

appearance. The unkempt grounds were covered with paper, stones, and other trash, not to mention underbrush and weeds.

Upon arrival at the camp all possessions were examined. Then I was shown to my living quarters, a room on the second floor which had been the library. It was amazing to find that the trunks and beds for us, me and the fourteen roommates, had been set down on the floor which was covered a foot deep in wet plaster, broken glass, dirty rags, wood shavings, and bits of concrete, to say nothing of the dust and cobwebs on the walls. It had not been cleaned since the Japanese soldiers had used it for barracks in 1937. *loose however*

In the midst of all that filth, beds were set up and made, along with what cleaning could be done under such handicaps. It was a very frustrating task. The British lady whose bed was near mine said in desperation, "If I had known it was going to be like this, I wouldn't have come." We all roared, which released tension and we finally got most of the rubbish out.

The packing trunk at the foot of the bed served as a table where the alcohol stove and other kitchenette equipment was kept. Under the bed were a steamer trunk and hand luggage. at the head of the bed was shelf space and hooks for hanging clothes. There was a narrow aisle between each bed on either side.

As it was still cold weather we had the use of a pot-bellied stove which helped psychologically. Whether it was lighted or not it made very little difference on the temperature of the room because there were big cracks around the windows and the cement floor did not make the room any warmer.