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**PAPERS OF THE
HEART MOUNTAIN RELOCATION CENTER**

DIARY NOTES OF JOHN A. NELSON

Nelson was initially an Administrative Officer who later became the Assistant Project Director. His service with WRA began on July 1, 1942, but the diary sheets from then through July 28 have been lost. He served at Heart Mountain through June, 1943, being thereafter placed on military furlough status after getting a call from his draft board.

MRS. VIOLA NELSON, the wife of John, initially served as a secretary at Heart Mountain and later as a staff officer in the Personnel Section until March 1945, after which she transferred to the Denver office where she served as a Relocation Officer until February 1946.

Diary notes maintained by John A. Nelson, initially Administrative Officer and later Assistant Project Director of the Heart Mountain Japanese Relocation Center.

Actually the services with War Relocation Authority began on July 1, 1942 but the diary sheets from then thru July 28 have become lost.

Service at the Center lasted thru June, 1943 and I was placed in military furlough status in response to the, at that time, very popular "summons" of "Greetings" from the Draft Board.

Mrs. Nelson (Viola) served at the Center, initially as a secretary and later as a staff officer in Personnel until March, 1945, at which time she transferred to the Denver office where she served as a Relocation Officer until February, 1946.

7-29-42

I seem to have let my diary get behind. Last note I made was the night I returned from Cheyenne. So will have to go on from there.

Really have been too busy to think of what to write about. Seems that 60% of my time is taken up talking to people looking for jobs, information, or a chance to sell something. The rest of the time is taken up answering questions that come up in the office. Seems as tho I am now supposed to have all the answers even tho I have had no more opportunity to accumulate a stock of answers than the others. I should have selected my help—accountants, clerks, etc. long ago, but it takes time and it just doesn't seem to be available.

At last after numerous calls to Denver we find we will have some trucks. The Army is transferring 20 stake trucks to us. We must go to Denver for them and we can't find drivers. So King, Friedman, Hill, and three others from town will go down. Denver will try to scare up someone to help. Quick action. We have been harping about trucks for nearly four weeks and at last we get a few. If the rest of the equipment comes with that speed we will be till Christmas getting anything to work with on the project, and in the meantime what will the Japanese be doing out there?

Seems that Denver just can't find it possible to let my procurement officer come up here. He should have been here the first of the week, but they keep him. It's all right that we have to have a couple car load of plywood, a carload on nails, bolts and screws, at least a car load of hand tools, more than ten thousand dollars worth of garage equipment, etc., but being so far away Denver doesn't seem to realize that we must have someone on the job to get those things. Also I asked Denver when I left to send a particular young lady up here from OEM if she would come. Apparently she was willing, but I still don't have her. She would have been here the first of the week. She is still far away. Also I asked Denver to get another lady for the Personnel job. She was most anxious to come. But they didn't get around to her until after she found a job some where else, so she turned us down.

Now on top of all that the boy I had selected for the top cost accounting job has turned me down. Seems his agency has promised him a raise if he will stay with them. So I called WPA. One of their men is available immediately—Ryan. Another, fellow by name of Grace, can come within about a week if selected. Told Joe Carroll would probably wire both of them today to come up, putting Ryan in a \$2900 job and Grace in a \$2600 job. Then I called Denver, Chris was there and wasn't too enthused about Grace. So I wired Ryan told him to come and wired Carroll and told him would be delayed somewhat on Grace.

We had been instructed to negotiate locally for milk contracts. So I found sources of adequate milk. Only question was sanitation, but milk was pasteurized and cows were TB and Bangs tested. Then out of a clear sky Denver tells us that Kansas City Depot will buy our milk. Well, that isn't too good because buying milk from that far away just doesn't work out so well. Today I received a copy of suggested specification and contract requirements. A separate contract for each month to be let nor more than thirty days in advance. Milk to be delivered in ten gallon containers, and only four times weekly. That's not good. These producers must have more than a month's contract to justify any effort on their part to build up their production to meet our

demand. If they get contract one month and a producer in Cheyenne gets it next month, and then it goes to Billings the next month, and then back here we'll be in hot water (or milk) all the time. I suggested to Pitts over the telephone that we wanted it in quart containers, except that some could be delivered in larger containers, and that we wanted a contract that would last at least six months. Every producer in the valley could have a six months' contract and deliver to capacity and everyone would be happy. Seems they feel the monthly contract will enforce sanitary production but I say phooey, we can do that by inspection. Then too, we want a contract in such a way that when the first Japanese get here we can take so much milk, then as the population of the colony increases we can increase our deliveries accordingly. But who am I to say the Army Quartermasters don't know how to buy milk for ten thousand men, women, and children?

Chris didn't seem very cheerful over the telephone today, but rather depressed. That's not good. We have so many things to do in the next ten days and it just seems that things won't run right.

Barber excited over his school house plans. Seems they are not good as now planned. He and Friedman spent all day yesterday working over the plans. Barber was going to Denver today to go over the plans with Bennetts but just as he was ready to leave a wire came from Chris saying Bennetts would be out of town. So if the plans are to be changed it's that much more delay. Seems that there aren't enough exits for the type of buildings, and that the distribution of kindergarten rooms is not proper and that even the placement of the elementary schools in relation to population is poor.

Chris and Pitts agreed to hiring Viola today. So I wired Colonel May at the Ogden Depot. Tried to call her last evening but couldn't get a clear circuit. Tried again this evening and found her not home on the first try. Haven't had a letter for a week. And I simply must talk to her tonight so guess I'm up late.

Wired Laramie today for two girls down there, whom I interviewed last week, to come up as soon as they can. Also called Mr. Banta at Rawlins and got him to come for \$2300 instead of \$2600. But it seems that Mr. Durham whom I have selected for head budget and finance officer must not want the job because he hadn't said yes as yet. We can't wait longer so Pitts is trying to get Norstrum who has had lots of Treasury accounting experience.

Took last Sunday off and drove to the Park in Todd's pickup. Barber and I rode in the back and it was most enjoyable ride except it was cold till after twelve o'clock. We got sleepy about the time it warmed up and I don't know when I have enjoyed so much being sleepy. Then Friedman spoiled it all by getting some coca cola. That wakened me and I had to pay attention from then on. I drove home. We saw a number of bear including twin cubs, 3 moose and one deer. Not much travel in the park but really more at the fishing bridge that I expected. George and Jerry King went up there fishing and brought home some beauties which we ate for lunch Monday. Am not especially fond of fish but they were quite good. The other enjoyed them much more than I.

Sunday morning, August 2 [1942]

What a week. Best of all was the excitement surrounding the proposed and partial delivery of

perishables to the project. Got word Thursday evening from Ryan Fruit Company that they had three cars of perishables on the way to the project, to be delivered Saturday morning. Only hitch was Mr. Slotta didn't know which Saturday. He agreed to find out tho and let us know that evening.

Later in the evening, before I got back from a quick trip to the project, he called and said it was a full car of vegetables and a large truck of potatoes. Next morning I got a call from Pierce Packing Company at Billings telling me that had orders to deliver ten tons of fresh meat to the project on Saturday morning. And we without a square foot of cold storage space. He also inferred that a contract had been let for 2000 loaves of bread one third of which was to be delivered Saturday too. So I called Pitts at Denver. All news to him but I asked that he call Ogden Depot since that was the ordering point. A short time later he called back and said Ogden had been instructed to furnish the perishables for 50,000 B rations by August 1 (Saturday). He had requested Ogden to stop delivery. However, in my telephone conversations with Ryan and Pierce I had already requested this.

I called the Home Bakery at Billings to suggest they call Ogden to get the straight dope on the bread. Learned they had already baked it. But at any rate we managed to stop delivery on everything but the potatoes which arrived Saturday morning and Kreizenbeck had to find a root cellar for them.

Learned that thru some hitch along the line Denver had wired Army to deliver B rations with perishables by August 1. Our cold storage won't be ready much if any before the 10th. So we'll have to hold it somewhere. If Japanese get here before then guess we'll have to get a couple of refrigerator cars and hold them on siding and keep them iced.

In his conversations with Ogden, Pitts asked Lt. Paxson whether there was a chance Viola could be released before August 15. Paxson said he couldn't possibly release her earlier because there was no one who could handle the export business.

Chris, Hawes, Main, and Miss Fryer (Willie) came in Friday night about ten o'clock, just when we had decided they wouldn't get here at all. All worn out but mighty glad to get here and were might glad to see them. We were beginning to feel like lost sheep, not knowing when the Japanese were due, knowing that the project wasn't ready to receive them now, and finding that supplies (perishables) were already on the way.

Saturday morning was spent in conference. Mains, Barber, Lt. Smith (loaned by the Army), and Todd left at noon for Sheridan to fly to Cheyenne and Denver. Todd on his way to Tule Lake for a get acquainted trip, Barber to Denver to straighten out his school plans, Main to Denver, Kansas City, Omaha and possibly Washington to clear up the procurement of subsistence and to try to break the jam on transfer of surplus equipment.

Not much accomplished in the afternoon. The usual run of visitors.

Ketchum was in for a quick discussion on personnel Friday. Brought with him fellow named Carlson who is looking for the job of fire chief. Got more help from Paul in the short time he was here than have had from RO for some time. He was quite concerned over fact we didn't have more of our personnel hired. So am I but just can't seem to find time to get down to the

job of actually hiring them. I want Chris' ok on most of the people I hire, especially in the more responsible jobs. I have, however, selected a man (Ryan) to head the Fiscal Accounting section. Grace from WPA in Cheyenne has tentatively been promised the Grade 7 job in Cost Accounting. Larson of Grazing Service can handle the Audit job and Evans now in the Forest Service can handle the second Procurement job. So with them here soon should get something done.

Chriss and Kreizenbeck went out to project in afternoon Saturday. Found things going much better than we thought. Cold storage warehouse while not ready will apparently be adequate and is the finest they have seen. Seems we are to prone yet to jump at conclusion before we have the facts. We have been muttering under our breaths that the Army is leaving us short by building only one cold storage plant. Now it appears that they are doing a very good job.

Got twenty trucks from the Army today. Boys who drove them up from Ft. Logan got in about 2 PM hot and tired, but we have trucks.

Waited up till nearly twelve thirty for a telephone call from Viola. She worked night shift Saturday and I had wired her to call me when she got off shift. Was worth waiting for tho. She has a lot to do to get things cleaned up before she leaves. Wish I could get a day off to go down and help her. Army won't release her before 15th. I think they could because they have known for two weeks that she was leaving them but apparently someone has his back up and won't give in. Of course the Army business is vital and must go on but I frankly believe they could have released her much sooner. Truth is they don't want her to go because she is doing a good job.

Tuesday 8-11 [1942]

It has been more than a week since I put down any notes on our progress and lack of progress. What a week. I thot I was in hot water while trying to run the rationing business for Weber County at the same time trying to do a job for the Forest Service, but it was never like this. It has been till ten, eleven, twelve o'clock every night. But it's fun.

Looking back over the week I can't really see where anything particular has happened, but the thing that continues to come up every day is our poor effort to get supplies, equipment, information, and especially help. I must harp again about OEM. Here is an organization (OEM) created for the express purpose of facilitating the operations of other emergency agencies such as OPA, WRA, etc. and about all they accomplish is a definite and agonizing slow up. I don't know how we're going to break their jam but we'll do it or else.

Everything is excitement today and for the past two days. Our first residents arrive about midnight. We have really been cracking our shirts trying to get ready to receive them. We aren't ready. Everything is torn up. Business has to go on and we are just about run down, but they won't wait and so we must meet them. We are looking forward to an experience we probably will never forget. Tonight we will begin an experiment in making democracy work. Everyone on the project has just the right attitude toward the Japanese who are coming in and I really believe this thing is going to click. The mess hall is ready to receive them. The cooks (ladies from Cody and Powell) are putting in long hours getting ready for them, and everyone in the office is practically on the run. Barber is in high. Chris is just in his glory. Joe Smart is here to be in on it.

There is really so little time tonight to write this and there is so much to say that I'm afraid this is a poor attempt to write down our thots, our actions, the absence as well as the presence of the jitters, and above all the willingness with which the personnel have pitched in and cleaned bath houses, painted signs, swept out barracks, and everything else. They are called stenographers but they are dust clear to the top. I really hope tomorrow evening I can sit down and write a little more.

Still trying to get Viola here but Army won't release her before the 15th so it will be the 18th before she will be on the job. We can surely use her. I have Ryan and Grace (Fiscal and Cost accountants), Evans and Girardo for procurement, and two girls, Leota Williams and Victoria Novicki. Joe Carroll, Glen Hartman, Harvey Chancler, Wm. Banta, Isabelle Knopf (pronounced nop), Clara Shaffer (hired for thirty days), Dr. Keith, Ruth Story, Miss Jackson (a nurse), and right now I don't know who else, oh yes, Guy Robertson asst. director, Clifford Carter, and Jack Corbett are on the job. Now we go.

Friday 8-28

Have been hoping that I could get myself organized to the point that I could again keep this blasted diary up to date each evening but either I'm a poor manager or I'm darned busy. At any rate I haven't managed it.

Since my last few notes there have been a lot of Japanese flow over the bridge. We started receiving them in earnest on Tuesday (10 days ago) and have now more than five thousand in the city—its no longer a camp but quite a city. Worst job is to receive two trains a day, especially if one of them is at night. Had that experience for the second time just a few nights ago, and I thot we would never get thru. Have had much difficulty with our system of checking the number who arrive. So as a last resort I have been trying to manage the checking, and we are now trying to catch them just as they step off the train. Bill Hosokawa and I take every car, and in addition we have a number of other checkers at each car to see that no one leaves or enters the train till we get there, but even then they don't check right. The night the second train came in a number of our boys got on the train and we counted them off and that threw the count out. But the last train or two haven't been bad. However, we had one of our terrible dust storms come up the other afternoon just as we started to unload and believe me when the dust moves here it moves. Those poor people coming off that train certainly hadn't expected that sort of a welcome.

The office continues to be a mad house. I get to work about two hours a day. The rest of the twelve to fourteen hours are spent answering questions and trying to keep folks on the right track. The place is now filled to the gun'ales with the Japanese clerks and other help. They are most efficient—that is some of them. Many of the younger ones are not too good, but the older ones are really capable and if we can do a good job of cutting and fitting we will have an organization that will click before long. My big problem yet is getting that man Main on the job to take over the procurement job. Poor Cap Evans has more than one man can do and I can't stop to help him.

Had our first death in the village today. A cerebral hemorrhage. A new problem. What to do now. Don't know whether it was done right or not but with Phil and Dr. Irwin, with Chris going ahead with it it won't be far off. Then a wire tonight from Ogden saying that a Japanese

on the train from San Jose has had a heart attack. What to do. A wire back to hold him at the hospital at Green River.

Mrs. Main who will be one of our telephone operators, arrived in the dust storm a couple days ago, with Miss Leonard. She took it in fun and I believe will be one of our shining lights. I have a secretary problem tho that I can't quite solve. Am perplexed as to know just what to do, but must do something.

Viola came ten days ago, so I managed to get a night off. Met her in Cody and we spent the night there, coming to the project the next morning. She's working for Kreizenbeck. I would like to have her for my secretary but that wouldn't do. We had separate rooms for a few days, and then moved into Powell where we rented a small four room apartment. Don't really need the kitchen but perhaps some Sunday morning we will want to cook a breakfast and it will come in handy then. It isn't much fun driving back and forth but at least we do have some time together this way. Will move back to the project when the living quarters are available.

Mrs. Parr invited us among a group of others to a dinner last evening, but since Phil had been at the area most of the time since we moved out, I agreed to stay and let him go in. Stayed until midnight and then came in to town. Poor little Elsie King stayed and worked until midnight trying to get her work caught up. She's a brick, but I'm worried about her because she hasn't passed a civil service examination. Neither has June Eckhardt and I don't know whether we will be able to keep them or not. Will try.

We have most of our administrative help now, except the construction and maintenance group. Guy Robertson has taken that part of the job over so I have been relieved of that part of it. Don't know how I could have carried it because the job is just getting so big that I can't take more than the chart calls for. But today I got the Selective Service job. This will be handled largely by Japanese but will require some supervision.

It is really interesting to see how these Japanese people have stepped into the picture and how they are taking over the work that is to be done. They are so willing to work. As usual however, we have to watch some of the younger ones. They want the best jobs but lack the sense of responsibility that goes with some of the jobs and so we have to hold them back. We must get the city government system organized right away or there will be trouble in camp. They have the fastest grapevine system I have ever seen and something must be done at once to keep it from destroying what may otherwise be a good system of government there.

Saturday 8-29

Oh, joy, I got a hair cut today. Don't know how I managed it but here I am with a nice new tonsorial job. The second one since leaving Denver. Was afraid I was never going to get around to it and that I would have to get it curled instead, but after weeks of twelve to eighteen hour days I sneaked off about seven thirty and came to town.

Another thing I managed to find time to do today was visit the hospital at the project. It is really astounding. Administration building, living quarters for doctors and nurses, wards for children, general wards, isolation wards, obstetric wards, surgery, morgue, central mess hall, warehouses, laundry, and a tremendous heating plant. The main corridor is at least eight

hundred feet long, and all of the floors are covered with a good grade of inlaid (Pabco) linoleum. When the hospital is completed I doubt that there will be a finer equipped hospital in the state of Wyoming. Had a pleasant chat with Dr. Hanaoka about the hospital. He is quite thrilled with it. He seems to be quite a capable doctor.

School is to start in another ten days. Frankly I don't see how it can. In the first place we haven't enough lumber—or any—for construction of school benches. We are going to have to use the recreation buildings in each block for school purposes and that requires the building of benches. Don't know where we can get enough lumber in time to even get started by then. And nails really are a problem. The school teachers are getting here by the dozen—I can't begin to keep up with their names. That means—since we don't have living quarters—that we will have to provide transportation from Cody and Powell. That will be a problem getting busses.

Chris took the afternoon, or part of it, off today. He was pretty well fagged out and felt that he needed the rest. I certainly agreed with him. George Kreizenbeck left last night for Ogden to get his family. George is beginning to show some the effect of the job and a few days off will do him a lot of good. Boyd Larson left today at noon for Ogden to get two of his youngsters. Boyd is a good man, I think, but I'm afraid I'll have to convince him we can't take days off just whenever we want to. Fryer had yesterday off to go to the Park with Mrs. Knopf. Come the first of the week all of the fiscal sections are going to get real busy and I'm afraid there won't be any more days off for some time. Perhaps I'm too much concerned about the job, but it disturbs me to have people taking days off in the middle of the week when there is so much work that must be done. But the people here, especially Isabelle Knopf, have worked so darned hard that some of them are really entitled to time off to rest up. There will be more trains next week and that means a lot of work again.

Delbert Love came in this evening. He is going to spend some time with us on our fiscal and accounting procedures. If he turns out well enough he may be transferred here. I'll be glad to have someone take that over. I just can't take the time to sit down and discuss the procedures with the boys, and they are really trying to get things started and need some guidance. I hope Love can cut the mustard because I'm tired of waiting for someone for that job. And if Main doesn't get here soon we're going to bog down. We're miles behind on procurement.

Sunday 8-30

The first Sunday in a long time I slept in until eight. Felt almost guilty about it. Had breakfast at home, and what a treat to get something different from the camp food. Had lots of Viola's apricot jam, and is it good. To Heart Mountain about ten, but never did get the cover off my desk. Just as I start to work some one comes along, and it's "John, what do you think about this?", "John, how do you think we should do this?", and so on. Kreizenbeck had made arrangements with the carpenters to have his corner partitioned off before he went to Ogden, so they were hammering all day and that didn't help at all.

Last Monday Ernie Hawes announced that from then on we would have Sunday breakfasts at eight, dinner at one, and supper would consist of sandwiches. So today we planned on dinner at one, and lo, we had to go the usual time. Then we got a cold lunch instead of a hot dinner. We then planned on supper about six or after and danged if we didn't have to eat at five and we had

a big hot dinner. So it completely upset our plans for Sunday eating.

Had a little excitement today. A number of people from one of the mess halls suddenly became violently ill. They were rushed to the hospital, which incidentally isn't ready to receive patients yet. Not enough beds or other equipment so we had to dust around and get more beds, blankets, sheets, pillows, dishes, etc. Finally got some over there and I know that when someone finds how we did it they will be considerably disturbed because it may upset their plans some, but we determined that the matter of life was more important than mere procedure. The thot was that some ham made the people ill but that didn't seem reasonable. So thru elimination it was finally concluded that it came from tomato juice that had stood in the refrigerator for a day or two in a metal pitcher.

Then, late in the evening Chancler announced that the compressor in the cold storage warehouse was out of kilter. It handles three of the big boxes. That left only the quick freeze box and it just didn't seem practical to put the milk in the quick freeze. However, the repair men got on the job before the boxes got too warm and I believe they managed to save the meat and milk. There was 15,000 pounds of meat on hand. And we are due to receive about twenty thousand pounds more in the morning.

Another interesting case, which on the face of it would look almost like premeditated murder. California sent one Japanese here with escort from a hospital in California. He had heart trouble, seriously, and yet they took him from bed, put him on a chair car instead of a pullman, and send him from sea level to Wyoming and in doing so sent him over the continental divide which is more than seven thousand feet. He nearly died at Ogden. We wired instructions to place him in the hospital at Green River but it developed that there is no hospital. So his escort, Mr. Trammell took him on to Cheyenne and put him in a hotel there and got medical aid for him. I want to observe here how even the lines of this paragraph are coming out. We sent an ambulance to Deaver to meet the train so the man could ride at least that far lying down.

Joe Smart came in today. Viola embarrassed herself by asking him when introduced to him if he were one of the new employees. Seems I had neglected to tell her who Mr. Smart was and wasn't on hand for the introduction. He managed to say we all were more or less new. Have some men from Life magazine here today too. Don't know what will come of their visit. Bonnie is spending his time with them. Thank heavens I don't have to do that too. Not that I wouldn't like it, but on top of everything else I couldn't do it.

Left the area about seven thirty, and managed to remember to tell the telephone operator how to reach me in case they needed me. Got settled down to write this sheet and enjoy a glass of port when lo the land lady came over and said I was wanted on the telephone. Guy Robertson calling to tell me the train would be in at 3:30 in the morning instead of eight. He was trying to call Chris (who had taken the day off) and I suggested that he get word to the train commander to hold them on the train till eight. Then I went to town to try to find some of the others. Ran onto the Corbetts in the drug store, where I went to receive the next telephone from Robertson (the land lady was about ready for bed and I didn't want to disturb her). Later Kings came in and after we had all chatted a while and had had some refreshment went down to King's place with them to get the call from Robertson. He called in a short time and said he had managed to get hold of Chris and they were trying to have the people held on the train. They weren't sure how long they could hold them and for us to plan on getting out there bright and early. So will

plan to leave here at six in the morning unless Jerry brings me word that we don't have to get there that early.

Had occasion to spend a few minutes with Phill today. Seems we have little time now to discuss our problems since we have gotten (such grammar) into this business. We discussed the Friedmans. We are both of the opinion that Mrs. Friedman should be put to work somewhere on the project so that we can legitimately take advantage of her talent. She has most remarkable talent and it seems a shame to let it go to waste.

Jerry just came and said they were going to unload at seven. That means we must leave at six. He and I will go out in my car and Viola and Elsie will come at the usual time in their car. So now I must get to bed and get what sleep I can. It's past ten thirty now.

Monday 8-31

Up and away at six this morning in order to meet the train and get our new residents put away. Had breakfast immediately on arrival at Heart Mountain and then to the train—but no train. We waited, and waited, and continued to wait, and finally at ten forty it showed up. So I lost completely a precious half day from my desk, and I just can't afford to lose that time. We did have good luck in checking the load off this time tho. Every car checked right to the nose.

The morning was extremely cold. A north breeze blowing and even with my Filson cruiser coat I got cold. Speaking of that Filson, I have had the darned thing since 1927 and it still looks almost good as new, and even here people envy me.

Had a terrible lunch today. Roast beef that was so red it looked like it had hardly been warmed thru, lots of potatoes, and lima beans, which I don't like. We did have a salad tho. And then pear pie. First time I ever ate that. Wasn't too good.

Gathered up the typewriters we have borrowed from the Powell school system. They must be returned. And are we sorry. We can't get machines and then to have to return nine typewriters just about breaks our hearts. We know where there are hundreds of them but red tape just keeps them tied down and we can't get our hands on them altho they aren't being used. If anything needs to be straightened out it is the jam that has the movement of surplus property between or among agencies blocked. There are warehouses, storage yards, and offices full of surplus property but it's impossible to jar it loose. It's the worst mess of red tape I have ever seen.

Little Miss McDowell sat at her desk till nearly nine this evening working away on the administrative regulations. She hasn't accomplished much as a secretary and I had to give her some pretty specific instructions Saturday which I believe may help.

The Japanese continue to hound us for something to do. We now have approximately a thousand or more on the job. Will soon be necessary to pay them and I swear I don't know how we are going to. We can't even get pay roll forms. This business of not being able to get supplies is about to get us down.

Worst of all we had our first fire last night. Destroyed one of our bath houses. A terrible loss, considering the difficulty of replacement. Don't know what caused it, but it's a good thing the wind wasn't blowing or the results might have been catastrophic.

Photographers from Life magazine on the job today and everyone is excited about seeing the pictures in the magazine. Time will tell what will be printed.

Another train scheduled in from Portland at 4 in the AM. Don't think it will be here then but must get to bed and be ready for it.

Wednesday 9-2

Yesterday Jerry King pulled a Paul Revere on us and came around at three thirty AM to tell us the train from Portland would be in at four o'clock. The night before I had set my clock for three fifteen with the understanding that if there was no word by then we could sleep till the usual time. So when the alarm went off and no word I went back to sleep, but it didn't last long.

On the way out in Jerry's car he remarked that just to get even with us for making him come around to get us up he was going to have a flat tire and we could just fix it. Some prognosticator. We had a flat in just a few minutes. Had a deuce of a time fixing it—not that I helped much but it took quite a while and we got thoroughly chilled doing it.

Had a spot of hot coffee before going down to meet the train. Went down well before day light, and as the day before, waited and waited. At about eight it arrived and then stood on the track while the passengers ate breakfast. So it was well after nine before we had finished and were back for breakfast and a shave.

Had a very disagreeable experience with Lt. Newberry, now in charge of the Area Engineer's office. He called to find what hospital equipment was in and when I couldn't tell him right off the bat he just about had a fit. I couldn't give him a list of what we were supposed to receive and that made him mad. Frankly I have never had anyone talk to me in that manner over the telephone. I don't know why a uniform should have that effect on a man but for some men it seems to go so strongly to the head that they seem to think they have free license to dress down in vulgar language any one regardless of status. To me it denotes an effort to overcome by bluff some sort of inferiority complex. It left a very nasty taste in my mouth and left me with a very low regard for Lt. Newberry as an individual as well as a representative of Uncle Sam's army.

The call from Newberry took about five hours of time I could ill afford to use on a job that Kreizenbeck should have taken care of. It took me hours to check thru the shipping tickets, requisitions, bills of lading, and the hospital to try to determine what we were to receive in the way of installation equipment and what we had received. So because of it largely I didn't get away from the area until eleven o'clock. My day was really long—from three thirty to eleven.

Denver sent a boy (Delbert Love) up to give us some dope on our accounting procedure and for the purpose of giving us a chance to look him over as a prospect for our chief fiscal job. The boy took up a lot of my time also. I really did get a lot of information from him, but am not convinced that he is the right man for that job. He has a good background of experience but I

want someone with just a little more personality for that job. Probably he could handle it but I don't believe my other boys would have enough respect for his judgement. So I told him I was not yet ready to make a decision as to whether I wanted him for that job. Chris was not too well impressed.

9-3

Took the Kings out to the Area today in our car. Left it there this evening and came back in their car. Decided we might just as well pool our transportation.

Tried to hold a short meeting this morning with my division chiefs but we just couldn't seem to get anywhere in the office so finally as a last resort we went out back of the office and really got down to business. It doesn't seem to matter how busy I appear to be or who is there with me they just keep coming anyway. I'm simply going to have to partition my corner off, or get me a room somewhere because I just don't get a thing done.

We have checks in the office covering the last work done by the Japanese at Pomona. They add up to nineteen thousand dollars. We have been holding them thinking we could get one on the banks to set up a branch out there but struck a snag in the state banking laws. So I sent Vic Ryan to Powell to see if the bank here would send someone out with funds to cash the checks. They were happy to do it and will be out Wednesday. So Tuesday we will deliver the checks to the owners and Wednesday they can cash them. In a few more days I'm going to have to have some cash to pay off our own workers. Find we owe them a little more than seven thousand dollars for August work. We have more than a thousand workers on the rolls now. In fact when we get into full operation there will be that many in the mess halls alone.

We are having a sweet time trying to get typewriters. We need at least fifty more typewriters, but instead of getting more we had to turn back to the Powell schools nine we had borrowed from them. It sure hurts to let them go. But I think very shortly we will have more. No new ones, but can rent some used ones.

Have been hearing a lot of complaints about the mess halls. This evening I found that the boys who had been working overtime unloading the baggage hadn't had any supper up to nine o'clock. They were supposed to eat at seven. But there was nothing then. They were told to be back at eight. It was after eight when they got back and the mess halls was locked up. So they were planning to go back at ten thirty when there was supposed to be something. At noon the mess hall at which they ate ran out of meat and about a hundred fifty of them had to get along on a half wiener and a small amount of potatoe each. It's a serious situation and just simply has to be corrected. Chris appointed a committee yesterday to investigate the mess but it isn't solved by a long shot yet. Today we ordered equipment for nearly two thousand people from the Forest Service at Missoula. We can always fall back on the Forest Service. It's really an organization, even tho I came from there.

Afraid we aren't going to be able to keep Elsie King on the rolls. She hasn't passed a civil service examination. Her first thirty appointment expired some time ago. I called Civil Service representative at Casper today. He's going to try to help, but am not too sure. We have a special appropriation to which her salary could be charged if we can get Denver to go along. If they will we have the authority to carry her without regard to Civil Service, but am not sure

about Denver.

Home about nine thirty tonight. Hope some day we can get this thing organized so can quit at a reasonable hour. But guess it's part of war.

Today we didn't get up until after six thirty. A real pleasure to sleep in that late. No trains today, but a staff meeting right after noon that took three hours of precious time.

We've got to get some sort of control system into the office to stop folks from roaming around thru and into other people's offices and picking up supplies and equipment, and especially going thru the records. It is most unsatisfactory right now. Perhaps that is my job but I just seem to have so many jobs that I just can't get them all done. If I could only get that man Main on the job and turn over to him some of the things that need doing I may be able to give more attention to other things. Boyd Larson is going to be a lot of help if he will get over the idea that our office hours are eight to five. I believe he would fill the Chief fiscal job better than Love.

Got back into the hospital dope again today to try to find out what we had. I'm just afraid we are going to have trouble yet over that equipment, and the records at the hospital. Appears that it's going to be up to me to get into it and prescribe a system to be followed. Main could do that for me but there again he isn't here. Kreizenbeck hasn't had the experience in property accounting that enables him to do it and he is depending largely on me for help getting him started. Time, time, time. If only there were more of it. Perhaps I'm not delegating my jobs enough, I don't know, but one thing I do know, the work isn't getting done fast enough.

Came home early this evening—nine o'clock. Should get some sleep tonight. So here goes.

9-4

To work this morning in Jerry's car. He is rather a fast driver for the times. The highway is posted at 40 but he drove 60. That's hard on tires.

Looks like we're are going to have to change our personnel mess system. We have a good system now. We are buying all our supplies separate from Government stuff and paying cash for it. Each week we collect from everyone. But the new system says we will requisition all our supplies same as we do for Japanese mess and that we will compute the cost of meals on basis of supplies, and labor. This is going to reduce the quality of the mess—perhaps that should be ok because after all we should be satisfied with same things we require the Japanese to eat. It won't give us any chance to build up a reserve for special meals. We have to charge on basis of cost and thru payroll deduction. It isn't at all satisfactory. Someone had a thought. That's what Washington offices are for apparently. Those people should spend more time on ground.

Now it looks as tho the camp is going to be extended at least to the extent of another half block. Chris called us in today to try to determine which way of doing it was best in our opinion. Believe from a public relations standpoint we finally agreed it was best to do the work with the Japanese if we could get the Army to buy the materials and equipment. Some question as to whether we could build the half block, the schools, the administrative barracks, the shops, and do any other work. Point is that we have to work these people and they might just as well work on

something constructive as just puttering on make work projects. It shouldn't mean much more work.

Had another meeting with the boys outside this morning, except we held it in my car. Me desk is like a plate of honey in fly time. I keep hoping against hope that Main will soon get here. I believe he can relieve me of more than anyone else in the organization. His wife is on the job as a telephone operator. They will be a delightful couple to have around. She's a brick. He's tops in my opinion—if he ever gets here.

A few days ago Chris asked Smart for permission to establish a local policy governing the use of government cars. Joe said it looked like a good thing, go right ahead. And then in just a few minutes he asked Chris to furnish him with a pickup with a dealer's license so he could go fishing. He and the Solicitor and John Camp used it for a two or three day fishing trip. That's what I call abuse of a privilege. It is definitely contrary to law to use Government owned or rented equipment for such a purpose and yet a legal officer and the regional director do it. Where then can they stand if such a problem should come up later in a personnel case. I think then of the Forest Service where such is not permitted and yet I know that even there abuse creeps in every once in a while, especially with the higher ups.

We are now receiving Japanese from Santa Anita. Have more than seven thousand of them in the area now. Won't be long until we will be filled up. But we can't start school on time. No school supplies. Asked Denver today what the status of our school supply order was. Found OEM bickering for prices. We tried to get across that in the buying of text books they are available in quantity only from the publisher and that we won't save anything trying to get competition. All we do is lose time—and right now "time is of the essence." But we can't seem to get that across. I know that with Main, Evans, Girardo and a few good clerks we can buy circles around OEM especially if we can consider time saved as having any value to the effort and can look at it from more than the price angle. I even believe we could beat their prices.

Have had another death. And I believe a marriage. Question came up in staff meeting today as to how far we should go in trying to bring together families and sweethearts. Chris asked for our opinions. I said I thot that where it was a case of bring a family together because of the health of someone then we should go "all out," but for young love I thought they could wait until we got our feet on the ground. It's all right to say that we should forget everything and do all for these Japanese. It's a beautiful thought, but at the same time there are jobs that must be done, such as getting supplies and equipment, getting payroll procedures organized so they can be paid, getting their postal system working, and a million other things. One can't drop all that to bring two people together when by so doing we effect the comfort of all the others.

Brought the Kings in my car tonight—also Buck Mac Farlane and his boy.

Here I sit listening to the radio for the first time in a long time. I hear a program about rent control. It's almost a laugh. In Ogden there was no sign of control. Prices went up, up, and up. The rent control committee was made up of realtors and bankers, all of whom were engaged in the business of renting property. There was no sign of their trying to help the tenant whose rent was being boosted. Also rents in Cody are much higher in Cody than in Powell. When the Area Engineer moved into Cody rents went up, up, and up. And then they speak of rent control. The

idea is fine if they do as they did on some of the rationing boards—put some one in control who has no interest in it other than to see that the regulation is enforced.

And another thing. I find local rationing boards here afraid to make their own decisions. Apparently they haven't kept up with the regulations and when one asks for service they stop to write a letter to the state administrator. Frankly I believe our rationing boards in Ogden were ahead of most of them, even with me at the head. We at least kept up with the regulations and knew of the answers.

9-5

Saturday again. How time flies. Seems that only day before yesterday was Saturday. And as I look back I wonder what I have accomplished during the week.

At least we are at last getting some furniture. A car load of desks came in today. Everyone in the office is on my neck for a desk. I have told very few people how many there are because I don't know yet whether I have to supply the block managers or the school teachers. If I have to do that then we haven't got any desks. I'm going to have to get one desk out of the lot so I can lock up the material I must have locked. The desk I have now has no lock.

Had a few minutes discussion with Chris this morning in which I explained why I wanted to employ Clara Shaffer as relief telephone operator and why I didn't want Delbert Love for my chief fiscal position. Clara has done a good job on anything we have given her. She may have a reputation but she hasn't done anything out of the way on the project and has done a lot better work than some of the others. So am going to try to keep her. Love just didn't seem to have the personality required for the job. Chris was inclined to agree with me on that score. Am not sure we want to give it to Boyd Larson either, but he is a more likely candidate than Love.

Everyone seemed to have to come the end of his rope by dinner today. Most of them cleaned out immediately. By a few minutes after five the office was neatly vacant. There is one thing that must be done and that is the placing of an electrician at the area every night. Right now the head electrician lives in Cody and when something goes wrong at night they have a heck of a time.

Ernie wanted us to come in to a little house party this evening. We thot of going but couldn't come to Powell to clean up and then drive to Cody and then back to Powell, so we begged off and came on to Powell. Tried to find something for breakfast. A lot of cantaloupes in town but there wasn't one of them fit to eat. They say that in a few days the melons from Worland will be in and they will be good. We'll see. When we came in I stopped to see what time Jerry was going out. Found a Mr. Bever there all upset because apparently a call had gone out for three hundred carpenters to come in and build the additional half block mentioned in yesterday's note. They are much upset because it will take the labor away from the bean crop. Just goes to show that even tho WRA here felt that the Japanese should do the work, the Engineers (Army) apparently have decided the contractors should do it, and have given little or no consideration to the local public relations problem. That seldom seems to concern the Army. Food is essential to win the war but they will take the men away from crop production to put them at something the Japanese on the area could do. They may argue that the Japanese could go out and harvest the

bean crop, but that isn't entirely practical. The problems are many.

To bed about ten thirty—can't see the clock from here.

Just learned today that Everett Mitchell was in the Army. Will wonders never cease? If they take him then I see no reasons why I should be passed up so far as physical is concerned.

9-6

Had a relatively easy day today. It being Sunday things were rather quiet. So I got my desk dusted. We bought some cloth covers for our desks sometime ago. Use them at night keep the dust off. Well about a week ago I got my desk covered and then got the cover covered with work and it took a week to get back down to the desk. Am going to try to keep it cleaned up now. Don't know how successful I will be but at least am going to try.

Tomorrow we unpack desks. Have a carload of them, more than enough for the office, but I know that the divisions are going to think of more reasons why they have to have more desks than one can now imagine. At any rate am going to see that my section gets taken care of, and that the Housing-Placement section gets its share. Now all we need is chairs.

Spent some time with Boyd Larson trying to figure out how to partition our section of the office. Chris has given part of my section to Lummis' section so I don't know where I'll put all my help. Barber's section has been given more space than I think they need and I must see Chris about it. They seem to overlooked the fact that most of the school teachers and principals will have offices in the school houses, and we must just simply have to use the space they are now planning to assign to Community Services. He has even assigned desk space to Dr. Irwin who has more office space in the hospital than he needs.

Have an official car now. A 1942 Plymouth. Will need it when our purchasing officers really get going. I intend also to make a few trips out to look around for sources of supply. I certainly hope Chris can soon establish a definite policy on the use of Government cars. They are being badly abused now.

Kreizenbeck's family came out to the area today. She was surprised at how really fine the layout is. Mechau's wife came up for a couple days too.

Met a very interesting Japanese gentleman today. A former lawyer from Ogden—having practiced there with DeVine, Howell and Stein, all of whom I know, especially Judge Howell. The fellow is brilliant and we had a most interesting chat. Boyd Larson, also from Ogden, and Mr. Uno who is to handle the Selective Service business, this fellow and I talked for nearly an hour. I can't seem to remember his name but must get it so can drop Judge Howell a card and tell him about this fellow. I want also to talk to him more because he speaks so well—which is more than many of them do. They (speaking of the older group) may know the language well, but they seem to run the words together so that it is difficult to understand them.

These people are just sick to get things growing. It takes water, but they would be willing to carry water if they could only get started. It's too late now, but unless we get started on

something definite soon they will be much disappointed.

The Area Engineers and Contractors moved into Block 7 this morning and by evening they had work going on nearly every new building to be erected. They even got the floor laid for one building, and a half block of pipe welded, and most of the trench dug. I'll say this for the Army Engineers. They really know how to get a job done. They may not pay much attention to local attitudes, but believe me they get the hay made. They will be thru with that work in less time than it would take us to organize it. Funny thing too, tonight coming in I picked up one of the MP's. He told me that in Powell Saturday evening he heard a number of men complain about not being able to get any farm work to do. If that is true it certainly doesn't tie into the tales about the project's interfering with the bean harvest.

Met the Kings in the drug store tonight and went over to Dr. Colson's office with them. I don't believe I have ever seen as nice an office as he has. He has another young doctor with him, Dr. Catenhorn (that sounds right), and I believe they have most of the trade this side of Worland.

Would like to get things organized at the office now so I can settle down a little and get some reading done. I certainly miss it, and I can't even now seem to find time to finish poor old Paul Revere. Don't know what has happened to my Book of the Month mail. Haven't seen any for ages. Must write to them.

Wonder if I'm writing too much of this stuff when I sit down. It's so easy to just ramble on and on, and yet there doesn't seem to be much of anything important in it.

9-7

Labor Day. Started the day off wrong by not getting up at the usual time. When we set the alarm last evening forgot to pull the stop so that the alarm failed to ring this morning. We didn't have time to eat breakfast even at the camp so we grabbed a sandwich as we left the house.

Then to make matters worse most of the office force, except the Japanese, apparently figured that because it was Labor Day they didn't have to hurry to work, and so all the girls were from fifteen minutes to half an hour late. I was boiling, but it isn't good business to criticize someone in the presence of others, especially in the presence of the Japanese office help - so much as I wanted to talk to Miss Mc Dowell, who was a half hour late, I didn't get to. Well, the boss had arranged with the Japanese for a program in the afternoon for the residents. Let the office help, white as well as the Japanese go. Most of the regulars came back and did get a little work done, but McDowell didn't get back until nearly four thirty. Honestly I don't know why I keep her. She is supposed to be a secretary but she has a long way to go before she will be one. She certainly is out of place. Denver helped select her, and Chris concurred in the selection, having been quite impressed with her, but he is of the opinion now that he used bad judgement.

So, we didn't get much done today. It wasn't good for my disposition. It goes against the grain in me to see people taking such an attitude about work when there is so much to be done. Looks like I'll have to talk to them.

And another thing. We went over to supper rather late, but before seven considerably, and

found that most of the people had eaten. Not only had they eaten, but they had eaten everything but a few egg sandwiches. We who got there late, because of our trying to get something done, were thoroughly disgusted. I don't know why some people take so much granted. There's either something wrong with them or me.

Noticed today on some of the contracts coming thru for perishables, that Uncle Sam is sure taking a beating. The Army is paying 43 cents for eggs, and they are less than thirty cents retail in town. We are getting thousands of dozens, yet they are paying a third more than they should—far too much. Peaches at \$3.80 per bushel. That's more than they are worth anywhere, and I know they can be bought for less. Cantaloupes are costing \$2.55 per crate. Yet they can be bought by individuals at much less. Maybe the purchasing agents know their stuff, but they certainly are paying too much for their produce. Butter is costing 42 cents.

George and Chandler killed nearly a full morning for me today. They were trying to build an organization chart for the warehouse and wanted my thoughts. Chandler had made one and George didn't like it but when he got thru he had the same dope, but just arranged a little differently. Am afraid George is trying to dictate the procedure too much. I believe if he would let Chandler go ahead with his organization, and then suggest necessary changes, etc. he would get a better organization, but he is insisting on his way on everything. The warehouse is a tremendous job and I believe advice instead of a dictated procedure would help Chandler much more than anything else. Am going to send Ryan and another boy or two down to help Chandler.

Called Denver today and insisted that Main be sent up right away. Told Pitts we couldn't get along without him any longer. Don't think I made much of an impression, but if it doesn't work will have Chris call. We are getting so far behind on procurement that this thing is going [to] bog down soon. If it weren't for priorities it wouldn't be so difficult. But we have none, and they won't let us the A10 rating which is available to all Government agencies and other producers for maintenance and operating supplies. OEM says we can't use it and we don't believe it. Another situation where I'll bet we're right.

Had quite a discussion this morning about tire rationing procedure. King thought there was a way to get tires without going thru the rationing boards. Evans and I argued that the ration boards were supreme in the country. But we gave King the benefit of the doubt and agreed to follow his suggestion. However, this evening we got a letter telling us what the procedure was and it turned out that Evans and I were right. King said he had had enough dealing with the procedure in selling rubber to know, and I argued I had had enough experience as rationing administrator to know what the procedure was. Am I boasting?

9-9

I skipped yesterday—not feeling like writing anything last evening when we got home.

Had quite a discussion yesterday with Kreizenbeck about procedures in his division and mine, he arguing that was my job to provide the prices for items issued from the warehouse and I arguing that it was a job of stores accounting. Neither is convinced the other is right, but I agreed to put my men to work to see if we could help him establish a system that would produce regardless of

where it was done.

Am much worried about Elsie King and June Eckhardt. Neither has passed a Civil Service test yet, both have been employed for well over 30 days and I haven't received clearance from Civil Service yet authorizing an extension. Am just afraid that if Denver won't let us have Elsie under the special provision in the appropriation act providing for employment of persons without regard to Civil Service we are just out of luck. It would be extremely difficult to replace her now. And now Marjorie Clanin is planning on leaving us, so we'll have to find a replacement for her. And that girl of mine still bothers me. She is the most difficult person to talk to I have ever been around. She doesn't follow my instructions, she gets to work about a half hour late in the morning. All of which is very annoying. There are so many people around I can't find an opportunity to talk to her. Wish someone would talk her into going to another job, or at least leaving this one. Ordinarily I can talk to them but not this one.

We distributed the Pomona checks yesterday and today, and then today we had some folks from the Powell bank come out and cash the checks. I made an appointment with Lt. Greene to pick up a guard at 2:30 to escort someone to the bank and back. About two I got waylaid as usual and at three the Corporal called me and asked what had happened. Was my face red? I swear it's going to be a big job when it comes time to pay these people for work performed here. It's a cinch I can't do it alone, and yet I'm the only one bonded for that purpose.

Found today Clarence Uno is a veteran. He and four other veteran residents together with five legionnaires from outside the area (Caucasian) made a sight seeing trip over the area today.

Some of the little girls are trying to get higher ratings than their jobs rate and we have to be awake to catch it. Many are now getting paid as secretaries when in reality they are only doing miscellaneous stenographic work. One of the girls in our mail section practically threatened to quit because we wouldn't raise her to the top grade when all she is doing is about grade CAF 1 work.

Viola came in right after supper tonight to go to Chapter. I stayed to do some work, but with Kreizenbeck on my tail, and Girardo, Bennetts, Carroll, Ryan, and I don't know who else, I didn't get much done. So came home. Jerry King having a penny ante game at his place tonight, but since I don't care for polker and really feel I need the sleep I didn't drop in.

Funny thing, Elsie King went to sleep yesterday and this morning in the bath tub. They both slept in this morning, so we're even now.

9-10

Managed to get my check off to the bank today. I get so little chance to get to town at any reasonable hour that I have to do all of my banking (sounds big) by mail. I can't seem to remember to deposit my check until a week or ten days after I get it. Must be getting rich or careless.

Was besieged this morning for information as to how and when the Japanese could have their household goods stored outside the assembly centers shipped to them. I was ashamed to not be able to answer the questions so I had to stall until I could get into the regulations, so tonight I

brought an armful of them home with me and for the life of me all I can find is one little paragraph, and that is the WCCA regulations instead of WRA, so am not sure yet that I know.

An amusing little incident today. One of the girls wanted to send another one a birthday telegram—both are residents here at Heart Mt. So she called Western Union and dictated the telegram. Then Western technically had to call us right back on the same line and read it back to us. We would copy it and send a messenger to deliver it. Cost her a quarter and us a lot of time. It may be nice send birthday telegrams but they aren't practical from one place to another on the Center. Must stop that.

Bennetts (Regional Engineer) looked some of proposed work today and decided that we need a hundred dump trucks. Amazing how a look-see on the project changes the perspective. Up to now he hadn't been concerned at all. Am not sure that he will do us any good now, but at least he admits without our asking that we need hundred of pieces of equipment. He is going to Rawlins to see if can be sure we get a lot of that equipment.

We are being hog tied because of priorities. The projects still are not rated, and we have to beg the dealers to sell us commodities. Evans went to Billings to see what he could buy. Won't know till he gets back what luck he has had, but probably not much.

Wong Yew, husband of Mitzi Yew came in this evening. He is Chinese, she Japanese. He is endeavoring to get her released from the area. I think we can. I tried much to determine the difference between the Chinese and Japanese, and I swear he looked as Japanese as most of those on the area. Probably as a rule there is a difference but there isn't much difference there.

Girardo getting back into the work again. We can use him. Wish I had my chief fiscal position filled but haven't and I still don't want Love for the job. Would prefer Larson but am not convinced he can handle it. Wonder if I could. My accounting had rather lagged behind since I got into administrative work and sometimes I can't quite keep up with the boys.

9-11

I'm afraid there's going to be some trouble in camp one of these days if the mess hall situation in not cleared up. A complaint from one of the mess halls tonight that they had no food for breakfast; that there wasn't enough for supper, and that they had been eating frankfurters for three days. The reports have been too numerous to be without foundation. Some others of the staff are equally concerned.

Mitzi Yew, the young lady with the Chinese husband, left Heart Mountain tonight. Was she a tickled girl. We were all so glad to see her get such a break. He seems to be a very intelligent sort of individual and appears to be quite well fixed. I hope some day we will meet again under normal circumstances. I should like to see how they are getting along.

One of the boys came in late this evening to see if it would be possible to transfer to the Granada project to join his fiance. We are making a few transfers like that, and I told him I thought it could be done, but had to pass the buck to another division in the office. I can't handle that problem too.

Several of the fireman and police men came in this evening also, much concerned over the fact that some of their men were leaving them without notice to go to work outside in the bean fields. The felt that public safety was of sufficient importance that the men shouldn't be permitted to quit them without notice. The felt quite strongly that such men should be required to serve several months before being released. I am inclined to agree. Told them I would feel Barber out and see how he felt about it.

Learned tonight from the Regional photographer that the Granada project is in worse shape than we. They are having residents come in without being nearly as far along with the construction as we here are. Guess it could be worse, but it better not be much worse or there'll be trouble.

Had a little get acquainted party in the recreation building tonight for the administrative group. Guess they can be made a source of a lot of fun but I didn't get much fun out of this one. I really would have preferred working but guess I can't work every night without a break once in a while. Am taking this Sunday off, however, and we are going to the Park to meet the folks from St. Anthony.

Our city really looks like something at night. Row on row of lights and from a distance it looks like a real city. It gives one a sort of queer feeling tho to look out over the area at night with all the lights on and then realize that the city houses a race of people who because of their race have been isolated from society under very trying and difficult conditions, and many of whom may never return again to their original homes and property. War is a cruel thing. Seems that man with his brilliant mind could find a humane substitute for war. Am afraid tho that as long as there are nations there will be war.

9-13

Had a day off today. First one since before leaving Cody. From now I intend to try to take every second Sunday off. We'll see. Had planned to go to the Park to meet Viola's folks, but yesterday was such a terrible day, that we called them late last evening and said it looked like we'd better postpone the trip. And then today turned out to be perfect. Darn.

It rained most of the day and night at the Center yesterday. It was really quite cold too. And how must those Japanese, most of whom have lived years in California, have felt with no lining in their barracks and no stoves. Seems a crime to me that the stoves aren't up yet. We have the old alibi that we're doing it just as fast as we can. But that isn't fast enough. I know darned well some of these people are going (Caucasians) to have stoves in their offices one of these days and they'll die when we suggest that it is damned poor policy for us to put stoves up in the administration building when we haven't got them in the barracks. And I expect some argument.

We received another train yesterday. It was due at eight PM. Later it was reported due at nine. I tried to convince Guy Robertson that we should try to hold the people on the train until morning we wouldn't have to unload them in the dark with inadequate lights, in mud to their knees, in the rain, and then send them to cold barracks with insufficient bedding—and I dare say in some cases with no mattresses. I couldn't convince him then but later in the evening as it got dark and colder he agreed that would be best. Then he tried to get in touch with the train but too late. However, when the train arrived he managed to convince the train commander that it

would be best. I drove down to the induction center to be of what help I could and got stuck in the mud when I tried to park my car where I could throw the light on a particularly bad mud hole thru which the Japanese had to walk.

Joe Carroll was looking for some Government cars to help with the induction. We have about ten cars now and all he got was three. My car is still in Billings with Cap Evans. Barber went to town in his—altho he lives at the Camp. Where the others were I don't know, but we got into a hot argument about cars. Joe asked Kreizenbeck for the use of his, but nothing doing. Perhaps I shouldn't say it, but Kreizenbeck is one of the men who have taken the attitude that the car assigned them is their personal property and they may use it for any purpose. They refuse to walk across the street. And between Joe and me I'm afraid we said so last night. I hope Chris can straighten that car business out. In spite of their cries of alarm about conditions of their tires they won't walk a block—and George especially. They use their Government cars to drive to town when they are going in for only personal business. They'd have a fit if they were asked to use their own cars.

Drove over to the Big Horn Mountains today. Really a most pleasant trip. Shouldn't have gone but it being the first day I've had off for ages, felt like I needed to get out. Drove at an average speed of about twenty five or thirty miles and I don't think we used more than a quarter tank of gas. The mountains were beautiful but Viola got car sick. The switchback road is a corker and that kind usually get her. Wish we could have stayed up there for a week. It was so grand to get out into the woods again. Even found some wild raspberries. Something I haven't eaten since 1921 when I worked in the woods cutting mine props at Clear Creek, Utah.

Home about four thirty. Drove to Kings and they not being home, we removed from their garden four ears of corn and four carrots. Then Viola fixed a meatless supper, and it was really good. We have eaten so much meat lately that it was a pleasure to have a meal without it.

9-17

Skipped a few days because I ran out of paper. Now I'll have to try to remember some of the things that have transpired since I sat down to this portable.

Managed to have another meeting with my fiscal boys a day or two ago. We used the school bus for the purpose that time. Got Kreizenbeck in on it so we could discuss his big problem of getting his paper work organized. It is always behind and we simply must get it straightened out so that the stock records reveal what is in stock; so that we can keep a reasonable set of cost records and so that George can really manage a warehouse system. Agreed that Ryan and Grace and few picked Japanese boys would go over to Transportation and Supply the first of next week and get to work. Since then Chris has assigned Jerry King to the warehouse to help Chandler get straightened. I don't think any of us realized that the warehouse and supply job would ever be as big a job as it is.

Sent Ryan to Denver this morning to get some dope on accounting procedures and OEM demands. I have a lot of confidence in Ryan and I find him a most delightful fellow with a keen sense of humor.

It's been colder than h e double q today. A terrible cold wind blowing in from the northwest with snow on the foothills. Everyone in the office, including me, has been shivering all day. We did get a couple of fires going. Chris wore his sheepskin coat most of the day. I pity those poor Japanese who are in apartments with no heat and not enough bedding to keep them warm. Really it's a crime. Theoretically so many Japanese can be housed in so many apartments and it takes only so many blankets to keep so many warm. But kids and old people are not youths in the same sense that soldiers are. Yet these people of all ages are supposed to keep warm with three measly army blankets. I've never been able to keep warm with a dozen of them. Then we belly ache because they insist on more speed in getting the barracks lined with celotex and getting the stoves in operation. I marvel at their patience.

And now that I am so sympathetic I was given today the responsibility of approving all requisitions on the warehouse for work clothing. So I immediately tighten up again and insist on knowing why they want work clothing. Why shouldn't they wear what clothing they have. When one gets a jacket they all want them. But tonight I checked the stock records and find we have thousands of jackets so guess I can jar loose. It's cold. They are from the warm California climate and this is frigid to them. So guess I'll jar loose and let them have their jackets.

The mess situation is still unsatisfactory. Our perishables aren't getting here on time. The hospital is going to run us in the red on their mess. The workmen think they should have access to the nearest mess hall at noon—yet if they want to walk clear across town to see someone it's no effort at all. They must be hauled to work, but if they want to walk down to the train or up into the foothills it's no effort. And there I go again. But this business of hauling them to work in the administration building must stop. It disrupts everything else to which the trucks are assigned.

Will be getting my first allotment of cash in a day or two. Then when we get an authorized certifying officer we can pay August wages. It's about time.

Roland King is about to quit. He can't work for George. Says there is no leadership but a continuous driving and humiliation. Seems George doesn't bother to criticize him in private but in the presence of the Japanese. So Roland wants to quit. Chandler has offered to resign. Hope I can keep my head above water. I would regret very much having to seek that way out of a difficult situation. Am having my own troubles but have no intentions of threatening to quit to solve them. In fact I have refrained seeking a commission in the Army because I don't want it to look like I'm trying to get out of this business. I think frankly we can whip it, even tho it may get some of us down. I have seen hard situations before.

Managed to read a book in the past two evenings and have started another. Read *The Raft*, by Trumbull. A most interesting story right out of the war. Am now reading *The Days of Ofelia*. What a pleasure to sit down and read again.

A most interesting letter from Bill Murray yesterday. There seems to have been quite a change since I left. Scott to the Army. Murry to Scott's place (I'm glad), Darby to Murray's place. Mattsson to my old job when Darby went to FA. Vance to Mattsson's place. O'Neill to the Inspector job in FA. Hill to Wasatch, Prevol to the Targhee and Butler to the Sawtooth. Peg for short Olson went with Scott and Dorothy Swauger quit the FS after nearly twenty years.

What a shame. A case of being let down. She was one of the most capable girls in the R.O. Was chief clerk in FA for years and years. But Scott wanted a change so he put Dorothy on another job and put Peg Olsen in her place. Just about broke Dorothy's heart, and finally as a last way she left. I don't blame her, but I certainly blame Scott. If I never work with the man again it will be soon enough. He has caused more trouble in Region Four than any single individual in my experience in the Region. He forced his pets ahead regardless of their abilities, and because the most capable wouldn't yes him he held them back or forced them out. What a relief to the Region when he went back to the Army, but am afraid he will be back again, and I'll probably be there with him.

9-18

It still seems impossible to get much done. We have what looks like two or more thousand checks due the people who came from Santa Anita. A few more for the Pomona bunch and some from Portland. I don't know when we will get them delivered. Ryan and Grace are going to be tied down to Kreizenbeck's paper for several days, and then we will have a bird from Washington to get us lined up with our accounting, so I don't expect to get much done, but we must get them out next week, and we must get the August wages paid. Received fifteen thousand dollars in checks for my use in paying the August salaries. It won't be enough but we can manage it somehow.

My but it has been cold today. We got another stove put up on our side of the building which helped very much. I think the installation of stoves is going along at a pretty good clip in the center but I think there are still a number who can't yet build a fire and they must be pretty cold.

Have another applicant for my chief fiscal job but don't think I want him. He has no government accounting and budget background. Does have a lot of college training and experience, but I'm afraid that with it he would endeavor more to show his superior knowledge (of theory at least) and we wouldn't get along too well. So I'm putting him off too.

Haven't much to comment on today. Have been on the high run all day and got very little done. How I wish we had this thing organized so that our paper could all flow thru channels in some sort of order instead of the present confused manner.

Afraid Civil Service won't let us keep MacFarlane. I thot he was doing quite well. Chris seems to be pleased with him, but I learned from other sources tonight that he wasn't so hot. It may be just a matter of opinion so I won't change my mind about him yet. I do know this tho, that it's going to hurt if we lose him.

9-19

Tonight we seem to realize more than ever that these people are Japanese and still from the land of the Rising Sun. They entertained the administrative staff with drama and their classical dancing. In their native costumes and with their native music it didn't really seem that it was happening here. How completely Japanese they seemed, and little Joho Magara, the little information girl, was the prettiest little thing. She is naturally pretty and in her costume tonight she seemed more like a little Japanese doll. One should meet her and hear her talk.

The music seemed quite strange. To me the singing seemed very difficult at least it would be difficult for me to try to sing in the shrill voice with they sing.

I had occasion to observe one of the little men (elderly) who work in Community Services. I don't recall his name, but he is overly polite, and always thanks one to three times or more for anything. He came in to ask me a question. The natural tendency on our part it to consider them just a little dumb, because of their broken speech, but I watched his eyes and facial expression and am much convinced that he is really pretty bright. In fact it came to me all at once that perhaps he is putting on a little show and we are being taken in. Believe I shall try to observe him more. I may be wrong.

The mess situation is bad—in fact it doesn't seem to be getting any better. Am afraid there may be a change in the organization soon.

The boys have been hounding me for jackets. Seems that some of them are getting a job for a day or two just to get a jacket and then they immediately forget all about work. Perhaps I shouldn't be so concerned, but I have been given the responsibility of approving the clothing requisitions and I just can't seem to let them go unless the boys are engaged in outside work.

Finished my second book this week. This time it was The Days of Ofelia. A pleasant story of Mexico, written by Gertrude Diamant. Now I can go back to good old Paul Revere. I'll get this one read yet.

9-20

Today we started a regular assignment of Sunday duty at night. It seems that without specific instructions many (or most) of the men cleared out right after five. Some of us either more to do or a feeling of responsibility a little greater than some of the others usually stay around until eight or later. Barber and I discussed it Saturday and so did also Robertson get in on it, and in staff meeting Chris authorized us to go ahead with the schedule of assignments. So I agreed to take the first Sunday, together with Boyd Larson, Roland King and Paul Christiansen. Embree was to assume charge of the night group which was to consist of him, Evans and Mechau. However, Bonnie had an appointment, date, or something for some time and got Girardo to take his place tonight. When we left about seven Embree had not come over to the office, altho I had told him that he would be on duty to midnight.

Things started happening as soon as we got to the office this morning. First it was the garbage problem. The cans were full. Seems that none of the Japanese will take an assignment on the garbage disposal. Don't know why they should consider it above their dignity. After all they really are no better than the Caucasian. So since they refuse to work on the garbage disposal we have let it go until they come thru. This morning several of the mess hall crews called and volunteered to help if we'd send a truck. So I had King send a truck. We got some garbage out of the way.

Even on Sunday when there is little going on I can't get anything done. I sit down to get something done, and some one comes along to ask about this or that. Sometimes I wonder why I don't lose my temper, and then again I wonder if it would do any good. Guess in the end it

wouldn't. I have observed that those men who let themselves go frequently have difficulty with their organizations. To me it shows a lack of leadership, and while I don't profess to be a leader, at any rate I don't drive either.

A couple little Japanese girls came in this morning. One had lost her mess hall pass. The other girl, much smaller, did the talking for the two. A very bright little thing, and very interesting. I enjoyed much having them come in.

Stopped in on the way home and visited with the Kings. Jerry is getting to the bottom of the mess and warehouse troubles, and I think some good is going to come of it. Appears now that Hawes really hasn't been getting his requisitions in completely. For example today Chanler had to take a requisition over the phone from Ernie—who incidentally was in town. And it seems that is common practice. Am afraid Jerry is going to hang Ernie on his requisitions. I have felt that Ernie placed too much confidence in the work of his clerks in getting the requisitions made up.

Had to deliver a number of telegrams to the Japanese this evening. Was interesting to see the difference in their housekeeping. Some of the apartments were neat as pins. Others were quite tacky. I have noted tho that as a rule the Japanese are much neater than our administrative personnel, some of whom are really quite tacky at times.

Wish we had a better place to live. This hole is about the smelliest place I was ever in. Don't know whether it's the gas or the fact that the house is built right on the ground with no ventilation. It really doesn't seem like living. Am hopeful that we can find a better place to live soon.

9-23

Have been out of the mood for a couple of days and have let my notes sort of lag again.

For two days now have been discussing the new accounting (fiscal and cost) procedures, procurement, and property control with Mr. Seymour Cahn from the Washington Office. The discussions have really been worth while. It looks now like we are going to break away from OEM on October 1. Seems that more than the Heart Mt. group and Pitts have concerned about it. Washington even has been working on it and at last they have made it. It is going to mean a lot of additional responsibilities and work, but in the end I think it will prove by the far the best. It means we can get our bills paid promptly, including reimbursement vouchers. Right now it takes months to get an expense account paid and I can't figure out why. We will be able to schedule direct to the disbursement officer and it shouldn't take us more than just a few days to get them paid.

The new procedures will straighten out the present mess in property control and warehousing. It puts property control directly in charge of the property records of all classes of property control. That means Bill Banta will have to snap out of it. He is a good boy but inclined to be a little slow. He must realize that his job is supervising the work of the posting clerks and not doing the posting himself. It means too that we can't take Bill and send him to Rawlins or any where else to gather up surplus property until we get this procedure started.

Tonight I am on regular scheduled night duty. We have finally got around to scheduling the men for night duty. Up till now on one would of his own accord take the responsibility of staying on nights, so we have told them which nights they must take. Only one objection and that was from Lummis. For no particular reason we gave him Saturday night. He won't take it. I offered to trade with him but he wouldn't do that either. So I'll have to see if someone else will.

Should mention that this fellow Cahn is one of the brightest boys I have talked with for a long time. He has a pleasing way of putting things across and leaves one with the impression that he is trying to help rather than arbitrarily shove a procedure down our necks. I hope he can come back later and spend some time here.

I have had a sore throat since last evening. Fear I am coming down with a cold. Hope not, but Elsie and Jerry have both had one and we have been riding together.

Sunday 10-4

Another week running in high gear, trying desperately to get something done and not being able to show much accomplished. Last Sunday we took the day off and went to Yellowstone where we met the folks from St Anthony—including Ed Mitchell who brought our stuff up from ST.A. A delightful day there—as perfect as one could ask for, but when we got back that night about ten—or later, found a note from Cap Evans asking me to come out to the office. Seems there was a mess in the mess and we were about out of grub.

Well, went out and found Cap sitting out in the car waiting for me. We went in and checked over the situation quickly. Found about a two days supply of food on hand, and none due in for several days. Checked Ernie's requisitions and found them woefully short on amounts actually required. I had had a feeling all along that he was placing too much responsibility on the girls and not checking the dope close enough and that his requisition were inadequate but I didn't think they were as short as they actually were. So we sent Cap to Billings to start buying in the morning unless he had word to hold off.

Monday morning I telephoned Denver and got their OK to go ahead. Cap went to it and bless him he had food rolling in on the first truck that could get here. He kept at it all week, and by now the stuff is coming in from the Quartermaster also so we have about got it licked. Was necessary however to call Denver and get them to double our requisition for November and to move the delivery date up to October 10, and how we must sit down and get in another requisition right away.

So Ernie is gone now and we have a new mess steward who I think will lick this thing. Name is Fred Haller—somewhat of a dutchman but he knows his stuff and I think we're going to get on top.

Chris got back Wednesday night with Dillon Meyer the National Director of WRA. Had a staff meeting Thursday morning at which time each Division Chief had to give a quick review of his division's accomplishments as well as delimas. (I know that's spelled wrong). Friday I got to see Chris a minute and he hinted that I was going to take over Property Control and the Warehouses. Wee is me. Saturday morning I pinned him down and found he wasn't kidding.

He isn't too satisfied with the new way the property situation is going and Denver thinks Property Control should be in Administrative Services—so does Washington. But why the warehouse. I told Chris he was riding a good horse to death. I don't actually see how I can handle it. The hell of it is that they gave George a job with which he wasn't sufficiently familiar. He is bogged down in the intricacies of property accounting and getting in deeper. Banta isn't being much help, and Viola is having to carry Banta's load without getting any help from George. Now they give that mess to me to straighten out. Doesn't seem quite right, and it won't be if they leave George in Grade 12 when they take that part of his job away from him.

Have tried to convince Chris that we should pay the Japanese by check. We are trying desperately now to pay August wages. I can't convince him that it is physically impossible to handle payrolls by cash, especially when half or more of those on the August rolls are now in the bee fields and we won't be able to pay them. We can't turn our cash over if we can't pay them, and that means September rolls will lag, and first thing we will be having strikes because of pay. Why can't Vic and I seem to get across to them that we must pay by check and that Community Enterprises is in a position to cash the checks. All I can see now is that we'll have to let it run its course and then say "I told you so." But I'm getting tired of that sort of thing. It has happened too many times.

10-11

For more than a week now have been trying throw off a cold. For several days have had a terribly irritating dry cough. So I swore that if I could hold out till Sunday I was going to stay in bed all day, and that's what I did. I stayed there till five and then got up for dinner. A delicious pheasant dinner. Kreizenbeck went bird hunting (how he found time to hunting three times I don't know), and he gave Viola a pheasant. With sauterne it was delicious—but I'll still take sage hen if I can get it.

Have been trying for a week to call a committee meeting (Robertson, Barber, Carroll and I) to settle this business of work clothing. Up to now it has been my responsibility to approve requisitions for work clothing. There has been no policy as to how it would be issued or to whom, and I have had to fight off hordes of Japanese trying to explain why they couldn't have mackinaws as well as some other items of clothing. I couldn't really see that it was my responsibility so on my insistence the boss appointed a committee with me as chairman. We couldn't come to an agreement. Barber and I argued that we had the right to and should issue the work clothing to everyone working and that it should not be considered as a charge against their clothing allowance. Robertson argued the other way. Carroll wasn't there. Jerry Housel sat in on it and was inclined to agree with Barber and me, but not to the extent that we could get a decision. So we must wait for a decision from the boss, Smart or Washington. In the mean time time is passing. I went back to my desk and approved every requisition I held, except some for second issues of trousers and some for mackinaws. I'll wager that Barber and I are right. It doesn't seem right that we should have warehouses of warm work clothing and not be permitted to issue it without charging it to their clothing allowance. The allowance is only \$3.75 per month for adult males, and less than that for youngsters.

Haven't been able to pay the August payroll yet either. Can't get authority to certify the payroll. So until we pay August we can't pay September. And if we don't damned soon get

something done in the way of getting these people paid and get their clothing allowances out to them there is apt to be a riot.

The boss threatens to transfer property control and the warehouse to me. I have balked but afraid it won't do any good. I may agree to take Property Control but how I can take the warehouse is more than I know. If I do then we have removed almost all excuse for the existence of Transportation and Supply as a Division. And if that does happen and Kreizenbeck retains his grade 12 rating and mine isn't raised I'm going to squawk right out loud. If George comes to me once a day he comes in a dozen times. He is a good man but not when it comes to paper, and if he can't run his job then when I take over part of it he shouldn't be left in grade 12. We have asked for an assistant for him and if it is approved and I take the job I take the man too. Looks to me like they are trying to ride a good horse to death.

Main finally got here. That will help because now I can refer folks to him when they want to know how about buying this or that, and especially the salesmen. They take too much time. Now when I get my principal fiscal accounting position filled I really won't be bad off—unless I have to take property and the warehouse.

I marvel at the patience of these Japanese people I doubt that we would be as patient. When one thinks of what they had to give up and the attitude with which they took it—well you've got to admire them for it. I get riled up once in a while tho. I do really enjoy talking with them and wish I had more time for it so we could sit down and talk. They are intelligent and many have much wisdom. However, as a rule they do (at least on these projects) need quite a lot of supervision and leadership. I should like to find time to make friends—perhaps some day.

Have been trying to the clothing and welfare situation straightened out also. Seems that Community Services is depending on me to get that rolling. Don't know why because Welfare is far from my responsibility, but the Japanese Welfare workers have been coming to me. I want to place the issue of Work clothing there too but Chris says "no." But I can't see any relationship between my position and the issue of work clothing. But I've got it and can't get rid of it. Likewise I have Selective Service and was about to keep the Post Office but fortunately Chris finally placed that where it belonged.

We've got a bottle neck in Procurement. We're on our own now and with Cap in Billings, and Girardo going back to Denver, and with Main still in Denver we just can't go on. I have argued and pleaded with Denver, but all I can get is that Main is doing us a good job down there. Granted but that doesn't lighten the load here a dam bit. We didn't organize the Regional Office but we have done a pretty good job of manning it and it's getting past the funny stage.

Today I went back for half a day and with Vic and Leota Williams we stuffed pay envelopes. What a job, and what dirty money.

If I write any more it will be just more belly ache so better go to bed.

10-13

Came home early tonight and I shouldn't have done it. There was really too much to be done to

leave when I did, but Jerry Housel had to come in to dinner and the Kings were in a hurry and I couldn't see the justification of using two cars for the purpose so I broke down and came in right after supper.

Have had a helluva day. Another staff meeting that shot the morning. Right after noon I pinned Chris down to talk about the plan to transfer half of Kreizenbeck's work to my division. I gave him my objections—removing nearly all of the reasons for the existence of the division of Transportation and Supply, my having to take an assistant picked by Kreizenbeck who may not suit my needs at all, the extreme range in responsibility between his position and mine (especially if Mess goes to Public Health) with no apparent move to reallocate me upward or him downward. I told Chris I wasn't after grade 13 because I don't really feel that I am equal to the grade but that certainly he couldn't justify holding George in 12 if someone else took all of his work. Then I asked for an Administrative Assistant to handle personnel work—and I think I'll get that. We finally agreed to wait till the new chart arrives before any changes other than selection of some additional personnel.

Afraid Elsie is becoming a little too officious. She seems to be making decisions that only Chris or one of the division chiefs should make. Poor Chris doesn't want to hurt her feelings by stopping her but afraid he will have to do it.

Sure put my neck out on work clothing. Bonnie Mechau sent in some requisitions for jackets a few days ago. Thought they were for the usual type of blazer so Saturday after our committee discussions I approved the requisitions. Lo, they turned out to be requisitions for P Jackets or Mackinaws. We were going to hold up on the mackinaws until we heard from Washington and today I have been flooded with requests for mackinaws. They argue that if the reports and publications division can have them so can they. They are all absolutely right but I just couldn't approve any more. Talked to Barber who wants to hold up until inventory preparatory to his taking over is completed. Talked to Robertson who felt we should wait until Washington replies to our question. Then I finally talked to Chris and bless him he agreed with me that we should go ahead and issue to everyone assigned to a job on the project. We know darned well that they will get them anyway so why not beat the weather and let them have them now. Housel was inclined to agree and I'll still bet that Chris and I are right in the end.

Looks like I am apt to be reclassified in the draft from 3-A to 1-A or something like that. So I have renewed my application for a commission in the Army. Wrote to the Adjutant General and then dropped a note to Murt Hiatt to find out how I should go about getting on an inside track. If I must go to the Army I might as well get something better than a private assignment. Probably wind up a private anyway.

Still haven't paid these poor devils for August. And now September is way passed and I don't know when we can do it. Will be a strike if we don't soon pay.

Got a birthday card from Alta today and a package from Mother yesterday. And that reminds me, we celebrated my birthday yesterday by dedicating the new Court House at the Center. It is really a nice little place and the people are quite thrilled with it.

[Start of new page—could be out of sequence. No page numbers other than dates. Note

birthday remark.]

Tomorrow is my birthday. Seems like I have been thirty five for years, and now at last I am thirty six. Three dozen years. A lot has happened in those years, especially the last twelve. Let's see, the first twelve found me just about thru grade school. Just at boy scout age, and spending a summer in the woods at Clear Creek cutting mine props, and what a delightful summer. Have ever since to go back, but I know I shall be disappointed if I ever do. The next twelve found me thru school, and hold down the job of Executive Assistant (we called it in them days) on the Targhee. I had held that job since I was twenty—now we won't consider a man for one of those jobs unless he is nearly thirty. Since then I have been Executive Assistant in the office of Chief of Project working with the TVA in managing their CCC camps; executive assistant (administrative assistant) on the Mississippi Forests, and for five years as Administrative Officer in the Regional Forest Office at Ogden—in charge of budget control, and general administrative work. And now this job. I never feel quite secure in any job I have—feeling each day that I am not quite competent to handle it, and yet my efficiency rating at Ogden was excellent. Wonder if it should have been that or it I was just pulling the wool over the boss' eyes. I have never polished apples, so I doubt that it was matter of wool pulling. Here everyone but me seems to think I am capable of handling the job. I feel each day that I am not quite big enough for it, and yet am not willing to admit it and so I nuckle down and try again. Let's see too what other evidences there have been of confidence in me—was student body president,; secretary of the chamber of commerce at St. Anthony; was started thru the chairs in the Masonic Lodge the first year I went in; was president of the Lions Club at Ogden in less time than any of the presidents they have had for years; and was county rationing administrator there when I know well there were many men who could have done the job better than I. I turned down the Lions Zone Chairman job because I didn't have time. And always I keep thinking how nice it would be at times to just be a clerk with no real responsibilities so I could come home at five and read books and play good music. Speaking of good music I did manage to play some of my records today. Even the bird seemed to enjoy it. He tried to sing which he never does when the bedlam of modern hot foot stuff is on the air.

Sunday 10-25

I seem to be slipping. Bet it's been two weeks or more since I put down any of my rambling thoughts. Since then there have been many things happen but I'll probably forgot most of them.

A great shock when I learned that Blakeslee had died. Good old Blake. One of the finest men the Forest Service ever produced. Blake had a heart of gold and I don't believe there was a man in Region Four more admired than Blake. I was afraid when I left Ogden that Blake's responsibilities would get him. He was working under too much strain then and it has increased since and finally he broke under it. I shall always remember Blake.

George has been asked to take Blake's place. Chris has agreed to release him. I can understand why Ogden would reach out for George, but I'm afraid he can't handle the job. He is a good construction man, but I can't see George handling the difficulties of finances and surveys. However, right now surveys are about out, but even so it's a big job. Frankly tho I think it's a good thing he is leaving here. His attitude has never been quite for the project. He's too belligerent and too ready to fight with the Japanese. But whatever his ability I wish him luck.

Have had a terrific cold spell here the past week. And yet we haven't supplied these people with clothing yet. Finally we got instructions from Washington about the new clothing allowance. But it says pay cash as of November 1 and give them their allowance from July. We haven't the cash nor can we get a bonded officer in time to handle all that. We thought Seriously of buying their clothing for them, deducting the cost from their clothing allowance. That would have been a terrific job. They voted against it. So we will try to get the Treasury Department to send up a disbursing officer. I haven't yet figured out how it will work.

Yesterday was asked into meeting of the Temporary Block Council where the men asked when we were going to pay back wages. It was hard to explain. Then they asked when they were going to get the information about their personal property that was to be shipped from the coast. I had no information although I had wired for the information and requested that it be made available by Saturday. No word yet. They are getting tired of waiting for which I don't blame them. There are six cars of goods on the way but it will take nearly two hundred cars to get it all here.

And they continue to wait and hope that the great white father will come thru with all his promises. I feel somehow that I might speed some of it along but then I alibi my way out because I "haven't had time to do it." Why then did take today off instead of staying home and reading a book. [sic]

Have sat with my nose in a book all day and most of last night. A most interesting book called "Honey in the Horn." A raw story of Oregon. We did take time out for a short ride. A beautiful day so we couldn't stay in all day.

Sunday 11-1

How time do fly. Four months now I have labored for W.R.A. There's sure been a lot of water flow under the bridge—any bridge—since then. I have almost forgotten what our home looks like, and what it's like to be comfortable. But I should kick. A lot of guys are in tougher spots and a lot more uncomfortable than I. And it may be that I shall join them. It all depends on what the Ogden draft board does in reclassifying me. Sent my card in a long time ago but have had no word. Can see no reason why they should put me anywhere but 1-A.

Called the Forest Service at Ogden Friday to tell them we were in a position to release Kreizenbeck most any time the Washington Office of the F.S. asked for him. Seemed good to talk to Henry Shank again. Found him holding down Engineering as well as Fire Control so I imagine he is pretty busy. Chris has decided to recommend Lane for Kreizenbeck's job. Funny thing none of us thought Lane until Friday when he asked me at lunch whether there may be a chance of his getting the job. I saw Chris after lunch and he fell for it right now. So he called Lane and I guess it's settled now that he gets it. Denver may interfere, but that's the only chance of his not getting it. So for an organization ability is concerned he has it over George. And he has a better attitude about the whole program than George.

Find considerable resentment in the Center among the caucasian employes towards Barber and Friedman. Barber's actions in holding the halloween parties and putting people to work without asking them and then requiring that they donate to the party has put him in rather unfavorable

light. Friedman seems to be resented by most of the fellows. Seems he rarely recognizes any of them and then usually with a grunt. Now with his new authority they resent him more than ever.

Viola, Vicki and I (after attending parties at two of the mess halls) visited George Kawahara and his wife and a group of other boys from Hawaii last night. They had gone to the trouble of cooking chicken for us. They stew their chicken with vegetables—but the poor folks had only onions to go with it last night—adding shoyu sauce and aji. They fried our chicken for us thinking we wouldn't like their stew. But I found the stew or whatever they call it very tasty. We had a very interesting evening. The boys from Hawaii are really very nice fellows. George has put a lot of work into his apartment, putting linoleum on the floor and building some furniture. His table is really a nice table—better than I could make.

Have stayed home all day today. Spent a lot of time reading W.R.A. instructions, letters, etc., and helping Viola fill out a job statement for reallocation. It snowed a little this morning and rained some during the day. But the evening turned out quite nice. Probably rain again tomorrow.

We have found a new apartment. Will be much nicer than this hovel we are living in. I don't know why we ever took this place. The landlady was very nice tho when I told her we were moving. It was like pulling teeth to go over and tell her but she seemed to expect it. I'm not surprised tho because how anyone can live more than month or two in this place if anything else is available is more than I know.

Sunday 11-15

Must be more than two weeks since I made any notes. Since then many things have happened.

One day last week while sitting in Rachford's office a call came in from the MP office. They had thirty Japanese in the guard house. Had been picked up outside the area. Chris had them sent up. They were all kids except two and those two had been out gathering rocks. The kids had been coasting on the hill near one of the guard towers and just outside the line. So they were picked up for having committed so great crime as playing with their sleds. The poor little devils. It makes the heart bleed when one thinks of their condition, and to think that while they are being deprived of such pleasures we at the same time are trying to teach them that this is a great democracy and that everyone regardless of race, color, or creed shall be treated equal. But they say, "We are here in a relocation center without even the privilege of playing." There is no argument for it. Something must be done about that and done soon.

Went to Denver last week to sit in on a meeting to discuss the clothing allowance with Granada and Washington. Phill and Virgil Payne went down also. Drove to Deaver and caught the train there for Denver. While waiting we were entertained by the station master. A most interesting character with a soul full of music. He has a xylophone (again my spelling is haywire). But any rate he played it beautifully. It was interesting to see with what care he touched his instrument. Had quite a time getting our tickets and finally getting a berth but managed it before time for bed. When we got to the office next morning we found that Miss Gifford who was to conduct the meeting was still in Salt Lake. I went to work immediately on some personnel problems and that would take the afternoon off and go to the music store but had a couple appointments and

when had finished with them the afternoon was gone. Phill spent all afternoon in the music store—the lucky stiff.

Spent a most delightful evening with the Housels that evening. Lindley, Halliday and one of the ladies from Granada, Mrs. Smart, the Housels, and the three of us from Heart Mountain. Mrs. Housel had fixed a delicious buffet supper and after that we listened to music, talked, read poetry, and had a good time. Housels are gracious hosts.

Our meeting started Saturday afternoon. Grabbed a few hours in the morning and bought some records. Spent two or three hours in session, and all of Sunday morning and on till two PM. Things went smoothly as long as we could see eye to eye with Washington but usually we found Washington writing regulations and instructions without a clear conception of the situation on the ground and of Japanese psychology. Was interesting to note the expressions of Miss Gifford when she had put across a point or when the projects challenged the judgement of the Washington office. Surprisingly the projects were thinking in the same direction and had independently come to the same conclusions or very similar conclusions so we had no argument between projects. The last and most important problem was the handling of issue clothing. Washington said one thing and the projects tore it to pieces, leaving the finale of the meeting with a feeling that we had failed in accomplishing the most important thing that should have been accomplished. The issue of outer clothing and footwear to all Japanese evacuees who are employed outside. We want it. Washington says no. So we wired our opinions to Washington.

Left Denver by station wagon at four Sunday afternoon. Main was with but Payne had gone on ahead in private car. We got as far as Cheyenne. The day had been beautiful—just like Indian summer. But we got up the next morning and left Cheyenne in a terrible blizzard. So bad could hardly see to drive and colder than ----. Cleared up considerably by time we got to Wheatland but still cold.

So we stopped to warm up and buy some gloves. By the time we got to Casper it had pretty well cleared up. Had lunch there. Near Hell's Half Acre—crossing the southern most tip of the Bighorns we ran into nearly six inches of snow. It left rapidly as we came down towards Shoshoni. Before reaching Shoshoni we passed a number of herds of antelope. What beautiful animals. I had never imagined they were as beautiful as they really are. And there were well over two hundred of them right near the highway. At supper at Thermopolis and then on to Cody and Powell. Got home about eleven thirty pretty well tired out and chilled.

What a relief it had been to get away from the project but what a load to walk back into. Honestly I feel sometimes that the load is too much. Seems to me that people don't even try to help themselves but expect the administrative officer to do all their thinking for them. Worked till nearly midnight every night except Thursday and Saturday. Friday night the Block Administrative Officers called a joint meeting of administrative staff and the block officers. It was the first such meeting we had had. They gave many stirring talks. By stirring I don't mean shows of oratory but stirring in that it was so touching to the heart. They told of their past lives prior to the war. Their feelings when war started and evacuation was imminent and of evacuation to the assembly centers and later here. Of their feelings in the relocation centers. And of their thoughts about the future. The feeling of these people is greatly strained right now because of the erection of a barbed wire fence around the Center. It is an outrage to think that

we must have a barbed wire fence around the Center. We are doing something will weaken their respect for America. They (the Nissei) have been generally strongly pro American. But to be put in a corral as animals is going to make them wonder if it is worth while to remain loyal to the land that treats them as criminals and without benefit of trial puts them in a prison. I wish I could put it down the way they feel. I can feel it but can't say it. All I can say is their emotions are becoming so strained that soon something is going to snap, and when it does—watch out.

Am having a lot of difficulty getting my bonded authority as agent cashier increased. Submitted a new bond for an additional ten thousand dollars more than two weeks ago. Yesterday found that I couldn't do it that way but had to have a new one for twenty five thousand rather than a combination that would add up to that. So must start all over again. Ryan's bond was sent back here by the company instead of being delivered to the Regional Office so we have lost two more weeks on his. So the September payroll goes unpaid. The people becoming more uneasy all the time. Excuses don't help the situation much now. They are getting tired of hearing them.

Have asked for a definite statement from Washington as to what is being done about the private property on the west coast. Getting tired of promises so requested a yes or no answer that would tell these people just what WRA is doing.

We have moved. The new apartment is a palace compared to what we had. But it was dirty as they usually are so Viola spent all afternoon and evening yesterday cleaning. Vicki came in to help. We celebrated with stewed chicken and noodles, broccoli, corn niblets, and pie. Vicki certainly enjoyed the food after what she had been getting at the Center.

On duty today. The morning was beautiful at Powell but we drove under a cloud coming out here and little while ago it rained. Is clearing up some now and may turn out to be a nice day yet. If nothing happens I hope to get some work done today.

Nov. 30

Must do better than this. It has been another two weeks since I made any notes. Now it's hard to remember the things that at the time they happened they seemed important. But the past two weeks have been very eventful.

Just got back home a little while ago from a hurried trip to St. Anthony. Thursday (Thanksgiving) Viola and I remained at the Project after dinner. Seems that everyone else figured that some one else would look after the place so they all cleared out. Mrs. Main was the only other one in the building. About three thirty we got a call from St. Anthony. It was Tom. He said Clarence was very sick and if we wanted to see him before he died we'd better right now. Well it was quite a blow. Poor Viola broke down and could hardly talk on the telephone. We covered our desks and left immediately. Stopped at the apartment long enough to pack a few things and put up a quick lunch and some coffee (to keep us awake), and left Powell at quarter to five. Drove all night. Stopped a time or two for gas and stopped at Livingston for a bite to eat. Took turns driving and when that wasn't enough we stopped at the side of the road and napped. It started snowing on us before we got to Livingston and by the time we were well out of Bozeman it was really snowing.

I was driving when we came in to Butte. What a beautiful sight to approach the city built on the hill, especially when the approach is from the east at night. The city unfolds just as I've seen it do in pictures. First it's far away and very small then it grows and gets nearer and first thing you know you are swallowed by it. It was just after four AM when we pulled out of there. The roads thru Yellowstone and Henry Lake country wouldn't permit us to go a shorter route. At daylight we were well out of Dillon and crossing over the Continental Divide. Saw four beautiful coyotes. First I've seen in years. They stopped near the highway to watch us and it gave us a good chance to see them better.

Got to St. Anthony just at noon. Found Clarence apparently had rallied and may be on the safe side. Fearing he would wonder why we were there we didn't go down there. Poor mother Matthews had been up for three nights and was she tired. So that afternoon she took a good nap. I also took one. Viola went down and visited with Altha but didn't go in Clarence's room. Fred, Jean and Julie Anne were there. They brought their turkey so we had another Thanksgiving dinner. Should mention that something in the dinner we ate at Heart Mountain made us sick, especially Viola. Had to stop a number of times for her on the way down. Fred is thinking of quitting his job sometime this winter and take over the store. Seems his boss hasn't given him the consideration and the things he had promised and Fred is rather disgusted. Dad Matthews has the store on its feet now. All bills paid, the shelves loaded with merchandise, and money in the bank. He has done very well. Too bad Clarence couldn't have done as well. But with Altha around I doubt that Clarence will ever amount to much. I wish there was some way to get across to her that this world amounts to more than just her and her mother and that there are more important things in life than another new dress. She doesn't seem to realize the value of money or how one goes about getting it. She could be such a help to him but as it is she's almost a dead weight. I doubt that she has ever prepared a morning meal for Clarence, and she has prepared very few evening meals. Most of his meals he has had to prepare himself. That's not living.

Went to bed early that night and slept till nearly ten next morning. After breakfast went over and got a hair cut and visited a little. After lunch went to see Leo Tomlinson about lumber but no luck. Visited Cusicks and Stoddards. Found them all well, but poor Mr. Cusick is having a heck of time with her legs. Saw a number of people in town who were glad to see me, and for the first time since about 1932 I saw Glen and Lucile Baird. Went down to Clarence's late that night. He heard us and asked to us so we went in. Found him looking surprisingly well but very weak. He'll never know how close he came to passing out. He can thank his mother for saving him. She is a whiz.

12-20

Funny thing how interested I was when I first left Ogden in keeping up to date notes on things that happen on this job. For a while I do it religiously and then I start slipping, and now it is probably three weeks since I wrote down anything.

Most exciting thing to happen was the burning of one of the administrative barracks buildings yesterday morning. A cold foggy morning. Everyone had just left the building. I had just sat down to work when the fire trucks rushed out with their sirens blowing. I checked with the operator to see where the fire report was from. There had been no reports so I concluded it was a practice run. A few minutes later June came rushing into Vicki's office and I heard her say

something about the barracks burning down. I stepped out and sure enough there it was, smoke and all. I rushed over and found the force busy fighting a vicious fire in one of the mens' barracks. Smoke pouring out of all holes or openings in the roof and into the rooms indicated that the place was about gone. Occasionally huge flames would shoot out. I gave the place up, but the Japanese boys on the force kept right on fighting with what little equipment they had. They got onto the roof and even tho I expected it to collapse it didn't and they fought it from there, thru the windows, thru the louvres. And believe it or not they finally got the fire out. I can't imagine their putting a fire out in a building like that but they did. Most of the stuff in the rooms was saved—even tho wet it was not badly damaged. Richey lost everything in his room, and Embree lost two new suits. Main had boxes and trunks of stuff in his room but most of it was still good.

Immediately after the fire I wired Washington asking again for authority and priorities to buy adequate fire fighting clothing, explaining that the fire this morning in near zero weather convinced us conclusively that we just had to do it or our fires wouldn't be fought.

Chris is gone, Guy in the new Director, Doug Todd the new assistant. Every one is satisfied with the possible exception of Barber and Friedman. I know or feel that Barber expected to be appointed as assistant. But there seems to have grown up a tremendous dislike for Barber. Afraid the organization would have been wrecked if he had been appointed. Most of the people wanted me to get it but not getting it they were happy to see Todd get it. We had a big party for Chris a week ago. The boys (Carter and some of his good help) planned the party without consulting Barber. So Barber refused to contribute to a present for Chris. Then they didn't give him a place on the program. I know that made him sore. To top it off as far as I am concerned they (he and Mrs. Barber) discussed me and my liking for Benot's poetry all during the dinner.

We'll miss Chris. He is a grand old scout. The Japanese Block Chairman and the Administrative officers gave him a party to which I was invited. A very nice affair. They surely thought the world of him.

Yesterday went to a tea with Viola given by the group in Property Control. A very delightful time, and they had a most beautiful cake all decorated for Christmas—by the same baker who made the cake at Chris' farewell party.

Ryan has been promoted to Principal Fiscal Accounting in charge of Budget and Finance. Now with his place properly filled we should get along quite well. Larson quite disappointed. I knew he would be. In a way I think Larson a better man than Ryan, but he hasn't demonstrated the leadership that Ryan has. May be able to put Boyd in the hospital administrative officer position if it is approved for the grade I want —CAF 11.

This page seems to be out of order - notice about Chris's leaving

I left St. Anthony Sunday morning about ten. A nasty wet snow and mist falling that froze to the wind shield made driving very difficult. Stopped every fifteen minutes to clean the windshield until after I left Roberts. From there had no trouble. Stopped at Spencer to visit the Richwines. Found them home and feeling well. Has a most delightful visit. And as usual she fixed something to eat. Have more good meals at their place. Left there about three. Hit fog just up

the canyon but managed to get along very well. Just about lost the car tho going through the mountains between Dillon and Butte. Was driving along having a good time singing when all of sudden I hit an icy stretch of road. I never want to come so close to going over a high bank again. Believe me my singing stopped, my heart skipped several beats, and I settled down to some good hand driving. Slid several more times but managed to keep upright.

Had planned to spend the night at a hotel in Butte but the road were too icy so I by passed the city and stopped at a motel. Had the toughest luck. Mother Matthews had given me a big jar of the most beautiful strawberry preserves for Christmas. As I unloaded the car I knocked the jar off the floor on the car onto the cement floor of the garage. Preserves in a nice pile on the floor. I did manage to salvage about half of them with no glass or dirt in them. Just about broke my heart. Spent a miserable night and left out at eight. Forgot my dopp kit so had to write back for it. Breakfast at Whitehall. Had to put chains on to get over the Thompson Park Divide. Hit ice again just out of Bozeman so put my chains on there again. Good thing. Roads were icy nearly all the way to Laurel. Picked up a soldier on leave so had company as far as Laurel. Stopped at Bridger for supper—liver and onions. Was quite good, especially the hash brown potatoes. Home at seven thirty.

Now to go back a week, Viola and I managed to squeeze in a half day and went to Billings a week ago last Saturday. Had a most delightful time being absolutely lazy. She got some shopping done and I bought some more records.

Visited a display of needle work a few nights ago. The most beautiful stuff I ever saw. I don't see how they can do such fine work. I guess it is the typical Japanese patience that does it, but it was something to see. Hope some day I can have few pieces for my home just to show.

Managed to get started paying the September payroll. Haven't yet got my additional funds or has Ryan got his yet. Should have some word about them when I get back to the office in the morning. I surely hope we've got some more to work with so we can convince these people we aren't stretching the truth. Still having trouble getting the clothing problem settled. Hope Barber has written the letter we were going to write. Probably not tho. Guess Chris will be leaving soon. Guy will get his job but haven't heard who will get Guy's. One roomer that I would. Hope not. I don't want it. Have enough responsibility. Have hired another man for cost accounting. Kreizenbeck finally went back to the Forest Service. Lane took his place. Believe Lane will be better than George. He doesn't fly off the handle so easy and I believe he is a better organizer.

Am going to finish paying for the home in December. Then come what may we will have a place to hang our hats. Will then put more money in Government bonds.

End of page that may be out of sequence

12-26

Christmas at Heart Mountain is now passed. It was good to see the Christmas spirit that permeated the entire group. Really there must be something to people who can take it on the chin and come back smiling and with so much room for happiness as they have displayed. Went

to a concert few nights ago. The music was beautiful—I believe the most beautiful Christmas singing I have ever heard. Really Opal Carter has done a marvelous job with her young group. Many groups sent presents and many cash so that there was more than two thousand dollars to spend for presents and I can't estimate the value of the presents that were sent in. Ryan played Santa in a number of the parties last night and I think Todd must have helped out in some.

We had a very quiet Christmas at home—if we can call it that. It's where we sleep. Didn't really seem like Christmas and frankly we just couldn't get the spirit. We had Leota Williams, Verna McDowell and Cap Evans in for dinner. I think they enjoyed it. Then of course there was the music again. Verna went into hysterics over it. Cap didn't display much emotion so don't know whether or not he liked it—probably not much.

Thinking back to previous Christmases, wonder where we spent them. Last year in Ogden. Year before also there. Year before that in St. Anthony. 1938 we spent it in our new home in Ogden. '37 we went to Tooele, '36 were we in Jackson Mississippi, '35 Knoxville, Tennessee. '34 was the memorable year when we were married on December 24 and immediately left Knoxville for Florida, spending Christmas in Atlanta. Prior to '34 my Christmases clear back to 1926 were in St. Anthony. '25 I went home from school, and all of them from there back more at home growing up. Hope we can spend it in another place next year.

My dander is up again today. Have a new administrative instruction from Washington indicating the Administrative Officer is to take over the warehouses and property control. For this he gets a new section head at \$3200. So I got mad. Probably from an organization standpoint it is better—I think we can make it click better, but we have been paying \$4600 to a Division Chief to keep the division running straight. It's in a hell of a mess and I don't feel like straightening it out. If I do, I might as well take over Mess and possibly also the Motor Pool and Garage. I see no reason for continuing a Transportation Section. Then I think I should go up to Grade 13. I'll have more responsibility than anyone on the project but the Director so don't see why I shouldn't have a commensurate salary. We'll see.

Tomorrow a new experience. I fly to St. Paul. Will be my first trip to St. Paul and my first trip by air. Should be interesting. We'll see. Going there to meet Pitts and see what property we can get from the Army. It will be used stuff and probably not worth having but Pitts has been working on it so someone has to go and the boss thought I should.

Pulled a good one tonight. In my hurry to get things cleaned up—and knowing it was Saturday, I unconsciously thought Viola was home so I pulled out and left her at the Area. Didn't miss her till I got home and started to go into the house. So I had to get in my car and turn around and go back to get her. I've forgotten many things in the past but that's the first time I forgot my wife. Another first. We have finally paid September wages. Checks for October are now coming in, and we are ready to write November rolls. We plan to distribute the pay and clothing allowance checks thru the block administrative officers. Seems the best way and the plan pleases the officers much. We have convinced Robertson that paying by check is better and that Community Enterprises can cash the checks. Now to convince them they can cash them without making a service charge and we are all set.

Find the attitude towards the camp getting worse in Cody and other places. Jack Richards who

has given us so much cooperation has had to discontinue coming out to the project. Funny thing how people can change. A short time ago when they wanted these people to work in the fields they were fine people but now they are dirty yellow rats. I predicted that. I also predict that next spring when it's time to thin the beets again the feeling will be one of solicitation. Also it hasn't been long since the merchants in Cody and Powell were proposing the operation of busses between Heart Mountain and the two towns so they could get some of the business. The Japanese people were fine people then, but now. Wonder if I would be the same. I doubt it. Don't believe I am much to mob hysteria.

Last night we had Vicki and Leota in for dinner and music. They certainly enjoyed it. Played records from six thirty to ten thirty. Leota hadn't heard any of my records previously and I think she could have sat most of the night, but we had to call a halt.

I simply must have a talk with McDowell but danged if I can bring myself to it. She isn't a secretary. Takes her all day to do a job and she can't organize her work worth a dam. And yet I can't talk to her. Don't know when I have seen a woman like that. She has been off sick for nearly ten days. For her health sake she should leave here but I can't even tell her that.

Will skip hand written 12-30 entry - has to do with trip to St. Paul

January 4 [1943]

Well along into the New Year now but can't seem to get the spirit to knuckle down and get things done. I seem to be drifting right now and I've got to get out of it. Perhaps it is because things have been caught up into pretty good shape and now there is some cleaning up to do in the organization and I don't like clean up jobs.

Find a rumor of a demonstration going the rounds of the Center. The cooks are planning to walk out about the tenth. Don't know whether they will. They feel they should have nineteen dollars a month if the other kitchen help is to get sixteen. Something in that but their classification doesn't place them there. Believe tho that there's more to it than meets the eye. I think there is an element in camp that is fostering the walk out to start a little trouble. They feel that if they can have a Poston or Manzanar incident here it will strengthen them with in their pro-Japanese organization. Don't know what the boss will do if they walk but I think we should let them walk out if they want to, and put other cooks in their place. If no other cooks will take the jobs then clean out the unemployment rolls and just let the block administrative officers and the council handle it. But we must avoid bringing in the MP. That's just what the pro-axis group wants. They want to prove that the U.S. will not protect the American citizens in the Centers.

Had a cutting scrape the other night. One man about dead, but apparently beyond the critical stage now. A little argument in the mess hall. Another argument in the Community Enterprises office a day or two ago which almost ended in a cutting scrape. But those things can be expected in a group thrown together like this. Surprising thing is that there is no more of it.

Had quite a discussion with Barber today. Seems that we have wardens on duty in the administration building all night. A few nights ago some Japanese under the influence of John Barleycorn came in and got rather abusive with the operator. The wardens just sat and did nothing. I asked Phil if he could mention it to Matsui (Police Chief) so that he could ask the

wardens to watch for that sort of thing and if it occurred again they should take the man out. Phil insisted on a written report of it stating time, place, all details of incident (what was said, done, etc.). I argued that it wasn't necessary. Had it hot and heavy for a while. Main and Ryan, sitting in on it, decided they disliked Barber even more than ever.

See now we are going to raise about a thousand cattle, thirty five thousand hogs, thirty five hundred sheep, about a hundred thousand chickens, to feed the Japanese. This to avoid the criticism of buying so much meat from packing houses. Many dealers have been telling their customers they can't get meat because the Japs have it all. So we get hell on that score. Anyway, some of us are convinced that it will be very uneconomical and will subject us to more criticism than the buying of meat. Robertson isn't too sold on the project but Washington and Joe Smart say it will be a good thing. Think Main and I are right, especially when the public learns that it costs us more of Uncle Sam's money than if we bought the meat. Time will tell who is right.

Called Ogden this morning and talked to Les Moncrief. Very pleasant to hear his voice again. Need some help in filling some positions. Hope he can help me. Also had quite a discussion with Leota Williams today about the personnel officer position. I can't convince her that she isn't quite the man for the job and she trying to convince me that I won't get the man I'm looking for so why not give it to her. She's about got me convinced. She has done remarkably well considering her lack of personnel procedure training, but I find today she has a better background than any girl in the office.

Have decided to give Leota the Grade seven personnel job. She has been doing a darned good job lately and am afraid I'd kill all her initiative if I were to place a man in the position who didn't know as much about personnel as she. Then am promoting Vicki a grade to fill a vacant position in her Section. Isabelle Knopf is getting a raise to grade seven as a counselor if we can get her case thru. Have started action to transfer Seaman here to head the Fiscal Accounting Section, and have selected a Mr. Cathers for cost accounting to assist Grade. Then have hired Roland Washburn to head property control because the Army has asked for Banta and am wondering now if they are going to take him. Must explain to Cameron Christie that I won't be able to give him the personnel job.

Got a wire a few days ago asking if I was available for a job on the Alcan highway at Dawson. Wired back and told them depended on what they could offer and how soon I'd have to report. Would be rather interesting to take such an assignment. Joe Smart is to go to South America, and that now has me thinking. It would be interesting to get an assignment there too, but probably not much chance.

1-7-42 [Meant 43] [hand written]

Rumor that the demonstration to be staged by mess hall workers first of week is going to be more than just a little strike. Dr. Irwin is quite alarmed. We'll see if he is an alarmist. He is afraid of violence to the Caucasian staff, especially the nurses. He informed me the MP's are preparing to protect the hospital and adm staff.

I predict that if there is any violence it will be between the Pro-Axis gangs and the Pro-American group. There will be no violence to the Caucasians. Back of this strike will of course

be the work of the pro axis group to create unrest & distrust. Even at cost of violence that group will go to great length to break down the patriotism of the Americans of Japanese ancestry.

When Engineers moved out they left enough flooring for the 3 school houses. Find now that the Japanese have taken over a hundred M of it. We have to buy about 150 M feet. And yet there has been a watchman there almost constantly.

Talked with Verna tonight. Appears we may have to let her go account of health. Also discussed her work with her and explained that it had not been satisfactory. Told her how difficult it was for me to explain things to her never being sure whether she understood or not. Told her I didn't think she was yet qualified to hold a Grade 4 job & that it probably would be necessary to reduce her in grade. She took the criticism in good spirit and it certainly was a relief to me to get it off my chest. I have been wanting to do that for months but just couldn't bring myself to talk to her. Suggested she see a psychiatrist because I found that it was not only I but others as well who can't talk with her.

She is going to Basin for further medical. What they find there will determine whether she must leave account of health. In not then I'll have to reduce her and assign her somewhere else.

1-8-42

A Mr Henly from British Embassy in today to recruit some help from among the residents for _____ on the psychological warfare in the far east.

Sunday 1-17

Seems to be a good time to make a few more notes. Seems that things are beginning to pop in Washington and looks like we are in for a storm. Many of the Senators are demanding an investigation of the War Relocation Authority and especially the Centers on the west coast—there are none on the coast but California does have two. Seems that stories have been reaching Congress to the effect that we are pampering the Japanese; that they don't have to work; that they have fine bathrooms, and that they are eating better than the other (I shouldn't have used the word other) Americans.

Frankly I believe it would be a good thing if Congress would investigate the centers. They would see at first hand just how badly the Japanese are being pampered. What they would see would surprise them I am sure. They would find old men and women and little children and babies having to go half a block in weather twenty to thirty degree below zero to the community bath house. They would see these same people going the same distance to the community mess hall, scrambling to their place at rough picnic tables—the kind with the seat fastened on and requiring the individual to go into contortions in order to get both feet under the table. They would see children of all ages being fed the same kind of food—some badly prepared—as the adults. They would see the school kids attending school in make shift rooms because we haven't got the school houses finished, and if some of the politicians have their way they won't be finished. Johnson of Colorado is getting up lot of steam to stop the building of school houses for the kids in the centers. The one thing that our men in Congress and the majority of citizens have forgotten or

won't admit and that is the fact that most of the Japanese in the centers are citizens of the United States and that as citizens they are given certain rights by the constitution of these United States. No, they would for the moment set aside the constitution and condemn without benefit of trial approximately eighty thousand citizens because they are descended from Japan. But on the other hand they are not suggesting that we take the American born Germans and Italians and putting them in concentration camps and otherwise depriving them of their rights as citizens. Many of our so called citizens of German parentage are just as disloyal to the United States as are the Japanese American citizens.

I am not advocating that we send the citizens back home. That would lead to blood shed. What I would like to see is a separation of the alien and the citizen. Then give the citizen some of the rights he as a citizen should have. We can't profess to lead the way in preaching the gospel of freedom from slavery of the suppressed groups in the axis countries and those countries that have been ridden under, if we turn barbarians and just because Japan may mistreat some of our American citizens who stayed too long in Japan when they knew they should leave, turn around and mistreat thousands of American citizens on this side because they are of Japanese parentage. So, I do hope Congress does investigate the centers and get the real information and the truth first hand. It will be the best thing that could happen to the Relocation program.

Had a chinook the other day that took the snow away and in its wake came a blizzard and a drop in temperature to nearly thirty below zero almost over night. The cars refused to start in the morning—except that some of us either had better cars or started them right. I got the Plymouth started but most of the cars had to be towed. So we have arranged to have them placed in heated garages during the extreme cold.

This morning Carroll called Housel and told him there was a wire from Washington requiring a lot of fiscal information immediately. So I hurried down to Jerry's to call Joe, then over to Ryans to get him. He wasn't home so I stopped into Grace's apartment and soon Ryan showed up. He, Grace and I went to the camp to get the dope for the telegram. Leota had prepared the reply to another wire about personnel. Found Lane there working on a wire about transportation facilities. All on account of Congress.

1-20

Our cold snap continues, but has let up a little. Still can't start my car. The battery hasn't frozen yet but afraid it will if this weather keeps up. The Japanese are standing up very well under it. That a cold snap like this would keep them all inside but it doesn't. They seem to be enjoying it.

Talked to Robertson about the desirability of a Congressional investigation of the centers. He thinks it would do more harm than good. Have a lot of respect for his judgement and probably he is right but I surely would like to see them get out on the ground and actually see for themselves just how things are being run. Only thing I would be afraid is our salvage program. We haven't yet started a project for salvaging our tin cans, and we should do that. Then we have let too much lumber get away from us. That may be explained. The big point is that they haven't all the luxuries they are reported to have.

Life photographers here again. Perhaps we will yet get some pictures in the paper. Would do a lot of good.

Washington finally turned us down definitely on the furnishing of coveralls as work equipment. Said they would have buy them, and if they didn't have enough to do with their clothing allowance they could be given a public assistance grant. Just another way of getting it for them but calling it something else. That's what we argued against in Denver last November but haven't made much headway. So what we can't do in one way we will accomplish in another and it will cost Uncle Sammy more than our way.

Speaking of it costing Uncle, am willing to bet that when our budget comes before the committee on the hill it will get some pretty close scrutiny and will be cut to the bone. Have been telling the Divisions that pretty soon our open bank account will be closed and we'll have to anticipate three months or more in advance all our requirements and will have to stick to our estimates and will have to watch every penny we spend. Right now there seems to be no end to what we are spending and to what the divisions are asking for. For example we have been asked to furnish more than seven thousand dollars worth of recreation and athletic equipment. In my opinion we are spending too much on art and visual aid. But I could be wrong.

An interesting with the canary tonight. We put a mirror that he could see himself in and then let him out. He surely had a time with it. He couldn't figure out what happened to the other bird when he looked over the edge of the mirror to see the rest of him. He had the darndest time.

1-23-43

Today has been another milestone in world history. President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill have just concluded a ten day meeting at Casablanca in Morocco, North Africa. All the world knew until tonight at eight PM Mountain War Time was that there would a broadcast of great importance at eight. With this, the fourth meeting of these men in less than two years, great plans must have been laid for what Roosevelt has called "the unconditional surrender of the axis powers." I used to think it would have been interesting to have lived during the earlier periods when history was making, but I doubt that there has ever been any event so great in the history of the world as the present war, and we are living in the midst of it.

Jerry King is in the Army. Now he can express without restraint his hatred of the Japanese. Jerry disliked them very much but could hardly express his opinions too openly because of his employment at the Center. Soldiering will be hard for Jerry for a while because of the enforced discipline, but he'll be a good one soon and I don't doubt that he will come out of it with a commission. He's a pretty bright boy.

Robertson, Barber and Mechau have gone to Denver to meet with Meyer and other Washington men and project men to discuss WRA. Seems this meeting has more to do with the intangibles of WRA policy and procedures than we in the Administrative Services division are concerned with. The Relocation program, the Internal Security program, moral of the Japanese, etc. Would like to sit in on it, but am just a little afraid that there won't be a great deal accomplished. There are so many problems to be covered and so little time—only two days, that they can't cover them all.

Spent Sunday afternoon visiting with the Kawaharas. One of the Hawaiian boys is leaving for Drake University to finish his last semester in pharmacy and they had a dinner for him. Unfortunately we were late. It was so cold they decided we weren't coming so they went ahead with their dinner. Then when we came they got busy and cooked sukiaki for us. It was really quite good, much better than their fried chicken.

Apparently nothing is coming of the inquiry from the Alcan highway. Am not particularly enthused about it any way but it would have been interesting in a way to spend a little time there.

2-7-43

On duty today—this being my first official Sunday duty for a long time. I wonder now how I managed to get along so well last summer and fall when there wasn't such a thing as Sunday. Now I am getting most of them off. Today is a beautiful day and I hope to get a picture or two of the camp if it doesn't cloud up.

After feeling so fortunate for two years now at being passed over by the draft board, it now looks like they have my number. Have received notice that I am in Class II-A for a period of 60 days in which time we are supposed to train a replacement, so looks like it won't be long now. Funny thing the reaction I experienced in reading that notice. Many times I have felt the urge to get into the Army and get some action. It seemed that it wasn't quite right for both of us to be working and making good money when so many of the boys were giving up jobs and families but I couldn't feel strongly enough about it to really try to get in except via the commission route. Now that it looks so certain it gives me a strange feeling something like this "they can't do that to me." "I'm really worth more to the Government right here on this or some other job which is a part of the war effort than I can possibly be behind a musket. How about those birds in some industries who are holding up the war effort by striking. Why not take them? Wonder where they'll send me? Would I prefer to be in the infantry, artillery, QMC, Finance, or where?" Haven't told Viola yet but will this evening. And then there may be nothing come of it. A lot of things can happen in the next two months. But I can't really expect to be left out. We have no children. It's true this is a war job but someone else can do this—but finding capable help is pretty hard and I'm not at all sure we have a man on the project who can do it. Main hasn't the proper attitude of service to the other divisions. Ryan needs more administrative experience. Lane knows nothing of the procurement and fiscal or personnel procedures. So what will they do to replace me?

At any rate I have had a feeling for some time that I wouldn't be here when July first rolls around.

Have finally managed to fill in behind Ryan on the Fiscal Accounting job. Gordon Seaman is now on the job—from the Forest Service. He was being held down on a grade four job there. They begrudgingly let him go, not to be cooperative but because I think they felt that they couldn't really keep him from a grade 9 job. I don't think they would give me another man if I was to offer him grade 11. And yet it would much simpler for them to train a new clerk for a grade four job than it would be for us or any new defense agency to train new help for our grade 9 administrative jobs.

To a party last night. The Timekeepers had a big party in the Center and of course it being a part of our Division we were invited. It was a delightful party. Only objection I had was that they as usual set aside from them at tables separate from theirs. Wish they wouldn't do that. Danced a while after the dinner and program. Surprised to notice that they get a kick out of a hot orchestra but when hot music is played they just won't dance. After that party we stopped at administrative dormitory nine and crashed a party there. They had been laying for me because I no sooner had my coat off than was asked by Clarice Chase to dance a Viennese waltz with her. She saw me do it a week ago and nothing doing but I dance with her. A 2x4 room so all we could do was turn around and around. But then I had to dance one with Margaret Beasley, and then with one of the nurses, and one with Vicki, and of course I did dance one with Viola—the easiest of all because she follows me much easier than the others. Would be fun in a large hall but extremely in that small room especially with about six other couples on the floor.

The Army in here now recruiting Japanese boys for the Army. My guess is that they aren't going to get very many. They think they are, but Uncle Sam made a mistake when he let the Selective Service place the Japanese American citizens in class IX-C when they wanted to get in. That is enemy alien. They resented it bitterly. Now that Uncle has opened his arms and presumably his heart to them it is just a little late, and I'm afraid they will have to draft them to get many of them. One boy said he wanted to sign a request not to be taken. Said he didn't want to get into any army fighting the Japs. Afraid his own soldiers would mistake him for a Jap and he'd get it in the back. Could be, but I think our Army is smart enough not to put American Japanese soldiers in the fight against the Japs just because of that. They would never be sure whether all the Japanese in their outfits were our men or some who may have infiltrated into the ranks from the other side.

2-14

Valentine day and a beautiful day. From our blizzard last Monday the weather cleared up gradually during the week and the past three days, including today have been beautiful. Went for a little ride out beyond Garland today and spent about an hour sitting out in the sun by the sand rocks out there.

Still having a tough time getting our positions filled. Seems that all of the qualified men are either in the Army or else working for the War Department and just aren't available. Have had several turn me down lately, so I have to keep starting over. A new procedure in the process which may help, or it may retard. At any rate appears that we are going to have ask Civil Service to furnish us with lists of qualified persons whenever we have a position to fill. In a way that's best because it makes it easier to eliminate local consideration, especially if there is any political taint to it.

Things didn't turn out quite as planned during the week on the army enlistment. The boys didn't grab it like the army thought they would. They are being just a little cautious, feeling their way before they jump into a thing as big as that. For all of that I can't blame them. They have been shunned, pushed around, called aliens, thrown out of their homes and bundled off to practically concentration camps. They aren't going to jump at the first chance that shows up to get out of here and be recognized as citizens until they are sure it is bona fide. I wish that some of the men in congress and some of the men that set the policies back in Washington could spend some

time on these projects. They would then get the real picture of the situation. They would learn first hand how the Japanese feel about these things. As it is they just imagine they know. They listen to rumors (scuttlebut as Trevaskie called it) and think that because someone who lives within a hundred miles of one of the projects heard something it must be true. Believe me this assignment here has given me a clearer picture of American thinking than I could possibly have obtained by staying in Ogden. Have sent copies of the Sentinel to Fjelsted in the Chamber of Commerce there and to C.J. Olsen so they can see the Japanese side of the thing too. Fjelsted at least, and I like to think Chet too, is broad minded enough to look at the thing clearly if there are two sides.

Gordon Seaman is going to work out very well. Proves that he was a good man even tho the Forest Service did hold him down to an eighteen hundred dollar job for about seven years. It will please much if he can carry the load and we can give him grade 9. It will give me a chance to prove to the Forest Service that they were wrong in their efforts to hold him back on the job there when he had a chance for advancement here. They are doing the same thing with other men—Scherer, King, Seegmiller, and many others because they don't want to bother to find and train new men for low paying jobs.

The Washington Office is going the way of all new agencies. It's getting too heavy there. Sending inexperienced men out here by the dozen to tell us what to do when they don't know themselves. Why can't they realize that is far better to send out a few good men who know more than one thing than to send out of flock of inexperienced specialists who can't know but one thing. It's a waste of travel money. It always takes about ten years for an agency to discover that and some never do. The Forest Service is still doing it more than necessary. After all the men on the ground do know a good deal about what's going on—especially in this organization, and are in a better position to know what to do than most of the Washington men.

3-21-43

First day of spring and we emerge from a three weeks siege of winter with a beautiful day to welcome the first of the Rocky Mountain bluebirds. Went for a drive to Lovel and saw a number of bluebirds. They were beautiful with their brilliant blue feathers. They seemed much larger than the bluebirds I am accustomed to. May be because I have looked at our canary so long that all birds are big in comparison. Saw also a meadowlark, but he wasn't the first one.

In the past month—since I made the last notes—there have been many things happen. The registration of volunteers at the camp went off about as I suspected it would. I guess that we would get about twenty five volunteers. Actually I think we got thirty seven. Folks wonder why. They wonder why since these people have been proclaimed their loyalty so long and loud they didn't jump at the chance to prove it now. Well it's my thought that they have been influenced by the Japanese who are still pro-axis minded. Also the family unit is different now than it was before evacuation. And too these people have been taken away from the association of caucasians and as a result we have just this. They aren't in such a hurry to proclaim their loyalty as they thought. Now that there is a chance they hesitate and ask for a definite commitment by the government that they will have full rights as citizens after the war. They listen to the advice of the older men, and as a result they have let slip away the one big opportunity to prove to the people outside that they are loyal. They will have a tough time living this down and regaining

the ground they have lost.

Have been to Denver for a ten days meeting on personnel and accounting. The personnel dope was fine. Washington Office attitude was excellent and one of helpfulness. But the accounting meeting wasn't so good. We have been given something we as group didn't think we needed, at least in such detail. In spite of objections we have it. Now to make it work we must employ more experienced accountants. They must be recruited from an already depleted market. A fair example of Bureaucracy. I predict that within a year we will revise the system and simplify it.

My sixty days of grace are about up. Understand the boss asked the draft board for additional deferment and was turned down. He hasn't told me that but have reason to believe it happened. He hasn't seemed concerned about it, but actually if I am taken he'd better start definite plans for a replacement. He still seems to think that I'm not going but he won't say why. Personally I'm ready any day now. In fact I'd just as soon not ask for deferment.

Have had an unfavorable experience in personnel management. The boss have selected a man to fill the position of Leave Officer. H interviewed him and am convinced he can handle the job. But the worst of it is we have a man on the job who can fill it and who would get a promotion out of it. Guy isn't satisfied with his work and with the Division but I find now that he hasn't told them. So the new man is reporting for duty the first of the week. They didn't know it till yesterday and they didn't know that the boss had any reason for not selecting the man who is now in the division. I predict that it won't work now and that the boys in the Division will make is so uncomfortable for the new fellow that he will quit.

George Rigdon in now a captain. I'm glad because it proves to the boys in the Forest Service that my confidence in George was OK. I have always felt that he had more ability than given credit for and he is now proving it. Does me much good.

4-27

Today I have come to the conclusion that some of my ideas about the Japanese have been wrong. Always I have defended them with the thought that they have been done a great wrong and should be given every consideration. If they didn't want to go outside the Center to work because wages were not adequate, well that was very good. If they worked only five or six hours on the project, ok. If they complained about the food or other treatment, change it. But always they were to be pitied because of their treatment.

Now, after nearly ten months I have concluded that they haven't done a damn thing to help themselves. They have cried "We are loyal," but when given a chance to prove it, less than two dozen out of more than a thousand eligibles volunteered for military service. Many more than we anticipated answered "no" to the question of loyalty on their questionnaire. They refuse to work on the project, but expect to be paid. They complain because they don't get more meat and other rationed commodities than the people on the outside. Their babies have to have the most expensive baby foods—something they didn't have on the outside. They refuse to go outside to work unless they can see more than a hundred fifty dollars a month in the job. Many admit they are better off here than on the outside. They have a complete disregard for government property. They abuse the equipment and they steal the food.

Today one of the evacuees called one of the boys in the shop a bastard and son of a bitch. It resulted in a fight. Ordinarily a white man wouldn't have hesitated, but our man hesitated too long. As a result there will probably be a strike. Suits me. I think the time has come when WRA must determine whether WRA is running the Centers or the Japanese are running them. We have taken insolence to a much greater extent than anyone on the outside would take it. We have taken verbal abuse. Always we have backed up and given in, but we have gone as far back as we can go. We discussed this case in meeting this evening and I for one explained to the boss that we had to protect our man to the extent that he wouldn't be released. We had to make it clear that these people can not use abusive language of us and get away with it.

In other words I'm now fed up and I hope something happens tomorrow so we can finally put some teeth in our regulations and make them mean some thing. We need to employ about half as many people as we are now employing and make work something to be sought rather than for us to go out and beg and plead with them to work.

Jack Carberry of the Denver Post was just up here. He wrote a series of vicious articles about us. To some extent he was right. But largely he was wrong. I cannot go along with the Post in Jap baiting as Germany has Jew baited. But I certainly have concluded that it is time we put the breaks on. We'll see what happens.

5-7

Many things have happened that will probably change the policy and structure of the WRA. As I noted a few weeks ago, my own opinions of the evacuees have changed considerably. However, the night I made those notes I was pretty well disturbed.

In thinking about this thing I must review my thinking and some of the events from the start. I recall, without reading old notes, that when we were trying to get organized in Denver we (Kreizenbeck and I) were disturbed at the way things were going. We were definitely limited in our recruitment to just a few key positions. We had an opportunity to review the WRA budget and couldn't help but note the large and apparently useless organization designed for the Regional Offices. Fortunately Denver didn't get their organization completed before the Regional Offices were cut down. But the projects, where all the work has to be done, were told that we would have to utilize the services of the evacuees. We were told that there was no question about there being great number of skilled and willing workers among them. I call to mind one particular incident in our recruiting. Our chart called for a head storekeeper and a Property control officer. Joe Smart, the Regional Director, declined at first to let us fill both positions but finally agreed to it. It later developed that we should have had about three more men in the warehouses and a couple more on property. Now we are painfully paying for that lack of foresight.

Stenographers were restricted. We were permitted to put all appointed personnel on the switchboard. But we had to use evacuees for filing and for most stenographic positions. As a result there has been little go on out there that isn't or wasn't known to the evacuees promptly. We were given one man in charge of internal security and fire protection. He broke down. Later Washington agreed that one man couldn't do the job so we were told we could have two men on the fire protection organization and five or more for internal security. After it was really too late. The evacuees control completely the fire department now. The fire chief is afraid to

make a move.

We were told to put as many evacuees on the payroll as we could, even to the extent of making work for them. As a result there were more people than we could properly supervise with our few appointed personnel. So the result was a complete breaking down of work regulations. Timekeepers kept time for their people, not for us. The work crews went to work when they wanted to and quit when they wanted to. They were excused for any little cause, which resulted in paying some men three months wages for about ten days work during the winter. The coal crew worked a half day and got paid for a full day. The garbage haulers worked when they wanted to. Finally it got to the point that they had just about taken over the project. Man days on any building job were many times in excess of what any contractor could do the job for. The only crews that actually performed (to my observation) were the plumbing crew and the clerks in procurement and finance. A few of the office employees in other divisions where the supervision was close worked well, but on the outside where supervision was scarce the work went to hell.

So for the past several months it has been apparent that either we would have to take the bull by the horns and assert our authority or admit that we were taking orders from them. We have just had columns of unfavorable publicity in the papers. Principally because of excess food stocks we have built up. How we got so much food I don't know. I do know that there is more work to do in the operation of the mess halls and the ordering of food supplies and planning of meals than one or two men can do. We did get an assistant steward on the project (Earl Best) who immediately started sowing seeds of dissension among the appointed personnel. He didn't get along with the Steward—possibly there was some racial hatred there because the Steward is a German by birth and the assistant is a veteran of Dunkirk. We have been panned unmercifully as being incompetent, lazy, starry eyed Jap sympathizers. Our senator from Cody who never visited the camp has born down on us tooth and nail. He has made more false statement than the Denver Post. His only source of information is from his friends in Cody who themselves don't come out to the project to see what is going but form their conclusions from rumor. But the result is untold damage to the program and possibly to those of us who have years of efficient government service back of us (my efficiency rating has been excellent for years), and the breeding of the worst kind of racial hatred.

The Denver Post has carried articles about us for weeks now that contain the meanest race bating I have read anywhere. Frankly if the public were influenced greatly by the Post articles we would wind up treating the Japanese much as the Jews were treated in Germany. The Post has given the Axis the best sort of material for propaganda. The people of Cody and Powell have fallen for it. The two town councils have decreed that there shall be no more evacuees visit either of the towns for any purpose but to work. Wasn't long ago that they wanted their business so badly that they were willing to send busses out there for them.

According to the stories given the press by Senator Robertson and the Denver Post these people are being fed better than any of the American citizens outside the centers; they aren't being rationed, and they are wasting untold quantities of food. Robertson even went so far as to say many of them had cars and were given unlimited freedom to drive into town in their cars. Truth is that we are feeding them for 8 cents per meal less than our ration allowance of 15 cents per meal, they are on lower rations than the man on the outside, they aren't getting butter, we haven't bought a ham or any bacon for months, there are nearly four hundred babies eating the

baby food we have instead of just five as inferred by the Post. There has been only one evacuee car on the project since it started until just recently when one other boy got his car here from California. The first car hasn't been off the project, and the second car left the project only for the purpose of carrying the owner to work in Utah.

I can trace most of our difficulties to the early policies of the WRA laid down by the Regional Director and the Washington office in telling us what our attitudes to the evacuees should be, and especially in limiting us to the small overhead. It takes a lot of help to run a thing this size but no one will believe it. We can't place the responsibilities on the evacuees themselves. Yet the Bureau of the Budget, Congress, the Washington Office, and the Public would have us run the project with less help than we now have. It just can't be done and done right. I hope now when we sock our teeth into this and tell these people we're running the project the Washington office will support us.

Speaking of our limited organization here, the Washington Office has 1 man getting \$10,000, 6 getting \$8,000, 1 getting \$6750, 9 getting \$6500, 1 getting \$6000, 19 getting \$5600, and 22 getting \$4600. They have fifteen persons other than the director rated as high or higher than the project director. But they don't have the real responsibility that the project director has. They have six men getting the same salary as a bureau chief with not nearly the responsibility. But we on the projects are the ones that will get the hell.

Saturday 5-3

Have sort have had my faith in our Japanese Americans restored today by watching a show put on by the boy and girl scouts. Again I must ask how we can expect to sell democracy and the American system to these youngsters by holding them behind a barbed wire fence. The poor little devils.

Had the pleasure of a visit from Harold Harward today. He came in from Cheyenne, called me from Cody and came out to see the camp and us. I was much pleased to find that his attitude toward these people is not of prejudice but that of a real American. He feels bitter to know that Uncle Sam has seen fit to condemn a complete race, remove them from their homes, and put them back of barbed wire because the Japanese nation is at war with Uncle. One of his remarks "What in hell can those kids know about the reasons for their being here?" Harold is a rough cuss on the surface but underneath he has a heart big as a horse and good as gold. I know of no one who has put in more of his time for civic work than Harold unless it is good old Trace Turner. Took Harold over the Center and showed him our enormous supply of meat. Our dear senator Robertson is so disturbed because we received a shipment of 29,000 pounds of beef. Just imagine that much meat, divide it by ten thousand, then spread it over a period of approximately ten days to two weeks. John Q. Public gets more meat than that. So Harold understood.

Looks like Jerry Housel will be going into the army right away—or at least soon. So also will Harvey Chandler. I have taken my first physical—neither of them has so I may beat either or both of them. I have no regrets. I only hope now that WRA doesn't ask for deferment. Many people will misunderstand. I find John Citizen very gullible and ready to misunderstand anything.

Earl Best, former assistant steward, and Denver Post is back in town. Showed up at Powell last night, Cody this morning. Didn't come to the center. But he can be here for no good. I can't understand what is back of his desire to spread WRA all over the Posts yellow pages and why he wants to contribute to the Post's campaign of vicious race bating. After all he is supposed to have fought in this war which I understand is a war to maintain freedom for suppressed minorities.

Harold told me today about some of the towns in the Big Horn basin. The Mexican laborers are now coming in for farm work. Uncle Sam is importing hundreds of them. The farmers are delighted to get them—or at least the sugar companies are. Yet the business have signs in their windows reading "No Mexicans." Now that's democracy in action. Am afraid our dear people, especially the sugar companies would gladly make slaves of the Mexicans and the Japanese if given a free hand. Cody and Powell says "we don't want them in town (the Japanese) unless they are on seasonal work leave only." Again the only reason they are willing to let them leave the center is when it appears that they, the citizens of the towns, will profit by it. Looks to me that we Americans who (I shouldn't have said 'we' but 'the') are afraid to let them own land, or go into business, are hiding an inferiority complex behind race prejudice. They are admitting that the Japanese are better managers and a little smarter than they so they resort to law and if necessary force to prevent the Japanese American from even getting an even break.

I haven't changed my mind about the people in the Center. They are becoming insolent to the administration, they are becoming bitter toward the government, many of them are pro-Axis and it's high time we let it be known who is running the center. Nor have I changed my mind about their not taking advantage of every opportunity to "get the hell out of there if they are so loyal." But America isn't helping them by believing in the junk the Denver Post and our junior senator from Wyoming have been printing about them.

Friday 5-14

The week has been relatively quiet so far as could be observing on the surface but I feel that things are building up to another break soon. This man R.B. Pitts formerly of the CCC and now assigned to the Washington staff in transportation has undertaken to reorganize the transportation division here. I am in complete sympathy with him in many respects but can't go with him a hundred percent. But he has guts and energy and it takes those two to really get things done here. Finally we are getting some of the folks concerned about the abuse of the use of government cars for travel between the center and the two towns. I have written the boss two memos about it. Now it looks like we'll stop it to some extent. Sure suits me because I know that we are now doing some things with those cars that congress wouldn't condone. So while we don't agree entirely with Pitts there will be some good come out of it.

But I also think before the end of next week there will be a complete shut down of work because beginning tomorrow everyone on the center walks to and from work and everyone except the warehouse and motor pool crews walk to lunch. It means a blow up, but we've got to put the breaks soon or some one else will. I still feel sorry for these people but we are charged with the responsibility of running this project along economical and practical lines and within regulations, including ODT and OPA regulations and if that means another strike it had better come now while all in the mood.

I've got a funny feeling that something also is going to break about this damned project soon. It may be a senate or house investigation, a transfer of authority, a transfer of personnel, dismissal or something but I feel in my bones that something else is coming.

Wish I knew when I was going to be called into the army. I don't like the suspense. We have just lost two men thru the draft and one thru voluntary enlistment. One of them was in about the same status as I except I don't think his wife was working. I'm ready any day but I would like enough notice to give me a chance to go home for a day before I go. Also I would like to take a few days off with Viola. She certainly needs a break from the office. She hasn't had any leave since she started working for the army.

We have at last someone to take hold of internal security on the project. But after all that's been said about too much social welfare and coddling the Washington office decides we need a social science analyst. He's here now. What he'll do I don't know but I swear I think we need an agent cashier more.

Sunday 6-6

How time slips by. I keep thinking I'll do this every day but before I know it, day is gone and I'm putting it off another day so that it is probably about a month between notes.

I find myself torn by two forces. First is my own personal feelings towards the project, the Japanese, and WRA policy. I can't quite reconcile myself entirely to WRA policy. Seems that Washington is always so vague in its instructions and policy statements that we are left somewhat up in the air. Then too as a rule we don't usually have enough teeth in the instructions to really make them effective. Always we find ourselves forced to give and then give some more in order to get along. As a result work efficiency is always at a low ebb. I can't find myself in sympathy with the move instituted resulting in the appointed personnel going out at five o'clock in the morning to get the plowing, harrowing and other farm work done. In fact I found myself in such complete disagreement that I probably said too much about it. Second is the necessity for me to take WRA policy and instructions and make them work whether I'm in agreement with them or not. In other words, I work for WRA, so whether I like the policies or not as long as I'm working here I've got to make them work. So which of the two will win I'm not sure, but probably the latter.

Tried out for a Navy commission a couple of days ago along with a number of fellows from the project. It was amusing to see them turn us down. First because of eye sight, second insufficient education, and third experience in the wrong line. Out of five of us who went in Jerry Housel was the only one in whom they showed any interest. Found my eye sight without glasses was only 6/20. Should have been at least 12/20. I know I can do something about that, but I have been very neglectful. I have only a business college education, and they refuse to accept commensurate experience in lieu. So I'm out there. Can't quite make up my mind whether to try for the Army again or not. Probably will do no good since I am now in 1-A.

The boss just got back from Washington yesterday. Prior to his coming we received the new standard organization chart to which we must fit our organization by July 1. I couldn't do anything about it tho until Guy got back because after all he's the boss and he may have some ideas I don't know about, and he must approve all personnel changes. Anyway he got back

yesterday. Had a short gathering at one thirty and he gave a very good talk. Then he, Doug, Anderson, and I met to go over the chart. It sets up two new Assistant Project Director positions. I got the impression he was considering me for one, Andy for one, and Doug already holds that title. We had considerable discussion about how or whether we could make the organization fit the chart and if not what we should do about it. After the meeting the boss called me back and informed me that he felt I hadn't been cooperating with him. Liked to have bowled me over. I thot I had, but I found that on some occasions remarks I had made had either been misinterpreted or stretched because they had been carried to the boss in the light that I was against him. He said he wanted to put me in the Assistant position but he had to be assured of my cooperation. Of course I agreed, but believe me from now on John is going to be pretty careful what he says to whom, because even his best friends carry tales and are inclined to stretch them. I'm not fool enough to know that I can't oppose the project director and continue to work with him on the same project. Next he said if I took the job Rowalt would probably be able to have me deferred. I don't want to be deferred, but I would like to at least tackle the job until we get things going smoothly again. So I have agreed to take the job and to let them ask for deferment, but I hope by fall I'll be able to get a release if I want it then because I do want to get in and get some military experience.

The new chart does away with all secretarial (stenographic) positions so I've either got to find some other place for Viola or let her go. We don't need the money but I know she won't be happy being idle in the town of Powell so I'm going to try to find a place for her. It creates several new positions so that I can give Ryan and Larson both a boost, and possibly Grace if I'm convinced he can carry it. Am not too sure, but may decide to try it. I don't know what to do about Lane and Main tho. It sets up a new Supply section with a CAF-112 position at head. They are both in 11. Main can stay where he is without any trouble, but if I don't give the chief job to Lane he'll have to go to another. He has had no procurement experience and I'm not too sure he can take on another load. Main has had messing experience but little experience in the operation of motor service and maintenance. So I don't know what to do. Will have to decide by tomorrow morning tho.

The boss told the people that they were going to have to produce food on the farm or face possibilities of going hungry. He also told them there was going to be segregation. Both of which pleased me. I hope they had the desired effect. We must have segregation and we must produce on the farm or go hungry. The sooner they realize that the better off they are going to be.

Today was a grand day after several days of nasty cold weather, with some frost. The morning was cloudless so got up earlier than usual. Went to the garden and uncovered the tomatoes. Viola washed, I got breakfast and then read awhile and then I took a walk to the river, about four miles. A very pleasant hike. The fields were full of birds. I left my glass off all day, and they are still off and my eyes feel better than they have felt on Sunday for sometime, especially if I went outside of drove the car at all. I have some new vitamins and am going to drink beer from time to time and exercise my eyes and see if I can't do something about the 6/20.

Sunday 6-13

My day with baby. Will see if can think of anything to write about.

The day it was decided that the appointed personnel should volunteer to drive tractors in order to get the farm program going a few of us objected to the idea. After considerable discussion agreed with Todd to go along just to see if it would work. Yesterday the Director called Robertson and instructed that it be discontinued. So whether it was workable on not those of us who objected to the policy apparently were in agreement for once with the Washington office. But frankly believe it did do some good. It helped to get the program off dead center. Crops aren't all in yet. In fact planting has just begun, but it may not be too late. We have had two weeks of practically continuous rain.

Had a meeting with block chairmen, managers, food committee, mess hall managers and some of the staff yesterday to discuss the food problem. There is much concern in camp over the fact that WRA has saved nearly a hundred thousand dollars on the food bill at Heart Mountain by feeding below the allowable cost. In a way I don't blame them for being quite concerned. They haven't had too much as it is. They are getting 2# of meat per week now—which is all any of us get, but they are getting vegetables only four times a week. See no reason why they shouldn't have vegetables every day in the week. Appears that we could have furnished them and remained within the ration allowance. Looks like that will be a problem for me to straighten out in the reorganization. But we can't use the hundred thousand dollars we saved. It's too late in the year, and we couldn't step out now and gorge them. Public opinion wouldn't stand for that.

Find we have now lost nearly 10% of our hogs. Appears that the farm boys think that's what we should lose instead of being very concerned over that loss. Seems to me the proper attitude would be to hold the loss to 5% or less if possible. Having quite a time with pigs. The boys feeding them and handling them don't seem to think they are supposed to throw out the dead ones. A dead pig might be left in the pen for three or four days so far as they are concerned. It's someone else's job to throw them out. I'd throw the crew out and get a new one.

Have a couple boys here now making a property audit. Know we aren't going to come out with a clean sheet, but I don't like the attitude of the inspectors. It is the same as one finds usually in someone who has just been given the authority to audit or inspect someone else's records. They are filled with ego and are always of the opinion that they must tear the other fellow to pieces to prove they are doing their job. Must have a talk with them. They used a Govt. car yesterday to go to Cody in the afternoon—during working hours—to get their clothes so they could go to Billings for the week end. Think I can bluff them with that.

They now have instructions to go into our accounting records and report on the status of them. I know these boys aren't going to be satisfied with the fact that our cost accounting records aren't all operating altho the Washington Office gave us until July 1 to get them in shape.

Saturday 6-26

Tonight I'm packing for what may be the last move. Have finally received notice to report for induction on July 5. There will be no other time to pack. I can't seem to be able to drop things at the office for a day to do it so will get some done tonight.

My notice to report has been reported to the Washington Office. They wired a few days before I got the notice approving my promotion but saying they doubted they could get more

than a sixty day deferment. But from the speed with which we have been getting action from Washington on other cases I don't expect any action on this until about Christmas and of course it will be too late then. Frankly I don't mind going at all so far as WRA is concerned or so far as I am concerned personally but I do hate to leave Viola. I know she will miss me terribly. I don't like to leave the fellows in my division at the office until we are better organized but that can't be helped.

Now after a year (July 1) of WRA I can say it has been a year of experiences I had never expected to approach. There have been times when I thot I was a fool to give up my job with the Forest Service for this job. But then there have been times when I have figured it was really worth while. I have had an opportunity to observe a group of people under peculiar circumstances; to study the trends of thinking and actions; to see the effect on large groups of small rumors; to see how crowds react to exerted leadership of a small minority strong enough and with fortitude enough to express leadership. I am convinced that Uncle Sam will always—or at least for a full generation have Japanese wards on his hands. The older people who lost everything and who haven't the heart to start over again won't want to move. Many of the younger generation influenced by their parents won't move until they have to. Many of the younger people will finally realize that they must get out but many will have to be pushed out. They are fighting against great odds. Public Opinion is still against them. Sometimes my heart bleeds for them and yet I can't help but think that they could do more to help themselves than they are doing.

I shall always see in my mind eye the first night when we met the train at 2 AM. The looks of bewilderment, the tired expression, the feeble smiles, the wide eyed wonderment of the youngsters, the mothers with babes in arms, the old folk, the youth eager to see the sunrise so they could see what their new home was like, the eagerness of some to get a job in the office, the whipped expressions of some, the courtesy of the elderly group, the enthusiasm with which they tackled their new problem. I shall always be able to hear the laughter of the children playing in the center when they had so little with which to play; the day the M.P.'s picked a large group of kids because they were playing outside the fence will always be a memory. And I shall never forget the insolence of some of them. I'll always think K. Doi is a crook and Ill never be sure that Sammy Nagata wasn't a stool pigeon. Joe Koide is about the shrewdest of the bunch and a great actor. Pewee in the personnel office is the most efficient person I have ever seen.

Am planning to leave here Wednesday. I know there will be no "stay of execution" by then. If such a stay is received the boss will know where to reach me. At any rate I will probably get to take a few days off. We will go to St. Anthony, spend a day and go to Ogden. After induction I understand I am to get a few days off. I shall plan to visit mother for a day or two. And then Viola will come back to "Little Tokyo" and I'll take my first step toward Big Tokyo or Berlin. Or I may not pass the physical in which case I'll be right back here.

[Following entry does not have a date and does not appear to be a continuation of 6-26]

The Dies Committee investigating un-American activities is now in the process of breeding race hatred along with the Denver Post. They have been to a number of the centers and instead of passing on factual information to the Committee in Washington they are digging up rumors and accepting them as factual and are publishing thru the press their opinions based on such rumors.

Some from dissatisfied employees who have left WRA and some from just folks that have a grudge. Boy are we taking a beating? The Government has set up an agency to try to manage a problem in a democratic way and yet it permits other agencies of the government to deliberately tear down everything we are trying to do. The press won't accept factual information and give it any publicity because right now it isn't sensational and it appears that the press as usual is trying to print only that material that in war times is sensational and creates reader interest.

My induction is due shortly after July 4 unless I am deferred. At times I would rather go into the army than stay here another day. Other times I feel content to stay and continue to try to whip the thing. Right now I feel just about whipped. We are catching hell for being behind with some of our records or work, and yet the Washington is slower in giving project service than I have experienced from a Washington office. But the king can do no wrong.

Believe I heard a mocking bird yesterday and this morning out here. Didn't get to see it, but whatever it was it had a beautiful song.

Tried to get Del Scherer as Procurement Clerk, but got another turn down. Called John Kinney about getting Del. Kinney said they were going to have to make a job for him and that they could let him go, but got a note from Montcrief saying that they finally concluded they couldn't let him go so there I am again. A big job to do and can get no help. Washington says you've got authority to hire the help why don't you get them. But they aren't available.

So come on army I'm about fed up.

Had a flash storm today that put the center under water. After it was over drove down to the warehouse area and found water about two or three inches deep in warehouse sixteen. Fortunately the food in the building was on duck boards so it didn't get wet.