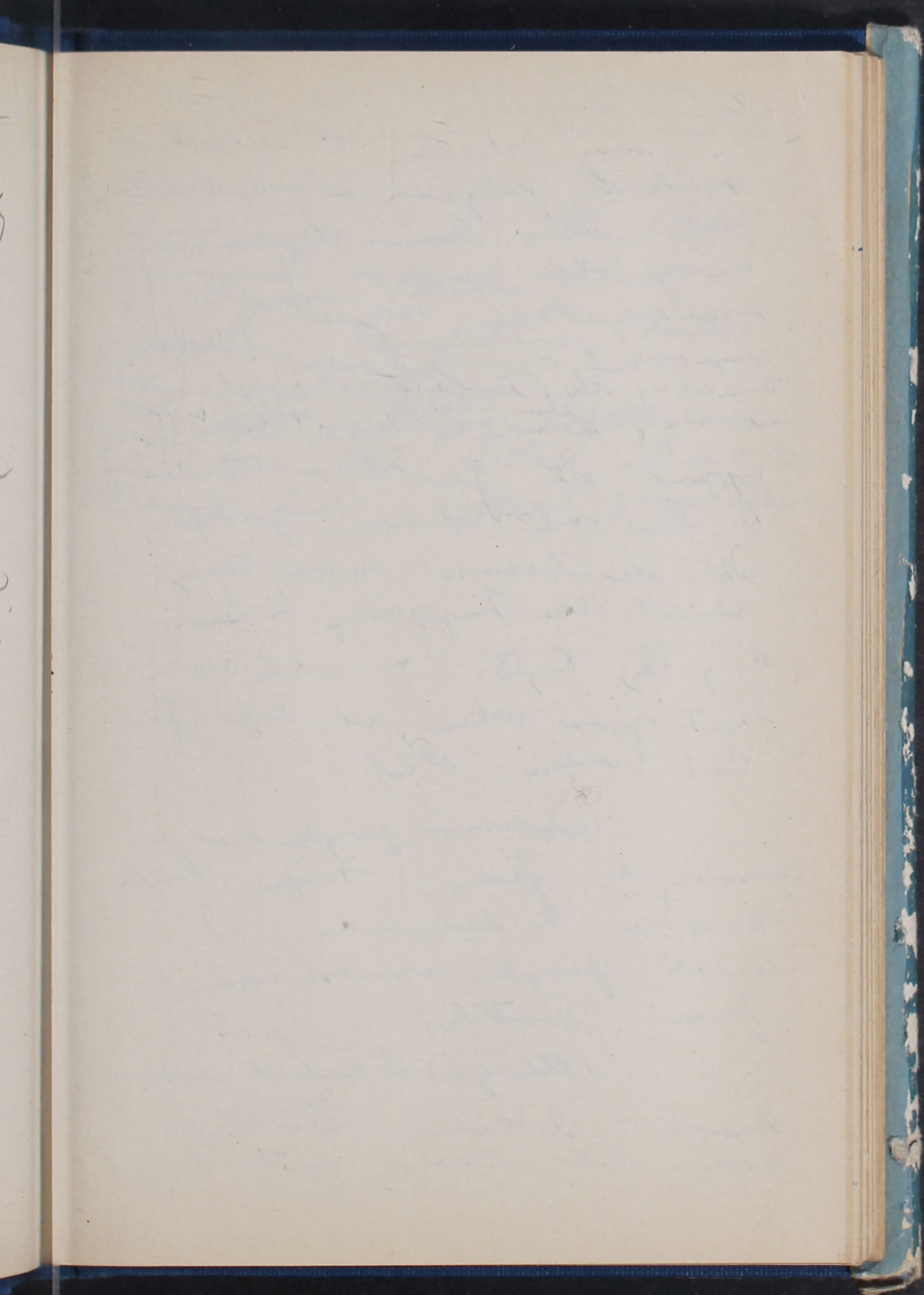
In the watch tower's  
a soldier with a 14 lb  
rifle - modern gun &  
a heavy search light  
was given an even  
blowing light at night.  
If one is alone the stars  
shining down but over the  
barrow & roofs and the  
smoke seen in the shaft  
of search light gives ~~the~~ a  
strong sensation.



5/13/42

Yesterday the J couple next door well requested to move & let a sick family move in. ~~However~~ We could hear the man & his wife quarrelling because the wife didn't move out. Finally she began to weep. It is very difficult for a woman to move once she's settled. Eventually the neighbors gathered around them & sympathized with them & after a lot of words & criticism & suggestions the man went to find the house manager. He failed however to find later the house manager. So a voice moving was unnecessary. The sick couple might go to Ave B.

Tonight heard an American Legion man Joseph Chabwick speak on "I Am an American" for "I am an American Day" which falls on



This Sunday, May 17, it  
is very touching to listen to  
such a program & reflect  
that the American Legion was  
one of the most forward  
organizations, request by  
approval of Japanese, and  
talked by the 700,000 soldiers &  
recently for whom the U.S. & 700,000  
women is best. She had  
often sits quietly on a lawn  
to the next day groups,  
She also learns many things  
about the happenings in Sun  
A, B, C, D & who's coming  
next from where, who left for  
Cal when etc.

Immigrant people are  
coming in from trips. Kids  
become a network, I  
wonder people would come  
from Seattle.

Although I didn't even  
know I saw De who  
come into camp yesterday.

also I hear through  
Gather, through Rev. Adams  
that orders come from San  
Francisco to Mr. Bibb  
& Hyson Books which  
Japan translations, now,  
the what not?

at the P.O. I had it sent to  
Camp C. good good school.

5

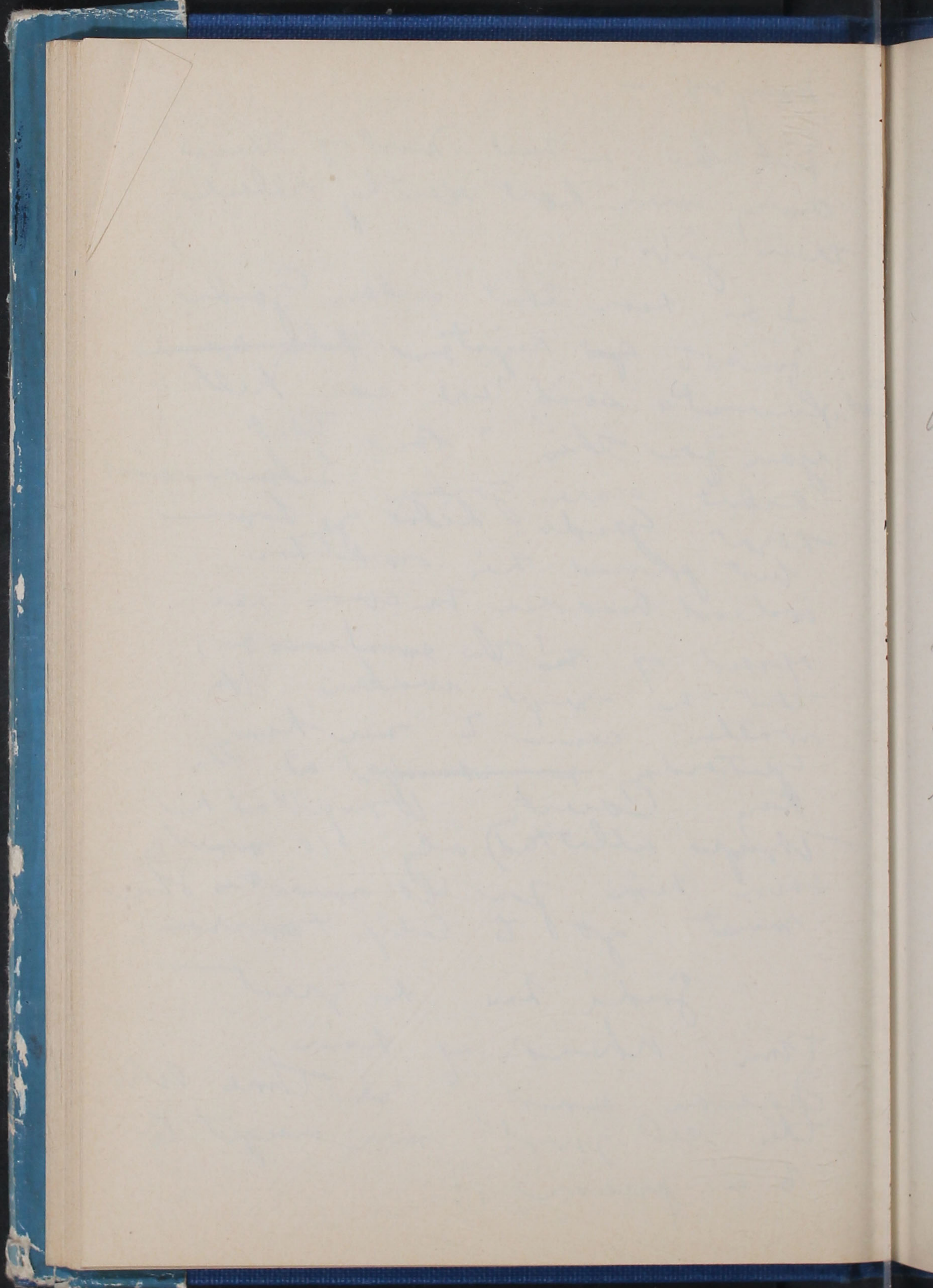
He  
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May 20 -

Feel like a fool. Most of these  
Army men don't exactly believe  
their jobs.

I do hear that when Gordin  
failed to get registered ~~the same~~  
Col. Lawrence said, "we can kill  
you for this." But that  
didn't scare Gordin. Selmon said  
that Gordin didn't go home  
but phoned his mother  
instead because he was so  
afraid of ~~the~~ the swat team &  
that he might awaken. His  
mother came to see him  
yesterday ~~at~~ at the  
King County Hospital &  
though allotted only 10 minutes  
saw him for 40 minutes & he  
must go to Calif. tomorrow.

Gordin has a great  
time ahead of him.  
In some like  
Inman said, "In some like  
this all good men ought to  
be in prison."



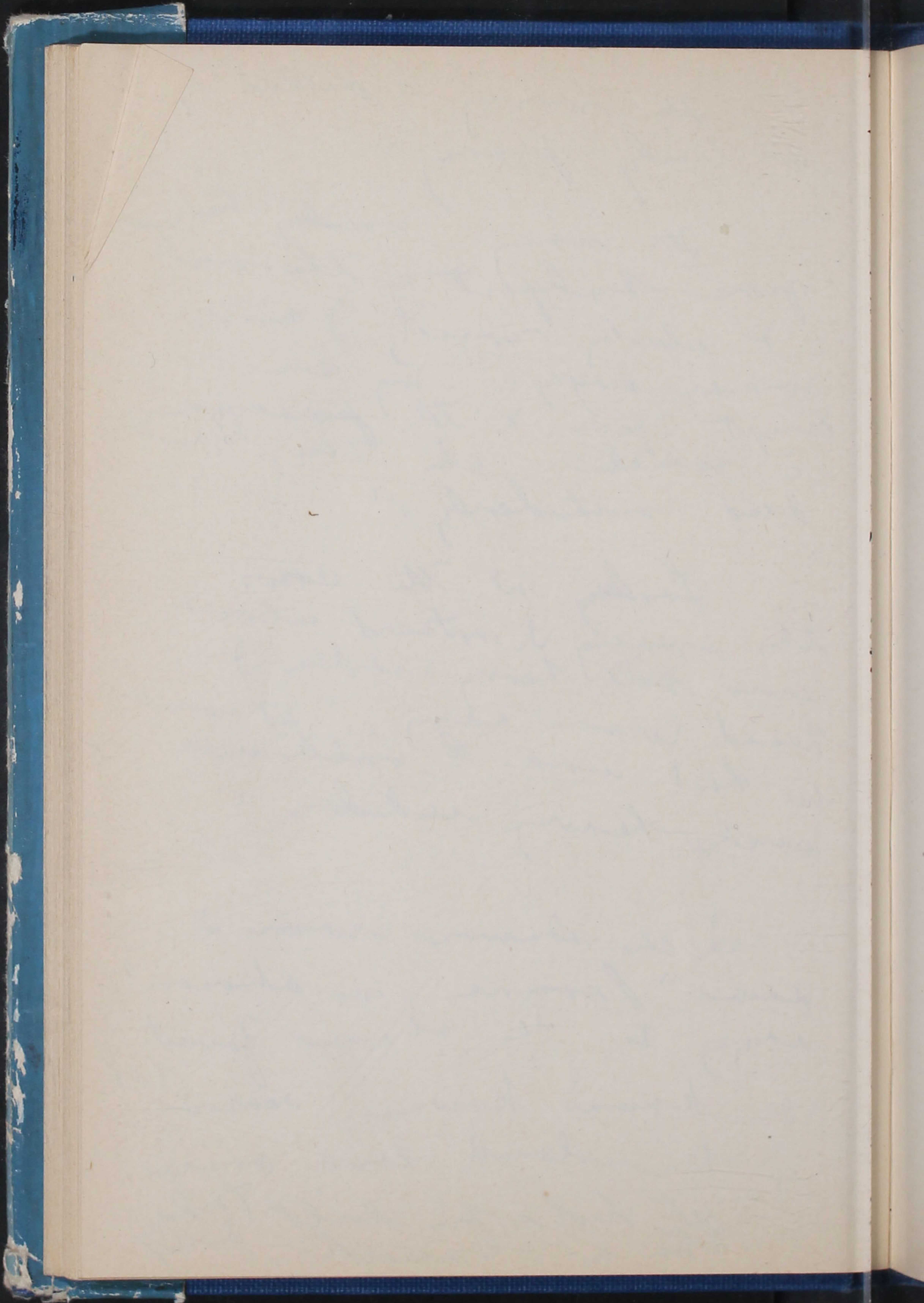
The morning I picked up  
a lucky penny.

The morning walking home  
from breakfast at the most  
I slushy mud, I heard  
women saying "my son  
caught fever & the pneumonia  
is worse than this. He  
died suddenly!"

Looking at the cows  
this evening I noticed some  
cows with heavy udders. I  
heard women saying, "it must  
be hard work to walk with  
such heavy udders."

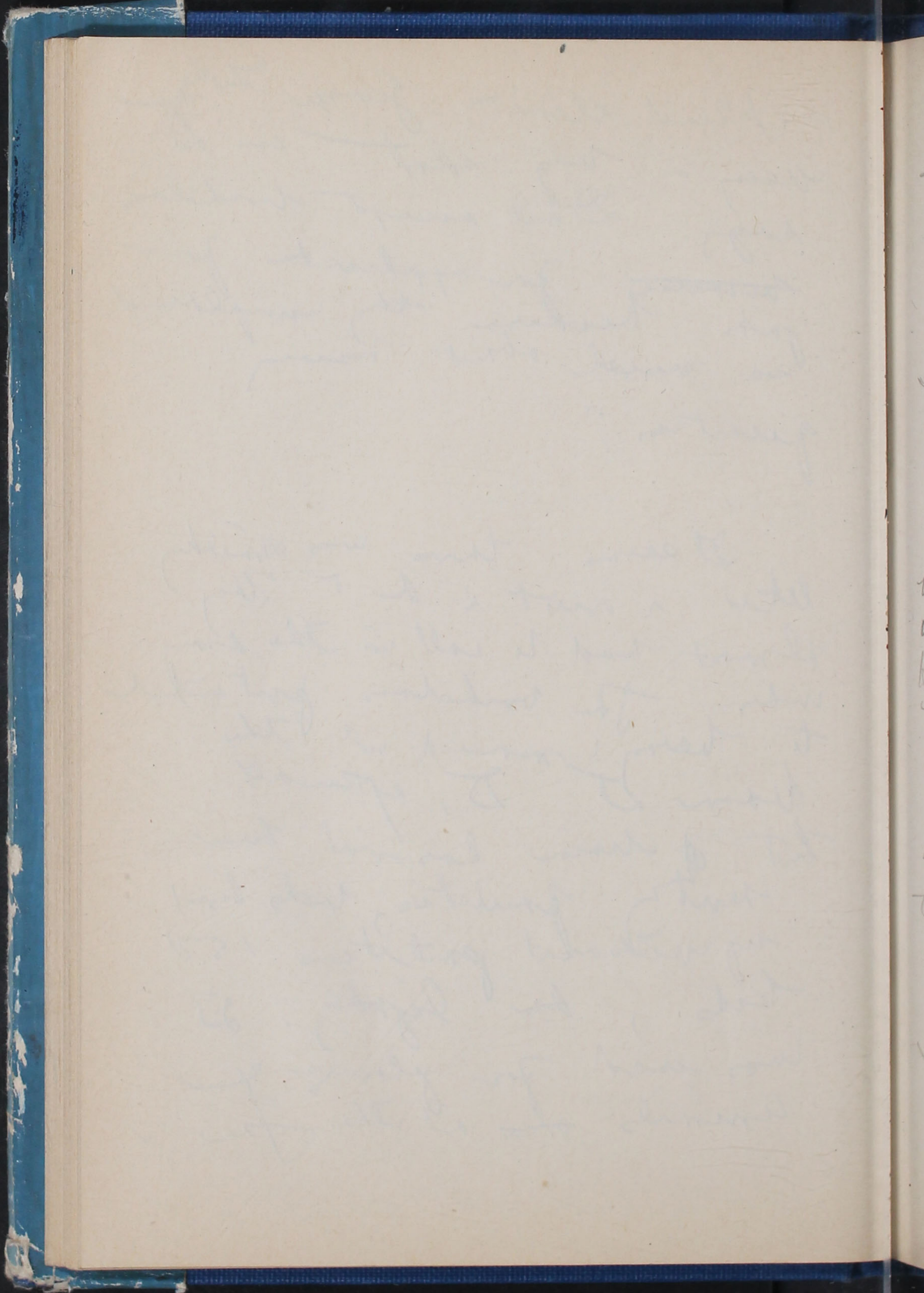
In the shower room I  
saw "Poroma no aboon"  
saying to the shower faucet,  
"Oh kowai kowai, ooooo"  
in her loud loud voice.  
We had a fire drill today  
over in a minute. I did





I read almost <sup>George</sup> <sup>Take</sup>  
every <sup>big</sup> shot in D.  
says "Don't accept bachelors  
~~vacancies~~ for application for  
jobs because they employed  
so much about having  
quarters."

It seems there was something  
like a riot in D. They  
almost had to call in the army  
when the bachelors protested  
to being moved out of the  
house in D, after all  
that of course has not been  
venturing politics, beds lined  
up with old partitions 150  
beds, dim light. It  
was used for plants &  
animals at the fair.



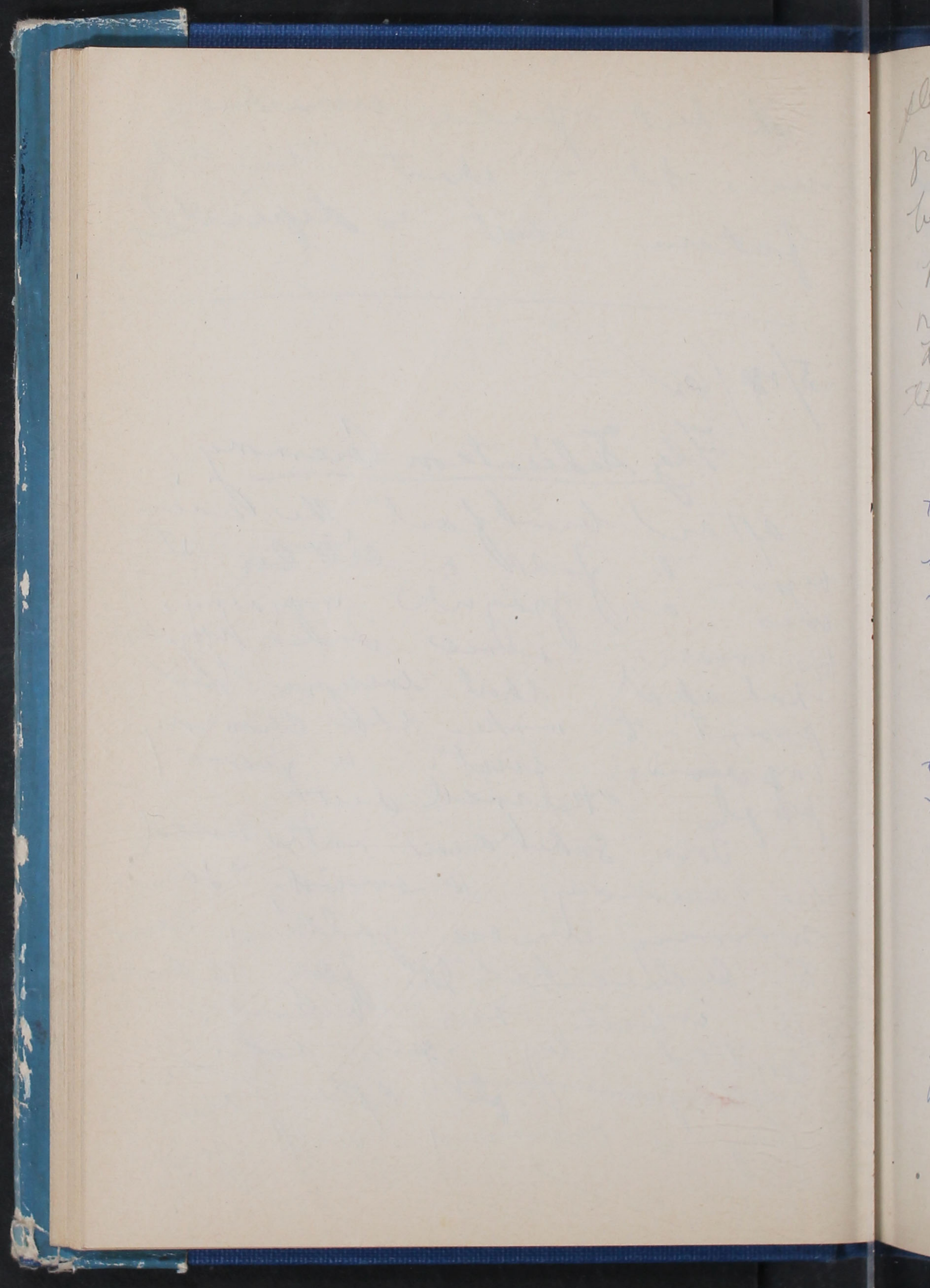
The best friend await  
us, that is about the only  
future that is definite.

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5/24/42

### Flag Dedication Ceremony

after breakfast the rain  
began to fall a little. It  
was a grayish morning,  
however, since James Haggler  
had asked that everyone be  
present to make the ceremony  
impressive. Quite a few  
people showed out.  
Tom Suburban introduced  
the ceremony. He said "This  
morning we are gathered here  
to dedicate the flag to our  
\$ which has been  
donated by your club.  
Will you please after the  
flag is raised will you



please repeat the play  
pledge ~~with~~ the  
benefit of those who may not  
know, would you please  
give your right hand  
and thus "the benediction"  
the salute,

The boy trumpet boy  
took up his trumpet, he  
he lifted his trumpet to  
his mouth, the mouth piece  
of his trumpet dropped to the  
ground. Little children ran  
& leaped over to see  
the boy pick it up. Then  
he began to blow on his  
trumpet & the two  
shiny boys - wearing clumber  
shirts - ~~for the Sunday~~ began  
~~raising~~ pulling the paper  
& raising the play. As the  
play slowly slid up the  
boys raised their round  
faces & the people - everyone -  
went followed the play

Next door they've invited  
a girl to have a party over. Carefully  
said to him or Tom says, "George,  
does Jean have a boyfriend?"  
"No." "See, go to work,"  
Tom says.

up the pole. Then the whole  
audience (the second generation  
half of the audience) stood  
up the play started then  
Tom introduced Jake Joyce  
who stood upon the bench &  
began to speak, "It is a deep  
pleasure of a deep honor I  
might say to have the pleasure  
of speaking in representing the story  
of this dedication ceremony.

Ever since the beginning of the  
war when the Treacherous  
attack was made upon our  
shores, etc etc. The loyalty  
of those who have been  
living here a long time is  
unquestionable. There is no

doubt we are all loyal.  
It is to be deeply regretted  
that the war began, & that  
it has been found a military  
necessity that we give up  
our homes, businesses,  
& the pursuit of happiness



*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

Things we were sorry to see  
the marked wires - - -  
we of the staff have been  
thinking that the America flag  
is essential to subside our faith in  
the United States. Living however  
in this enclosed way it has  
been difficult to receive  
supplies. If you will observe  
the pole - someone donated  
it from his zinc wood supply.  
He ~~from~~ it went without his  
wood that was  
destined for the zinc plate  
that we may have a flag  
pole. ~~for~~ someone donated  
~~the~~ the flag pole rope  
because it is very difficult  
to get rope now &  
due to the priority list,  
and his ~~ankle~~ donated  
the flag. ~~for~~ We are  
proud to say that our B  
is the first one to have  
a flag dedication ceremony.

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

After the war I know there  
will be no question that  
our liberty will be restored  
to us. at that time ~~I~~

have faith in the American  
Govt. I say I repeat again,

"I have faith in the  
American government."

During the speech <sup>the</sup> little <sup>children's</sup>  
~~children~~ would cry out or  
giggle or so that seemed to be  
the only visible sign of  
movement. Once we heard

traps - from over D  
The issue since they didn't  
understand a word  
looked cold & still. The  
niseis stood at Sakia Ngaki.

After the speech Kouch  
Haydi lead the group in singing  
a very rescripted rendition  
of "Star Spangled Banner" &  
announcements followed covering  
the church women for the  
day and also the meeting  
of sugar & but farm  
volunteers. \$ Then Tom

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

asked that we all dispersed,

I saw photographs of Camp  
Harmony. Seen from above (from the  
white house on the hillside)  
the barracks lying side by  
side give the appearance of  
an airplane factory plant.

In one of the photographs  
the clouds were beautiful. In  
the most gruesome  
photograph showed the sidewalk  
view. In the picture was the  
sidewalk <sup>was visible</sup> & that barrack seen  
through naked wires, & the  
watch tower.

Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

5/27 Night is the dark  
only the light from  
the window shows  
part 10 now  
of the man in the  
corner poor man so  
lonely has been  
reminded again that  
it is "100' dark & light  
only please it's so  
very hard now &  
occasionally you hear  
the boom of the spring  
water chugging.

We are getting paper  
amount around paper  
happened to be  
grossing about his



Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

M  
=

We are the  
Disinherited

logging camp days &  
from punishment he was  
then he said, "These  
hay mattresses aren't  
so bad once we get  
used to them." "Yes"  
man said "once  
you get used to it."

Director says about  
the news & murder of  
he heard from the  
next room in his bed.

Oh well & we say  
things nice things  
about Jesus & what  
a nice family he must  
come from & about  
Jesus, his family & father

logging camp days &  
born punishment he was  
then he said, "Then  
hay mattresses aren't  
so bad we can get  
used to them." "Yes"  
man said "we  
you get used to it."

Director says about  
the news & wonder if  
he heard from the  
next room in his bed.

Oh well & we say  
things nice things  
about saved & what  
a nice family he must  
come from & about  
lets, his family & father

Handwritten notes on a yellow sticky note, including the words "The" and "is".

\*imitation

Faint, illegible handwritten text on the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

\*imitation

5/28/42

This life — it is a strange strange  
life indeed, but wondrously it appears  
that it has a gay picnic-like atmosphere  
No one is absolutely happy or never very  
tragically sad. It is monotonous,  
It is an <sup>\*</sup>imitation of life, what  
else can you call a life that  
is deprived of incentives.

~~But under this placid atmosphere~~  
~~of ~~peace~~ there is a ~~war~~~~  
conflict between the old & the  
new — the ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> are giving  
over to the ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> — the ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup>  
the ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> the J & C of a  
the ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> the political  
servants among the J & C  
themselves. But what writes it all  
is this the ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> all  
we are ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> a disenfranchised  
people. We are the disenfranchised.

If I could sketch I would  
sketch a little picture  
like a <sup>child</sup> ~~boy~~ kneeling on  
bridge ~~span~~ <sup>across</sup> a muddy  
puddle & ~~probing~~ <sup>probing</sup> ~~down~~  
wood. a little ~~boy~~ <sup>boy</sup> walking  
some of the ~~way~~ <sup>way</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> beyond the

*[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

5  
l  
u  
d  
)

restricted territory - beyond the  
wires or the fence of the former -  
beyond the <sup>green</sup> pastures to the center  
being over the distant tree tops  
& farm house roofs. Entirely  
absorbed in the trees the little  
boy goes into the restricted  
part of the grass.

In part of the camp - land is  
wavy, furrows the little bump -  
the furrows. It used to be  
farm land.

The skies are beautiful & the  
symphony program ~~is~~ way  
come over the radio.

5/29/42

at night the telephone poles  
lights cast glowing streamers  
the wind judders, Red light  
down the hard marks Red Cross  
First Aid  
Jerken wire tonight. He & I



Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

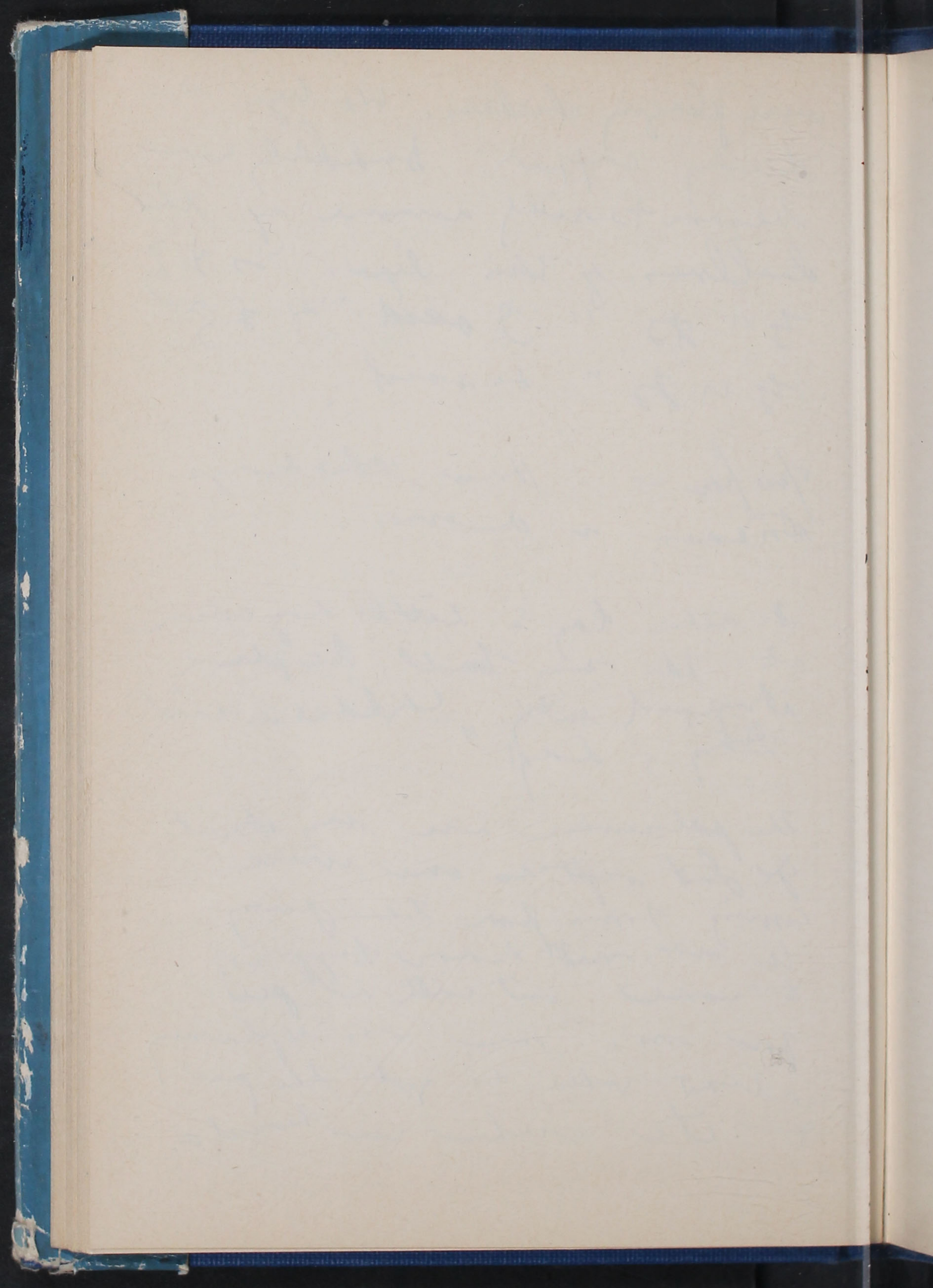
Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

were playing checkers. We began  
dunking copper. Suddenly we  
became terribly aware of the  
dullness of this life. "is it  
to" "to" "I said" "is it  
to" "to" "he said"

5/30 per - How the days  
dream in a m.

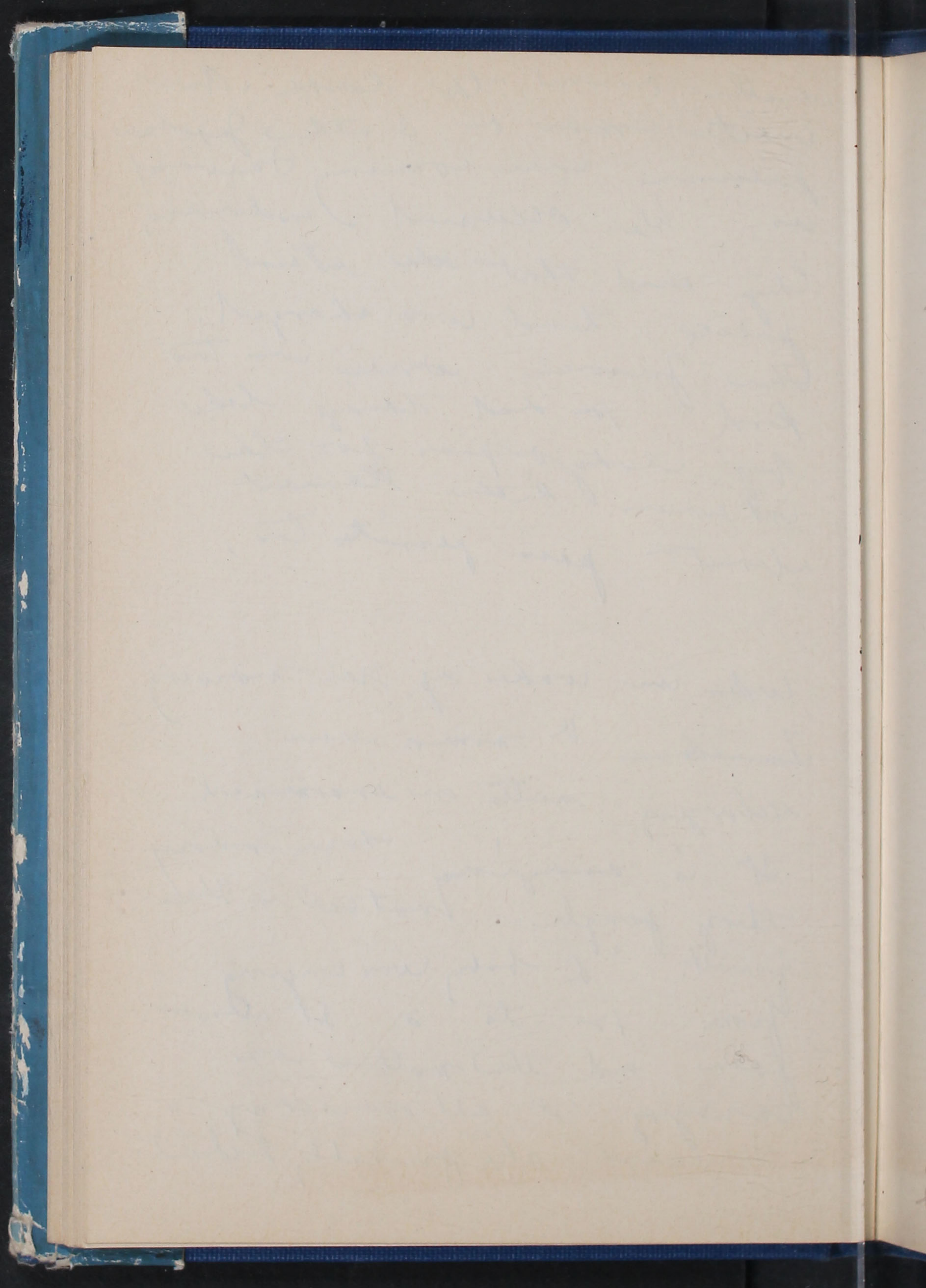
The other day a little dog came  
into the main hall. People  
stopped eating. Children said,  
"Dog, dog!"

The policeman is very strict.  
He got right as one was  
coming home from the prison.  
The man with a dog happened  
to come out with a pie  
for us. He was explaining  
what when he got the pie  
& etc when we heard a



whether bowed to him. An  
white man or 3 other Japanese  
police were coming toward  
us. We secured windows,  
Chiy said that the internal  
police had been charged.  
The former one was too  
kind. He did things like  
buy candy for the  
interns. Rather lenient  
about pass permits too.

When we wake up this morning  
Tsuneko & some were  
recharging notes in iron stove.  
It is amazing how many  
things people notice in the  
quiet. "A baby was crying  
from 12 to 2. It was in  
pain and the mother was  
carrying it all over camp  
because she probably didn't



went to disturb the neighbors  
of the barracks.

Then too there were  
airplanes flying over our  
head. It seemed as if the  
airplanes remained over our  
barracks.

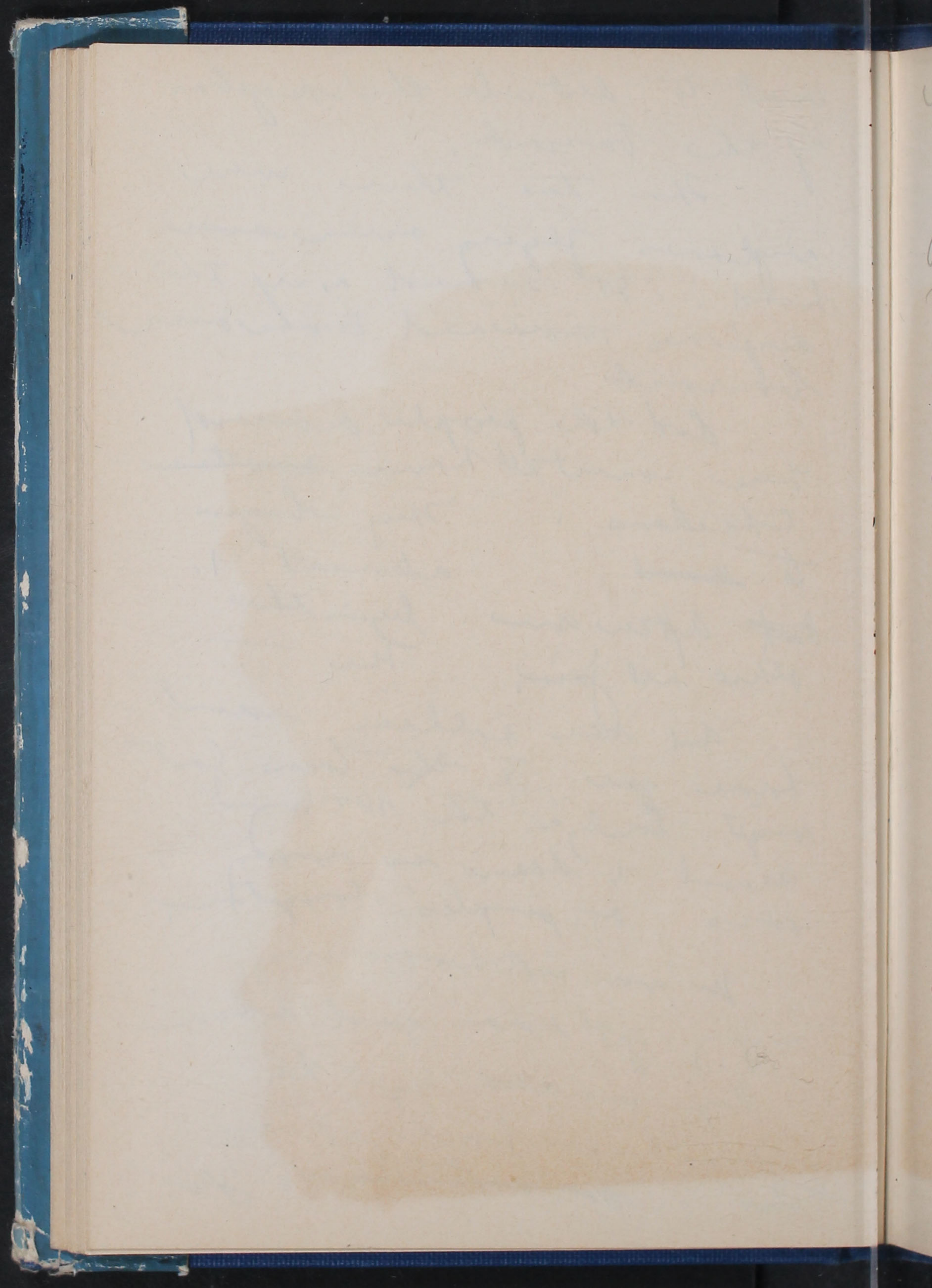
And the people around  
here must all have ~~roasted~~  
chickens. They begin  
to ~~and~~ about 1.

~~At~~ After one begins the  
others all join. The

and the soldiers must  
have gone to the town last  
night. Early in the morning I  
seemed to hear so many  
cars or peoples' laughter.

The war not long was  
ending. God soon had been

Pope would light his  
cigarette & look at the  
table. ~~He left Paris. He~~



all the way down the  
board would light up to the  
all right people went up to the  
prison - they keep going all  
night.

Proyd jump rope for 1 hour.

June 6

From the ~~the~~ window of  
Sucho's room beyond the trees  
on the hill we can faintly  
see the brick building of the  
hospital. In the evening Sucho  
left. There was a pleasant  
breeze relief after a warm  
heavy day. The grass would  
under the breeze & trees  
were shimmering. Upon the cot  
lay the baby sleeping & breath  
gently & peacefully. She was sitting  
lying upon the floor talked  
"nice" things about winter.  
Mrs. Hoseguera with her eyes  
red sat looking at her watch  
with her legs spread. Sucho  
leaned against the wall &  
looked depressed.



*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

I saw the army truck.  
Lukas & Joy were sitting in the  
open back of her mother  
probably in the front with  
the driver. The ~~car~~ truck  
started to move & the  
guards began to chase it.  
I followed it to the gate,  
& watched them wait for  
3 young fellows to get on. Then  
it went down the  
street turning in at Owen's  
gate. I got on my toes  
but after all they were gone.  
The crowd at the gate  
broke gently & <sup>trailed</sup> ~~headed~~ back  
into the barracks.

I met Tucker on the  
way back. He asked  
me for some crayons.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

June 8

Heard that a couple of  
days ago Min Kavan  
left camp for New York  
a boat will leave for  
Japan. Just by  
then the wind scatters us,

Tony's man sent a  
telegram to his family in  
Aron & A that he would  
leave for Japan if the  
family consented to go with  
him. Mrs. T. wrote an  
air mail letter to him  
asking him to go to Japan  
& after the war they  
would meet there.  
Then they received a telegram  
from him saying he had  
gone to New York.

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.

Typical bachelor's room.  
& sleeping soundly,  
one now playing solitaire.

Rain on the ramp <sup>on</sup> needle  
feet. Port and Jane Sacks.

She lies upon ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> bed  
shifty in gaze from one  
side of the ceiling to the other.

Rains all the time,  
only the constant rain to  
remind us there is a heaven.

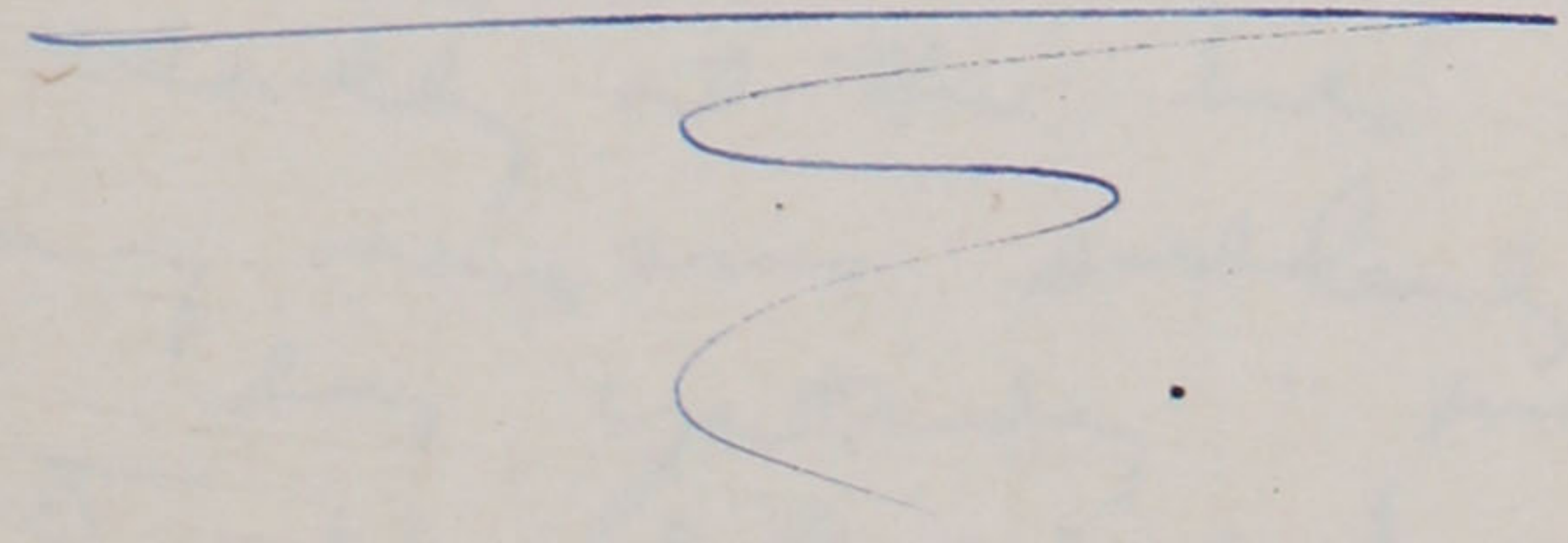
*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

6/27/42

Tinker is very gentle. Yesterday  
Tets left Tomi suddenly without  
a word to join some boys  
to lunch. We sat evidently  
in Mrs 3 instead of 2, well,  
Tomi was madder than heck,  
on the way to lunch Tinker  
asked, "What the matter  
with Tets?" Tomi threw  
her umbrella on the ground,  
Tinker picked it up, saying,  
"Don't do that" in the manner  
that only he can say it.

all this Tomi told me 5  
night after legs out in bed

---





Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in approximately 12 horizontal lines.

---

Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly a signature or a line of text at the bottom of the page.

6/27

Tanka said he does not know how  
to carry on a conversation. He  
had his most opportune years ~~held~~  
between 7-13. During that  
period he did not talk to anyone  
not even his parents

He talks in short lacunar words  
get by one after another. He  
sings, when he really takes up  
something (I noticed when we  
were going about the little  
festival) he goes to Japan.

The woman in the room near  
the corner. I passed by the  
open door. Inside, it had just  
been scrubbed & it was still  
wet & very clean. She was  
made & she was sitting in one corner  
staring blankly at the bed. Her  
son Amy's sons suddenly said  
to her "day yesterday" "woman  
me 5.12 42" and a French  
came & left with his belongings.  
Just before he left, his mother  
spoke to him "why?" "ask him"  
he said. She was afraid to ask

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

him & so she asked "right man"  
son to ask him. "There's a  
job there" he said. The  
truth is, in D, a man can  
get his Caucasian wife.  
As the summer goes, the boy  
was left for D hopes to live  
together with his wife in D.

\* But quite last night woman  
said that she was coming home  
from the party & saw this  
man leaning at the window  
& staring into the night.

Yesterday the work crew  
was partly paid because they  
refused to go to the Army  
camp & ~~and~~ fix septis  
tanks in the rain. No one  
in their right senses would.

It's It's enough to make  
a girl cuss.

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

This morning I was staid by  
the door brushy. my black  
when the women opposite  
an room came running  
out with some pictures  
It proved to be snapshots of  
her little doggie which  
she gave to a family  
Just before leaving. as  
she talked about many details  
of the day of the people  
who were fully carrying the  
day about the party she  
began to weep. Tears dropped  
on her chubby arms & though  
I am not a special dog lover  
even I felt my bad for her.

"He is 6 - no till he 6  
in August"

"His black & my strong  
& muscular. He used to know

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

very much and when he ran his  
right muscles would ripple.  
He used to understand me  
perfectly. I would say,  
'Bring me mushrooms' <sup>(in Japanese)</sup> and  
he would run to the  
kitchen & pick the largest  
one & come back. or I  
would say 'Bring me an  
apple' & he would bring  
it to me.

Now when we were in  
bed to leave, we put  
an add in the paper &  
many people came, some  
people were too ~~poor~~ rich,  
some people had too many  
little children & I thought  
they might be refuge to town.  
So this girl came with  
her mother & father [In the  
first one she appeared about  
(7)] This was after supper



*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

+ we were not allowed to  
see Tommy's new home.  
But they live near the city  
limits near Woodlark Park.  
Well then they brought him  
over about a week before  
~~the~~ the adoption. Always  
he ~~is~~ sat in the girl's lap  
a would not move by  
course when he saw us,  
he came like a bullet  
+ rushed but when my  
husband & me almost crossed  
with happiness. Yet when  
he began to play he would  
wander off to the girl  
Tommy always has liked to  
play with girls. especially  
if they were to see  
as again the night  
when I have been to school

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

adjusted to the new family  
I did not want to ask  
them to leave & my  
at my home till the  
evacuation day. He  
night before evacuation  
he came to see us again  
& the mother was very  
kind. She had had the  
some kind of Boston breed  
long time ago. It had died  
when 14 years old & she  
said she knew how  
to take care of it &  
& only how she might  
must feel to part with  
it. She put her  
arms around her & wept  
with her.

For 3 weeks the  
family had not written  
then she got the package of  
photographs & the letter saying  
the whole family had been

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the various species of plants and animals which are found in the country. The author has been very particular in his descriptions, and has given many interesting details of their habits and modes of life. The second part of the book is a history of the country, and contains a full account of the various events which have taken place since the first settlement. The third part of the book is a description of the various tribes of Indians which inhabit the country, and contains a full account of their customs and manners. The fourth part of the book is a description of the various minerals which are found in the country, and contains a full account of their uses and properties. The fifth part of the book is a description of the various manufactures which are carried on in the country, and contains a full account of the different kinds of goods which are produced. The sixth part of the book is a description of the various improvements which have been made in the country, and contains a full account of the different kinds of buildings and works which have been erected. The seventh part of the book is a description of the various improvements which have been made in the country, and contains a full account of the different kinds of buildings and works which have been erected. The eighth part of the book is a description of the various improvements which have been made in the country, and contains a full account of the different kinds of buildings and works which have been erected. The ninth part of the book is a description of the various improvements which have been made in the country, and contains a full account of the different kinds of buildings and works which have been erected. The tenth part of the book is a description of the various improvements which have been made in the country, and contains a full account of the different kinds of buildings and works which have been erected.

It will stomach full, have  
everybody's pen & Tommy  
is just as energetic & happy  
too."

6/27/42 Sunday Evening

Last last night Paula & I were  
leaving on the porch at the  
back yard just as dusk fell &  
something is grazed & misty into  
an unusual cool & ~~to~~ world.  
Beyond there were the lights & smoke  
& some grazing is unusual ~~to~~

"~~遠~~" "遠" "遠" "遠" "遠" "遠"  
good. "Luna" he said and "Luna"  
of 12 12 12 12 12 12  
of 12 12 12 12 12 12"

Tommy from North Tarkenton  
Bill noticed my double chin.

We were sitting today upon the  
bed very close on the bed had  
Michael & Ika were fix smiling  
on the other. Tom & Pets had  
left for the grassy section already  
and said we were waiting for

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

the road's symphony to end. I laid  
my head on his shoulder. I heard  
his hand to my ear saying "It  
is all over now" In silence he  
stroked my cheeks & I sat very still  
feeling content & sad.

The trouble is: we are both  
indolent & good at rationalizing

6/29

The study being here lifted  
from the earth & left  
long ~~cool~~ long shadows  
in the grass. The treetops  
sway gently on the leaves  
showing with a million  
bits of silver



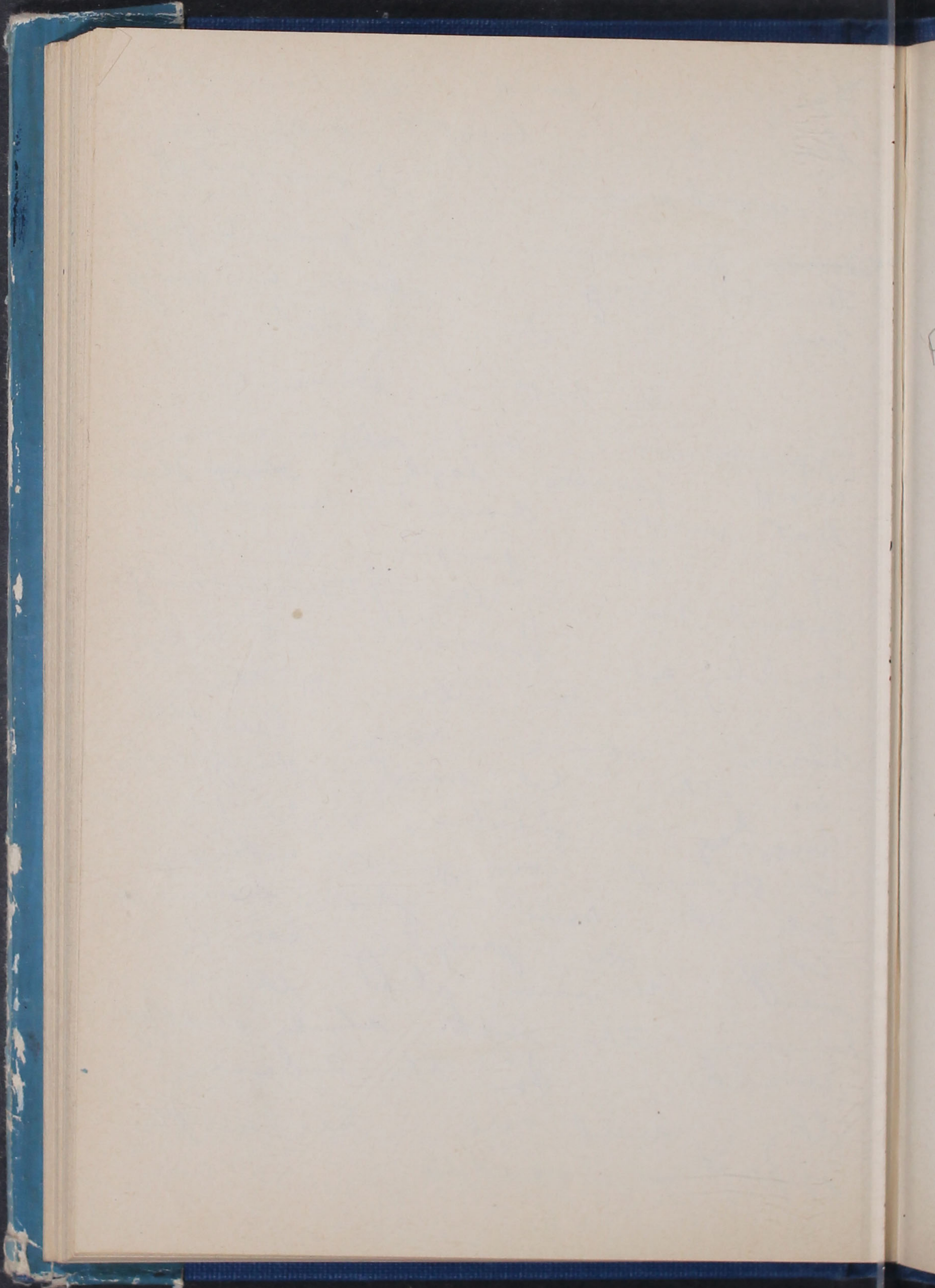
*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

Red  
eyes

~~7/15~~ He said "we have to  
live here but under any  
circumstances" I nodded.

~~So~~ So ~~we~~ we have to find  
the best way to live in camp  
here?" I nodded.

The tent is large &  
appressive, and only a woman  
and a few boys, ~~the~~ the  
tent weighs down the camp  
by a 1,000 people. In the  
tentest time of the afternoon,  
hardly a sound, only baby's  
cries, and then the idle  
horse above rings the ground  
in the tent said: the ground  
burrows & flickers with tent.  
The tent can go nowhere,  
only the rain & grass around the  
camp. The people lie in a  
row, all the way  
down the right side of  
wall. In the evening  
they will see the  
opposite side.

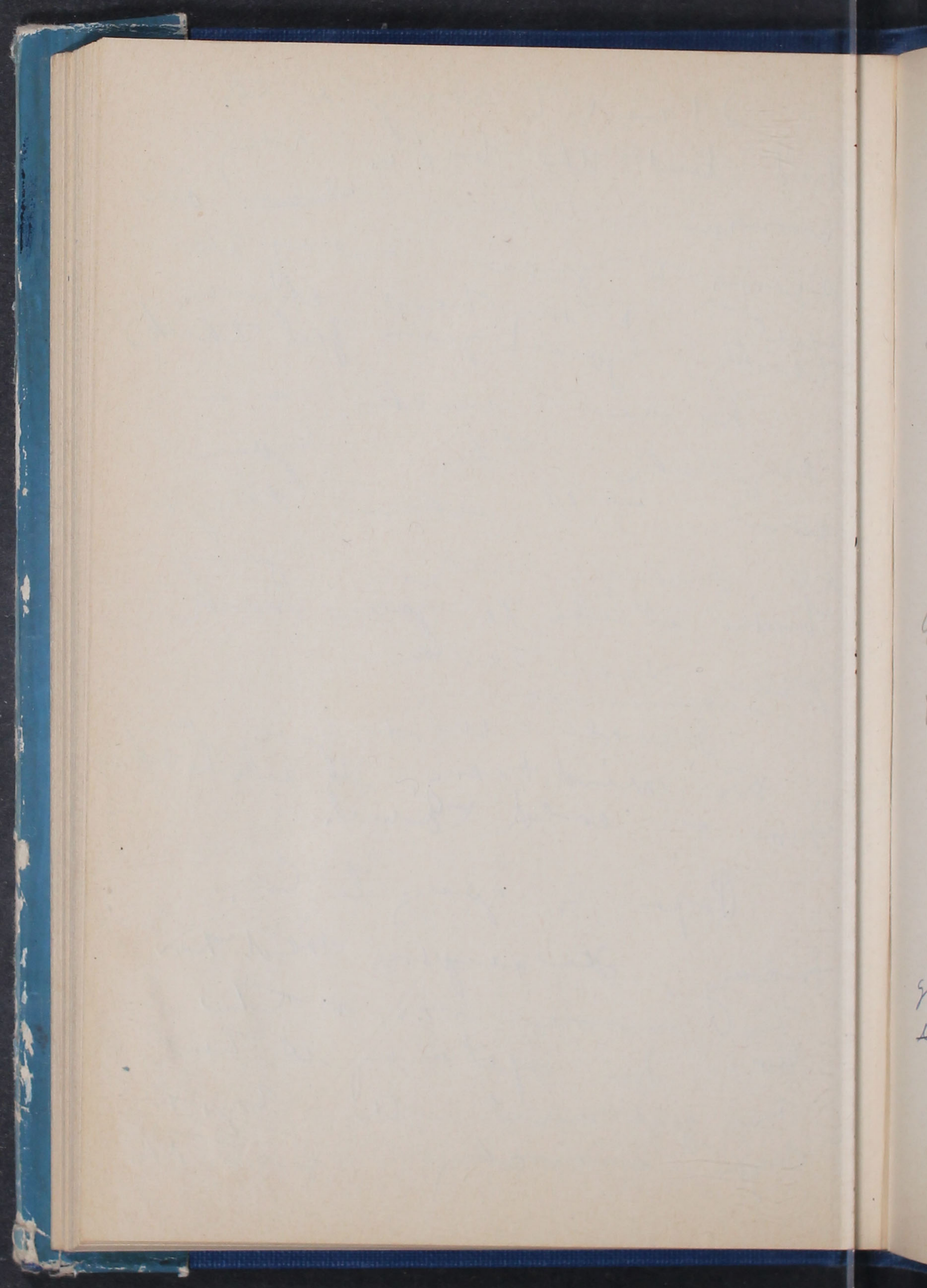


I tried to sleep on the  
bed but the bed is very  
warm. When I ~~was~~ an  
seems to grow out of the  
suits. I my head ~~shows~~  
thickly. You'd guess I feel thick

No one walks on a  
day like this. You  
can't tell when they're  
all disappeared. You  
hair sticks to your neck.  
Don't hear Texan

I wonder what goes on  
in his mind today. He like to take  
him - cold to Guelph

Papa is going to C.  
today. The neighbors told her  
his name was on the  
list. In spite of the heat  
he got out a bag &  
began searching for the



summer shirt, &  
shaved or shaved  
his shoes. In spite

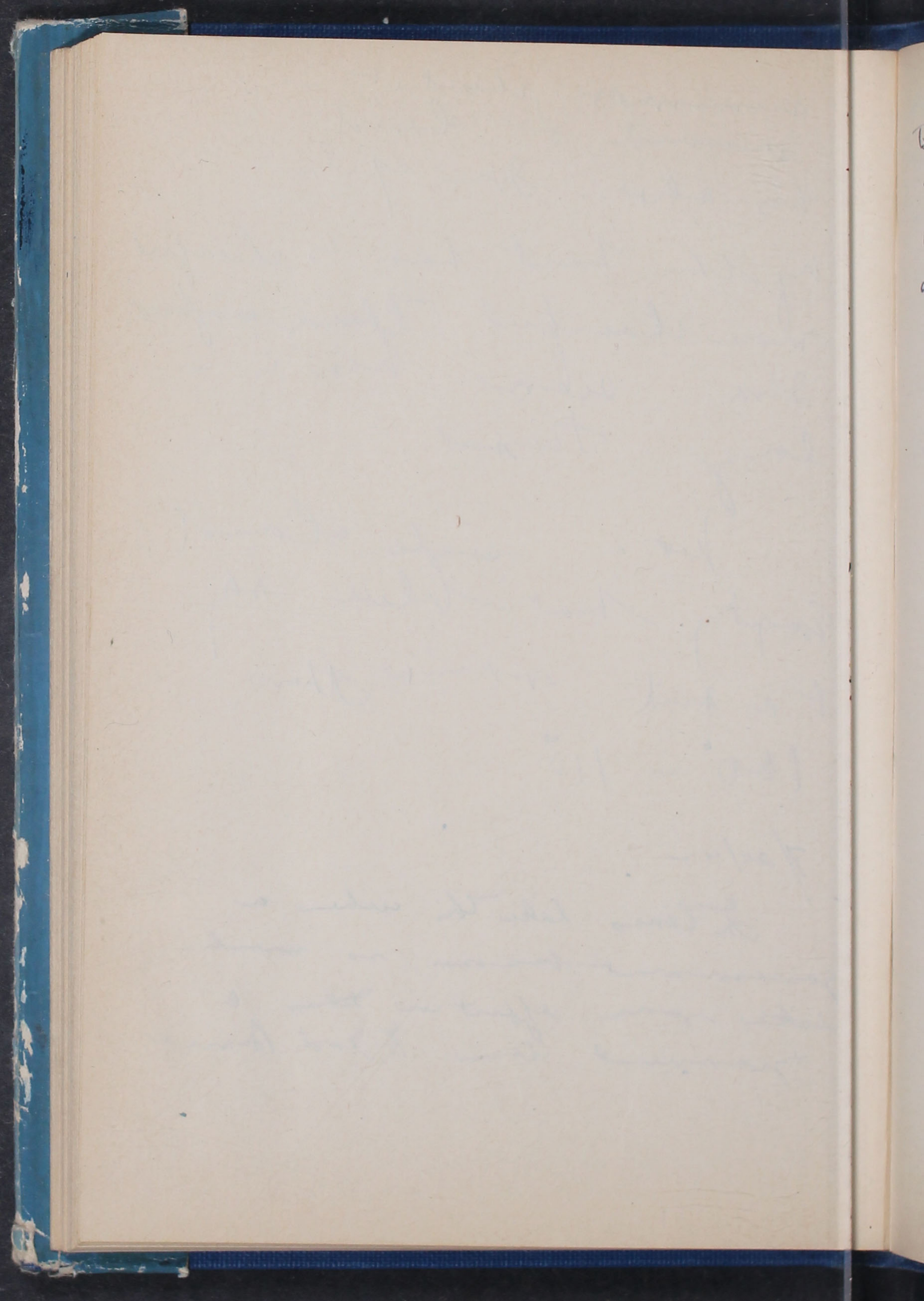
of the heat he is cheerful  
more cheerful than ~~any~~  
I've seen him in -  
long time.

Not a single cloud,  
empty hot blue sky  
& a bird ~~was~~ there.

100° - 110°

7/21/42

In times like this when a  
government becomes so much  
like your effort in the  
+ government than Ford Power.



Mr. Wyzanski threatens to talk  
to me in the morning I see Tenka  
any more. So she told Tenka,  
he was annoyed (So was I)  
at the accounts report she gave  
of our meetings. That about

Saturday night, of about our  
single meeting on Sunday when we  
simply walked down the  
length of the mess hall,  
we know it all. I did not

Mr. Wyzanski peeks in at the  
library when I was there.

Ms. Wyzanski has a kind  
heart. However she does of it  
& cannot be called love for  
true love is never self indulgent  
& hers is to a great degree  
a selfish sort of attention.  
She would like to have  
the world around her set  
according to her notions  
of right and wrong. She



Black is never white  
not even when it is  
too superior.

Mrs Nakatani's  
SON in New  
Mexico

dear of her (fit around) propriety  
more than anything. She would  
like to say to Tenka & me, "Now,  
you two. People will talk if you  
get together too often. Do not  
see each other. Stay apart!"

But then we are not made of  
clay. We are flesh and soul. Whenever  
I have something to say to Tenka,  
I will go to see him. With  
50 years or so granted for  
living ~~she is~~ Mrs Weyman  
is very wrong if she ~~thinks~~ thinks  
I will hesitate ~~at a~~ because of a  
thing like going. We wait so  
long for true friends - that  
is humor being understood  
us - ~~that~~ how can we have  
enjoy each other's company when  
life permits.

ideas of her (fit around) propriety  
more than anything. She would  
like to say to Tender & me, "Now,  
you two. People will talk if you  
get together too often. Do not  
see each other. Stay apart!"

But then we are not made of  
clay. We are flesh and soul. Whenever  
I have something to say to Tender,  
I will go to see him. With  
50 years or so granted for  
living ~~she is~~ Mrs Weyburn  
is very wrong if she ~~thinks~~ thinks  
I will hesitate ~~at a~~ because of a  
thing like going. We wait so  
long for true friends - that  
is humor being understood  
us - ~~that~~ how can we have  
enjoy such other company when  
life permits.

1875  
Nov 20  
1875

*[Faint, illegible handwriting on the page]*

ne  
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I

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

man - Osborn talked in the  
vain "As he says, so shall  
he reap" about Mrs. Johnston  
and Mrs. Okawa.

Mrs. Johnston's daughter is  
born in Japan. Her husband  
is in New Mexico. New Mexico  
is a place for really suspected  
people. Therefore ~~before~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>Missouri</sup>,  
when a person's trial shows he is  
guilty, then that person is placed  
in a regular prison <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>place</sup>  
for 2 days. Then he is stripped  
of his clothes and furnished with  
a uniform. Then he marches  
between 2 ~~rows~~ <sup>rows</sup> of guards  
& towards a train to New  
Mexico. As I heard one  
wife saying, "Thank God I ~~had~~  
given up all hope of his returning,"  
It was a ~~real~~ <sup>fresh</sup> ~~surprise~~

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

feeling when I received his letter  
saying his intention + "  
So the husband's  
is in Mexico. I see  
is in the army. I see received  
letter saying he would return  
during furlough to see her.  
She wrote back saying that  
their meeting would definitely  
be impossible in these  
circumstances. However, he  
would come <sup>to visit</sup> ~~come~~ <sup>for a while</sup> ~~arguing~~ <sup>arguing</sup>,  
so before his arrival Mrs.  
W. could not then sleep with  
excitement. She had to cover  
provisions and enough etc.  
He came to Seattle; then  
he was caught because no  
furlough is allowed in Seattle,  
a furlough here is very short if you  
travel from Orleans. At  
all these we 2 days away



*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

to be kept here. After being caught  
interned in Seattle he was  
immediately sent to Fort Lewis.  
He asked to be let down  
to see his mother when he  
passed by the Puyallup  
camp.

The over  
Mrs. H. kept out late.  
"couldn't they" she asked drop his  
eyes for a minute when they  
returned him to Seattle or  
couldn't they allow her to  
be at the depot when he  
left the army camp for  
Seattle. She wouldn't

talk. No, she would simply  
look at him. That would  
be quite sufficient.

However he kept without  
delaying her.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

I'll never get over seeing a  
rooming - general wash  
on a fine shirt stand and  
below ~~the~~ on the  
some stand was a woman  
washing her laundry. Another  
woman standing at stand to  
long her laundry and  
little girl standing right there  
watching. By the door of the  
barracks I watched. There  
barracks built inside the  
groundstand. I heard a man  
talking to a doctor as I passed.  
we look. cement floor  
over dark, high lattice  
ceiling. Little children running  
all around the barracks on  
on the shirt stands and the  
r tables around which  
sat little girls sewing scraps of  
cloth and watching. ~~at~~ 2  
pairs of girls trying their legs  
together to have a relay race.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*[Faint handwriting visible on the right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page.]*

Little boys painting pictures of  
angels and other war vehicles.

(Continued from diary)

After that I went home  
& then Mrs. Blunt still has  
her persistent cough. The  
way she talks is always tinged  
by that tone. I took her  
over to Chibana's & then  
talked with Jean & another girl  
from Jean's party about  
brought out in tears. Jean's  
no word with this life.

I can understand how awful  
it must be for her.

It is strange how one  
wonder can start you  
thinking in that mood for the  
whole evening. I saw  
the American people being  
called out to it of the gates

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

like cornucopia & everybody like  
shouting as if ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> were  
leaving for Seattle or Japan  
as they would "judgment"  
Jean, she, & I walked  
up to the end to ~~the~~ watch  
the cows. The clouds  
were stretched in a  
purple-red gold or  
orange redentation over  
the deep yellow ~~and~~ brown.  
Gradually all this became  
purple and ~~light~~ pale green.  
Jean talked hysterically &  
~~talked~~ laughed & talked freely  
with the guard & the  
fellows around them. Ray  
Jitanda was drunk & talked  
for the first time since  
arrived in camp. Perhaps  
his prohibition upon just  
too strong & being. He



*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

talked flusteringly to me &  
I was very afraid he was going  
to punch me in front of all  
the crowd. It poked  
with his hands at my ring  
& ~~tried~~ trying to pull it  
off. Jim stood on the

bench & jumped down  
saying, "Let's go home!"  
Jim leaped a little, from the  
punch. As we walked home

I saw Terker get with his  
cigarettes in his mouth  
playing cards in the cool

evening ~~the~~ worn out gear,

I did not look at him  
feeling a bit cruel if he  
wishes to please someone  
rather than to like to me

as Tom joined us. We  
began to talk about the  
uniforms we had seen

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

discussed. We talked of  
how its style might be  
improved to bring out  
the woman's personality. Her  
I hope to watch. Oh,  
yes, that right tilt is  
essential to wearing a hat.

We heard about Mrs.  
Ugata being violent  
this is a real case now  
even that her own  
children

Oh, & I heard at the  
laundry, from Joe, about  
men, about Cleopatra  
Inbunt's father dying,  
her husband dying ~~not~~  
day. Double funeral  
& 2 ~~men~~ children  
being out of the grave  
as it were. Cleopatra is  
21, I guess.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

She is talked of a  
girl of 12 being raped. About  
few days later her husband  
became his wife  
committed suicide. Her  
love for the general and  
arrangement for care of 6  
year old son. He was  
working in a bank.

7 to 9 George's  
definitely leaving for New  
Mexico. His family received  
a letter saying so.

Woman a more going about  
Mrs. Talbot. Every one  
comes to an hour mention  
it. Of course in the  
did too! Quite a scandal  
in town. I understand

that after all this — up.  
that the 7th year's thought  
to stay at home — every day  
seems hysterical. Deeply at

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*[Partial view of the adjacent page on the right, showing handwritten notes.]*

the impatience of long time at hand  
and ahead.

7/23/42

I will not see you this again.  
This is what happened. I went to the  
library after class, I sat well  
till my closing time came around,

to see you so kind  
? ? He replied, "I  
in a moment  
child. I found through

had my  
then you must do

" all the men  
cried.  
the gates ~~and~~  
empt even  
as he recounted  
~~empt even~~

about  
by its  
to still  
on him  
a few  
cloud  
at the  
it, soon  
with it,  
to stay  
Tucker,  
and did  
us, he  
to light  
I saw  
but  
saw,  
he  
left for

children you  
lunch when he pointed his



the impatience of long time at hand  
and ahead.

7/3/42

I will not see you this again.  
This is what happened. I went to the  
library after class. I sat well  
till the closing time came around.  
We kept tickling my knees and  
he was reading an article about  
~~stopping~~ smoking. He thinks it  
too expensive to smoke and the state  
gave someone's experience on how  
he stopped smoking. A few  
minutes before the Em cloud  
the windows of our house, at the  
reading ~~up~~ ~~except~~ me girl, soon  
she too left, it was early in,  
it was a great temptation to stay at  
the library with just Tasker,  
everyone would be at lunch and  
no one would spy on us, He  
brought a minute pencil to light  
his cigarettes. ~~As~~ My lesson  
was over for a moment, but  
I decided sit on the outside,  
We talked with some little  
children but soon they too left for  
lunch. When he finished his

*[Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page]*

cigarette it was 15 after 12.  
I told me to go hat & began  
walking ~~backwards~~ towards the  
backyard I followed on a  
on till we were I he  
fence he on a left the ground  
was there for a minute I let  
his face touch mine. We  
began a conversation about  
races, what sort of thing was  
a the ~~your~~ fear. It was  
part of talk. It was a little  
fence. We both decided not to  
eat Beyond the wire was the  
grass & I wanted very much to  
be free. Walk with ~~isla~~ and  
in town a new ~~er~~ field of  
grass and little wild flowers.  
He said "I see" "I see", he  
said. white <sup>string</sup> grows alone  
and - could walk.

"You have to go", he said  
But I laughed, I shook my <sup>head</sup>  
~~and the fence and~~ and jiggled  
the pine ~~marked~~ I held  
my hands.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

Taylor was at his ~~mid~~ end. 20 feet  
in he said he wanted me to go  
yet he wanted me to stay, ~~but~~  
then for every other ~~of~~  
contradicted his words. ~~It~~ ~~had~~

He went and ~~set~~ <sup>set</sup> on the fence.  
against the barrack. I stayed  
by the fence and looked  
beyond it to the trees and houses.  
Way beyond <sup>in pieces</sup> the hills ~~reached~~  
in west. "all the distant hills  
~~are~~ looked as if they were  
made of ~~of~~ bog.

Then Taylor went to the other side  
of the barrack ~~there~~ almost  
no one would be at this time  
of the day, especially on  
mount day like today. When  
would be better really  
plan. So I followed. I  
sat in front of him with  
hands wrapped around my  
knees. ~~Don't~~ I would  
right my ~~marks~~, but all the  
time I stared at his face.  
He said "Oh yes, go, <sup>Taylor</sup>"  
He repeated and repeated. I  
laughed and then bits of your

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text in blue ink, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

and they at him, he finally  
said, "I'll have to ~~try~~ try you  
up and leave you here." I  
looked at him. ~~Maybe~~ it was  
meant for a job it did not  
feel that way. I heard the  
cow grating against the wire.  
The cow was alone in a  
rather small portion of the  
field. It was forced to keep  
up for the other farmer's  
cow. Sometimes it would  
let out a low moan or  
get its head stuck in the wire.  
At that moment, watching the  
cow struggle to let loose  
its head, I thought the cow  
very ~~sympathetic~~ <sup>sympathetic</sup> of all our lives  
~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup>.  
For a small moment, without  
eating lunch we sat together  
the corner of the camp. With  
the grass and cows and silence.  
I noted my need to move from  
that corner, ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup>  
~~at times~~ <sup>at times</sup> seem very small  
at times.

*[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text in blue ink, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.]*



more and more we became  
silent and I knew that all  
sorts of struggles must be going on in  
his mind.

"You have to go because I  
purchased" he said. A woman  
brought apples for the cow,  
that was alone. She must feed  
it regularly. The apple was out  
of reach; she took a stick &  
pushed ~~it~~ the <sup>wayward</sup> apple toward  
the cow.

I said to Texler, "I'm such a  
big ~~big~~ baby sometimes. I don't  
understand anybody." I looked  
at the woman and thought, I  
would always understand direct  
action like that. It seemed to me  
that that was ~~the~~ the only  
real thing that had ever  
happened in camp.

I continued, "When I was  
watching the cows ~~and~~ and  
saw the woman was watching  
too. As one cow with a head  
under came along we  
said, 'H! (g) to (g) (g) (g) to'.  
Only a woman could have said  
that."

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.]*

I stood, saying for an excuse,  
"My ~~thing~~ must be here."  
~~He~~ I looked toward the  
room and began walking toward  
the end there on to the main  
~~alley~~ roadway, towards home.  
I could almost feel ~~the~~ his  
distress. As for me I was  
sad and disgusted and felt  
an ~~very~~ independence. I felt I  
had said "goodbye" to him in  
my own way.

When asked on if I  
had eaten lunch. "No" I said,  
- I told her that I had been  
talking at the ~~end~~ backyard.  
She said ~~that~~ "No" but she did not  
go into any more.

7/3/42

"The trees are sleeping; the trees  
are sleeping" said Parker

*[Faint, mirrored handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is illegible due to its lightness and orientation.]*

As we were coming home  
at night from C. & the  
cupped her hand together  
& described the trees sleeping  
and waking.

As the evening deepened,  
we walked home  
For as we went in  
the light of the evening into dark  
shadows. It seemed to  
me I smelled cucumber  
so did Kimiko. Cool  
green cucumbers in the  
evening shadows lighting  
summer.

Enter for churning.

Someone opened a door  
of an unoccupied  
animal stall or shed &  
down from the doorway  
& down. She said "It's  
dark and awful."

*[Faint, illegible handwriting in cursive script, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

Everyone goes nowadays,  
"住めは" 都

August 7, 1942

I sat. Heard him & we both  
talked for some time skipping supper,  
even till the time Emi came to  
open the library and Tom came  
by saying Nana was mad.

I wanted very much to get  
out of this dump. Suddenly  
it all became terribly unbearable  
to me. I wished I could walk  
out of the camp like some goddess  
straight through the wire & walk  
over into a field and point  
in and on.

Terker began to talk of  
China. He talked of a gorgeous  
temple with a beautiful  
beautiful well. He talked of the  
mountain little bridge near the  
temple and the stream running  
under it. "I talk of

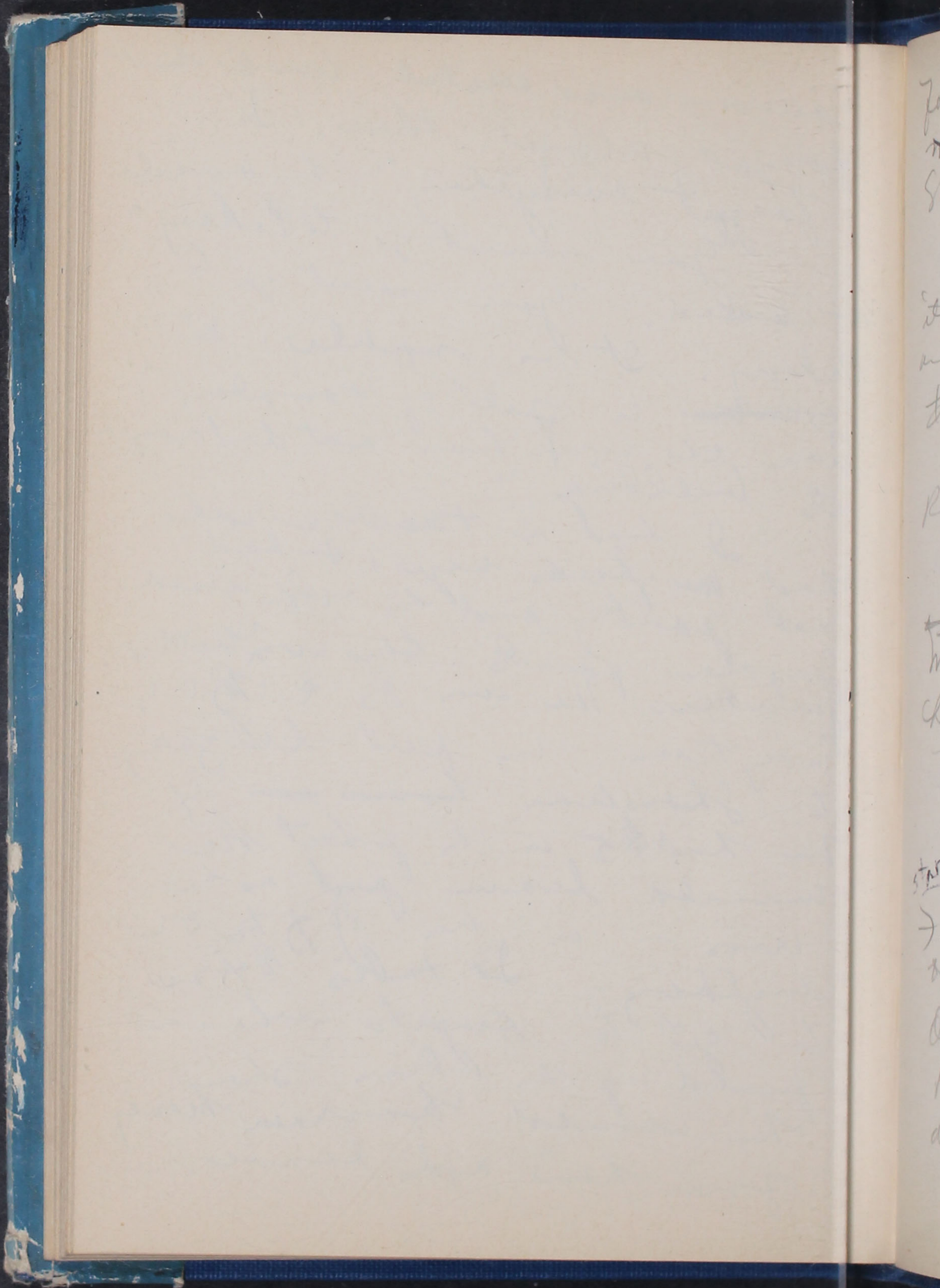
Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, including the word "Page" and some illegible characters.

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several lines of cursive script that are mostly illegible due to fading and blurring.

Partial view of the adjacent page on the right, showing handwritten text that is mostly cut off.



camera and sketch book but  
forgot about them. I  
forgot everything "to avoid  
you must go to Peking"  
he said. "you must go  
Peking. It is noble. It  
~~is~~ is full of temples.  
Even the war has not destroyed  
its buildings!"  
"I had a teacher who  
had one glass eye, he did  
oil painting and his wife used  
Japanese paints. She was <sup>a</sup> better  
painter. He was 85 & 1811,  
Every time he felt like going  
to Shanghai ~~he~~ he if  
he had \$5 in his pocket he  
would leave just as he  
was - in his 80s or  
anything. It takes \$4.20  
to get to Kyoto where  
I lived by his line. They  
he would borrow money  
from him and leave.



for Shanghai. He told me  
me ~~me~~ many things of  
Shanghai.

"I don't like Shanghai because  
it's too <sup>hurry</sup> busy, it's just  
and good if you want to

去上海" 去日本

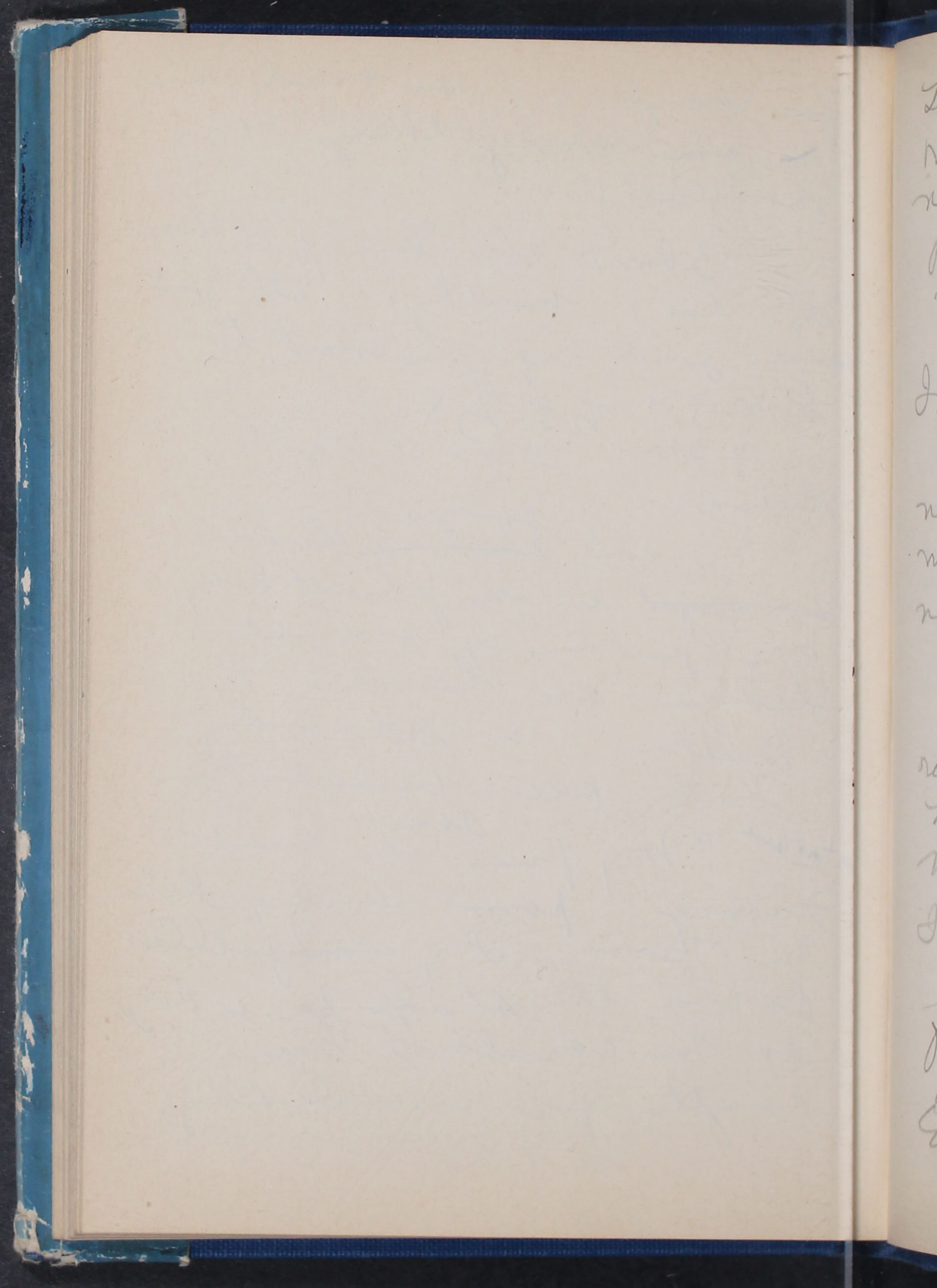
"Then I want to go to  
Russia"

"I can't <sup>imagine</sup> ~~think~~ of Russia  
~~to go~~ in the present day,  
my picture of it is with  
Cherem and Saker &

Todstom & Dostoyevsky

that pre-revolutionary

<sup>start</sup> "My friend who went to  
France passed through Russia  
on train. They had pulled  
down the shades for 2 days  
so he couldn't see  
anything for 2 whole days



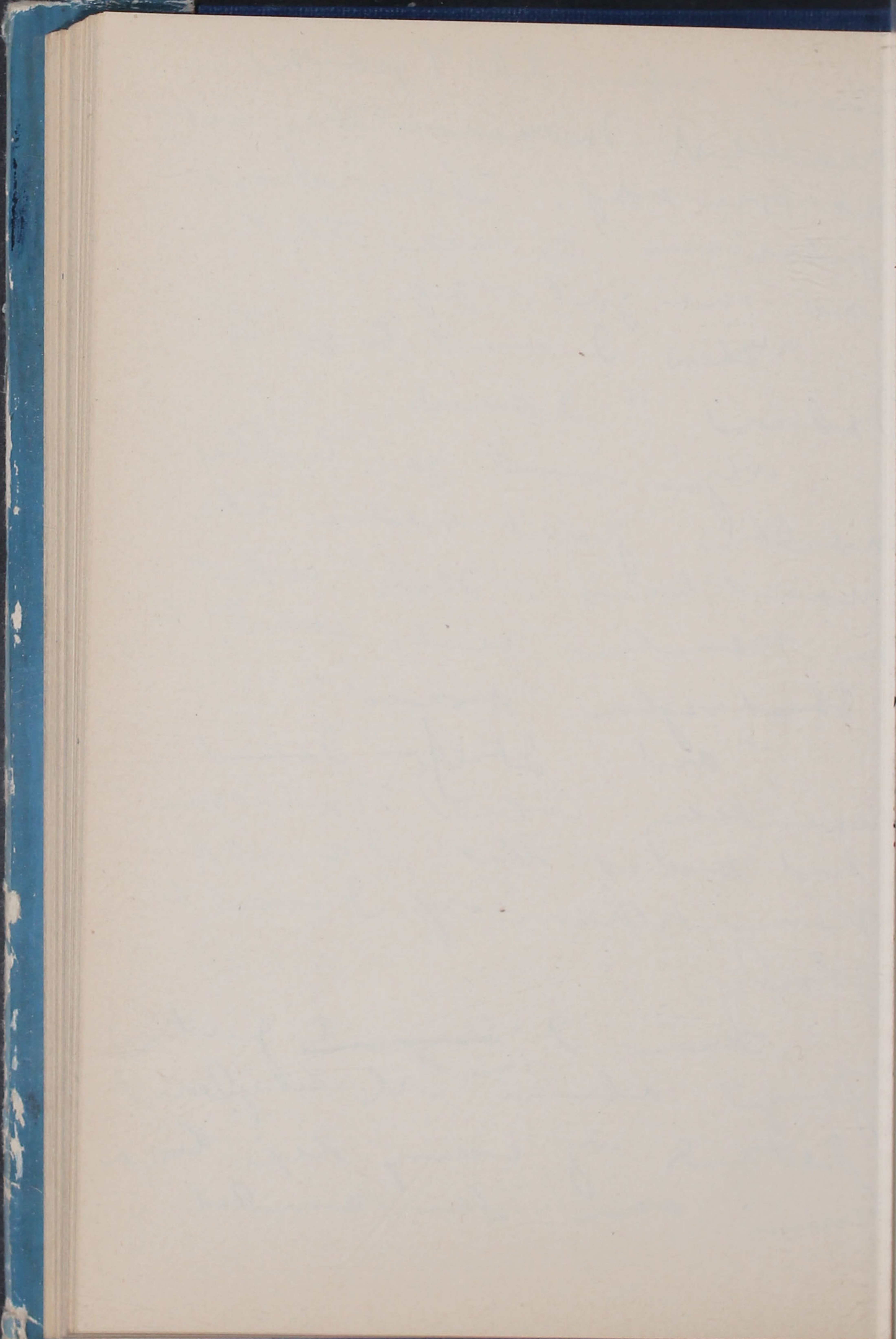
Then when the T. again  
reached Moscow they let  
no one up. There was a  
preliminary to see that  
no one got up.

"When I want to go to  
Ishen" I said.

"You must go to the  
north part near the  
mountains. That's what  
my French wife went to  
Ishen" said.

"and Italy" I said.  
remembering what Tomlinson  
had said that I would  
never return if I went to  
Italy.

Then I begin to quite  
forget about the unpleasant  
details of camp life but  
even now she would



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2

an awful one at me I  
felt the corner of my  
mouth quivering. That was  
my smile.

My uncle I had a little  
brother. He would be

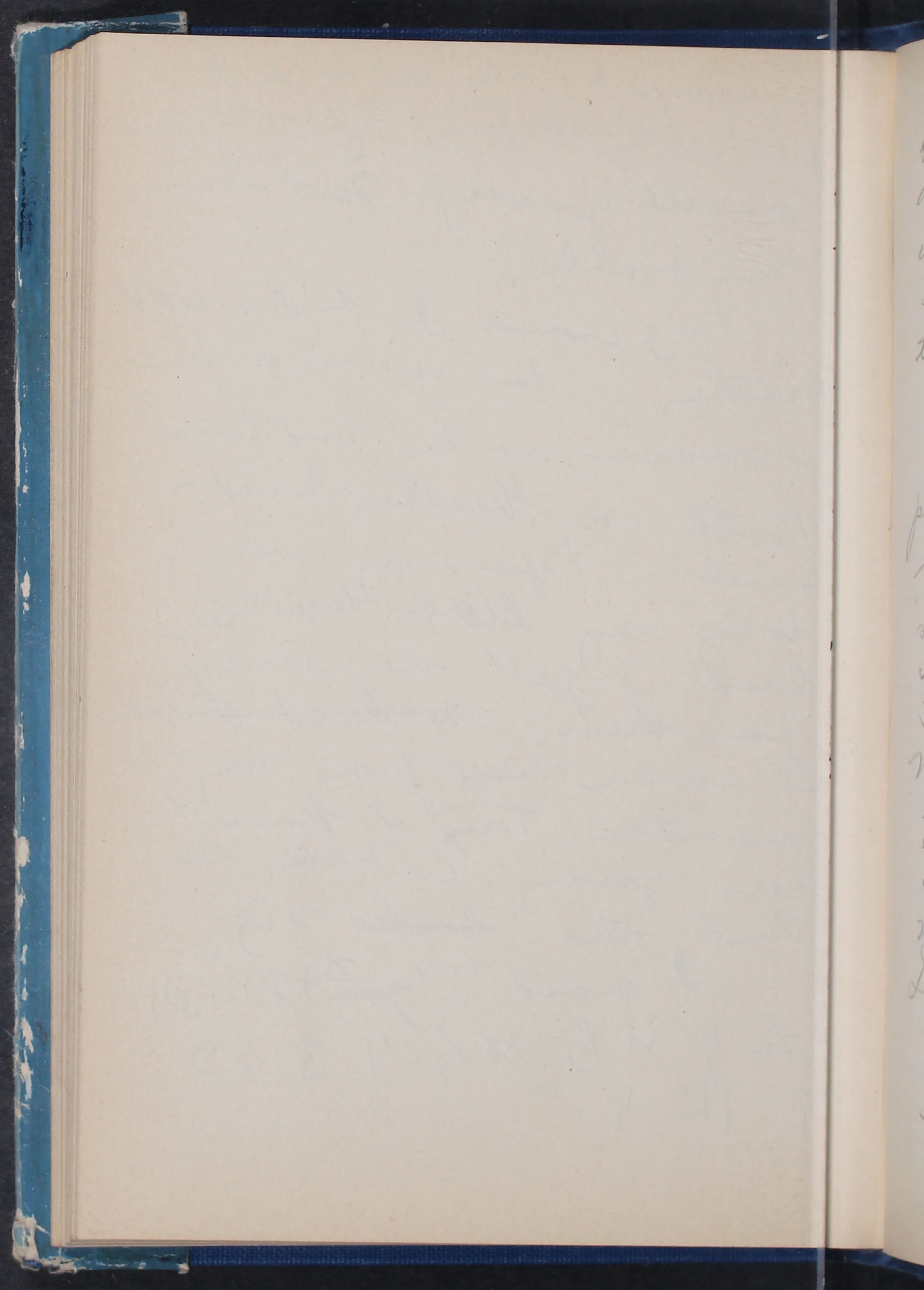
18 now. if he had lived  
Both my brother died a

such a funny way,  
like my little mother

died I felt very sorry  
for them. ~~He died like~~

I come home from my  
mountain trip I found he  
was young to die, he  
had the look of a

I said "Pibun" ~~you~~  
"k y u b u k y t r r r"  
"u (k )"





"I want a little tooth" he  
said. I pointed he had to  
a little tooth. One or two  
would believe and show  
him. All the funny little  
things. Terha says.

"My father is a buddy  
person. My mother is to be  
so big. They were always  
worried about me because  
I got out had grades &  
my older brother always  
got his when I don't  
American. He said to me  
2 things. "Don't be a pilot,  
Don't be a spy. I gave  
me money. He didn't come  
to see me off either.  
I liked him for that."

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"When I was 3, my mother said  
that I looked ready to die. I  
looked just as if someone had  
covered ~~me~~ a skeleton with  
wet paper. She could see the  
organs of my body."

"But you lived," I said

"yes, I lived."

"My mother wasn't going to have  
me. The doctor told her to have  
an abortion because she might  
die. But she had me, and I  
lived."

"That's why you're so queer,"  
he said to me.

"You are too. You shall  
yourself out of heaven. You  
weren't meant to be born."

"I was sick all the time  
when I was small. That's why  
I'm so queer."

"So he would listen to me.

I ~~was~~ always said funny  
things, I am I stopped talking  
to people. I wish I had a  
little brother. 18. men. Just  
right. My brother died in the

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*[Faint, illegible handwriting on the right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page.]*

quickest ways.

We walked backwards so that we wouldn't pass Emi. I played with the kiddie like Manda & Mory. We went to see snow. They fight with all their weight the yarrow thing's - that all the boys are white below the belt and very brown and dirty above the belt.

Today there was a sort of grandstand that ~~was~~ the spectators might see after snow. I went up and saw the peak was gone above the grandstand by area D. In the direction of a I could see the summit ferris wheel going round a round between the trees. In the other direction was a road going ~~my~~ ~~that~~ ~~had~~ between ~~the~~ ~~residents~~. A <sup>man</sup> was pushing up a burlap.

In the morning I received a rock pair through Frank also went to a

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Fragment of handwriting from the adjacent page on the right, including words like "yet", "to", "you", "all", "no", "to", "to", "l", "l", "l", "n", "l".

yesterday. There's so much  
trouble going on in a.  
Memoranda is all trouble  
again. The 7<sup>th</sup> L want me  
to say this to Odson "Lepus"  
you do this or this or this I  
won't be your pupil. "It's  
all too much for me. It  
makes me horribly unhappy  
to see ayodhi & P 5112K  
talk about such mean  
little things. Odson is,  
at best, an artist."

Jones gave me the  
manuscript. I shall never  
forget it. The minutes  
Luban refused it. What he  
had to go through to make it  
was quite a bit.

"It seems to me that I  
have brought unhappiness  
into every part of your  
life."

Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.



"In Shogun I went to a place  
 where there were 8 people in  
 one room. 3 women and 5 men.  
 She ranked again as they played.  
 They became sleepy & ~~went to~~  
~~sleep~~ on the <sup>by the wall</sup> ~~side~~  
~~of the room~~ tables, took their  
 places at the ~~table~~ \$55.86  
 table."

8/14

Today's Keweenaw Day. She had  
 so many years ago.

Yesterday 1 woman girl was taken  
 out of camp. Her father's about 60  
 entered. Was a cripple too 1 leg off  
 or something.

She had previously. Last 2 days she  
 been crying, screaming, laughing & they  
 came for her yesterday. She was  
 dizzy so faintly to be afraid that they  
 let the crowd go in the ambulance  
 with her. When they <sup>out</sup> tubular went to  
 get her, the girl <sup>was</sup> running after it.  
 going out of camp.

The most when I understand  
 just goes wild when they get out of  
 camp. Hardly recognizable. They  
 throw garbage cans out, throw  
 barrels of bottles or the highway.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

Care like mad and about.  
"They're nervous like me."  
Mukai said "I lost 13 lbs  
now - my muscles are flabby  
and soft."

There were 4 pregnant unmarried  
mothers in D. One is mentally  
unbalanced & was sent to an  
institution. She kept on saying  
she knew 2 fellows and she  
liked them both. She didn't  
come from <sup>where</sup> ~~where~~ she got the  
child. She liked them both.

The pregnant mother in A is  
13. They are trying to marry  
her. I understand. Quite a  
few people know the father.

Voting  
Registration

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

8/21/42

so we headed on bus  
headed for Idaho.  
1 hour wait at the  
station.

We pass <sup>TACOMA</sup>  
Tacoma  
20 minutes wait. We  
also stopped at little  
towns. Along we saw  
life going on normally.  
Everyday people, the churches,  
and schools, everything going  
on as if it were just another  
day. Normal life. The  
terrible time will have  
getting back into it. The  
intention is full of  
everyday - those dull  
routinized days

red dunes leaves ~  
to serpentine ~~at~~ ~~side~~ blood ←  
miss - side down the a  
~~rocky~~ trail  
rocky trail  
TRAILING

Cows by a stream  
under the shade of a  
tree. Somewhere on a

rocky flat steep  
perpendicular cliff we  
spotted red leaves. There  
Water lilies on nesting coral  
in ~~the~~ plain ~~part~~  
lake. ~~Dreams~~

Don't it green in  
our hair. If I scratch  
my hair I collect black  
portula in my nails.  
What <sup>good</sup> fertility. Green <sup>fringe</sup>  
bushes and trees; on <sup>between</sup>  
~~the~~ thickly <sup>nodded</sup> with  
and long grass  
could today. Very  
fortunate.

How can they do this  
to us. We find  
it yes. Pick us up from

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



normal eye & let the water  
rush in to fill my  
the gap, keep us high & dry  
and joining us into ten  
and strong hope and  
himself in at the end.  
thousand of little  
children joining my camp  
in current water in camp.  
young hope for children  
furnished, I under

The train stopped for a  
few minutes in the  
middle of a journey, it  
was, right by the bank.  
Looking down from the  
window we could see  
the water so clear that  
my eyes felt cool looking  
at the water. I saw a  
little mountain dot in  
behind the rocks, water  
eddy beyond huge logs.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

golden rods - all along. Just  
grass & meadows. (Hypertensive  
laugh you ~~say~~ flint  
Tuesdays a ~~that~~ a wide  
standing river  
Fishes in the middle  
of the river

The meat lick salt.  
For some good reason  
I was called  
Time. Spray after spray  
of golden rods a nice  
motion used to gather,  
The golden rod is yellow  
the corn is turning brown  
The apples in the orchard  
I went on.

I read Journal, End +  
At the end of the Journal  
my eyes. I had to close  
my eyes & put a condens  
had blunt eyes.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

as we left Topi, started  
"Take a good look, he  
won't be back in  
Payalup for 10 years."  
For a while people were  
recognizing homes & many  
thous "that street" "that"  
- is home."

2 1/2 hours to feed  
everybody  
one cow after  
another

Trees grow almost crowded  
together. Thin  
silence leads to the sun in  
the breeze

Saw Jantze Boat.  
as we got into Portland

heavy smoke from the  
fogging mill. It ~~comes~~ <sup>trails</sup> the  
ground with heavy black  
shadows.

In Pruzalleys it next  
peril sits in the walls  
workin' & cracks  
like ~~white~~ <sup>white</sup> mass in the  
night.

9/27/42

I remembered Hobbes - all of us  
one? said microbes because when  
all living on somebody else's  
money

10/2/42

Clarity in a democratic house

Now I remember the train trip -  
I remember long <sup>rolling</sup> smooth waves ~~over~~  
swimming up to the ruffled seats  
of a beach. Little mirrors  
darting from rock to rock as the  
train pounded for a moment. Far up  
green cool islands. What privileged  
human being lives there? We passed  
by lush ~~long~~ trees clustered  
together upon thickly matted grass. Do  
the little insects crawl and  
wander <sup>by</sup> the roots of the wet  
deep grass?

There was a ~~steep~~ steep high cliff  
and upon the ~~steepest~~ perpendicular  
gray sides hung clusters ~~of~~ clusters of  
red flowers like bits of blood  
clots. Flat ever widening  
fields at the foot of mountains  
crossed by a ~~brook~~ pond. Stumped  
lucky cows ~~peace~~ Peace of  
the world upon them. King of peace  
Don

Winn - Oregon



in ~~over~~ this ragged world of ours  
threw away your ~~own~~ warm languid  
hours ~~away~~ while the sun passes  
over ~~still~~ your glass ponds.

~~The Column~~ ~~then~~ &

Small towns pop up all along  
the railroad tracks like protests to  
the surrounding scenery. Sweet  
sickening sentiment overwhelming ~~me~~  
at the sight of a corner drug store  
where ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~Chewy~~ talk - let's have a  
white counters. A car chugs along.

A woman going home with a shopping  
bag. It's nearly lunch time.

Can you imagine? in the world of  
ours women still cook for lunch  
or I suppose for breakfast &  
supper. They wonder & every word  
"what shall I cook?" Will it be  
a steak, a roast, hamburger,  
casserole, what'll it be? a  
steak wouldn't be bad. A nice thick  
juicy & steak sizzling out red blood  
on a ~~hot~~ griddle. I can

almost smell it. ~~years & years from~~  
now it'll be there ~~in the~~ ~~pantry~~ ~~as~~

Partford at last. ~~They~~ ~~filled~~ ~~our~~  
water tanks with ice. They clambered  
up the sides of the twin ~~cars~~ on flat  
ladders onto the ~~top~~ of the roof.  
They travelled from one car to

The Farmer Mrs. Debowen

She seems to be such a typical  
example of a womanhood.  
Well educated & gently bred, she  
was married into a fine wealthy  
family. At the end of 5 years  
she still had ~~not~~ no child.  
The parents became worried  
about her being for the he was  
their only son, & they demanded  
he take another wife. He  
protested quite manfully, but  
his ~~parents~~ family rebuked a  
parents sent her home (circumstances  
of her marriage)  
After she saw him

Worry parts. - get the Melancholy  
unwritten.

another. Meanwhile we wait at there. The  
whole long train - half of it detached which  
lines were changed. The station was roofed  
long. Other cars were on both sides of  
us. Suddenly one side cleared & what  
did we see but 3 negroes ~~with~~  
leaving in a railroad baggage wheelbarrow.  
"Did you see what I see" By golly I did  
to recognize a bottle when I see me  
It's there in his pocket. All of us  
watched ~~the~~ <sup>in yellow</sup> take a nip & pass it  
on to the next fellow. One. Three  
fellows. The lucky brews. Soon enough  
the boys in the car began to call to  
them. He was going to buy it at any  
cost but no! No amount of  
persuasion could make the 3 purchasers  
was from departing with that bottle.  
So was in the end we all watched. It  
seemed like a long time. He actually  
stayed about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour but staying  
still in that gray station on a  
sultry afternoon while the negroes  
took slow delightful nips, time  
passed heavily.

Someone had the radio on "1213 G D"  
E F G H I got a gal in Calowagon  
you you. How passionately  
she wove does wind & bellow &  
that the baby in the next car  
~~seems~~ gas cries. If it doesn't stop  
crying soon will all stop start bawling  
like mad & all the porters ~~porters~~

illness <sup>to either</sup> <sup>reference to pictures.</sup>  
Frank <sup>Chickens</sup> in the back cage

In Long Harry, this took place, but  
it seems to be so typical of our eye how that  
I just couldn't help but note it. I saw  
one day the Am C people notice  
something funny ~~at~~ the window of Mrs —  
It was a ~~box~~ round about a round white  
thing ~~it~~ needed out of a hole in the  
top board. It seemed to be going  
round & round. Upon approaching the  
curious thing, they did count a chicken. Its  
head was bald because it had <sup>long</sup> feathers  
deserted & it had come through the  
barbed wires from a neighboring pen. No  
wonder too for it was then squawking.

the front of the picture

Water Tower - Sucks & Sucks

with its bald head sticking out. How  
it was turning round & round <sup>in its head</sup> ~~in its head~~  
to do anything else in the stifling sultry  
noisy sun. But of course that hole  
is important. It is the illusion of freedom.  
The other day in the Inquirer appeared  
an editorial about how self-  
government is essential therefore elect  
representative from each block etc.

In my limited mind of course I put together  
the ~~idea~~ holding the top of the water  
reservoir like & the self-government you see  
It seemed to be the only thing  
of course the chicken is supposed mysteriously  
delusion is salvation.

from the line of the front of the board

railroad men will please & stare. They  
will say "What the hell is the matter  
with these sad japs"

Well we gotta be more cheerful  
about all this, after all the things  
done. We go out to see ~~see~~ my  
own lips & smile & take it.

Lot of good reasoning or ~~reasoning~~ would  
do at this stage of the game. Well  
now so we go back to memories.

The unforgettable place in the world. Back  
then at the picture of our memory. Belin's

it or not 4 years ago I come to  
Portland on my way out I stepped off  
the train. He went to the hotel.

Did a little shopping & a dinner  
night. That was ~~chance~~ bright & young.

The train started to move - finally.  
We crawled out of Portland passing by  
a ~~has~~ heavy ~~at~~ cement bridge. Under  
it was a deep in the ground. At the  
bottom ~~the~~ ~~jungle~~ was real water.

A ~~boy~~ ~~or~~ ~~not~~ ~~was~~ ~~floating~~ ~~about~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~  
green surface. About the pond were

rocks piled - wood pieces piled  
up into sheds, ground of jigs &  
everything - the jungle. He took

one ~~now~~ ~~tramp~~. We are the streambed  
haboas. We are the ~~one~~ ~~people~~ ~~who~~

of the United States of America ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~  
~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~who~~ ~~remain~~ ~~loyal~~, but ~~loyal~~  
on a democratic basis.

How they live on the bank of the river  
there is a line of the forest

Education of Japanese children in  
Canada

side of the road

sprout of being a truck.

gray hair.

14/6

So here we are 10,000 of us  
in the desert around in a  
gray barracks. The desert does  
things in a big way. The sky <sup>sky</sup>  
unfolds into lofty spaces & in  
the people live crumpled. No part  
of the American dream for us.  
We are the dis.

For the diary

The last week I was in  
bed for 3 days. It seems  
the thing to do in camp  
is to have a wood pile  
& in our family had it.

Turnover 3. Every family  
had one or 2.

Every one who's fit & energetic  
is going out to the main, wheat,  
& apple farms. Even Tom's  
going this Friday.  
on Monday Aggie left.

By Friday 1500 will have  
left 1500 of the camp will  
have left. Not bad.  
The sky is lifting. Sunset

The first thing I noticed when  
I stepped out of the plane  
was the fresh air. The birds were  
singing in a soft way. The sky  
was a deep blue. The water was  
crystal clear. The people here  
were friendly. I had never  
before.

The second thing I noticed  
was the beautiful view. The  
mountains were green. The  
rivers were flowing. The  
people were happy. I had  
never before. The water was  
crystal clear. The birds were  
singing in a soft way. The  
sky was a deep blue. The  
people here were friendly. I  
had never before.



burn up half the heavens.  
Things come The desert does  
things in a big way.  
Sucha come to the today  
She's going to teach. She stayed  
a minute & I tried to  
persuade her to stay for  
supper but she had an  
appointment at 6:45. I  
really have no one now.  
I felt very lonely as I watched  
her go away. She seems to  
be as content as if she's  
found something satisfying  
to do.

October 14. - Sun came out today &  
comfortable (though you kept wishing  
for a little fire) He received  
stove today. No pipe so can't be used  
as yet. Our hot water came out  
today. So with most of lovely room  
what with window folding, & boys going  
out to Sun falls & Jerome for wood,  
we are certainly getting ready for  
visitors who's making an inspection of  
this camp, ~~on~~ Friday. arriving from  
Washington D C on Friday.

1. The man with the beard who  
wants to burn camp.
2. Koi  
plaid dress  
Mrs. Eshyoshin  
crying  
cruelly
3. Okitau girl - Lilover  
father ... mother ... signature.
4. Ichi & husband  
Family life (to eat) 2. pay <sup>Tada</sup>
5. Women doing rooms at Council  
workers' home. Chamber  
juts. on knees scrubbing.  
46
6. "Interns & Evacuees"
7. Boy who slumped dead in tree
8. Somersault boy & Takeishi
9. Zoo to 4000 girls at Tule  
apply for abortion
10. Who some ~~and~~ interns say about  
at court.
11. Ideally getting out. What amount  
on shelter going to garden.
12. Women carrying wood scraps from  
cereal
13. Regives room + Symplicita Curran
14. Furniture & anten when FURNITURE &  
CANTHEEN

17. "If I didn't have  
to eat, I wouldn't  
stand in mess line"  
20. "They feed us  
shells etc & shelter us.  
That's part of social signifi-  
cance."  
File.

all the things I've heard today!  
enough to fill fill fill human  
heart of any dimension.

It started up in the morning  
at breakfast I sat beside  
Mr. Edoman. On one side of me they  
were talking about the food  
store situation. On the other about  
staves too. Mr Edoman describes  
scene of coal gathering. Truly it does  
remind me of the women & children  
in China picking rice grains off the  
streets. He was squawking cows in  
the mess when he saw women & children

(after the cooks, waiters, dishwashers)  
had gone & skraped coal into boxes  
come rushing & pick the coal bits  
grounded in the sand with their  
hands. There they were swarming on the  
ground like flies. Children come  
rushing yet with cows & buckets.  
A Caucasian steward happened  
to come into the mess. "What  
they doing there?" he asked. Mr.  
Edoman was stuyfled & watched.  
"You go look" he said.

15. Met Jim Jones

16. Have plays next door to Fle.  
no sake no sake

17. Census

18. no enthusiasm (show & Jules)

The chief argument of Good America  
newspaper nowadays is "Look  
at those Japs. It's agreed that  
they live in a democratic nation.  
Where else would they get the  
good treatment they're getting for  
us. Those internment in Japan  
What they're going through —  
of course the chief difference  
is we're not internees. We are  
evacuees. We are citizens.  
We are being relocated."

"Well, what you get to crash  
about. You get shelter, you  
get food, you'd get clothing."  
No no that is not the point  
though. It's the social significance  
by the whole thing. What you are  
doing to us as human beings.  
The significant thing is "Man do  
not live by bread alone."

---

The cold

In the morning when I got up  
my eyes, it was so cold that I  
could not get out of bed. To go

1. Tall Back Bread Ice
2. Into bed Bottle
3. Clothes (paper string)
4. Women with wood on banks
5. People yelling for coal. Presentation of kitchen stuff. Picking bits. (Child + woman)
6. Native chimney
7. Burgers

after we get stove

1. Breakfast
2. after
3. next door conversation  
- had your hand out. The ice  
oh well cold stick

and joy.

you can hear the next door  
shake the ashes out dump  
the coal in also the crew  
door.

dy

in the room.

bed. But I  
 7 to 8. The  
 people throwing  
 in paper. The  
 covered window  
 the sharp.) I  
 working - my face  
 use the cold  
 by rooms,  
 and toast,  
 steamed pieces  
 in to it next  
 circulated on  
 Edman was  
 when; in the  
 or was Payer  
 it is cold and  
 about 6 stars  
 the room  
 wanted in my  
 everyone make  
 was what.

The chief argument of Good America  
newspaper newsday is "Look

at  
they  
we  
you  
in  
way  
is  
ever  
we

we  
all  
get  
to  
by  
26  
not

3/23/56

part + cloth

## The Cold

In the morning when I got up  
my eyes, it was so cold that I  
didn't want to get out of bed. To go  
to the art house <sup>was</sup> an ordeal. But I  
had to get up for ~~being~~ news halls  
seven breakfast from 7 to 8. The  
puddles ~~formed~~ by people throwing  
out their water were frozen. The  
(the sight from the board window  
made it the ice still sharp.) I  
want to eat without working my face  
because I had to use the cold  
water of the laundry rooms.  
at breakfast we had toast,  
scrambled eggs, milk, steamed greens  
and coffee. I happened to sit next  
to Mr. Edman. ~~He~~ ~~talked~~ ~~on~~  
on side of me Mr. Edman was  
talking about coal prices; on the  
other side Mr. Takano & Mrs. Bryson  
talked about stores. It is said that  
all people can talk about is stores  
and coals.

I came back to the room  
and sat on the bed covered in my  
coat. I didn't want to sweep or make  
beds. My breath was white  
in the room.

The chief argument of Good America  
newspaper nowadays is "Look  
at those japs. It's agreed that  
they live in a democratic nation.  
Where else would they get the  
good treatment they're getting for  
us. These internment in Japan  
What they're going through —  
of course the chief difference  
is we're not internees. We are  
evacuees. We are citizens.  
We are being relocated

"Well, what you get to eat  
about. You get shelter, you  
get food, you'd get clothing."  
No no that is not the point  
though. It's the social significance  
of the whole thing. What you are  
doing to us as human beings.  
The significant thing is "Men do  
not live by bread alone."

---



## The Cold

In the morning when I got up  
my eyes, it was so cold that I  
didn't want to get out of bed. To go  
to the out house was an ordeal, but I  
had to get up for ~~being~~ mess halls  
served breakfast from 7 to 8. The  
puddles formed by people throwing  
out their water were frozen. The  
(the sight from the barred window  
made it the ice still sharp.) I  
want to eat without working my face  
because I had to use the cold  
water of the laundry rooms.  
at breakfast we had toast,  
scrambled eggs, milk, steamed greens  
and coffee. I happened to sit next  
to Mr. Edman. ~~concluded on~~  
on side of me Mr. Edman was  
talking about coal prices; on the  
other side Mr. Takov & Mrs. Pryor  
talked about stoves. It is said and  
all people can talk about is stoves  
and coals.

I came back to the room  
and sat on the bed covered in my  
coat. I didn't want to sneeze or make  
buds. My breath was white  
in the room.

When paper came from  
work at night, he said "somebody  
must stay at home all day tomorrow!  
We are going to get our pipes."

Woman said, "What do they expect us  
to do? Take care of ~~some~~ her  
children. If they want it bad enough  
let them go out for their pipes."  
Still shouting she opened the door  
and splashed some ~~to~~ water outside,  
"Talk about noisy people" she said,  
she went under the clothes basket &  
began sorting out the things she  
was going to wash. She should  
some coal into the stove. Probably  
the whole household heard it  
she went outside to the laundry  
room.

When then saw that the  
nephews began to ~~stand~~ say, "Oh,  
cold!" She ~~was~~ ~~some~~ ~~you~~ ~~was~~  
found them too suddenly & from the  
comment; I could gather the child-  
ren were still in bed. "How bad are  
they in" said the mother to her  
children or the child said insist-  
ingly, "Oh cold" "Sum all  
of them were noisy" "Oh cold" & then  
she twisted about the girl began to almost shriek.

<sup>Kitchen</sup>  
The account at here used to be accounts  
for prisons. "In one certain one,"  
he was telling the girls stenographers,  
"there is a ruling that all prisoners  
may take <sup>account</sup> any plate of food but  
they must eat it all up. If they fail to  
they are given a red ticket which means  
that at the next meal he will get slog.  
— this is food chopped up so  
that it looks like an mess from the  
garbage. one can't tell what it is.  
compounded up. food of all sort tucked  
up. ~~In this prison~~ but it interests  
that in this prison there was one man  
who had been eating this slog for  
7 years!"

The sky unfolds into infinite lightness  
& the air has a night frosty edge to  
it. Gloom here, it is autumn & in the  
evening the sunset burns half the  
heavens.

In the cold morning evening is so still.  
Sunrise red passes on horizon with a  
brilliant red and all around me are  
groups in my a brown low house  
of oakland. All so still. I hear  
the people in their houses. Little  
groups here & there. Ice & frost on the  
ground.

12/19 Takshi & The Beauty Contest.  
(Everybody's coupon)

Paper's Sunday Expedition.

Mr. White & the Caucasian jacket

2 problem children at court

Paper found

The wind - kicking swept  
wait & skirts.

10/31 Tom said it's nice to sit in a tree  
& let the wind sway the  
branch & blow you on you.

Tom can't work in the  
apple orchards. He can't make  
any money. As soon as he climbs  
the tree he sits, eats apples,  
and gets the most fantastic ideas.

Tom is ~~called~~ said their group is  
called the Targorras or the  
"Sweat shirt girls".

Saw Bill's picture when he  
graduated <sup>School</sup> Working in Grade 8. Poor dear  
boy. ~~he looks~~ as if he is at  
the end of the first row, a little  
to the side - up from the group &  
with his ~~to~~ everything he seems  
he thinking, "I don't want to take  
this silly picture." It was at  
Toshiko Baber's home.

