

September 1, 1943

NOTICE!!!!!!!!!!!!

If any member of the family ever reads the following junk I have set down, please do not take it personally. It only represents personal views and thoughts and there is no meaning of belittling anyone. Perhaps Mariko should not read any of this as she may misunderstand. I know that Emiko and Bette can take it easier. Remember, please, that these items were jotted down at the moment and every person has his daily moods.

Natchery, the little hero of all this is one, ck, your loving brother, and some accounts may be subjective and not true to the situation as existed that day.

ck.

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Family members in good standing.

Pop --In Tanforan waiting to join us.

Mom "

Mariko ---In Chicago--voluntary evacuee.

Charlie ---In Gila now

Jack ---In Tanforan, may go out to college

Alice ---In Tanforan, may go out to get married.

Emiko ---In Gila waiting for rest of family.

Bette --- ditto

Tom (formerly known as Takeshi) ---ditto

Miyako ---In Tanforan, waiting will join us soon.

Charles Kikuchi  
Evacuation and Resettlement Study  
July 1945

Dorothy:

The following is a rough first draft of my life story between the summer of 1940 and the evacuation. I did not have enough time to work it up because of so many other things to do before I am inducted. There are still some gaps left in the section, but perhaps it can be completed later.

I had originally planned to revise and work it over, but I let it go too long so I had to rush through the section hurriedly. I did not make any attempt to "analyze"; I just related the highlights of my experiences during this period.

In the meantime I was trying to get into some sort of civil service position but I never received any calls for placement even though I had placed fairly highly in a number of tests. The tension between Japan and America was already getting strong so I thought of working in the shipyards. The Navy lieutenant who interviewed me informed me that it would not be possible for me to take such a position because of the dangers of sabotage in the event of war. I tried to explain to him that I was an American just like he was, but it just didn't seem to penetrate. Finally I accepted a paint-contract job to redecorate an auto camp which was being converted into defense workers' housing. I received \$4 a day for this service and after 2 weeks I completed the job and returned to San Francisco.

I didn't know what I was going to do next but I was getting extremely restless. Jumping from one job to another just for the sake of existence was not giving me much satisfaction. I knew that something was drastically wrong, but I could see that it was not entirely my own fault. I felt that I would have to get settled into something definite soon because I was never contented to go haywire and drift along in a rut. One day the doctor who had performed my appendectomy asked me if I would be willing to be his chauffeur for a vacation trip up through the Pacific northwest and Canada. I jumped at this chance because it gave me an opportunity to travel around. During this trip I was very carefree and I did not give any serious thought to what I would do upon my return. The drive up through the Pacific northwest and Canada really opened my eyes to the vastness of this country and I determined to work my way to New York eventually. I felt that there might be more economic opportunity in the east. (Attached excerpts of letters written during this trip to Canada.)

MY TRIP TO THE NORTHWEST AND CANADA--JUNE 1941

1st day--May 31: We left San Francisco about eight this morning enroute to places. There was a lot of Memorial Day traffic. North of Sacramento on 99, I had my first view of unfamiliar country. Just above Red Bluff on the Pitt River, I saw the very high bridge which they are building for the new highway. We entered mountainous roads after Dunsmuir and to make it worse it started to hail and rain terrifically. I was looking at the snow on Mt. Shasta when I hit a soft shoulder; the car swerved clear across the road and I was very scared. Nothing was said. It was grand to cross into Oregon for the first time. After 440 miles, we arrived in Grant's Pass where we stayed in Currier's motel. I had a stiff drink and is my face red! Anyway, it got rid of my stiff neck. I had Roast beef for dinner and ate part of Mrs. J's also.

2nd day--May 31: We got away to an early start today and crossed Grant's Pass without difficulty. We went thru Medford, Ashland, Roseburg, Eugene, Corvallis, Salem and Portland before stopping for lunch. I saw my first Oregon roses which grow wild in the forests. The Willamette Valley is very large and there are many prosperous looking farms on it. After lunch, we crossed the Mighty Columbia to Vancouver, Washington. It was quite exciting. We pushed on thru Olympia, Tacoma, Centralia, Kelso and a number of other cities and managed to get into Seattle at dusk--a distance of about 900 miles from S.F. That night I slept on the Yacht.

3rd day--June 1: Rudely awakened by Bill at 8:30. Ate strawberries and four eggs at the Graves home. Masako showed me around Seattle. Doctor loaned me the car so we drove around Lake Washington,

the Pontoon Bridge, Mercer Island, etc. Drove all over town and got lost, but what fun!

In the afternoon we went on the Cruiser up Lake Washington, which is about 25 miles long. It is connected with Puget Sound by the new Washington Canal locks. The University of Washington campus is right on the Lake edge in a very beautiful setting. I saw the Crew practicing for Poughkeepsie. We went past the new Sand Point Naval Station before turning back. Tonight I slept in the "Y" and before retiring I wandered through the downtown area and the "skidrow" district on Jackston St. which is also Japanese Town. It's rather big and the principal business of the Japanese here is hotels and produce markets. There are a considerable number of P.I. and Chinese around. The famous produce markets are below First St. in a cooperative public market. Stalls are rented for ten cents per day and everyone shops down here. I talked to several of the Nisei girls and they seemed friendly enough. Near these markets there is a huge Eskimo Totem Pole. By that time I was tired as I had just previously gone through Bill's father's creamery and sampled too much ice cream and cheese.

4th day--June 2: This morning Dr. and I drove through the University of Washington campus. The buildings are built in Tudor style amidst a setting of green trees and lawns. The campus covers many acres and is located on the edge of the Lake. They have about 11,000 students here and most of them looked worried on account of finals. I went through several buildings and in the library, I found the Japs as usual occupying one corner and diligently studying. There are about 350 of them here and it seems that most wear glasses. In the afternoon I drove to Tacoma and saw the Narrows where the bridge fell down. I bought a shirt while waiting for Dr. Had wild duck for

dinner. On the way back we visited Boeing Field, Fort Lawton, Montlake Bridge, the Arboretum and Stadium and the Civic Center. Stayed in Fairmount.

5th day--June 3: Nice and warm today. Dr. and I had a time getting around downtown getting fishing duds. We loaded the yacht and at noon we cast off for a two day fishing trip up Puget Sound. I piloted the boat. We were lowered 15 feet into the Sound in the Government Locks. A funny thing in the canal is that they have stop and go signs for the boats. On the way we passed under many bridges; and in the Sound we passed many lumber mills for which the Northwest is noted for. Fresh green trees and forests line the edge of the Sound and the only sign of life we saw was passing several of the old S.F. ferryboats on the way to Bremerton. After 18 miles we came to Possession Point near Whitby Island. This land is 60 miles in length and supposedly the second longest in the world. Residential homes are being built upon it. We lost the rowboat on the way so that we had to troll in the cruiser. We fished for salmon all afternoon, but no luck. We crossed over near Everett, Washington and anchored out in the Sound. I was so tired that as soon as the bunks were made I flopped in and fell asleep without taking off my clothes. I was slightly seasick.

6th day--June 4: Woke up at 4:30 this morning and had breakfast. We pulled anchor and after picking up two more men, we continued up the sound to a salmon fish hole which was around 80 feet deep. The men could not make up their minds and I got pooped pulling up the anchor. Hurrash! I caught 8 fish. Believe it or not, but I caught two on one line. We fished until 5:00 and then had fish, of course,

for dinner. It was delicious. I certainly am enjoying the food. By the time the water was getting choppy so when we started home I had fun steering the boat in the rough water. It was more exciting after it got dark as I had to pilot my course by distant lights. The water was real rough and I think one of the men was seasick. We stopped for gas and imagine our surprise when Mr. Graves came rowing back with the lost rowboat. So the day ended pretty good. Once in the Canal Locks and in the Lake, the water calmed down and the lights on the bridges made steering easy, altho a log was bumped. Retired at 1:00 and veddy tired.

7th day--June 5: Rested up today and slept until rather late in the morning. In the afternoon we visited various points of interest in Seattle and vicinity. I went to the Museum and saw the Jade collection and other works of art. Visited a lumber mill by myself as I had the car. It was quite interesting to see how lumber is made. Everything is controlled by machinery. Even the sawdust is used for presto logs. Went to show at night.

8th day--June 6: Today Mrs. J, Mrs. G. and myself left Seattle for Canada. Dr. went on a fishing trip in the Cascades. I drove ~~xxxxxxxaxxxdcdmktxxxsjxlpxxosxxamxxpfxxtjexsojtsy/xxPhax~~ slowly as I didn't wish to miss any of the sights. The highways are nice and broad with green lawns on the sides right up to the edge of the forests. I almost got a tag in Everett for speeding up to pass up a while truck at 65 per--it was a State Patrol Car. At Bellingham we stopped for lunch where a very cute brunette waitress waited on us. What eyes! Soon afterwards we neared the border. What a thrill to actually enter Canada! It seemed so dramatic. At the

border there is a huge arch dedicated to the friendship between the two countries. We had to stop at the immigration office and register. I produced my birth certificate and Mrs. J. said I was a member of her family for five years so we were allowed to proceed without difficulty. Entering New Westminster we passed over a 25 cent toll bridge over the Fraser River. Proceeding on to Vancouver, which seemed to be a very Americanized city, we stopped for lunch at the New Vancouver Hotel. Later I wandered around downtown. Before leaving the city we toured the points of interest such as the Lion's Head Bridge, the Hudson Bay Company and a run through the Oriental section which is across the tracks. At 6:30 we took the Steamer Princess Elaine to Nanaimo, Vancouver Island. We registered at the Hotel Malaspina. This is a historic town and I went down to see the old Hudson Bay Company building built in 1858 which is now a museum. They have many relics of the famous fur trappers, etc. there. The city is full of Canadian soldiers. Some of them are the famous Highlanders and they wear kilts. They are known as the Ladies from Hell and I talked to one who was from England. He seemed surprised that I talked English and laughed at my American accent. He has been sent over to train as a pilot. That is the only Lady I picked up on the trip. The dollar is worth 1.10 here, but prices are correspondingly higher--gas 30 a gal for instance. However, English goods may be purchased cheaply as there is no duty on them. The Island is about 300 miles long and about 60 miles wide. We only went to a few of the places for tourists near Nanaimo. There is a Chinese store here with two girls working in them and I stopped and talked to them for a while. They are 100% Canadians.

9th day--June 7: We left the Malaspino Hotel in Nanaimo about 6:00 this morning and drove straight through to Victoria a distance of 77 miles. After breakfast I looked around the town. They have about 65,000 population here and a very fine harbor. The Empress Hotel and the Parliament and Governor's mansion are very impressive and very English in atmosphere. Behind the hotel is the famous Crystal Baths. One of the most attractive sights is the Thunderbird Park which is full of native carved Totem poles. After lunch I drove around the Marine View Road on the edge of the city. The water was so blue ~~on~~ today because of the reflection from the sky. We thought we would miss the boat back to Seattle on account of the Victory Loan Parade. About 10,000 soldiers marched. There were a number of kilted bagpipes units. We stood right behind the Governor-General of the Province who reviewed the parade in front of the Empress Hotel. The streets were jammed with people all filled with the war spirit. Even kids of ten or so were marching and I would not have been surprised to have seen pregnant mothers bringing up the rear. There was one Negro in the parade, but I did not see any Oriental soldiers. At 4:30 we got aboard the Princess Margueritta which will take us across the San Juan de Fuca Straits and down Puget Sound to Seattle. We landed at 9:00 and after getting through the customs office and taking the ladies home, I went to the Mikados of Swing dance. I just walked in without paying and had a good time dancing. In Seattle Nisei girls are fair looking. It seems that after every piece that is played the person cutting in should take the girl back to their partner. This is a good custom as one ~~is~~ don't get stuck too long. At the last dance, went up to a girl who was waiting for her partner and told her that he was out for a smoke and that he wanted me to take his place. I told some of the girls that I was an Eskimo

attending the University of Washington and that I had two children called Tepee and Totem Pole. After the dance I had a few beers by the bottle in licensed state stores.

10th day--June 8: Visited James Sakamoto and had a talk. He is the blind editor of the Courier and quite advanced for a Nisei. He talks over the radio every week and attempts to bring all the racial groups closer to America. I think he is doing a good job and he is very sincere in his work and not out for the personal glory which seems to be the case with most of the so-called Nisei leaders. He invited me to a picnic but I couldn't attend as we were going on a ride up through the Cascades ranges. There are many good fishing streams here and Bill knows all the spots. After he finished his year, he wants me to go on a fishing trip with him in Canada. The principal industry aside from lumbering is dairying and farming. These strawberries are immense and we saw the Indians out in the fields picking them. The farmers leave their milk cans along the road in little stands and Bill and I went up to Whitby Island to pick up some for his dairy.

11th day--June 9: We had fresh trout for breakfast with eggs, strawberries, coffee and bacon. The rest of the morning was spent in packing up.

Left Seattle at 1:30 and headed for Yakima, Washington where the famous apples are grown. The route took us through Rainier National Park which was full of tall fir trees. We hit the foothills of the Cascades and started climbing. At 6000 feet, we hit the summit and had a most impressive view of the massive Mt. Rainier. We passed within 30 miles of it and the sides of the road was covered with snow. There is a snow covered lake at the summit. In the distance

we also saw Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams. After Rainier National Park we entered Yakima Valley and had dinner there. I enjoyed my prime rib roast and Mrs. Jarvis' also. Then we started for Goldendale, Washington and the 50-mile drive over the ~~Ra~~ Plateau was through a very bleak and desolate country. Only desert sage brush could be seen for miles and miles and we went 40 miles before we hit any green trees or farm houses. Dr. sprung the door when he opened it while I was going about 70 miles per hour. I drove the 50 miles in less than one hour and we registered for the night at Hotel Hall, Goldendale. I am going to sleep with Dr., and Mrs. J and her sister will have the other room.

These towns are certainly frontier. There are a number of fruit farms near the Yakima River.

12th day--June 10: What a day! came about 500 miles from Goldendale today. It was very hot. However the roads were smooth and not much traffic so that I came between 65-70 all the way. On one spot, I hit 87 m.p.h.

We crossed the Columbia River at Mary hill. This burg has a stonehenge and a museum of fine arts. The barge charges one dollar. Ham and egg for breakfast in The Dalles. This small community is a salmon cannery center. We came down the Columbia River Highway for quite a stretch. The Indian shacks along the banks are worse than any Jap town. From Dalles we headed for Bend, Oregon, which is a famous resort town. One the way we came over the high plateau of eastern Oregon. On one place on the crooked river there was a marvelous gorge of over 2000 feet deep with a bridge crossing over it. We had lunch in the Pine Tavern in Bend and had a little repair work on the car done. Bend is the gateway to the Oregon Cascades and

Klamath Lake. We passed through a great lava bed area and also had clear glimpses of Mt. St. Helen, Mt. Hood, Mt. Adams and the three sisters. Crater Lake was blocked with snow so we did not go to the top. We passed through the Klamath Indian Reservation. The Deschutes National Forest is immense and quite scenic. There are many lakes and rivers in this particular region. We saw some of the old Indian forts near Klamath Lake. The lake is really a beautiful sight. The water was so blue that the mountains and the white clouds were clearly reflected. The Falls~~s~~ were even better. We had fresh salmon dinner in Weed and then decided to go to Dunsmuir for the evening. It was 7:00 and I had to hurry to make the 95 miles. It soon got dark and we had a most magnificent view of Mt. Shasta which was snow clad. We went almost completely around it. About 9:00 we decided to stay in Mt. Shasta City as the curves were quite sharp and the downgrade steep. At the California border we had to stop for a bug inspection.

13th day--June 13: Today was the hottest day of the trip. We started from Mt. Shasta on our last stretch of 300 miles. We made very good time all the way and our only stop were for gas or "cokes". The Sacramento Valley at this time of the year is getting into the full swing of the summer heat and coming from the cooler northwest, it was uncomfortable. As we approached San Francisco the air suddenly cooled and a refreshing breeze made us quickly forget the sweltering heat. It felt good to come into the fog of San Francisco--so fresh and invigorating. As it was 5:00 there was a great deal of traffic. After getting unloaded, I took a cool bath in Alice's room. Dr. made me a drink and it almost knocked me for a loop. Finished off the day with a chicken dinner. It was a swell trip and a grand and exciting experience. Now to look for a job!!

When I returned to San Francisco in mid-June, my brother and I decided to be migratory workers in the agricultural field for the summer. It was still a little too early for the harvest so that we decided to drive to Reno. We only had \$13 between us but this was sufficient for this trip because we worked at odd jobs on the way in order to get enough money for gas. After we got to Reno, we lost the rest of our money in the gambling concession so that we had to take a job on the railroad. Some Mexican fellow took an interest in us and he broke us in to the work. It was hard work because we had to lay the railroad ties under the blazing desert sun. Each worker took along his own grubstake and we did not know exactly what to take so that we ran short. For a few days we had to exist on the pepper-hot Mexican food which the other workers gave to us out of the kindness of their heart. After 2 weeks of this work we decided that we had seen enough of eastern Nevada so we returned to Reno and started back for California. We went all around Lake Tahoe and then we drove down to the Yosemite National Park.

By this time our money was again exhausted so that we decided to ~~go~~ return to work immediately. On the way from Auburn to Sacramento we were robbed of our last dollar by a Porto Rican man, but we were able to get our funds back after having a brawl with him. We drove up to Marysville and got a job in the pear fields. It was a Japanese labor gang and we soon discovered that the wage rate was much lower than for the Caucasian workers so that a general strike was held. The Japanese gang did not participate in it, but again they got the benefit of the pay raise. From this work, we went on to the peach fields for about 6 weeks. We had decided by this time that we were going to take a trip to New York if we could save up \$75 each. However our friend who was supposed to go with us was suddenly drafted so that we had to cancel our plans.

Charlie Kikuchi Diary

May 3, 1942 Sunday

The whole family pitched in to build our new home at Tanforan. We raided the Clubhouse and tore off the linoleum from the bar table and put it on our floor so that it now looks rather homelike. Takeshi works pretty hard for a little guy and makes himself useful, but the gals are not so usefull. They'd rather wander around looking for the boys. However, they pitched in and helped clean up the new messhall so that we could have our meals there instead of walking all the way over to the clubhouse. It's about 11:00 now and everyone has gone to bed. You can hear the voices all the way down the barracks-- everything sounds so clear. Tom just stepped out to water his "victory garden". The community spirit is picking up rapidly and everyone seems willing to pitch in. They had a meeting ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> write to get volunteers for cooks and waiters at the new messhall and this was done without any difficulty. Rules were also made for each barracks such as radio off at 10:00 and not too many lights so that the fuse would not get overloaded.

Making a home

Comm. org

We have only been here three days, but it already seems like weeks. Everyone here has fallen into the regular routine, without any difficult adjustments except "Pop" who has a problem child this morning. He got mad because he was not getting the proper food so he went off by himself and got lost.

Intergrating family

There are still many problems to be solved such as heating, cleaner dishes, more variety of foods, recreational, and other social problems but they will most likely be settled in time.

I saw a soldier in a tall guardhouse near the barbed wire fence and did not like it because it reminds me of a concentration camp. I am just wondering what the effects will be on the Japanese so cut off from the world like this. Within the confines of Tanforan our radios and papers are the only touch with reality. I hardly know how the war is going now, and it is so significant that the Allied forces win even though that will not mean that democracy will by any means perfect or even justified. The whole post war period is going to be something terrific. Sometimes I feel like a foreigner in this camp hearing so much Japanese altho our family uses English almost exclusively.

C's attitudes

Taro lives up in the Mens dormitory, the majority of whom are Issei and he has a big American flag over his head for identification. I wonder what the Issei think of this. I haven't heard any talk about a "Japanese victory" altho it must go on. You just can't (sic) change a group overnight, especially in the face of the fact that the Japanese have been so discriminated against in this state--witness the long history of anti-orientalism.

A vs. J.

We are planning to get the paper underway as soon as possible. It is needed now as a "morale raiser" and also for the information service that it could render. With 4,000 more people coming in next week, the confusion may grow greater.

Comm. org

From an individual standpoint our family has not lost anything. We have been drawn close together as a group and everyone seems cheerful enough. Jack is straining a bit because of Dolores, I suppose, but he doesn't say too much. I tried to get him interested in the Med. Dept. here, but he was not too enthusiastic. He did show an interest in the library tho. Tom and Mijoko are having a grand vacation. I hope they do not delay in setting up an efficient school system--education is so imp't for the future.

family

May 4, 1942 Monday

Today was washday and the gals were supposed to do the washing; but they let mom do all the heavy stuff. Let (sic) for the Employment office so did not see the family all day. Jack and Alice came in for an application and Jack has worked out some sort of deal to be a Barracks Head Librarian. Alice is signed up for a Receptionist and Camp Guide. We were quite rushed today as everyone seems to want to work, including the little kids. The recreational program is not too well developed so that there isn't very much to do for some of the kids. ~~The recreational program~~

One girl came in today and asked for a job as a Dietician and as I was asking her the routine questions, I said: "How much do you weigh?" I never saw a girl get so mad before! "How dare you ask such a personal question!" She was a little thing at that. Finally she broke down and said stated that she weighed 140 lbs, "so there!" I told her she looked like she only weighed about 120 and that she would make a good dietician so she was calmed down.

There are such varied reactions to the whole thing; some are content and thankful; others gush "sank you" but are full of complaints within their own circles. Still others are bolder and come right out with it. We thought that we would not have any dinner tonight because the cooks went on a strike. They really are overworked (sic) -- preparing 3,000 meals. Then there has been considerable "personality difficulties". The battle for prestige here is terrific---everyone wants to be a somebody it seems---any kind of work will do as long as they get the official badge that distinguish them. The waiters also joined the strike because they only have 1,000 dishes to feed 3,000 people and they really have to get them out in a rush. I saw one Issei dishwasher slap a Nisei girl because she complained that the cups were so dirty. Their nerves are on edge in the cooking division because they are the target for many complaints when it real is not their fault. They are going to open up the new messhalls for sure tomorrow so a great deal of the overload rush will be cut down. The electricians are also griped because they have to replace so many fuses. The wiring system in the stables is very poor and with all the extra lights needed, the system has broken down. Because of the cold, many of the people use cooking heaters to keep warm with. They brought in 50 kerosene heaters today for the aged, ill and the babies, but this is by no means sufficient.

Oh, I sure could go for a hamburger now; the big juicy kind. I've eaten so much canned food the past week that it becomes tasteless. Many of the boys are worried about being fed salt peter because they think it will ruin their manhood.

A contrasting reaction is the number of victory gardens that are being planted; these industrious Japanese! They just don't seem to know how to take it easy--they've worked so hard all of their lives that they just can't stand idleness---or waste. They are so concerned that water is not left running or that electricity is not being wasted. Today many of the smaller family units were asked to move to make room for the new evacuees and they certainly did squawk. Here they have their places all fixed up nice and cozy and then they have to start all over again. But they will take it without too much fuss. I wonder if it is because they feel thankful for any treatment that they get regardless of what it is or whether they still are full of unnecessary fears about how the gov't is going to treat them. Sometimes I get tired of hearing all these "sank yous" which certainly is not the real feeling in so many cases.

May 4, 1942

I ran across an interesting restroom today. Down by the stables there is an old restroom which says "Gents" on one side and "Colored Gents" on the other! I suppose it was for the use of the stable-boys. To think such a thing is possible in California is surprising. I guess class lines and the eternal striving for status and prestige exists wherever you go, and we are still in need of a great deal of enlightenment. (sic)

About 20 of us met tonight to really get the Camp paper going because we really do need some source of information. Most of the group were represented and they are all behind the movement. Taro Katayama was elected Temporary Editor so that the policy setting will at least be liberal and outspoken. We plan to distribute the papers thru the mail service. All the Nisei lads want to be postmen, because they feel that it will be a good opportunity to get to know the girls. The postoffice, next to the Emp't Dept., is the most rushed place in camp right now. The Clerk there said he sold over 1500 one cent cards today and you should have seen the stack of mail that already has been received by the postoffice.

Some of the UC boys have a "U.C. extension" sign posted up, but they don't seem to be doing much studying. They sit around and gab and listen to the records. One can't blame them for not studying at a time like this.

The canteen profits are all going to be used for recreational equipment and there will be no private enterprises in here because it may cause discontent. Some of the Nisei wish to open up beauty parlors and cleaners, which are necessary.

May 5, 1942 Tuesday

Joack, Miyako, and Mom stayed in bed today because they did not feel so good after the typhoid injection. Tom was up and around and practically feeds the family by his talent at swiping food. Angelo sent some food down to Alice so that pop at last has some fresh vegetables. The cook was bribed to bring in some butter and chops and other supplies for pop so that he is contented now for a while.

The house is looking very well with all the new fixtures and linoleum. It looks like we have more junk now than we ever had in Vall. The moth problem is bad and something will have to be done if we expect to have any clothes left.

We got the approval to go ahead with the paper and the boys are working hard in order to get the first issue out by Saturday; I'm supposed to write up the section on the employment situation in camp. The whole setup needs centralizing. There are too many conflicting orders about who is supposed to do the hiring, etc. A number of the Nisei are complaining that the S. F. gang is taking all the choice jobs and just working their friends in--a large part of which is true. It should be on the basis of merit because much of the skills and abilities is not being fully utilized. If they had a central system much of the inefficiency would be eliminated. Mr. Green, the chief man under Lawson, does not seem to be a dynamic administrator and does not appear to me to be too good a person for such a responsible position. It may be that he is tied down by the Army "higher ups" because he is apparently interested in seeing that the best possible adjustments are made. The job is too big for one man to administer and he should delegate the power a bit more so that his attention will not be concerned with routine problems. The Soc. Wel. division has not been set up altho Mr. Green stated that a director would be coming soon. It seems to me that this department is the most necessary. Following

as at

Totalizer  
Communications

Canteen  
Private enterprises

messing on  
bunks

Totalizer

Employment  
S. F. gang  
Favoritism

May 5, 1942

4

*Initial  
with  
complaints*

are the complaints I received today in the office: Too much canned food and starch, not good for health; house too cold; electricity system bad; bedding distribution inefficient and they don't like straw mattresses; occupation survey badly needed as all skills are not being utilized; more definite information should be forthcoming about the camp policies; lack of recreational activities; kitchen crew should be experienced in dealing with large number of people; lack of hot water; not enough Dr. in camp---only 3 for 3300 people; problems should be handled on an individual basis---need for social workers; there should be a definted statement regarding wages since many volunteers are doing the same work, which is not fair; should have a light system on the streets; public phones should be installed; employment system should be standardized; health needs are not being fully met.

*Admission  
policy*

In regards to phones, the policy is apparently to cut us off from outside contacts by this means, altho mail is not censored. Packages however, are opened and examined under an army order. One of the girls had a brother dying and before the red tape could be broken thru he passed away. She tried to phone relatives but they would only let her write the message and a Caucasian person sent it out. I don't know what the reason for this is, but it burns me up. After all, we are not prisoners. I think it's about time the Nisei put up some protests; if they really felt like Americans they would.

*Pro-Jap  
always*

Today I ran across the first Japan nationalist who reacted violent. He said that Japan "requested" that we be put into a concentration camp so that we have to do it for the sake of Japan. The man seemed pleasant and harmless enough at first, but when he started to talk on this subject, I was amazed to see the bitter look of hatred in his eyes and face. He asked us pointblank whether we were for Japan or America and we said "America" on the basis of our beliefs and education. He got extremely angry and pounded on the table while shouting that we Nisei were fools and that we had better stick by Japan because we could never be Americans; only "Ketos" could be Americans. Since we had Japanese faces we should be for Japan because she would always protect us and not treat us like dogs, etc. We argued for a while but apparently it is no use trying to reason with a person of this type who thinks emotionally. I get fearful of this attitude sometimes because it has been this very thing that makes Americanization so difficult, especially if there is a general tendency to get it from both sides. And I still am not convinced that it is impossible to educate the Issei, although the argument that we are in camp just like them and therefore not Americans is beginning to influence many Nisei. It's a good thing perhaps that I don't understand Japanese because I am not exposed so much to this sort of talk. It makes me feel so uneasy and mad. It gripes me no end to think of being confined in the same place with these Japanists. If they could only realize that in spite of all their past mistreatments, they have not done so bad in America because of the democratic traditions--with its faults. It may be a sense of personal frustration which is projected to a hatred of all "keto" and deep resentment towards America. I hope we are able to counteract this sort of thing among the young kids. Prof. Obata was in today and he was worried by this same thing---he is a Issei so there are many of them that live by the American way. He wants to direct a camp art class in order to raise the morale---this point needs to be stressed over and over.

*Ed. J*

Lectured to some 15 yr. old girls today about the value of college education. Told them that they would be sad cases if they limited themselves to the J W. instead of expanding out. I sometimes wonder

(?)

May 5, 1942

whether college does any good for some of these Nisei girls; they go without a purpose and come out the same way, with a flat personality in addition. Perhaps it would be better if they entered more vocational fields. This striving for position and prestige makes them so inhuman and it is so petty (Maybe due to inferiority complex).

The most joyful news in camp tonight is that they are going to give us fresh meat and vegetables tomorrow! That should bring the morale way up to here, I bet. Some fellows raided the ice-box last night so they are putting special police on. Warren and Taro have to be on the night shift. The most popular jobs in camp are postman, Recreational Director, house manager, truckdriver, and timekeeper for men, and cashier, nurses aid, sect'y, and Librarian, receptionist among the girls. The Issei are also applying for the "prestige" jobs. Those that stay home are building flower boxes, gardens, and planting trees! A few have posted names such as Bellaire Arms, Suite 9, Nut House, etc. outside of their doors. One Japanese has even gone as far as to plant a lawn! I guess they are expecting to remain here for the duration. This is an assembly point and after next week they will be over 8,000 people here. I think they will start the resettlement into the interior in a month or so, but it may be slowed up. I sure hope they don't bungle the thing---what a mess that would be.

The War goes on; men are killed, but this camp is not much aware of that. The Germans have not started the spring offensive altho they are challenging the British fleet in the North Seas. Japan is still making gains and is about to cut the China lifeline in Burma, but the Allies are rapidly gaining power. I hope it is not too late. The Condors have swept over the continent with a steady bombardment for the past week. Little news of activity in Australia and Africa, but a crisis is developing.

May 6, 1942 Weds.

Windy as hell today. The dust blows up the track and you have to squint your eyes while walking. A number of greyhound buses came in today with the San Mateo and Oakland Japanese. Some wore nice clothes while others had outlandish cowboy clothes. For a metropolitan group they certainly had a rural look about them. I felt sort of sorry for some of those mothers carrying their babies down to those cold, wind stables.

The Army is rushing the evacuation, and this camp is nowhere near enough completed. Tonight everyone had to pitch in and fill the straw mattresses so that these new arrivals would have a place to sleep in. The housing problem is terrible. They are making some of the larger families who occupy two stables move to the new barracks where they can occupy one big room. All the moans and complaints. We had to spend most of the day soothing them down since the Housing Committee was busy with the new arrivals. They have no provisions for handling individual cases. One girl came in and said that her husband had "German measles" and her mother has been bedridden for the past 6 months yet they give them a one night notice and expect them to clear out by morning to the new quarters. I took a number of these cases down and presented them to Mr. Green, but he still insists that there is no need for social workers: "I can handle all these problems by myself." Either he is extremely shortsighted, or a man who got his position thru politics (W.P.A.). Still don't think he is the type of a man to inspire leadership (yet).

A Committee of 4 Nisei has been selected to temporarily present the community problems. Later on the plans to select the Council by a democratic method.

*Everyone  
Postage  
Jobs  
Activities  
unemployed  
Issei*

*New arrivals*

*Physical  
problems*

*1942  
girl*

May 6, 1942

6

Jock and I were talking about the War. Some times, I wonder whether he really believes what he says or whether he is merely trying to get a rise out of me. He says a Japanese victory is the only solution to the Asiatic problem since the "Keto" will continue to exploit these people regardless of what we may claim about democracy. Could be, However I said that under a democratic tradition there was more hope for the majority than under a militant nationalistic policy. And I wonder if he ever "kow tow" to one of those officious "Japs" who has obtained a little power. Then a little later, he turns right around and condemns <sup>(acc)</sup> the lack of community spirit among the Japanese and that he would not be able to adjust himself permanently to a Japanese community. He wants to get the family settled and then go back east to school. Pop says brothers should not argue about the war.

The girls cleaned the calomine off of the the windows today and felt hurt because I did not notice it for a long time. I have a suspicion that they are plotting to hold out my letters. Tom is geed to be Jock's stooge and copies everything that he does.

Angelo and Dolores came to visit today and Jock sneaked them off to our stable, which is illegal. He told the M.P. that that they were going to see "Mr. Johnson" in the Emp't. office, and the M.P. came in mad as anything looking for the Japanese with the varsity sweater I told him that there were 4,000 Japanese here and that he would have to give a better description. Later I sent one of our messenger boy down and told them to be "on alert". Dolores flirted with the guard and so things turned out "ok".

Corregidor fell yesterday; overheard an Issei remark: "about time, ne?" I feel so much like telling them off sometimes, but I guess this should be done in a more diplomatic way. To think that those soldiers are dying off like that, and then to have their effort passed off like that. It makes me boil.

My first few days only makes me feel like an American more, but that's something that you can't go "parading off". I just feel that way I guess. It may be an over defensive reaction, but I think it goes deeper than that. Mitch and I are speaking only English to all applicants in the employment office as any large segregation of Japanese will easily drift into speaking only Japanese. It's very interesting to talk to the young Nesei that come in; they are so Americanized. I think that we should start some sort of discussion group or something so that they won't lose contact with the outside influences. They are all fairly ambitious and think in terms of going on to school and then adjusting themselves here in the U.S. after the war. The more conservative ones invariably have fathers who were engaged in some business with Japan. I guess they get more of the "old country" influence from their parents.

I had the surprise of my life when I saw Miyoshi today come walking into camp with a U.S. uniform on. He is a tall, rather good looking Kibei fellow and when I used to know him, he was very pro-Japan; in fact, one time he and his friends were going to gang up on me because they thought I made some insulting remark about the Emperor. I only said that the generals KA'd Hirohito and that was why the Japanese Army could never win a major war. Miyoshi is now stationed in an artillery division in Texas and is visiting his relatives here during his ten day furlough. And they dismiss good Nisei from the Army in Calif! Such inconsistency is surprising. I wonder if Miyoshi still feels the same way as before? He is not to (sic) intelligent so I guess he will perform his duties all right without

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English  
Language  
influence

May 6, 1942

7

any danger of disloyalty, whatever that may mean.

I feel like trying to join the Army also, but that's being heroic. I still can't decide whether I would be more useful doing service work among the Japanese here. I think I will be able to adjust myself easily enough altho not knowing the language may be a handicap but not necessarily too big to overcome. At least I no longer feel apologetic about it. I guess it has been my emotional reactions against political Japan that has blocked my learning the language in the past few years.

Today they have started to put Nisei Police to patrol the barracks and the messhall. There has been several cases of theft reported and the kitchen has been raided a number of times. One woman reported a fur coat stolen, but she may have just lost it as I don't see why anyone would want a fur coat in a place like this. A more serious problem is the reported solicitations by Japanese prostitutes up in the single men's dormitory. The Army M.P. are on their trails and Nisei police have been stationed to intercept them if they show up at night (and Mr. Green thinks we don't need social workers!) This is not so bad; but if this sort of thing starts among the young Nisei, it will be very difficult to control. This camp has a sort of pioneer atmosphere about it and if the kids are left in idleness, trouble could easily develop. Already some of the so called "rowdy Nisei" are shooting craps so that they can get money to spend in the canteen. The development of a well balanced recreational program will be a good influence. I sound like a moralist, but I am thinking more in terms of the future social adjustments of the Japanese here, which will be difficult and morale will have to be kept at a high level if we expect progress to be made.

A lot of the fellows had to stuff straw mattresses again tonight so that the new arrivals would have something to sleep on. What a night it's going to be when those 4,000 other people come in this weekend.

Bette was quite indignant tonight. She helped clean the new messhall up and after it was all finished the man tells them: "Sank you for your Japanese spirit!" She says that she should have told him that she was an American and did not have any Japanese spirit. The man probably meant that it was the spirit of cooperativeness that he wanted to commend.

May 7 Thursday 1942

Yep, we are settling down to the good old family life! The trouble is that there are too many people in the world trying to be dictators. Jock is doing some sort of drawing and he is irritated because I used the table to write letters tonight, so he takes it out on the kids by making them turn off the radio in the middle of a play. The excuse is that there is a sick girl next door and too much noise, but this consideration is not the real reason. Somehow, they feel that I should stay home and fix up the place instead of working voluntarily. The way I look at it is that we won't be here too long and I am of some use in the office. Naturally I am torn between the two desires and so will have to pass off the criticisms as lightly as possible altho it does bother me no end. I really would not be of too much use around the house anyway. My interests and abilities just don't run along these lines. Even Tom is a better carpenter than I am. I built a closet the other day, but even that turned out slanting.

A new menace has entered our lives to make the pioneer conditions more uncomfortable. We are infested with tiny fleas that bite like hell. They must be horse fleas or something that come from the old stables. Gods, they certainly make life miserable.

*Ch's address*

*Johnny  
Soc. Sec.*

*Ph  
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*Jos A*

*Phys  
off*

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 May 7, Thursday - (Cont'd)

Three social workers signed up at the office today, but only one of them has had experience. She worked in the Oakland "I" house and the Community Chest and has had case work experience. The other two just signed up because they were interested in it and they seem to think that this is the sole qualification for a social worker. How degrading to those of us who are trying to make it a profession. Even Mr. Green seems to think that social work is an unnecessary function for this camp that can be handled incidentally with the other duties of the people working at various jobs such as registration, housing committee, and house managers. I think that all of these cases should be handled in an ~~individual~~ <sup>individual</sup> industrial basis---it's surprising how the case work theories seem to apply now that I am actually faced with problems. Mitch takes a more belligerent attitude and talks down to those that come in with their complaints, but I try to listen to them with consideration and take down all their complaints, and turn them in, even tho many of the things presented are silly. One Issei came in today with his wife, daughter and a Young Kibei. He requested that we move this fellow from the grandstands into their apartment because he wants the boy to have a "trial marriage" with his daughter. I don't know how he ever roped the boy in; the daughter was really a sad case----one of these homely quiet Japanese types who looked and acted submissive. The request was not granted; told them that we could not do that because such things were not done in America. The man tried to play up to me by saying, "You have big education. Catch good job in Japan, ne"? That settled it. Told him that I expected to stay here and, therefore, would have to do things the American way. He did not seem to catch on, so I put in the request for him and he left in a happy mood.

May 7, <sup>1942</sup> (Cont'd)

Employment possibilities here has suddenly dropped to a premium. We get many more applications than job openings. The only things available right now is routine work and kitchen help. There is practically nothing for the girls to do. Most of them want to be stenographers and typists. Three of the girls that came in today had worked for the state and had good recommendations, but it is not likely that they will get placed soon; the jobs are obtained by "pull".

The food is improving rapidly. We get fresh meat and vegetable and even fruit. Sugar has been rationed and only one teaspoon is allowed per person. This is supposed to be sufficient for coffee, mush and grapefruit. I guess we will be able to get used to it.

There are all different types of Japanese in camp. Many of the Young Nisei are quite Americanized and have nice personalities. They smile easily and are not inhibited in their actions. They have taken things in stride and their sole concern is to meet the other sex, have dances so that they can jitterbug, get a job to make money for "cokes", and have fun in general. Many are using the evacuation to break away from the strict control of parental rule.

Other Nisei think more in terms of the future. They want to continue their education in some sort of "career" study and be successes. The background which they come from is very noticeable: their parents were better educated and had businesses. One Nisei girl was telling me today about how Grant Ave. art goods stores were sold out. They used a lot of Nisei girls and those stores that were in control of Caucasian hands paid twice as much in salary as those owned by Japanese. Many of the shrewd Jewish business men bought the whole store out and they got a lot of old stock out of warehouses and sold them in the evacuation sale. They used the Japanese stores as a front

May 7, 1944 (Cont'd)

to unload this junk on the public. The art goods stores, even Chinese, are having a difficult time because they cannot get any more stock in from the Orient. I asked the girl what her father expected to do after the war and she said that he and his wife would probably be forced to leave this country, but the girl expects to get married and stay here

I was talking to Pop tonight and he insists that he be put to work as a barber because after the war he is going back to Vallejo and open up his barber shop again. I feel sorry for the way he was gyped out of the business, even tho he was not making too much money. It was partly our fault because we insisted on leasing it out. However, our landlady double crossed us and since we had no written agreement, it does not look like we can do much about it. The store equipment still belongs to Pop but there is no way of collecting rent for it. Guess we should have sold out for \$400 to the Filipino woman when we had a chance. The place is not worth \$50 but with the scarcity of homes there for the Yard workers, rents have gone skyhigh. Made me feel sort of sorry for "pop" tonight. He has his three electric clippers hung up on the wall and Tom has built him a barrel chair for the barber seat. It's a bit pathetic when he so tenderly cleans off the clippers after using them; oiling, brushing, and wrapping them up so carefully. He probably realizes that he no longer controls the family group and rarely exerts himself so that there is little family conflict as far as he is concerned. What a difference from about 15 years ago when I was a kid. He used to be a perfect terror and dictator. I think most of us have inherited this tendency to be dominant, except perhaps Alice. She is not too aggressive and she would perhaps make some fellow a nice wife.

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She has worked hard for the past four years and helped support the family so that now she is more or less inclined to be a little queenish. Alice has never gone beyond her high school level of friends and this is the type that she goes around with now---nothing wrong in that, I suppose, but I do think that she should be more advanced than to confine herself with Emiko's and Bette's "jitterbug" friends.

Emiko is very boy conscious also and her idea of life right now is good clothes, plenty of boy friends, and jitterbug music. She will probably get over the stage soon. She gets along well with the fellows and is capable of adjustments to any circumstances.

Bette is also getting at that age and sometimes she feels that Jack and I don't approve of it so she hesitates a bit at times in approving all of these light activities. She seems to be more responsible than the other two and she certainly has a clever sense of humor. She, too, is getting boystruck. Right now, she worries about her weight so that she makes Miyako or Tom walk around the track with her for the "exercise".

Mom is taking things in stride. I have a suspicion that she rather enjoys the whole thing. It certainly is a change from her former humdrum life. She dyed her hair today, and Pop made some comment that she shouldn't try to act so young. One thing about these stables is that it does cut down the amount of "nagging" because people can overhear everything that is said.

John Shiba (?) was in today to apply for a job. He belongs to the A.F.L. culinary union and is very pro-American altho a Kibei. He is one who was arrested in Oakland for breaking the curfew about a month ago. He got drunk because he was so mad at the "Japs" who

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May 7, 1942<sup>7</sup> (Cont'd)

bombed Pearl Harbor and he just couldn't face his Caucasian friends. They let him off. He doesn't seem to be too intelligent, in fact, he talks and acts with a sort of distasteful swagger. I thought he was drunk, but I don't see how he could have brought liquor in. He made quite a point over the fact that he went to night school to learn the constitution and insisted that it be placed upon his application blank. He probably is sincere in his belief, but some of his actions may be over-compensation. I hope he doesn't get into any violent arguments with the pro-Japan Issei in the Grandstands because violence may occur.

May 8, 1942 Friday

Terrific wind howling outside tonight again. Warren and Jimmy just left to go do their night patrolling. They ducked in here for a couple of hours to get out of the cold. Jack, myself and those two got started on the war. We thought that it would be a good idea to put the U.S. flag up on the big pole up in the Grandstand in the morning for morale purposes, but decided to let the matter ride for a day or so since we heard that the Young Democrats were considering the matter also. Any moves of this kind will cause criticism by the more conservative Nisei, but it is necessary and if doing such a thing is radical, then we are "pinks".

The question came up as to what were we fighting for. All of us were agreed that Fascism was not the answer, but there was a difference of opinions on whether an allied victory would be any solution to the whole mess. Jimmy thinks that it offered the most potentialities and hope for the world. Would the solution include only the white races,

May 8, <sup>1942</sup> (cont'd)

or will we be in a position to tackle the problem of India, China and the other millions of "exploited" peoples? If not, our efforts will not have accomplished its purposes. The problem is so immense that it staggers the imagination.

It appears to me that one of our great tasks is to overcome the present cynicism that has eaten into our way of life. There is not much deep meaning to our daily routine of living. How can we expect to develop social values with goals and purposes if we continue to reason with such superficial empty minds? The shock of this war may awaken us from our former passive existence of trite physical sensations and empty material wealth. It may challenge us to overcome the lack of courage to eliminate the cruelty, violence, and despotism among people and nations. But, how many millions of humans will have to be slaughtered for us to learn our lesson?

In regards to the Nisei, the reaction may be harmful if we do not continue to fight for the democratic way. We have to contribute to this process if we expect to share in it. From talks with many of the Nisei in camp, I have found out that most of the liberals show a fine degree of understanding of Democracy as a fight for equality and freedom which is yet to be attained. Their confidence in democracy has not been shaken since they realize that there are millions of other New Americans in this country who are with them in the struggle to achieve the potential ideals of this country. I think that the future advancement of the Nisei group will in large measure depend upon an increase and reinforcement of these beliefs. We can't afford to be passive because the prevalent ideas appears to be one that we are guilty until proved innocent. Today's Chronicle implied that all Nisei were disloyal and should be

May 8, 1944 (Cont'd)

evacuated because two Nisei are now doing propaganda work for Japan over the radio. Isolated like we are in camp, the task will be doubly difficult to combat such things. I hope that the Nisei don't get in a "rut" while we are alienated from the larger American society. The days of the "little Tokyos" are past; from now on, we must constantly stress the fact that we look to Washington only. The Nisei who think that they have a future in Japan with a Japanese victory are only fooling themselves. They will be despised more than the Kibais are here; in fact, the only hope for the future is America--come what may.

Today the Army has taken over all of the records in camp here. They made an inspection of the stables. Since the Japanese were not allowed to bring in much baggage, things have been taken---The Tanforan Clubhouse is practically stripped. It has been so cold that some of the families have gone into the new barracks and taken up the linoleum to put into their own stables. I can't blame them for that. The boys up in the Grandstand caught hell because it seems that about \$1,000 worth of racetrack equipment has been torn out and the representative of the Track was calling everybody, including himself, a son of a bitch. The Grandstand is almost filled with single men and it probably is the most interesting place in camp. There are about 500 men in there and when they all take their shoes off, the odor that greets you is terrific. What a stench! They don't have any fresh air circulating around and the old clothes and closeness of body smells doesn't help out any. But the place is a study of varied activities. In one corner a sullen Kibei has built himself a little cube so that he can work on his master's thesis. Just down the aisle from him, an old Issei has set up

May 8, 1942 (Cont'd)

a home made barber shop and he is doing a brisk business since this service has not yet been provided in camp. The place is full of home made clothes lines and they all hang their laundry by their beds where they can keep an eye on it. Little knots of Japanese men cluster around the radios blowing the latest news and discussing the final Japanese victory. A brave Nisei occasionally opens his mouth and ~~he~~ he is shouted down. But the three American flags continue to hang upon the walls. Other single men sprawl out in the beds, smoking or playing Japanese cards. A few sleep with their mouths wide open, snoring like mad, which adds to the general confusion. Over on the far corner, there is a lone, but seedy looking minister with a dirty collar, who sits so straight in his bed reading a Buddhist prayer book. Flies buzz around him, but he pays no attention. This room is about the most colorful place in camp, but I am afraid that those Isseis look to Tokyo rather than to Washington, D.C. for salvation.

Sal and Martha Ezralow, Irene Silverman and Sammy came to visit me today. They brought me a lot of magazines to read in case I got bored with camp life. How small the world really is. Sol was born in Canada, Martha in Pennsylvania, Sammy in North China, and Irene in Poland.<sup>(?)</sup> I guess I was the only native Californian in this particular group. The guards would not let them in, but we consulted "Mr. Johnson" and got his approval to take them to the Grandstands for a few moments. I managed to sneak them thru the messhall and down to our stables to visit our home. Dolores was there visiting Jack; she came by bus. They were full of questions and I, too, asked them about the "outside world."

May 8, 1942 (Cont'd)

Martha said that Dr. Cassidy gave a very touching speech at the Annual banquet about how I could not be present for obvious reasons, etc. It makes me feel good just to think that they thought about me anyhow.

There has been an epidemic of German measles sweeping the camp so that a few of the barracks are in quarantine. The hospital service is rapidly expanding and they are doing a good job with their limited facilities. Tosh is setting up the sanitation Engineers department and they will work closely with the San Mateo County Health officials in order to keep the health standards up.

Kazuo is one of the smartest little boys I've met yet. His father was a larger exporter of art goods and fairly successful until this war. Kazuo was born in Yokohama and is an alien technically, but actually he is the typical American boy, only he thinks a bit more deeply. He explained the whole German and Japanese strategy to me and why he believed the Allied forces would win out. "Even if I never can become a citizen, I believe in America because I like hot dogs and baseball games. Japan made a mistake and I feel sorry for my brothers and cousins who are now fighting in Burma because they will be killed off for nothing! I wish they could know democracy like I do!" I asked him how his father felt and Kazuo said that he was pro-Japan and that he argued with him often. His father intends to go back to Japan after the war because he sees nothing here for the Japanese in the post-war period, but Kazuo never wants to go to Japan again. He said that he had a hard time facing his friends in Polytechnic Hi School in S.F. after the war broke out because they seemed to think that it was his fault that Pearl Harbor was attacked. Some of them turned

May 8, 1942<sup>2</sup> (Cont'd)

against him and called him a "Jap" while he was directing traffic near his school. Kazuo feels hurt at this because he can't say he is an American since he does not have citizenship. I explained that being an American was a process and that he was more of an American than a lot of native born citizens with white skins. This seemed to have made him feel better. I gave him a job as a messenger boy and he is coming down some evening to tell me more about the war. Kazuo is only 14. I wonder what the future holds in store for him. Will he be forced to go back to Japan by his father?

Jack is studying nights for his finals so that he can get his credits and Miyako keeps him company by doing her typing lessons which Alice started her upon today. I have been trying to do a little reading, but don't seem to get very far. My mind just doesn't seem to settle down. Perhaps I am bothered by "girl trouble". Deki wrote today and she has been sent to Stockton to register the Japanese there. It doesn't look like she will get here until all the evacuation is completed. I guess I like her a lot because we are in the same kind of work and she is so Americanized and has a sort of personality that gets me. She makes friends so easily and I don't think she is particularly interested in me except "as a friend"----the old standby. One of these days I probably will fall for a Japanese girl, which will be a mutual in reaction. She will have to be extremely Americanized, I guess, since this is the only kind of "Japanese" girl that I seem to be attracted to. If I ever get one of those quiet submissive types, I am afraid that I would made her life miserable. I like people to fight back because then I respect them for it; whereas, a submissive person only draws my contempt.

May 9, 1942 -- Saturday

Sometimes I feel like I am straining at the leash; things were a bit discouraging today, I guess. I'm trying so hard to work into the employment department, but it looks like I am on the way out. Mitch is thinking of pulling out too and becoming a Messhall manager. The girls doing the placement work try hard, but like the rest of the camp, they are overwhelmed by the amount of calls and the general lack of organization. Nobody knows who is authorized to do the hiring and there is no centralization of employment. The house managers are getting griped too. Tom Shibutani says that they are going to start the fireworks tomorrow if they don't get the guys to do the work. We only take the applications so that the criticism will fall heaviest on the placement section, altho we get our share of the complaints.

Some of the Issei are sore because they think Mitch and I are too fresh because we don't speak Japanese to them and act on a master and slave basis instead of frankly speaking man to man. It's all right to respect the client, but I think the time for "coddling" them passed after Dec.7. Most of them can understand and speak English surprisingly enough and they should be made to use it more. A lot of Nisei kids come in and mix their Japanese in with their English. Now that we are cut off from the Caucasian contacts, there will be a greater tendency to speak more and more Japanese unless we carefully guard against it. Someday these Nisei will once again go out into the greater American society and it is so important that they be able to speak English well--that's why education is so important. I still think it is a big mistake to evacuate all the Japanese. Segregation is the least desirable thing that could happen and it certainly is going to increase the problem of future social adjustments. How can we expect to develop Americanization

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when they are all put together with the stigma of disloyalty pointed at them? I am convinced that the Nisei could become good Americans, and will be, if they are not treated with such suspicion. The presence here of all those pro-Japan Issei certainly will not help things out any.

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The house manager of the men's barracks told some of the single Nisei up there not to speak English because the Issei did not like it. This kind of thing makes me boil; after all, we are in America. It's a good thing that we have a number of family units here or social disorganization would develop at a much faster rate. These parents more or less realize that the Nisei are going thru a difficult period and they keep quiet, except in a few cases where they just can't resist the "I told you sos". Pop and Mom rarely talk about the war; they seem to feel that we are of American and I just don't know how to figure them out. They may sincerely believe that Japan is in the right; but they have come to accept the democratic way and more or less live by it. It's a good thing that they are not rabid nationalists; I'm afraid that I would not be able to stand it. Our family probably is not typical because all of us are more outspoken and liberal in our ways---Alice is about the most conservative, or conventional, person in the family. A lot of the Nisei tell me that I'm different because I was reared in an American home, but I just can't see that. It encourages me to see the number of Nisei around here who really feel and live by the democratic way.

The Japanese are known for their politeness and honesty, but if they stay here long, they certainly will degenerate. Because of the inadequacy of facilities they take everything in sight. Some of the things they have done has been downright stupid----such as breaking up the coal bin for lumber and taking linoleum from the other stables. The manners will

20.

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not improve either. I hate to think of seeing them eat in a restaurant after they eat in those messhalls for a year or so! They will be so coarse and vulgar; under frontier conditions, one could not expect to hope for any better. One Japanese woman remarked that the "honest Japanese" were no better than the Filipinos in this camp---they took everything!

The race track officials came in <sup>today</sup> and complained that the Japanese should not be allowed to use the track for recreational purposes because the sand on it was worth about a million dollars and it would blow off if the kids kept loosening it up. The army won't grade out a playground in the infield so what else can the the Nisei do except use the track?

I was talking to Dr. Konda today he tells me that the hospital facilities are inadequate; they are not provided with equipment to handle major emergency cases. In spite of that, the medical division is the best organization in camp. Tosh is working hard on the sanitation problems of the camp in cooperation with the county officials and he really is getting qualified Nisei to fill the positions on the basis of merit. We need more of this here. The Japanese have never been secure and that's why so much stress has been placed on position and salary in the old Japanese communities. Now we are all on an equal basis so that the "badge" has been substituted for money; everyone wants one to show his status.

The initial enthusiasm had died down and there are a great number that are being passive in regards to work. If this keeps up the Army threatens to step in and take charge of things in order to get them done efficiently. I think the Army is too impatient. They forget that it takes a little time for people to readjust themselves to these new

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conditions: the will come around in time. A great number have already come in (mostly Nisei) and they are willing to do anything to keep themselves occupied. But many of the Issei have been in the trades and art goods type of work and it's not fair to expect them to all rush forward and do heavy manual labor. Some type of work must be found to use their special abilities in the resettlement areas. The answer is definitely not farming, this would be a great mistake.

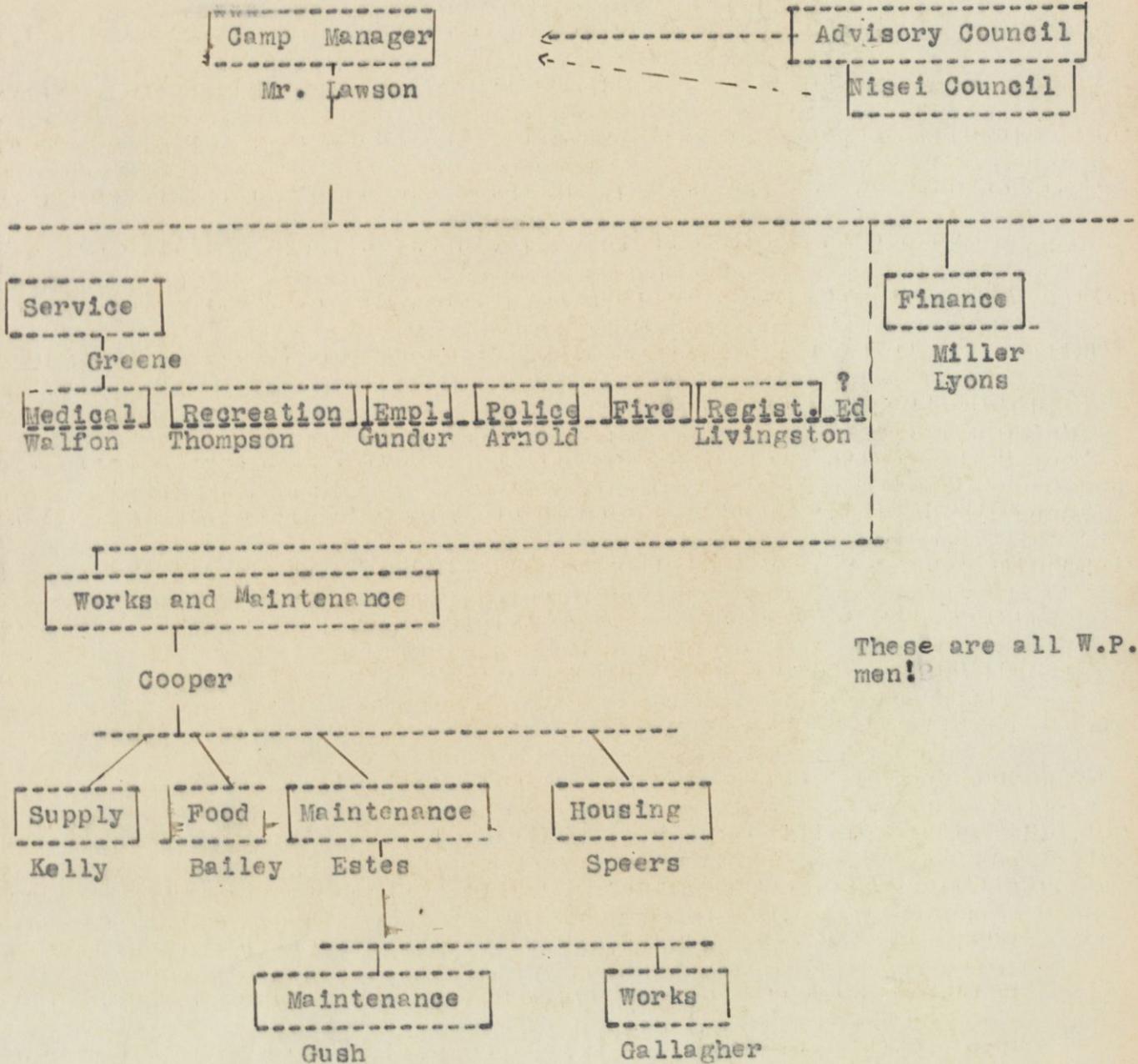
I was way up in the Grandstands and had a good view of the outside; maybe I was depressed, but a funny feeling of loneliness and of being out of place swept over me. Perhaps this was due to the fact that I walked thru the men's dormitory where all these Japanese old men were jabbering away in their conversations about the war. These type of people should be evacuated, but why put all the innocent Nisei---99 $\frac{1}{2}$ %--in with them? This burns me up no end.

*Total*

A funny thing happened today. A rumor has gone around among the JACL "leaders" that a bunch of "pinks" are trying to control the newspaper and we had quite a time showing them that this was a community effort and for the benefit of the whole camp. I think the administration could have saved themselves from many problems if they had provided the setup as soon as we came in so that everyone could have the information instead of all these wild rumors that sweep the camp. These little cliques seem to persist yet and it is most difficult to overcome them. The Nisei who are more outspoken and liberal in their beliefs seem to be getting the disfavor of the more conservative ones. This is rather unfortunate because we should all be working together for the best future adjustments instead of breaking up into divergent interest groups.

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As near as I can figure out the following is the present administrative setup--no provision for social work:



These are all W.P.A. men!

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Tomorrow, the various churches are going to hold a special Mother's Day service out near "Lake Tanforan" in the middle of the infield. They want to recognize the 10 oldest mothers in camp and honor them at that time.

A second dance was held tonight and the place was packed. There isn't much else going on during the week so that this is a big event for the Nisei. One of the girls I danced with said, "Gee, it's too bad that we had to come to camp to get together with all these Nisei," Most of them seemed cheerful enough. As usual there were a large number of stags who surrounded the dancers and made the floor space difficult. With all these girls in camp, it is surprising that this should be. The new arrivals still think that it's going to be one round of fun here. Yuki from Centerville thinks that she is going to like the change as she feels that she was limited in her small home town anyway. Many of the girls coming from the smaller towns feel this way, but the S.F. girls feel more restricted as they are used to going out more. Anna finally got married; sure was surprised to see the person she finally landed. And to think that she used to be one of the most popular girls in the Bay Area! Guess there is still a chance for some of these more quiet and backward boys if they wait long enough. As Dr. Lucia says, "Beauty is but skin deep; it's character that counts, because beauty only lasts a few years." Some of the snobbish "queens" wake up too late.

Tom says that he writes a seven page typewritten report to Dr. Thomas every day; I don't know how he finds so much to write about. He is afraid that they will get suspicious and censor his mail, but I think that he is over-dramatizing it a bit. James Yamada is also keeping notes as well as Warren. Hero is doing some water sketches and Prof. Obata is also making drawings. There is another wild looking thing who has been to Europe on an art scholarship, and she is doing a lot

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of sketches so that there should be quite a bit of material available for any future studies of this mess. I realized a long time ago that I can't write; it's too much of an effort on my part. I don't think I would

like research so much because that is reflecting back on a thing after it has happened and I am more interested in being in the thick of things while it is going on with some social view of the future. Taro, Deki, Nao, and the kids in the social welfare dep't think that I can write, but that's not true. I don't seem to have enough perspective and insight or the ability to analyze a thing deeply enough. I am trying to do this journal, but I bet I don't keep it up; it's such a hodge-podge of miscellaneous notes.

I started out the day in a depressed sort of mood, but my faith in everything has been restored a bit with the news that the U.S. fleet has won a big sea victory over Japan (unconfirmed). I just can't help identifying myself with America: I feel so much a part of it and I won't be rejected.

May 10, 1942      Sunday

The camp here is immense. Today was the first chance that I have had to wander around and see the place. Most of the barracks are centered around the hospital so that we are not in the main section of town. It's more the "residential" or the "slums". There are over 150 barracks and by tomorrow they will all be filled. The carpenters are working today to get them finished up. Over 40 house managers have been appointed to take care of the physical needs of their units--which are many.

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It amuses me to see all those bustling Nisei going around as if the very existence of the community depended upon their every move. If they get so excited, how can they expect the rest of their words to be calm? I think they just want to overdramatize their importance---a very human trait. A number of the U.C. students who have just graduated recently are getting a fine chance to do something with their training. It's encouraging to see them take hold so enthusiastically----I hope the <sup>Fever</sup> flower (?) does not die down because they have a very important and responsible function to perform. The older Nisei who were established in the Japanese community are also doing fine work, but they have a tendency to talk down <sup>to</sup> the younger Nisei. There are so many types of Nisei around that one has to be subjective in describing the reactions; to be objective one would have to see everyone because each person differs from the other. Generalizations are about all one can make.

About 800 more came into camp today bringing the total population to about 8500. The capacity has been reached so that the rest of the S.F. group may be sent down to Pomona unless the Army decides to crowd us in like sardines. Those that came in today had to wait until carpenters finished putting the partitions up and the trucks were a bit delayed in bringing the army beds and mattresses. They got a big load of cotton mattresses in yesterday so that they won't need so many straw ticks.

The existing problems are multiple. Looking in from the outside it appears that everything is running along smoothly but actually the place is still a madhouse of utter confusion. Food has improved greatly in the smaller messhalls and it is probably true that many Japanese families are eating better than they ever did before, But

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up at the main messhall the situation is still not so good. There are more people eating up there than ever before and the line runs all the way down to the postoffice during mealtime.

Church meetings have gone into full swing. They have separate services for Protestants, Catholics and Buddhists. The ministers are a very important influence in camp and many of the Issei as well as Issei look to them for leadership. Part of the popularity of the church may be due to the scarcity of recreational facilities. It gives the girls a good chance to show off their better clothes. Amy and Bette took along their Bibles! It's the first time that they ever looked at them. They are by no means religious. I remember the time years ago when Bette said to me during a thunderstorm, "I believe ~~the~~ in God because on days like this I look in the sky and I can feel something out there--- that must be God!" For the most part, religion plays a very insignificant role in our family group. It's one of those things that may be accepted by the individual members---but no one does any real thinking about it.

Mom just said, "Me glad, come here, Better than in Vallejo. No cook, just do laundry. I feel glad that all family together." Tom doesn't like it here. He thinks it "stinks." He doesn't go out to play much with the other kids but works hard around the house. As soon as he makes a few more friends he probably will enjoy it. Miyako like it very much. The rest of us are beginning to feel restricted a bit. As far as I am concerned, I don't like the reasons why we were put here, but I am finding it interesting so far. I don't know how I will feel a month from now though. But I haven't got so much service in years. The girls make the beds and clean house; I don't have to do my laundry; mom

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darns my socks and my shirts are ironed; I don't have to wash dishes and cook; in fact, I am getting all around service without worrying about finances like I did when I went to school last term. I lived on a \$25.00 a month budget and had to skimp like hell to make it; here I bet it cost the Gov't a lot more <sup>per</sup> month for my upkeep. But then---all this still doesn't compensate for my liberty and freedom of mov't from place to place. I see those big shining aluminum bodied Army planes roaring thru the skies overhead and I am conscious of the fact that a war is going on. What beauties they are! Too bad man has such a destructive nature. The more Americanized Nisei are finding adjustment a bit more difficult. They are more aware of the motives behind the evacuation and they can't take it so easily as some of the others. A few are not tackling the problems in a healthy way. Goro's intense energy is devoted to leading a cause---the Nisei cause. He is compensating for frustrating situations by plunging away like a "bull" in a China shop". To him the evacuation is a personal matter; he looks at it as a personal persecution, altho he would vehemently deny this. Perhaps he feels that he must "serve" the Nisei cause because he is hostage to a sense of guilt and unworthiness. He feels very insecure and is fearful of the future, but cannot afford to admit it to anyone. It may be that he is seeking personal emotional peace because of this sense of insecurity. Will the neurotic tendencies increase among the Nisei as they come up more and more against these frustrating situations?

I think the most maladjusted Nisei girl in camp is Lillian. I first met her last semester on the campus through Kenny. She is a senior and very tall---and very brilliant. She has a 2.9 average, but I doubt if she has 3 friends. Her closeness with her brother is not normal--he is another maladjusted case. Once she hinted that she was so tall in

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grammar school that she got an inferiority complex about it. This may be the reason why she has plunged into intellectual work with a vengeance. Last semester she had a nervous breakdown just before the finals. She couldn't get along with the girls at the Jap. Woman's Club and she was asked to leave in mid-term because she would not cooperate and do her work. She has an unusual ability of writing and last semester she plunged into the Daily Cal activities in the same manner. She got elected into a National Journalism Society and at the end of the term just before the evacuation she was nominated and accepted into Phi Beta Kappa. She points with pride to these accomplishments and considers herself normal. She stresses the fact that she is the 1st Nisei girl to have such an honor-- and expects praise, but nobody notices or is interested. Now, she is in camp here and without her intellectual pursuits she looks about the most lonesome person in the place. She is not unattractive; but she has no personality and has never developed her social life. Too many Nisei girls make this mistake when they go to college and after they are finished, they are sort of left out because they buried themselves for four years in their studies. Lillian got a scholarship to go to Wellesley, but some of those other girls are graduated and it will be hard for them to make adjustments. Perhaps this is just the chance for them to develop their personalities. As a rule the more attractive Nisei girls don't go into marriage; they have the best chances for marriage so that they don't have to go to college to wait for four years for an eligible person. But I don't think college hurts any person; they must get something out of it.

May 11, 1942      Monday

It has happened! We were very busy this morning filling out application forms for the Japanese that arrived the other day from Centerville, Mt. Eden and other rural areas. There is a distinct difference of this group from the urban Japanese. They are darker; their English is only fair and they have an air of immaturity about them. You could tell that they have been a hard manual working lot; they seemed a little huskier and stronger than the city Japanese. Even the girls were that way. They don't seem to have that open personality either. The surprising thing is that they are about as well educated. Only two applicants have come in during the past two days (Nisei) who have not at least finished high school. But they have not gone on into college in such large numbers as the Bay Area Nisei. This is due to the greater lack of opportunities in the small towns from which they come.

During the heaviest rush in mid-morning Mr. Greene called Mitch ~~and~~ out and had a long talk with him. When he came back he told me that Greene told him to tell me that he did not wish me to work in the office for a while, because they had recieved complaints that we were too fresh and that we did not speak Japanese to the clients. But it is strange that Mr. Greene would not tell me himself. According to Mitch, the girls in the inner office were the ones to pass these complaints on to Mr. Greene. It seems that Mr. Greene does not like social workers. He told Mitch that the "U.C. social welfare" students have a bad reputation. So there must be some deeper reason for Mr. Greene's actions. I don't know the man, having only spoken to him slightly on a couple of occasions about the possibilities of a social welfare department--- which he was definitely not receptive to. It can't be that he doesn't need extra help in the office, we had more applicants than we could

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handle. Naturally, I was resentful of the superficial reasons that were given without even having a chance to defend myself; in fact, I was plenty burned up. Why couldn't he have told me those things to my face? Mr. Greene stated that the Issei were not coming in to apply because we did not speak Japanese to them. But why coddle them? If the solution is either Americanization or deportation, they must be made to realize that they are in America----not Japan. In the week that I have been working voluntarily, I had only one or two cases who could not understand English and they could all speak it in a way. If they had some definite policy about wages, etc. I am sure that they would come in and apply regardless of who was taking the interview.

And Mitch has been much more blunt and frank than I have, yet I am made the scapegoat for some unknown reason. Mr. Greene ~~must~~ have had some conflict with social workers in the past, otherwise why should he make such remarks about them to Mitch and Ann. He is not a profound man; this I can believe without prejudice. All he wants to do is to keep the Japanese busy and happy for the moment. He doesn't seem too concerned about the future. I was so mad that I had to go up to Taro's room and cool off a couple of hours. If I had-a have a run in with Mr. Greene now, I will be finished as far as this camp is concerned. Yet I cannot let this go by without defending myself. I had an <sup>appointment</sup> opportunity to see him this afternoon but he was too busy so I will see him tomorrow and find out <sup>it</sup> what is all about.

I am deeply ~~dd~~sturbed about these events. I'm not trying to spy or anything; all I want to do is to be of service. But as things have gone, being an American is a handicap around here. Will I still have to continue bumping my head against a stone wall? Maybe I am not diplomatic

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enough, but I just can't stand kow-towing to a person just because he has a white face. I won't put myself in an inferior position for anyone. I wonder what Mr. Greene has against social workers, There doesn't seem to be any other reason for his actions because I haven't had but few contacts with him and Mrs. Endo of the placement division definitely dislikes Mitch because of his frankness. I certainly have cooperated with her. This morning she came out and started to speak to the Nisei in Japanese and Mitch remarked that they could understand English. She responded with a look that could have killed. I was an innocent bystander.

I wish I wasn't so set on being a social worker. By now I could have worked into something else here; but it's not what I want. I still think I could be of service in spite of not knowing Japanese, if only given a chance. I want to be doing something that has implications for the future. I tho't Deki was stubborn in wanting a medical social worker job and nothing else, but now I can see her motivations. I feel the same way about this mess---for personal as well as social reasons. It gets to be a sort of frustrating thing and I still don't want to give up---why should I. I've been here only a week yet I can catch myself getting extremely anti-Japanese again. I'm being forced to live by Japanese ways and I rebel inwardly and outwardly. And I'm not the only one. I have noticed this same reaction among several of my progressive friends----one symptom of this is that they refuse to talk Japanese among themselves and they use the term "Japs" more often when they feel disgusted with the people. I hope this camp don't make us conform to the standard Japanese ways. But we may become disillusioned and mal-adjusted if we fight against it. I think the principles are worth fighting for and I, furthermore, do not have any ~~teh~~ other choice than Americanization. Ann suggests that I work into the Education department

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when it is organized. This maybe one of the ways that I could be of use. I don't know.

The news from San Anita is that they now have a population of 12,000 which soon be increased to 17,000. Teto (?), one of Warren's newspaper friends, writes that she has given up the paper work because they are not allowed to have a policy; only act as a bulletin sheet. The "higher ups" still rule with a strong hand although they throw out crumbs of democracy; but they sit at the ruling chair and nobody is allowed to forget that. I am afraid that the same thing is going to happen here. Why couldn't they have put men of the Neudstad caliber in charge of this center? The Santa Anita Nisei say "Remember Tanforan" when they get to feeling sorry for themselves so evidently they have less confusion and better administration down there. I don't know if WPA men are in charge.

There are four half Japanese girls that I see wandering around every day. They are sisters and in this community of 8,000 they are isolated. None of the other children ever play with them or even talk to them. It's a terrible shame and tragic. It will be harmful for their personalities when they grow up. Sometimes I feel I am one of them, only I have more of a Japanese face. There are also several Caucasian women in camp married to Japanese. Mrs. Uyeno (?) is one of them. She is about 55 years old and does not strike one as being too intelligent. On a very flimsy pretense, she started to talk with me and during the course of the conversation I was amazed to find that she had more of a Japanese outlook than I did. Her husband was a domestic worker and Mrs. Uyeno says she likes it here because it is better for his health. I asked her if she felt different being among Japanese, but she said that she is used to it now as she has lived in the Japanese section for a number of years. They

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are childless.

Another police was put on to patrol the hospital because so many things such as thermometers have been stolen. A girl was taking a shower and somebody walked off with her bathrobe. Everyone is beginning to put locks on their doors. These things must indicate something, but it will take a sociologist to figure it out. An Issei and a Nisei got in a fight today because one claimed the other had stolen some lumber from him and the other did not like the idea of being called a thief and so he took a swing.

The Issei barracks busybody is going all around with a clipping of Terry and the Pirates (?). He claims that the Japanese are insulted with these drawings of buck teeth. I think they are very realistic. The Issei man who is protesting has the biggest set of buck teeth that I have ever seen! Such is life.

There was a terrific rainstorm last night and we have had to wade thru the "slush alleys" again. Everyone sinks up to the ankles in mud. Some trucks came in today with lumber to build new barracks, but the earth was so soft that the trucks sank over the hubs and they had a hell of a time pulling it out. The Army certainly is rushing things. About  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the Japanese have already been evacuated from the restricted areas in this state. Manzanar, Santa Anita, and Tanforan will be the three biggest centers. Now that S.F. has been almost cleaned the American Legion, the Native Sons of the Golden West, and the Calif. Joint Immigration Committee are filing charges that the Nisei should be de-franchised because we have obtained citizenship under false pretenses and that "we are loyal subjects of Japan" and therefore never should have been allowed to obtain citizenship. This sort of thing will gain momentum and we are not in a very advantageous position to combat it. I get fearful sometimes because this sort of hysteria will gain

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momentum. The S.F. Registrar has made a statement that we will be sent absentee ballots to which Mr. Jos. Fisk of the Joint Immigration Committee protests greatly. Tomorrow I am going to carry a petition around to protest against their protests. I think that they are stabbing us in the back and that there should be a separate concentration camp for these so called Americans. They are a lot more dangerous than the Japanese in the U.S. ever will or has been.

Listened to the Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson tonight. What a gory murder play to listen to in the mood I was in! It's enough to depress anyone. It's a good thing that the family was cheerful when I came home. They had been to a movie or a dance so that they were not so bored with things. They certainly are a good influence upon me; I can't feel moody or depressed while around them. They seem so lively and full of pep that I forget all these other things and just live for the moment. It gives one the courage to start afresh and figure out new ways to handle the days' problems. I still think that this camp is a most interesting place. I must get around and meet more people to talk to; there are so many different kinds. A little boy said to me today (when he saw one of those new army bombers overhead), "Gee, I bet they sure <sup>will</sup> give Tokyo hell!" I second the motion.

May 12, 1942 Tuesday

I had a talk with Mr. Greene today. He seemed rather nice, but he has a funny opinion of social workers. He said that in all of his years of experience, he never found one that was a good employment office worker and vice versa. This certainly does not seem to be much of a reason for his actions. He went on to say that he agreed with our

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Nisei  
 policy of Americanization, but that they would resent it too much if we did not gradually get them used to it. I pointed out that 80% of the people here were Nisei according to Mr. Lawson's office and of the rest of the Issei group there were few that did not understand English of a sort. This can be explained by the fact that The Bay Area Japanese have been largely a commercial group and also because of the large numbers of domestic workers who have had contacts with Caucasian people. Mr. Greene was very agreeable and he thought that perhaps he could find a place for me doing social work because "they did have social problems here." He suggested that I come in to see him in his new office in the morning and have another talk with him. Doris Hoyaski is going into the office to handle the girl end of interviews. Mitch should be able to handle her easily enough. Now that things are clearing up, I can see that I can be of greater use in the field for which I was trained. As long as it is a service dealing with people, I don't care. The latest word is that we will be here from three to six months, if not longer. If this is so, then there is no use in gaining the disfavor of the administrator but attempt to work with and through them. I'm not so conceited as to think that I know everything: I know so very little and I haven't had the experience to analyze things perfectly by any means. Sometimes I feel confused, jittery and scared of myself. The whole post war period is going to be a titanic problem. We may even have a social upheaval or we may go completely Fascistic. Whichever way we turn, the world will no longer be the same pre-war world. For the Japanese and the Nisei, this is still only the beginning. We must be more definite in the Americanization policy. This is the only solution for us. The gov't is giving some Issei the choice of going back to Japan or being re-

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settled. This is all right for those pro-Nationalist, but those with families are going to be in a tough spot. They certainly won't want to be split from their families forever. And what have they got when they get to Japan? This is an unhealthy development because the resettlement plans will not be perfect and many Issei are too old to stand the hardships of a new pioneer life. In this way, they will have no choice but be forced to go to Japan because there will be no place for them here. Nora Ikedo's father is leaving for Japan via Europe. Fumi I thinks that this is the best solution as far as this particular family is concerned since the political philosophies of the father and daughters differ so greatly. After the war broke out, Nora exposed her father as a propagandist via his little newspaper and there was quite a bit of publicity given to it.

These are the problems that Mr. Greene should be more aware of. Perhaps he is. He has a very responsible position and he undoubtedly is doing his best to work things out satisfactorily. I played up to him a little bit today, hypocrite that I am, by saying that he probably knew the Japanese psychology better than I did and he responded with a very pleased smile, "Yes, that is true; I've been here six days longer than you!" But it takes more than that to penetrate the inner mind of the older Japanese.

The Japanese certainly are a clean people. I never saw so much laundry out on the lines in all my life. Everyday is washday. They also are clean in body. Every night they take a shower; it's quite a social event. And the stables are kept neat and clean, as well as the latrines. They don't have funny sex ideas and so that sometimes the old women walk right into the men's room and proceed with their business, re-

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ardless of who is in there at the time. The old men don't mind it, but the Nisei boys flee in horror. One woman remarked that it made no difference because she was too old anyway. Ann's neighbors are more coarse. They are an old couple and their only topic of conversation seems to be about some form of excrement. The woman yells in a high voice about how she has to go to the "can" or else she says that she don't have to go because she did not drink so much water the day before. This goes on from morning until night. In contrast the neighbors on the other side is a Buddhist priest and his wife. Every day he goes into his dull monotonous chant and keeps it up for hours. And we sit in Ann's room and talk about Americanizing the Japs. I wonder how they like it; they must overhear us.

Bob Iki is really developing a good recreational program. It has a philosophy behind it, something which the other centers lack. All of his group are cooperative and are not out to seek personal prestige. Their games, sewing class, dramatics, sports, and other classes are all pointed towards the end that <sup>this</sup> is America and we are through living under the Japanese control. Such things are encouraging and important as far as the young children are concerned. Even in the Judo classes, the ceremonies and bowing before rank will be eliminated. The idea is that it is a sport and not a means of humbling yourself before a stronger physical specimen.

New barracks are being thrown up in the infield, which means that more evacuees will be coming in soon. They have had to put a special Issei police out there to guard the lumber so that it won't be carried away to be made into shelves and tables. He just stands around and blows his whistle twice when he sees anyone making off with a plank. One cannot blame the Japanese for trying to build up their places.

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Things are going along fairly smoothly now. There are bound to be lacks and lags in physical facilities---this is understandable; but a lack of vision in the social phase of this problem by the administration is inexcusable and it will be tragic <sup>if</sup> it occurs. I certainly hope that the Japs do not bomb any of our coast cities; the reactions will be directed at the evacuees and all progress will be lost. This is a selfish viewpoint, but one has to be realistic.

H. U. is a little uncertain about the future. She is quite an unusual person and she comes from a family that certainly has not been orthodox Japanese. Her brother was a football player in college. Another married a Chinese; a third married a Causcasian person. An older sister is married to one of the few outspoken Japanese communists, who had a newspaper down in Los Angeles. H. has never associated with the Japanese and she feels uncertain and bewildered by the whold thing although she tries to pass it off lightly. She makes remarks such as "I'll have such flat feet after I get out of here that I'll never be able to wear my heels again." "What a mess of Japanese faces around; and I have to look at them for the next five years. How can I keep up with the latest fashions? Well, here I am, a lost "Jap" among a lost people." H. does not think it will be possible to Americanize the Japanese--"they are so rooted in their Japanesy conservatism." Sometimes I could go up and kid them for their complacency and their ~~keep~~ hopes which lie in Japan. Maybe the solution would be for all the Nisei to get married, have a hell of a good time while it lasts, have no children, and then become a dying race. This whole racial problem will be the cause of the next war so what's the use of talking~~e-~~ about resettlement and having children to grow up just in time to get butchered in the next fracas, You can't win ifyou have a yellow face-- and that includes the Chinese. I

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still believe in America, I feel a part of it, but sometimes I wonder if I am not just fooling myself--forcing myself to believe a thing that hasn't worked out in the past. Does the future hold any greater promise?"

May 13, 1942      Wednesday

Bette got a "date" to go to the dance tonight and she certainly is excited. She got dressed about 6:30 and has been anxiously awaiting "his" arrival. I wondered why she was acting so funny today. She gave me gum; she got extra food for me; and she insisted that I take stamps from her free. Then she casually mentioned that she got a date. The truth will be out. No wonder she was so prompt in getting my letters to me without first trying to hide them. Jim is one of those sharp S.F. boys. He wears his pants way up to his chest, has them draped around his ankles, and talks like a "hep cat". Usually he is pretty noisy, but seems a bit subdued in our presence. Alice, like a very solicitous mother, urges us not to tease Bette on her first Beau.

Tom has also found a friend so that he likes it a lot better here now. He goes out and plays all day and then brings him home in the evening to show him all of his tricks. Miyako also has several girl friends now and enjoys running around with them.

The big news in Camp today was about C.S. who escaped thru a hole in the fence last night and made his way to the W.C.C.A office in S.F. He came into the employment office last week and I remembered how disillusioned he seemed at that time. He was a male steno in the Bay Area and is quite Occidental in appearance. His mother is Caucasian and she had been exempt from evacuation, but the Japanese father is here in camp.

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Warren was saying last night that he was looking for his son. C. has two brothers who are now serving in the U.S. Army, one of them at Pearl Harbor. Because he was half Japanese, he was turned down for both the Army and Navy. Unable to get out of the state because of the travel restrictions, C. had to come here with the other Japanese last week.

He tried to enlist again at the WCCA office in S.F. but they turned him down so he stepped out into the hall and swallowed some poison, saying that since he could not serve America, it was no use to go on. He was rushed to the emergency hospital and placed under guard. This afternoon I saw him up in the men's dormitory still looking unhappy.

C. may be an extreme case, but I know of others that feel as he does. They can't see the reasons why evacuation is happening and, consequently, unable to make any adequate adjustment. The number of these cases will increase; I know of others who are going through the same frustrating conflict, including myself---although I would never admit it to anyone. It looks like my plans for joining the Army is not so good at the present time, and there is no sense of getting heroic about it. I can be of just as much use right here if I would only "grab the bulls by the horns" and really get down to business instead of rationalizing so much. It may be that I am fearful and lack confidence yet. Could be.

Spent the day writing an article on employment possibilities, but the director passed the buck and refused to o.k. the story until next week so that I had to write one on the postoffice instead. They get about 3,000 letters a day here and a similar number leaves the camp. Selling postcards is a big business, but the greatest rush is on money orders. The postmaster told me that he sold and cashed more money orders each day than did the postmaster in San Bruno. Because of the lack of things here, many of the Japanese are sending for things via the Mail

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Order catalogs of Montgomery Ward. Vacuum sealed butter is another popular item and the Golden State Co. in S.F. has exhausted its supply. The postmaster has sold one war bond thus far and a number of war stamps. But cash is getting scarce around here and I doubt whether U.S. Bonds will be in great demand until the workers are paid.

I got a notice from the Federal Civil Service Commission stating that I had passed the test for Jr. Public Welfare Workers. I don't know yet whether I will get a call or not. This puts me on about 6 lists, excluding the State ones from which I was dropped. The Federal Jr. Interviewers lists has been exhausted for the U.S. Employment Service, but my name apparently has been passed over. I'm still in hopes that I may get a call if they decide to open up an office in the resettlement zones. One of these days I shall hit the Jackpot.

Probably the reason why I am feeling sort of low these days, aside from the job angle, is that I haven't heard from ~~her~~. I guess she is pretty busy and then she has other people to write to also. I'm not so naive as to think that she would write to me exclusively. Perhaps I have scared her off. It's funny how I used to kid her about "kids", "love", etc but now I can't do it in the same vein. There is something about her that sort of gets me. It must be her personality. But she is also tempermental and ~~flares~~ flares into a temper occasionally. Fundamentally though, she is warm and so friendly. One cannot help but liking people like that. Most Nisei girls are so flat; they never have anything interesting to talk about except boys, dances, and other superficial things. Their mentality doesn't deep apace with their physical development. But I still fall for every pretty face---without much luck. 'Tis so sad! But I am a damn fool enough to believe that } character  
{ intellect and personality is more important and therefore bolster myself up with hopes.

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Sometimes I really feel for Warren because he really goes through mental tortures. He has a brilliant mind, but lacks confidence in himself to the utmost degree. He should go into writing in earnest because he does have a penetrating mind and the ability to think independently instead of being a parrot. Right now he is going through an extreme anti-Japanese stage and it gives him great pleasure to be called Wang. It gives him a great deal of satisfaction to show off the receipt which he got for contributing to the Chinese War Relief Fund. But he will soon find out that this is not the answer. It rests upon an insecure emotional basis and one hard shock will crumble all his ideals into meaningless dust. He has to build up on more solid values and realize that "pointing the finger of scorn" at other Nisei is only a projection of his own inadequacies rather than an objective intellectual approach. I think that he does have possibilities and that he will not be utterly disillusioned by this experience, although he is inclined to be very moody---which is not too healthy or normal. But who is normal these days? At least he is in good liberal hands around the newspaper office.

Tom and his friends found an old cash register today. They broke it open and found 60¢ in nickels and dimes. They put it in a pile and broke up the register for some more possible money but no luck. When it came to dividing it there was only 50¢ there. ~~When-it-came-to-dividing-it-the~~ Miyako got a dime for acting as the lookout. When they got home Tom and Miyako had 35¢ between them! Strange,??

C.A. thinks that we are in for a great disillusionment after the war. He sees no hope for any solution to the racial problems and points out the ~~racial~~ Negro history since the Civil War as the prime example. Somehow he persists in drawing a close parallel between the Negro and the

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Japanese problems; but I told him that I did not believe that there was any comparison. If any comparison was to be made, the Japanese in America are more closely identified with the Jewish people. Fear of both groups has arisen from economic competition and unlike the Negro, this motive has been stronger than any feeling of actual racial inferiority, although I did not dismiss this as a possible element. Then the Jewish people have a long cultural history based on a faith; the same is true for the Japanese. Both groups are on an extremely sensitive and nervous people although the Japanese may be able to cover up a bit better by his "stoic face." Then there is <sup>a</sup> certain respect for a successful member of either group, whereas the Negro is more often than not looked at with contempt, etc. But C.A. believes that the strongest point for his argument is the racial, and not the economic, basis. He cannot see how this problem can be solved even by this war; it may even be intensified if the masses of Asia ever rise.

Tosh chimed in with: "You fellows are too naive and childish if you think we are ever going to dispose of these evils. You are fervently hoping that this war will release the milk of human kindness among mankind. Sure, sacrifice the wealth of this country and all the lives of our young men! This may be necessary, but if you think that the spirit of brotherly love is going to settle over the world after this holocaust, you are in for one big disillusionment. So dream your little dreams about Utopia; but don't expect those childish dreams to come true. What you need is a good fairy tale; one that ends with a world where everyone lives happily ever afterwards. When this dream is punctured by reality, then you will be in danger of becoming resentful neurotics."

I had no ready answer for this; none of us did but now I reflect back over the conversation, I recognize that it is foolish to think of establishing a perfect justice, a Utopia. That is not what we want. Life

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itself means illness, defeat, frustrations and accidents as well as the more positive points. But these forces are what challenges us and what makes life interesting and meaningful. It all ends with death, but before this point is reached, we should be able to put up an interesting battle. Cynicism and pessimism, therefore, is not the answer--at best, it is asking for death before the time comes. It seems to me that man is capable of building up his own values on a materialistic basis to such a point that all this nationalistic greed is eliminated. Thus, this war is neither a cure all or the end of the trail; it is something that we can build upon for the future. It may be a developing phase of human experiences though I don't for one moment think that it will end all wars. Tosh thinks I am too hopeful, an "idealist" even tho I say I am a materialist and a non-believer in the so-called <sup>higher</sup> forces of life beyond man. I'm not so sure myself.

May 14, 1942 Thursday

Yesterday the University of Calif. graduated 5,000 men and women in its annual ceremonies. Pres. Sproul in announcing the highest award for scholarship to Harvey Itano stated that he was not able to be present because he was "serving his country." He is in another camp! Harvey is a nice fellow and, although a little quiet, was quiet active in campus activities. He had a lot of friends and I used to talk to him around the campus occasionally. Sody K. introduced me to him the first time just after Dec. 7 and he was greatly disturbed because he did not know how it would affect the Nisei in the future. We talked in the rain for about 15 minutes. Harvey was a pre-med student with a straight "A" average, member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and Labor Board. He is from

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Sacramento J.C. and his father is now in Montana. Coming at a time like this, this honor really means a lot for the future Nisei who will continue on to college.

A Kibei boy, 24, was missing from our barracks last night. He is now in the county hospital but I don't know whether he walked out of here or not. There was a large grass fire near the fence yesterday and in the general confusion, he may have wandered off undetected.

The fire hazard around here is very serious. With such a wind and the flimsy barracks and dry stables, a fire here in camp would practically wipe the place out if it got away to a good start. There are fire hydrants around each block, but the facilities are still inadequate. A lot of the Nisei are being trained as fireman under the supervision of a trained Caucasian fireman.

News of the wage scale for evacuees in the Assembly, reception and relocation centers was announced today by the government. The scale announced is even lower than what was expected. Unskilled workers will get \$8.00 a month; semi-skilled workers will have \$12.00 a month; and the professional and technical workers will receive \$16.00 a month. The reaction to this news was varied. Many took the view that they would not have much use for money anyway since there would be little to spend it on around here. Skilled workers took it better than those that have been doing the hard manual labor around here. People in the mess hall and the general laborers really work hard, putting in way more than the required 44 hours a week. Some have already quit their jobs, feeling that it was not worth it. The Nisei in the key positions felt that salary was not all important and some stated that they would even do the work voluntarily. This is especially true in the recreational program where many Nisei are pitching in and helping out in order to get the

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program functioning. Shoji T. is a Phi Beta and has completed two graduate years at Boalt Hall in law. I was helping him this morning induct some games for little kids over in Messhall #9 and he feels that position and a badge is not important. He would much rather see more stress on organizational development with a definite policy in order to keep up the morale.

The wage scale is really not as low as it sounds. Besides room and Grade A army rations, free hospitalization, dental and medical care, and "necessary clothing" will be provided as well as all of the recreational activities----and our camp newspaper. Besides this each single person will be allowed up to \$2.50 a month, a couple, \$4.00, and a family up to \$7.50 per month for the necessary toilet articles and other incidentals. No cash will be given; all payments to be made in script coupons which will only be good in these camps. It would perhaps have been better to give everyone a uniform wage; this would have eliminated some of this striving for eternal prestige. The amount is not so great anyway and at a time like this a greater stress should be placed upon cooperative effort rather than individual advancement. Almost all necessary things are provided anyhow or will be in the future, we hope. They even provide the camp with the best grade of toilet paper---the kind that costs 3 for 25¢! I bet the Japanese never had this before. And I am sure that many Japanese are eating better than they ever did at home. And there is not the eternal worrying over unpaid light and gas bills, etc. Yes, all this is fine, but-----. It always ends in the endless rows of buts. Can these things compensate for individual freedom of movement? This bothers more Nisei than I who don't like the idea of being here as "suspected disloyal American citizens."

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Typical Nisei humor: "Our aim is to keep the toilets clean; your aim will help!" I doubt if the Issei will catch on; they seem to be lacking in this light sense of humor. The men's latrines usually have enough Scot's tissue in it, but the women have a little difficulty because the young girls all walk off with it to use as Kleenex!

The first baby was born in camp last Monday. I wonder what it will be named. We got the news too late to headline it in the paper so had to box it in one corner. Toro certainly is having a headache with the paper. Everything has to be read and "oked" by the front office. They are cautious to the nth degree. (By a consensus of opinion the paper was named the Tanforan Totalizer, a racing theme. I got a front page story on the postoffice, edited by Jimmy) Kim says that the administration is very sensitive about radicalism or unfavorable publicity; I think that he has pretty good information that a sample of the outgoing mail is censored, but I hardly think that this is true. There are bound to be mistakes made, but they shouldn't be afraid of that as long as they are sincere. W.H. and some others write directly to the WRA with their complaints and they seem to think that they get immediate action. It would be much better if they were frank with the administration here and took their problems to them; I'm sure that they would give it consideration---if they had time. Notice was issued today that no notice could be placed on any bulletin board without an official "o.k." Reason??

Correction on C.S. He did not escape thru a hole in the fence. He rode out of the front gate with some workmen that are building the new barracks. Since he looks Caucasian, he was not noticed. Haruo talked to him today and he said that C. is very bitter about the fact that he has Japanese blood in him. He particularly resents the fact

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that people stare at him and wonder why he is here. It would appear from this that C. is <sup>a</sup> very sensitive person and suffers from a great deal of emotional jangles. I saw him tonight huddled up in the corner of the grandstand by himself, but did not attempt to approach him because he probably would resent it at this time. There is also a Filipino man here who ~~is~~ married to a pretty Japanese wife. I wonder if he will be isolated or whether the Japanese will accept him into its midst. I doubt it. He must really want to be with his wife; what other reason would he have for making himself a virtual prisoner when he could be making \$8.00 a day in the shipyards?

The number of University people among the Japanese here is the highest of any assembly or relocation center. I believe that there are well over 1,000 who have graduated from college. There are over 40 experienced engineers, half of whom were on the Federal payroll previous to the evacuation. The sanitation corps are all University trained, as well as the majority in the medical center. Then we have professors and high commercial and business people. This can be explained by the fact that most Nisei have attended the U.C. (about one third of all Nisei who go on to college) and they have settled in the Bay Area. Many of the civil service workers who were in Sacramento also resided in the Bay Area and are now here. The proportion of optometrists and pharmacists also are very high. Only  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the Japanese are in farming in the State. Here there are less than 10% farmers. They come chiefly from Centerville, Palo Alto, Mt. Eden, and San Mateo. Therefore, relocation should be on a different basis than farming under these circumstances. I see many of the U.C. students here; I suppose many will continue on with their education if proper provisions are made by the

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the government. They certainly can't go on their own, altho some may be financially independent. Johnny Izumi is in a tough quandry; he planned to go to Boston, but the East Coast has also been made a restricted zone and he can't get permission to go there as yet. Johnny is one of those big rugged fellows, weighing over 200 pounds. He was quite a football hero down at L.A.C.C. and belonged to various fraternities. He has a Caucasian girl friend and his contacts with the Japanese has been limited. He doesn't like it here and is getting restless; he wants to escape this situation as he is tired of seeing so many yellow and brown faces with all conversation directed towards this little insignificant problem of the Japanese. Johnny was born in Hawaii and has travelled extensively as a seaman. "What good is a seaman here?" Just after Dec. 7 he was all signed up to go out on a boat from Los Angeles, but the FBI yanked him and all the rest of the "Japanese" off of the boat. He is a math major.

About 100 employees of the City and County of San Mateo made a tour of the camp today. It reminded me of the times when we used to have visitors at the "home"---"sunday clothes" was put on everything in order to make a good impression and we kids used to moon about the ~~the~~ big hypocrites in charge who showed only the good things so that they would get compliments on how efficient they were. Well, the 100 tourists were served a special meal in the messhall---they got two big delicious meatballs with two vegetables and dessert, plus butter; the "inmates" ate one microscopic meatball without the extra trimmings, says Taro. I ate at our messhall and we had good service and abundant food. For the cultural touch, wild flowers were placed on the table and everyone took his hat off. But in the main messhall there is still great confusion----feeding over 4,000 people is an immense job and

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and often food runs out when the hungry boys get back in line for "seconds" before the tardy people arrive.

The 100 tourists were taken thru the main part of town and did not come down to our "slush alley" down in the "slums". They were impressed with the industrious Japanese, but they must also have noticed the lack of many facilities. Jimmy talked to one of the county clerks and he felt sorry for the hardships that they had to undergo in the stables. Jimmy explained that this was all right as long as the spirit and morale kept up and if promised improvements were forthcoming. Jimmy gave such a touching story about the scarcity of cigarettes around here that the clerk is going to send him a carton. The tourists would have obtained a better picture of the camp if they had to wait in long lines for meals and if they slept in stables overnight. The glamour of the center probably would have taken a sudden fall for them. But we must keep up appearances and put on a good front, sister says.

There are scads of Japanese ministers in camp. Many of them are doing valuable work with their little flocks. Services are provided for all Protestants without the little denominational splits so far. This is the largest religious group in camp. Next comes the Buddhists who now hold meetings in English and they have all joined together in one group also with their services open to all. About 300 Catholics also have their special services, observing all the different fast days, etc. The smallest group to have its individual services are the Seventh Day Adventists. There are 40 followers of this sect in camp. They had better do a lot of preaching next Sunday, because so much <sup>and plywood</sup> lumber has been "lifted" from the piles laying around that the carpenters won't have enough <sup>lumber</sup> to finish the new barracks. And the Army won't

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provide any more. Things have come to such a state that they shine searchlights on the infield at night to scare off the pilferers! This indicates that there is a scarcity of facilities and that this lumber is being used to make furniture and other household equipment. You can't cast them into hell for that, Mr. Minister.

One thing that is not so good is the number of Japanese written signs that are going around various stables in camp. It may give the old people a more comfortable feeling, but this is America. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Putting bulletins up in Japanese for the old people to read is understandable, but this other stuff is inexcusable. Soon they will want to name the main street, the Ginza! These things are in direct opposition to Americanization.

I did not get to see Mr. Greene today about the possibilities for social work; I think I had better not get in his hair too much. Aya says that he is considering the idea at any rate. As long as the service is provided, I shouldn't worry too much about getting into it myself, altho I would like to very much.

Raining again tonight so I will have to adorn the boots tomorrow to wade through the slush. Those trucks and carpenters will certainly have a hard time tomorrow when they come to work.

May 15, 1942 Friday

Two weeks today! It doesn't seem that long right now; things have been happening so fast. On the Battlefields, the Germans have started their long awaited spring offensive; while the Russians have counter-attacked into the Ukraine. If Russia lose out in the next few months, things will indeed be bad for the Allies. In the Pacific the Japanese are continuing the push into Burma. The official figures on the battle

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Seas has not been announced, but this naval engagement may be significant turning point. On the home front production is going full blast. Gas and sugar rationing has gone into effect besides many other items. The Congressmen are catching hell because they voted themselves special unlimited gas ration cards. And with election coming up soon!

Yori got spring fever yesterday. She walked into the "country" near the lower end of Tanforan in order to commune with nature and think about the future of the Nisei. But she soon lost her melancholy mood as she walked thru the grass and listened to the birds tweet in their freedom. She felt wonderful as she absorbed the warm sunshine (before the rain) and smelled the delicious odor of the new spring flowers while plucking the leaves hither and yon. Today she is laid up with poison ivy and swollen up like a creampuff. She says there ain't no Justice!

Mrs. Shuman sent me some Atlantic and Time magazines today. She is a very kindly sort of person. I first met her during the registration for evacuation in Berkeley. She was doing volunteer work because of her interest in Nisei welfare. Every morning she would drive to work in a huge chauffeured limosene. Mrs. S. used to be a director in the Alameda County Charities dep't and has had extensive experience in social work.

She was in charge of the disbursement orders for the evacuees, but she had no business since the Japanese were reluctant to apply for any of the necessary articles. When Wang and I appeared before her she almost swooned and then fell all over us in joy. She said that since we were college students she understood why we had nothing. Before I could escape, I had disbursements orders totalling over \$60 which was plenty to equip me in great style for the Event.

The day I left she took some moving pictures of Mitch and me and promised to send me magazines and writing material. I never gave it

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another thought until the magazines arrived today. Also received a note from Dr. White in re: to the <sup>Chicago</sup> scholarship. He certainly has been considerate and kind to me. I was his Teaching Ass'ts. in one of the classes that he had several years ago and ever since then he had helped me out several times. Just before I left Berkeley I was eating lunch with Harry Lee and he ran into us. I introduced Harry and we got to talking about how soon I would be leaving the campus for camp. Dr. White Harry, "And when do you have to go!" "I don't," Harry answered with a smile. "Why? Aren't you in one of the restricted zones yet?" "Well you see, Dr. White, I am Chinese and so don't have to go!" An embarrassing silence followed.

Harry went on to tell us about the Chinese reaction to the evacuation. The group he belongs to are more liberal and he said that they were conscious of the fact that this was a dangerous precedent and that the Chinese could easily be the next group if the world powers shifted on sides. This group are very sympathetic for the Nisei who have to leave school, but they did not express themselves because of the parental attitudes. Harry seemed to feel that the greater majority of the "Chinese" were less Americanized than the Nisei, in spite of the fact that they are in their third generation in this country. They talk Chinese even on the campus, while I never did hear any Nisei use Japanese in public conversation at the U.----regardless of their other faults. Harry stated that potentially there was more fifth column possibilities on Grant Ave. than on Post Street. In spite of being on the Allied side, the Chinese here are still discriminated against and they do not get into defense works so easily as commonly believed. War relief drives are such great successes because China benefits by it and because even the poorer Chinese are high pressured into contributing. I think Harry was ex-

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aggrating a bit about his doubts of loyalty. The Chinese are just as capable of being good loyal Americans as anyone. They merely are on the right side and in a position to be openly active, just like the English in this country.

Harry cooked a farewell Chinese dinner for me the next evening at Irene's house. About ten of my friends had planned the thing and they presented me with a book so that I would have something to do in camp. It was a very cosmopolitan group, representing China, Poland, and other countries in Europe. One girl was a refugee from Germany and she was at the University studying Medicine. Her father was a University Professor in Sociology and her mother a doctor. They fled to England where her father is now teaching in London and her mother learning English and preparing herself for the English medical exams. Al's parents are "somewhere in Poland." Sol grew up near the Japanese on Boyle Heights in L.A., but was born in Canada. Martha was born in Philadelphia at the time her father was first violinist in the Philadelphia symphony, but he later moved his family to L.A. and entered the "junk business." Martha received a fine training as a pianist and is keenly interested in the "more cultural music." Her favorite songs are the "Six Songs for Democracy" made by the Spanish Loyalists during the Civil War several years ago. She was in the Social Welfare Dep't with me, and this summer she will assist Prof. Huntington doing some research work at U.C. Sammy was born in North Manchuko. He is a white Russian and he is now studying things of social significance. He can speak several Asiatic languages. Irene was born in Poland and derived citizenship thru her father who was born in Denver. Irene is a very beautiful girl and I used to have such interesting conversations with her. She

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says that she never felt conscious of the fact that she is a member of a "race." I never realized that she was Jewish until she told me. She looks like a North European Nordic beauty. She will soon go to work as a social worker for the Alameda Welfare Board.

Harry was born in China, but he also derived citizenship thru his father who was born in S.F. Chinatown. His father returned to China where Harry was born, also another brother and two sisters. I first knew him at S.F. State College before he transferred to U.C. Harry not only put himself thru school, but is sending his brother and two sisters at the same time. He works all night and attends classes during the day; I don't know when he sleeps, except during classes. He has a brilliant mind, however, and manages to get good grades in his graduate work. He believes that our present American fetish of liberty is bringing about a strange servitude----slavery to the present fashion of freedom, which the masses do not have. Eventually he hopes to return to China and see what he can do there to be of use because he does not believe that an Oriental can have a job in America with social function or significant meaning.

D.N. and I were the only Nisei present in this company and we had a very interesting conversation around the dinner table. D. did herself proud and gave a very illuminating account of the Nisei position in this country---a positive and optimistic approach. She was a little disappointed that my friends were so "disillusioned." I didn't particularly think this was the case. The trend of the talk just led in this direction for a while, and I think we did a good job in giving the group some picture of the present Nisei status. S. works in the shipyards--he quit a Fed" white collar job for it---because he wanted to get nearer the workers. We were able to give him some basis for discussion with "Okies and Arkies" down there when they bring up their preconceived

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She is not such a bad person as I thought; in fact, she is pretty decent and I did her an injustice by harboring such dark thoughts about her. This morning she sent a messenger down to tell Alice that she has a secretarial job for her, and a part time office job for Bette. Alice is all excited because now she will have some "prestige". It may be a good thing for her because she has been doing domestic work so long. The small pay (\$12.00 a month) doesn't make any difference as long as she gets the satisfaction of being a "Secretary". Already she has started. Tonite she put a sign up saying that we would have to make our own beds hereafter! That's gratitude for you----after all the "plugging" I did on Aya in her behalf.

Poker is certainly a time waster. James, Warren, Leland and I had a session which lasted for eight hours starting from this afternoon. And I only came out 7¢ ahead! Will have to cut it out because one can easily get into the habit. Some of the boys have heard rumors that quite a bit of seduction, verging on rape, is going on in the cubes at the top of the Grandstand. R.M. claims that he knows of actual cases. In a community of over 8,000 such things are bound to happen, and it will increase unless healthy activities are provided for the young people. Quite a bit of gambling already goes on. The old men in the Grandstands play for fairly large stakes. No harm done, I suppose. They might as well get some use out of their money. The canteen does not even have cigarettes to sell and this Bull Durham is getting me down.

The thing that I have feared is going to happen. The WCCA and WRA announced today that thousands of Japanese would be granted special furloughs to help bring in America's food crop under a rigorous "mutual protection plan." Japanese will be enlisted in a day or so to go to Eastern Oregon to harvest the sugar beet crop, after the Army gives

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approval and a joint statement is signed by the gov't and the Employer to maintain order and prevent violence. No Federal troops will be used for protection. The plan calls for prevailing wages and local labor must not be competed against. All costs of transportation to and from the assembly center must be provided and it shall be on a voluntary basis. This is nothing more than a work corps. What about resettlement? I doubt whether much action will be placed upon it now. This means that altho the Nisei will be able to make money, families will not be resettled on a permanent basis. And after the war, the Japanese may be permitted to come back into the restricted zones, but they will not have to start over again. I just don't like the implications of the whole thing. What about the students? The Japanese must sign official forms to serve in the corps for the duration and agree to perform tasks assigned to them. There is no definite assurance on wages except the vague statement "going wages." Once signed up, it will be very difficult to do anything else but work as a farm laborer for the duration.

At the same time, the relocated areas will be developed so that some porportion of the families will be resettled in a way. But the whole thing is pointed towards an agricultural program. In these centers the wages will not exceed that of the U.S. soldiers. But when on furloughs they must pay for the upkeep of their dependents left behind. Schools will be provided--and some plans are being made for the transfer of college students. Thus it may not be as bad as it first sounded on the radio this morning. Sofar fine relocation sites have been selected and are under construction, Manzanar being the only one in operation at the present time. Manzanar is to be devoted to guayule plantations, small industries, and public works. Parker in southwest Arizona will be used for irrigation projects and production of subsistence food

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crops. Gila River in southern Arizona for specialty crops, and Tule Lake in northern California for small field crops and canning, and Minidoka in southern Idaho for sugar beets and other crops. These will hold 10,000 capacity, except Parker with 20,000. Ten more additional centers will be selected later. This is a bit different from the earlier plans of individual resettlement in the Middle West with no center to have more than 5,000 Japanese.

80,000 Japanese are supposed to be off the coast by next week. The Sacramento Valley will go next week.

Well, there is still hope. It may be for the best. At least it will be a great social experiment.

May 16, 1942 Saturday

Slept late today and prevented Bette from cleaning up. Alice went to work and already is acting "prima donna" and talks about how she has to rush to the "office". She is classified as a Senior Clerk. Emiko is working part time as a typist, and Bette is on call as a general office worker.

Although I am glad that they are working, I wish that they had gone after it on their own initiative. Aya has been very nice to them, but it really is not fair that they should get preference over all those girls that had applied earlier, especially those with Civil Service experience who are able to type 80--90 words per minute and operate office machinery. I doubt if Alice can go over 45. This has been the whole trouble with the employment situation. With jobs at such a premium here, lots of nepotism (?) goes on. Nisei in jobs get all their relatives or members of the same cliques in with them. Consequently, qualified people do not have a

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chance to do something. What we need is a merit system! Shojo is a Phi Beta with two years of grad. work; he can't get into the Recreational program because he doesn't belong to the right clique. Three or four members of one family work in a single office. The Mikado boys have taken over the commissary; the "Y" boys the canteen. And so it goes. Many of the other Nisei are getting resentful over this situation: they feel that positions should be given on the basis of skill, ability, and experience rather than on a "home town basis." It really is not that important, but it can be the cause of great dissension. Jack wants each job to be given on an election basis. He is thinking of running for Engineer. His platform will be a "comic book by every toilet in the men's latrines!"

Jack had a breakfast date this morning. He dressed up in his good clothes and took the electric toaster with him. It must have been good because he was there two hours---"after breakfast cigarette"--- and Pop was mighty angry because he could not have toast for his breakfast.

A 10:00 curfew has been set for girls here. That's one way of the solving "the problem."

Mitch just dropped by. He and Ann spent all afternoon erasing MacArthur Blvd. from the map that Obata drew of the camp for our Tanforan Totalizer. The reason is that the Army does not permit naming anything after living generals. After all the red tape, we finally got the first edition out. The mimeograph job was not so good, and the only thing that saves the paper is the map in back. It gives a general layout of the camp with comic quotations here and there.

A lot of new barracks have been completed in the infield. It only took them three days to complete the job. The carpenters get about

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\$15.00 a day so that they could afford to work overtime. These new barracks are not too sturdy. Our stables are at least more solidly built. I saw a few of the places that had real rugs on the floor. A lot of furniture is now being brought in by various families. It's going to be a big problem if they accumulate too much stuff here. This is only an Assembly center and not a permanent areas so that everyone will have to go through the process of moving again.

A lot of the Nisei went to work today with their hoes and cleared off the upper end of the infield to use as a playground. Now they will have a place to play baseball on besides the track. Prof. Obata is also signing up art classes and they will get underway. I have already signed up for the Red Cross First Aid Class and so I practice putting the different bandages on Tom. Miyako is attending recreational class for little girls already and she got a little gang that fight for her favors. Tom has found a friend and he is making a stooge out of him. I guess he takes it out on him because he gets bossed around so much by the rest of us.

Temperments clashed tonight. I got Alice sore because I told her that she was too old to be chasing around with the young 18 and 19 year boys. They are more of Emiko's age. I told Alice that she should get wider interests than dances and day to day activities. She rarely gives a thought to "why we are here, and from here where", and what we as Nisei could do. By this I did not mean that she should get moody or anything, but at least open her mind to other things. I didn't say it too diplomatically and she backfired with my lack of "cooperation" around the house, and all the laundry she does for me without appreciation, etc. But she just can't see the intangible things that I try to do and it's

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so hard to explain it. Like all "Japanese" industry is the spice of life and anyone that is not materially busy is a lazy person, etc. I'm more concerned with the wider issues involved in this evacuation and want to be of service along these lines rather than on an individual personal family basis. It's much more important than just busy being busy with the day to day activities, although these things have to be done by somebody. But Jack has been doing all the building, etc., he has a talent for sawing boards straight and I would only be in the way. But time spent on volunteer work on the paper and in the recreation dep't are just as important. I'm not the type of person who gushes thanks over every little consideration although I feel it within. Being silent or gruff about it is a sort of guilty conscience reaction, just like Jack used to complain for steak during the time the family was evacuated to S.F. from Vallejo. But that did not mean that he had no interest in the welfare of the family; he wasn't in a position to do much about it. But Alice never can see beyond the surface actions, and accordingly judges by that. It really is a suffering hero role although she would vehemently deny that. Even I get them---like tonight, perhaps, when I told her to leave my laundry alone and I would move up to the single Men's Grandstand if that would make her happier. Alice is really funny that way. She makes a fetish out of expecting thanks for everything done, even for Miyako. It's too extreme and it makes me react just the opposite even if I did feel thanks. Mariko has done a great deal for the family and she just takes it for granted that we appreciate it without making an issue out of it. I guess it's because Alice ~~her~~ feels she is not being appreciated. She does work hard and it burn her up when anyone says that she neglects her duties. The whole point is: I get over irritated because I don't think

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she is living up to her potentialities intellectually and so give vent to this feeling by criticizing her material actions.

Alice has her other problems which disturb her also. She feels a deep loyalty and responsibility to the family---much more than I do-- at the same time she has other conflicts. When Angelo comes down, she says that she can see "eyes" looking at him and wondering what her status is with him. Pop thinks he is a good boy, but he is opposed to any inter-marriage. He thinks such a thing will be a disgrace to his name and he was glad when we were finally evacuated because he thought that this would end the affair. But Angelo comes down here. Pop is worried that social adjustments could never be made if they were married. I don't know how serious it is between the two of them or what the outcome will be. That is Alice's problem and none of my business. I tried to tell Pop tonight that this is America and that they would have to decide between themselves.. And then there is Jack and Dolores. Pop can't understand the American way of being affectionate and he thinks that it is some sort of sin for them to put their arms around one another in his and the young children's presence. And the fact that Dolores is not Japanese either makes it almost unbearable for him. Mom sort of understands that this is the American way and she could accept it. But I don't know about Pop. I wonder how he would react if Mariko married Kayo who is only half Japanese and looks like a Caucasian? Mariko is pretty far off in Chicago so that she would be out of the range of any possible reactions. Pop never says much to Jack or Alice about inter-marriage now; he senses that he can do nothing once their minds are made up. Haven't heard from Mariko lately but she must be enjoying her work as an Oriental clothes model. She would.

Mariko would be a terrible misfit in this camp. She is too

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Americanized and independent. It's a good thing that she got out of domestic work for a while anyhow....perhaps permanently. In one day she decides that she doesn't want <sup>to</sup> ~~et~~ go to camp; borrows \$55 for a train ticket; packs and is off on the 8:30 train without knowing a soul or having a job on the other end. That takes guts. Fortunately she was taken in by Dr. Calkins who is a very influential person.

There is a Japanese man who practices the Japanese flute in the laundry near <sup>mine</sup> her place. She almost threw a fit when he played the "Kimigayo" at the end of his practice. The man is probably harmless, but he should recognize that such a thing could be very harmful for the Nisei. These old people, they are so set in their traditional ways that they are transplanting everything---material and intellectual---to this camp if possible, and not fully realizing that they are behind the 8 ball and that the next move is up to them. Old people get so set in their ways and habits do have such a stronghold. At a time like this they should realize the alternatives--it's up to them.

Glanced thru the Tolson Hearings Report on enemy aliens and am more convinced than ever that the Nisei are loyal. Why evacuation? Every Nisei should read it from cover to cover. It is very fair and not sensational like the papers played it up----or one sided.

Most surprising event of the day was the sudden removal of C.S. and his father and sister to Arizona. His sister came in today. The mother is coming tomorrow, but they won't be here to meet her. C.S. was given exactly one hour's notice to pack and be ready to leave. They wouldn't allow them to contact the mother so that one of the soldiers is going to do it tonight when he gets his leave for the evening to go to town. Just can't figure out the reasons why the Army made this sudden move. They

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loaded the three of them into a U.S. staff car with their luggage and left for Arizona immediately. Perhaps the Army feels that C.S. will become a symbol to the Japanese of its inconsistencies---a loyal American not being allowed to serve his country. It's things like this that grow into rumors and break down morale. What are the Nisei to think? Aren't we considered as Americans anymore?

Another inconsistent case is of Bob Iki's friend. She is married to a Caucasian seaman who is now serving America on the high seas. This girl is Japanese so she has to come here tomorrow. How will this affect her husband; he knows nothing about it yet. The girl will stay with the Iki's in camp here. It looks like the Army is going to evacuate all "Japanese" even if they are married to Caucasians. The only exemptions will be made to those doing vital work for the Army such as listening to news reports from Toyko and translating as Chiyo is doing now in S.F. Her family is here though.

May 17, 1942 Sunday

A little difficulty tonight since there are about 17 young people visiting. They are singing and dancing to the recordings and the noise is quite loud. I hope the rest of the barracks do not mind all this noise. We played bingo and I lost four times to the kids so that I had to run around the barracks three times as a penalty. In moments like this, one feels like being gay and forgetting everything.

Received the official circular of information for enlistees in the War Relocation Work Corps. It certainly presents the plan in a more social manner. The newspaper wrote it up in a slightly different vein. These relocation centers will be the place where the great work of the

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Nisei lies. Makes me feel like a pioneer already. The selected areas are capable of development and will provide work opportunities the year around. The chief stress will have to be on agricultural production in line with our war efforts. Public works and small manufacturing are the other basic possibilities. The aim will be to utilize old skills and develop new ones. All the land in the relocated areas will remain in public hands, and any improvements made will remain in public hands. The original plan was to put the Japanese there immediately in tent cities, but the great shortage of canvas makes it necessary for regular barracks to be built and a sanitary system fixed up before our arrival. Thus, it now appears that we will have even less provisions than here and we have to start from scratch once more. I guess we can stand it although the Issei are getting along in years and not physically able to undergo the hardship which they underwent in their youth.

The thought strikes me that this is not such a novel experiment in our history after all. These relocation centers are glorified Indian Reservations and the Work Corps a sort of C.C.C. At least the treatment will be more humane and the vision wider than the way they drove the Indians westward into Reservations. We are going east and will practically be wards of the gov't also. The only difference is that a war is going on and the Japanese will be able to help the war efforts by providing needed foodstuff. Students will also be sent to midwestern Universities according to tentative plans. Jock is muttering, "They better let me out; they promised." I feel sure that some provisions will be made.

The importance of this Assembly is that some sort of organizational basis will be developed for self government, and it is not too important

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for us to perfect anything here, since our stay will be relatively limited in this camp. Some of the younger Nisei think that the Work Corps is a fine idea---if they get prevailing wages--and are anxious to do something as they are getting restless doing nothing here! Work opportunities will continue to be at the minimum here in this camp.

I might as well try to sign up in some way to go as a volunteer among the advance group. Social work is always needed but I wonder what the opportunities will be for me there? Perhaps I should stress the employment field more. Either would be acceptable to me because I could then have the chance to get at the center of things and watch it develop into something---or fall apart. Jock is definitely going to pull out and I don't know what Alice plans to do yet. I suppose that if I did leave first, some provisions can be made for the family to come to the same relocation area. The more I think about it, the more I become convinced, that the family will not be a handicap but an asset. It is a stabilizing influence and will help to prevent individual degeneration. Whatever happens, our family can't lose.

We had 26 visitors to our stables today, 17 at one time. We are getting quite neighborly with the people next door---the Iwanaga family. Miyako plays with Yuri and Bette is beginning to pal around with Pat. Jock knew the father while he worked down on Grant Ave. during the final few days before evacuation. Mr. Iwanaga is in charge of the lost letter department here, an activity that keeps him quite busy. The whole family is very Americanized. We first got to know them by our singing, "I love potato chips," to the tune of "How about you". The whole family is so friendly; Mrs. Iwanaga sent us over some <sup>cookies</sup> ~~needles~~ today.

I don't know about our neighbors on the other side. They don't seem to be very approachable, Jack built the boardwalk in front of their place

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but they don't seem to be very anxious to cultivate good relationships so far so we more or less leave them alone. They are more conservative and Japanese. I wonder what they think of all the noise that comes from our stables? Mom and Pop seem to enjoy people coming here to have fun because then they don't have to worry about what is going on. Pop even tried to jitterbug tonite and he was the hit of the evening. I was thinking tonight that the evacuation by itself has already in the past two weeks broken down some of the Japanese culture. Already some of the former causes for cultural conflict has become less intensified--with the Nisei holding the upper hand. We hold the advantage of numbers and the fact that we are citizens.

Many of the parents who would never let their daughters go to dances before do not object so strenuously now. They are slowly accepting the fact that their children cannot stay home night after night doing nothing without some sort of recreational release. Books are still a rarity. Consequently, the Thursday night talent show and the Saturday dances are jammed to capacity. There can no longer be conflict over the types of food served as everybody eats the same thing---with forks. We haven't had any Japanese food yet, thank God. The recreational program thus far has been pointed towards the Nisei and there is little for the older folks to do except go visiting.

The Nisei as a whole rejoice that they no longer have to attend Japanese language school. This means that Japanese will be used less and less as the younger children grow up. A very few will be able to read and write it. And if these schools were a source of propaganda for Japan, they have now been eliminated. Thus, it is destined that Japanese will be used less and less among the Japanese here, and by the

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next generation it no longer will be a necessity to know it. Even among the Issei there will be a greater stress on speaking English so that they can continue to communicate with their children. It almost becomes a necessity. We are not getting any Japanese publications in camp so that even the Issei will be less exposed to the Japanese point of view. The only news they can get is from the newspaper, (American) and the radio, which naturally will stress the American angle. Since short wave radios are not allowed, they can't receive any of the broadcasts from Japan.

.I dress habits the American methods will predominate. The Japanese will continue to use the "geta," but it is not likely that any kimonos will be used in public. This was true even before evacuation. This phase of Americanization has been almost complete. Another part of the Japanese culture---the Festive customs and observations will be eliminated, or done in private, although on stable did display a Japanese fish flag during the recent Boy's Festival Day. They really used to observe this day quite widely in the former Japanese communities. And any Japanese handicraft, art, or folk songs will be Americanized if used during the next few years. I don't believe that all Japanese culture should be cast aside indiscriminately because a lot of it could be integrated into the American life. But at this time outward expressions of them are a symbol for the preference of the Japanese political forms and theories. And this is war, and people will not recognize that there is a difference between the culture of a country and the political system under which it exists. They are too ready to believe that the acceptance of the culture also implies the acceptance of the political system. Since the Nisei are a part of America, we have to choose one way or the other and cannot no longer remain wavering on the fence. And the only possible choice for most of us is America so we might as

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well go the whole hog---even though there may be possible repercussions. Not all Japanese culture will be lost. I have seen Japanese wall hangings and art pieces in a few of the stables.

All this means is that cultural changes has been accelerated. This means that there will be less conflict between the two generations in the outward ways of life, although in regard to political theories there may continue to be differences. Generally, the parents understand that they have lost their children to America and say less and less, unless they happen to be extreme reactionaries. But this is an individual family affair. Perhaps the Issei are worried about losing complete control over their children in everything. Already they are starting to demand a voice in the self gov't of this center. This is a good sign that the democratic process is working already and it will be a good experience for them to take an active part in political affairs as long as they don't try to dominate it and regain control over the Nisei by this method. It's too bad that they <sup>were</sup> never given citizenship rights as this is one of the strongest ways to get any group to become an active part of American life.

The role of the Issei father in the family life has become less dominant because he no longer holds the economic purse strings. This will be true even after the war. Before this has been the source of their power and it carried a lot of weight. The mother still has a role in the family life, because she still has to sew, do the laundry, and look after the welfare of her children. The only thing she doesn't have to do is cooking! But in general, the control and discipline of the parents has become loosened by the recent events. This may even be harmful if social disorganization develops at too fast a pace without

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suitable adjustments being made fast enough. But the family will more or less be held together because of the onedominant interest: what does the future hold in store for the Japanese in America? The Nisei consider themselves as Americans and if given a chance to demonstrate their loyalty, the trend will become stronger and stronger. The Issei will have no choice but to follow if they don't want to lose their families altogether.

May 18, 1942 Monday

Quite a row at the hospital. A.Y. tried to get a story for the paper, but nobody wanted to release anything official. The doctors are having a battle for prestige and no one person is the official head because they all want to be head and would rather remain on an equal basis rather than have one as the "boss". On top of this they are overworked. None of them are specialists. It seems to me that general practitioners are not enough. I'd hate to have a delicate operation performed by them. But if specialists are not provided, they have to do the work. They realize that all children under 16 should be provided with milk, but only those under 5 are getting it at present. This situation plus the starchy diet (improving greatly) is not suitable for growing children. Also, a great confusion in dining hall dep't. Seems that some of the new messhalls are getting shorted on its quota of fresh meat. Ah! Graft rears its ugly head! The canteen also has been closed for one week to move to its new quarters. They certainly are strict with every item. The clerks can't even eat an orange without it being missing in the official count. The man said that there was around \$800 gross sales today. Candy and newspapers and cigarettes and oranges are the most popular items. The profits are all supposed to go into the recreational

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development of the camp and if this is true, a very sizeable amount should accumulate.

The camp carpenters finally got a supply of lumber in today so that they are busy making ironing boards for the laundry. The girls are also demanding partitions in the showers because they want more privacy. They are planning to petition to the administration about the matter. The new drug department also opened today in the Canteen. The only line of goods sold so far are sanitary napkins and a score of 8 sales was rung up by Iekie (?), wrapped in day old newspapers! Later on he plans to carry a full line of body goods and necessary toilet items. Toothbrushes, pastes, etc, will be standardized in order to get them at wholesale prices.

The second baby was born today. At Santa Anita one of the new babies was named Anita! Taro has appointed me to be the Exchange Editor for the camp paper so I will have to arrange contacts with all the other assembly and relocation centers to be put on its mailing lists.

Today Alice and Emiko worked at the Employment office. They are filing all cards according to names. Emiko got to the K's which was the thickest batch and she couldn't find where they should be put so she went to Mitch and asked: "Do you have the <sup>(K's)</sup> K's here?"

"Yes," he replied, "we've got lots of them around this place!"

"But", Emiko protested, "you're working on the <sup>(S's)</sup> S's."

"We got lots of them here, too!" Mitch said.

The girls have a new term for saying that nature calls them to the lavatory. It has a jitterbug motif. They say, "Let's go do the Lava-Lava jive!"

Yesterday there was 170 visitors here; today 44. It's a lot of red tape for them to get inside and they are only supposed to stay one

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hour and remain in the Grandstands. Arnold is a rat, according to many griped Nisei, because he is so rude to them. One old lady came with two ~~gi~~ big packages at 3:55 and he slammed the gate in her face and would not let her in because it was time to close the gate for visiting hours. He wouldn't even deliver the packages for her. This sort of thing creates a bad impression of the place; we're not supposed to be prisoners. The administration will not allow them to come into the grounds. We don't care if they see our stables so why should they? We can always write to them about it so they are not hiding anything. Dolores got hell today for coming down here as well as Angelo and the MPs looked all over for them---again. Jock and Alice want to start a campaign to recall Arnold.

Sent a card to the S.F. registrar ~~of~~ my absentee ballot. I might as well exercise my rights and keep on <sup>in</sup> the habit of voting.

Ann came over tonight. She witnessed an amusing scene on the way over. Some little boys were pointing at one of their pals and shouting, "He's not an American, he's not an American!" This picked up her interest so she went over and asked, "Why isn't he an American?" "Because," they replied, "he says he is a Jap!"

Ann has been appointed to help Mr. Kilpatrick, the new education director, formulate a program and we discussed the possibilities. In the short time that we ~~will~~ be here, nothing extensive can be undertaken, so that it will be informal---with a policy of Americanization. She plans to have classical music programs, town hall discussions, and debates, outside lectures, forums, English classes for the Issei and Kibei, history and civics classes, recordings, and plays based on historical persons such as Abe Lincoln. Perhaps we could even have a satire on camp life later on. Ann has asked me to work on the Lectures

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and Forums division. I think we will be able to get well known speakers from the outside to come in for talks as they will be glad to do this service. All of this will keep the morale up and keep the Nisei in touch with the vital American life.

I'm still trying to get into social work. Greene was too busy to see me, but he says nothing has developed yet. I'll have to keep after him even if I do get in his hair. (He's almost bald!) The newspaper is all right, but too much <sup>red tape</sup> and censorship to it. Recreation has possibilities. The new education department has meat to it if Ann's suggestions are followed and I might as well get into this as it will be on way at getting at the core of things. We can't do too much in the few months we will be here, but it will help to counteract the Issei influence which may be stronger than suspected.

May 19, 1942 Tuesday

The recreational and educational art classes organized and classes are already are being held. Meeting was also held on Dramatic possibilities. The younger groups will put on light plays while the older ones will concentrate on the first class plays. "Valley Forge" and "Abe Lincoln" were proposed since the themes would be good. Because of the inadequacy of stage props, etc., it was suggested that perhaps informal readings of plays could be given to start the ball rolling. The "writers" suggested that we may be able to whip up a satire on camp life in the Hellzapoppin way.

Taro and a few others are already thinking of going to Parker Dam in the advance group to start the paper. They feel that this is the only a transitional stage and there is too much red tape to do anything constructive. They do not have too high an opinion of the administration.

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Bob S. thinks that much more can be done in the relocation camp because it will be under the WRA administration and the top personnel will be more competent. Mr. Neudstadt, the head of the Western Division of the Federal Security Agency, was here today, and Mitch had a chance to speak a few moments with him. He has been asked to write about the condition here, and Mitch suggested that I do the same. Mr. Neudstadt knows all about the JACL and the background of the leaders so that he is not fooled a bit by them. It will be up to the Nisei to make or break in the re-settlement projects, and leadership is bound to arise out of this experience. One of the dangers of the whole thing is the prospect of isolation and segregation of the Japanese. If they are going to be cut off, there is a grave danger that they will be difficult. One sure thing is that re-settlement away from the resettlement camps will break down a great deal of the past volunteer and forced segregation of the Japanese communities, since they will have to deal more and more with the greater American public. I still don't think there are enough capable leaders, and it is up to all of us to see that the job is not botched before they can be developed.

Mitch is definitely going with the group, although he has hopes of getting some sort of Federal position---which is not likely at present. Taro, Bob S., and the other writers are also staying with the group. Warren, Jimmy, and many others will pull out as they still look upon this thing as an adventure which they want to experience a little at first hand before going on with their respective careers away from the Japanese.

I was approached by Taro as to whether I wanted to go with them to Parker for the newspaper; but I could not give them a definite answer.

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Besides a consideration of the family (presuming that Jock and Alice both pull out) I am not sure that it is newspaper work that I want. I think I could do more in social work or in the Employment field. The adjustments for me to the Japanese group will not be so easy; I might as well realize that. As long as I think that I am going forward and being of some service, that will be ample compensation. Going on with school is out of the question for the time being; it's too divorced from reality. As it looks now, the whole future of the Federal Relocation plan will depend upon how the War is going and it is impossible to predict into the future.

Wage scales were announced today. The editor of the paper is rated professional at \$16 and the reporters at \$12. We are not on the payroll yet, and it is likely that only about 5 or 6 will be given work orders. Taro has appointed us all editors of some kind in the event that we do rate a "salary". I'm the Exchange Editor and in charge of the delivery service. But I don't care much; I'd rather be on my free time looking around than be tied to a punch clock---unless it was something in my specific field. Now I hear that a social worker is going to be sent down here; I hope so. All I want is the experience. The money is unimportant; it will be of use, but the amount is too small to be concerned about. These Japs that worry about how much they are going to get makes me disgusted as hell. As if that is the only important issue.

A common sight these days are the mothers who use the laundry tubs to give their babies a bath. It's hard to give them showers. Haven't seen any babies hung up on the lines to dry yet!

The Arizona Relocation camp has been opened and 2500 Japanese were sent there yesterday. The Army Civil Engineers have named the three camps there Lil' Tokyo, Lil' Osaka, and Lil' Kobe. I like the official

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name Camp Poston better. If they want to give the place names they should be called Lil' Washington, Lil' S.F., and Lil' Los Angeles.

Somebody gave our block a Japanese name and put a sign up on the telephone post in Japanese with it so Tommy and I knocked it down. A couple of Kibei boys did not like it, so I told them that it was Mr. Johnson's orders. Tom tells them that nobody can read Jap around here anyway because we are all Americans. It's a good thing he is so Americanized. Even Miyako is this way---perhaps a bit too Americanized. And Emiko is full of self-confidence. She now has a full time job as one of the few private secretaries to the administrators who run the place. Bette works hard around the house, and she doesn't say much about Alice and Emiko working while she does the housework, but she probably feels a little left out. But she is young and she might as well have her time free. She seems to be paling around with Pat Iwanaga next door.

W.T.: "I think evacuation is a great injustice. As I walk about the camp and see the Nisei and their parents, I become more and more convinced that they are not potential saboteurs. I can't see how their parents would jeopardize their business---limited as it was--- and the future of their children by being actively disloyal to this country. Most of them are not fired by political ideology to the point where they would sacrifice it in favor of their essential livelihood. The motives for evacuation has some other basis---purely selfish economic interest groups pushed it---and no matter what we had or could have done in the past would not have stopped the forces which were out to get us--Nisei and Issei. As A.K. says, "General DeWitt is like the drunk who was thrown out of the bar shouting, 'I'm leaving on my own accord.' He keeps saying that only military necessity will be the basis for his orders, but,

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actually, he was high pressured into it by the American Legion, the Joint Immigration Committee, the Daughters of the Golden West, and other super patriotic groups that stand to gain by it personally, especially the Associated Farmers. They approve of kicking the small Japanese farmers from their property, but are quite willing to see them placed in work gangs to harvest their crops at \$21 a month. What kind of Americanism do you call that? They do their job well---you've got to give them credit for that. They have even gotten the people of the U.S. to believing that the Japanese and the Nisei are a menace to the American life and the war efforts. These things irritate me and I want to do something about it. Why take it laying down? I'm an American, and I believe in the 5th and 14th amendments to the Constitution."

But, on the other hand, the few case of the guilty does work hardships on the whole group. Fundamentally, I agree with W.T., but I still have to view it from a positive approach. Two years ago when I was staying at the Koshu Hotel, the manager of the place used to give me a lot of lectures about learning Japanese, etc., because the only future of the Nisei was in Japan or in China after Japan threw the "Keto" out. He told me to study hard, because Japan needed men like me who would help fulfill the "destiny of Japan." I used to argue with him, and it finally got to a point where I had to move out of the place because I couldn't stand this sort of stuff. It left a bitter taste in my mouth and when I finally told him to go back to Japan, he said I would regret the day that I fooled myself into thinking that I was an American.

Well, now he is here in camp, and the administrator has made him a House Manager in the Grandstands where he looks after the interests of 500 men. He is the one who told the Nisei up there to speak Japanese

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and not to put the American Flag on the wall because the men did not like it. Such irony---but that is Democracy for you. It's things like this that has also made the evacuation policy necessary in the minds of the military; they must have a lot of information on these organizations that contributed funds to Japan's military program. And they are definitely scared of another Pearl Harbor. In this war invasion is not an impossibility, although not probable. There may be something to the statement that they are also evacuating the Japanese to protect them from mob violence in case of reverses in the Pacific. But there are many people among the civilian population that have full confidence in the Japanese---like the letter we got today in the newspaper office:

Dear Japanese friends and citizens:

Since the evacuation of Japanese residents from this area, I have been "about town" a number of times, and have had occasion to go to Oakland, West Berkeley, and Richmond.

As I am an old time resident, I have become accustomed to your smiling faces on the street among the young people going and coming from high school and the Campus, in the shops where service was so pleasant and efficient, and even in the yards where the gardeners do their efficient work.

I want to say that there seems something lacking now that you are temporarily away from our midst, and we do not feel that we have gained by your absence. We look about to the time when you will be back in your customary places.

Yours for a freer, happier nation with liberty and justice for all and mutual esteem among nationalities of our land, based on harmony and equality.

A Berkeley Resident

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The harmony of the camp was shattered by the news (rumors?) that there are three cases of hospitalized rapes---one supposed to have been committed by one of the Caucasian workers here. The girls won't say anything, but there must have been a element of consent, and fear of the consequences. Rumors are about that one of the girls was raped on the way to the latrine late at night. In a community of 9,000, we are bound to get sex problems, and they will continue to develop. These cases are only the first to come to official attention. Curfew for girls and eliminating dances will not solve this social problem. How to sublimate the sex desires of the camp population is ~~giving~~ giving the administration plenty of headaches. The Japanese are not so emotionally cold as commonly believed.

Two more deaths in camp--- one an old man with cancer. Another a "pin head" from S.F., who I used to see on Buchanan St. from unreported causes. Many cases of illness from over-injections of typhoid shots. I just don't have confidence in those dentists and pre-med students who are giving the shots and have refused to get my shots even if I will not be allowed to leave here without them. The medical staff is greatly overworked. How can 4 doctors be expected to administer typhoid shots for the whole camp, give smallpox vaccinations, deliver children, and take care of the ill adequately?

Alice says that there are also a number of ptomaine poisoning cases in the hospital. A census of the total was taken by the house managers, and it was found that 300 residents were ill today from eating the canned sausages which we had Saturday night. Jock says that they must be using the canned foods which were saved from the last war.

In our small messhalls the meals are getting super. Tonite we had

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the best grade of ham---all we could eat. The Japanese seem a little reluctant about going up for seconds, but our family certainly is not bashful. We even brought enough home to make ham sandwiches for 10 tonite! I'm getting plumper and plumper---guess I will have to run around the Tanforan Oval and exercise a bit more. Emiko eats like a horse, but she doesn't care. And Tom! He eats more than Jock and I together. In another year he will be taller than me. His feet are bigger already.

Got a letter from Inky (?). He is finishing his basic training at Camp Robinson, Ark., and he says that Army life is not so bad. He hopes that the war will soon end so that they can all go home. The only recreation he gets is to go out and get drunk according to his \$21. Inky grew up among the tough boys down in the Italian North Beach and never knew any Japanese until his father opened up a garage in the Japanese community. He is a typical American if anybody is and a swell fellow. He weighs about 200 pounds and stands 5'10". Not too intelligent, social problems do not concern him. All he wants to do is to have a good time and keep busy. I suppose thousands of American boys in the Army are the same. They don't know what they are fighting for, but willing to sacrifice all for the best interests of this country. I hope they do not die in vain this time. What will they do when they come marching home?

May 20, 1942 Wednesday

Bette (15): "Nobody talks about why we were evacuated, but it may be because they don't want to see us on the streets. It makes me so mad. A lot of the kids think more Japanese than me. They think they

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are Japanese. I really don't know what it is all about, but I don't believe the Issei. There must be more to it than that. Right now all I am interested in is to go back to school and start my career as a nurse."

Me: "But don't you think that you should know why we were evacuated also, so that you won't get the same outlook as some of your friends?"

B.: "Don't worry; they can't convert me much because they think even less than I do. All they ever talk about is clothes, dances, and boys. Gee, I don't know what is going to happen, but I don't worry about it. All I know is that a lot of the Japanese are not going back to their old Japanese towns. Maybe we will be spread all over the country. They may send some of the Issei that want to go back to Japan, but I don't think they could do that to the Nisei, huh?"

I was lying in bed this morning--too lazy to arise--and listening to the radio telling about the dangers of B.O.; how wonderful it was to eat Wheaties; please smoke Chesterfields; and Ladies, wouldn't you like to have a cheap skunk fur coat? When the thought struck me: Here we are living at the end of an epoch in a great transitional stage and a great war in progress which will mean much to humanity, and yet most of us don't feel much differently. Even I feel this way at times. I can see and hear and read signs of the change all around me, but life seems to go along in its well worn rut. Even the war is an event that one is deeply aware of yet so distant. The American public has not yet reacted fully to the significance of the whole catastrophe. We must be hard hit---directly---before this happens, and this will be soon. Maybe we are too human.

The world of tomorrow will be on a very different basis, but what? M.K. thinks that if Russia comes through, it will be the example for the

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world. Already its influence has covered a large section of the world among the less economically favored. Here in our country we will have some sort of social revolution, not necessarily violent, after the war. That is certain: but there is no way of predicting its form.

The term Communism holds an emotional block in our minds for most of us---except for the few (comparatively) converts. But aside from the "intellectual" ones, they, too, develop a one-sided approach and cannot see any other possibility. This verges on fanaticism, and I cannot accept such a dogmatic view.

Capitalism, in any event, is going to undergo radical changes. It's basis is all wrong for our modern civilization. Instead of the greatest good for the greatest number, its doctrine is the greatest profit for the choice few. This is contradictory to our theory of Democracy. The two terms are neither identical or inseparable. Under democracy anything is possible and it does not necessarily advocate capitalism, which is a common fallacy.

In our modern world, there is no longer any justification for the old type of private profits. When I read of the huge profits that are in store for Mr. "shipyards" Kaiser thru our war efforts and the control which he is getting over the industrial life of the Pacific Coast it doesn't seem right. Yes, private profits are limited to \$25,000, but he can evade this easily enough by not declaring dividends and re-investing the accumulated capital into opening up new shipyards and buying aluminum mines. And I am not so sure that he is doing this out of patriotism, although he may sincerely fool himself into believing that this is the sole motive. He is a victim of the drive for power and profits. After the war, what? Will his power be strong enough to

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start another vicious circle which will inevitably lead to another unnecessary war. I hope not.

More and more we are getting public ownership---even over the means of production. Perhaps this is the answer. We certainly can't do any worse---one third of the nation ill fed and housed. At least the end becomes public service rather than private profits. It can be made efficient and thus eliminate the confusion of lack of plan. We seem to be pointed in this direction. (T.V.A. the outstanding example).

If the U.S. takes the leadership in post-war reconstruction, as we must, then it will have to be by some sort of plan with public service as the goal if we are to avoid another war. I feel that I want to be of service in the present war effort, yet the idea of killing other individuals doesn't exactly appeal to me. Kept on an impersonal basis, the idea is not so revolting. I wonder how those aviators that drop bombs feel? Would they feel the same if they had to go about bashing skulls of old people in with an iron pipe? It's the same thing. War seems to be so senseless, but it may be necessary to "save our way of life" this time. But definitely not the old system. It has to be a way of hope and not of frustration, and only the Allies can lead us in this direction if we plan wisely with a long range perspective. A Fascist victory can only offer us slavery and death.

Jock is starting a petition to rename Lake Tanforan officially to Veronica Lake and then send an invitation for her to come to dedicate the pond.

Got three front page stories for the paper today, but they may not all be carried. Interviewed Gunder of the Employment office and he was a hopeless case. If there ever was a politician of the first order, he

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is yet. He is also a W.P.A. man. Can't understand how they could put anybody of his type in the administrative setup. The girls in the office have no respect for him. He is a big flabby man and he storms all over the place, but he doesn't have much idea of what is going on. During the interview he stamped his foot and his hands and shouted, "Shut up, you girls, I can't hear myself think." And Emiko says, "Yes, sir, Mr. Gunder. She really didn't say that, but it infuriates her to think that we accuse her of being submissive to him. There certainly must be a lack of good administrative men in the country for them to put anyone like him in here. His crudeness may have been all right for the W.P.A. project. Greene has risen a little in my opinion. He seems sincere and tries hard, but I think the job is too big for him. He's never had experience with anything of this sort. He may develop and be very competent.

Mr. Davis, the second man in camp, is not such a tartar as pictured. He appointed me to be the official press representative from the paper to his office. He was very cooperative and took time out to dictate a statement to his secretary for our paper. I am to have several conferences with him each week for the latest releases by his office.

The dead letter office is having a hot time of it. Sus says he gets hundreds of letters addressed to the Sozuki's and the Takohoski's, and it is only by trial and error method that the right party is found.

Today was one of the hottest days yet. We sweltered and melted. To make matters worse, the Canteen was closed and we couldn't get any cokes. I didn't like the way the Main office staff acted. They certainly did not present an efficient appearance. Sweaty men and women. One Caucasian steno wore slacks; another had her shoes off under the desk, and shuffled over to answer the phone without putting them com-

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pletely back on. The heat may make it excusable.

Can't understand Alice. She says that she has some purpose and plan in going to Chicago, but can't make up her mind until she finds out what Jock and I are going to do. If she is afraid to take any decisive steps, she will miss the boat again. There must be some understanding with Angelo. Emiko says that she is going to get married when she is 19 and that she is not going to wait for her sisters to get married first. Bette thinks she wants a career as a nurse first. Tom just want to be a carpenter and support Mom.

Emiko was in the doghouse again tonite. Her gang of "bums" came in after the dance and stayed 'til 10:45. This irritated Pop no end. He thinks that we will get a bad reputation with such noisy boys around. And Mom gave Emiko hell for not doing the dishes. Poor Emiko was so mad, she almost boiled. She went to bed in a rage. Said that Jock and I are at fault, because we kid her about making Bette do all the house-work and Mom takes it seriously. To top it off, Jock ridicules Alice for writing to Mrs. H. and telling her that she likes it here, because the food is getting good and that she is getting to do office work. He tells her that no treatment will compensate for the fact that we are virtual prisoners, and that she shouldn't be so short sighted about the whole thing. I am afraid that Alice does not have too much vision about the total implications of this whole problem. Perhaps it just as well.

Bette is about the only one that doesn't catch heck. She is too young to be held responsible for her older sister's actions.. But Emiko is plenty sore. These family squabbles!

Meal tickets were passed out today. From now on, we can't go around trying out the various messhalls. The girl next door always kids me for eating so much, and also the family.

May 21, 1942 Thursday

Ah! I must be degenerating. The fever of the poker game got me and I spent another eight useless hours to win \$2.00. The boys ran out of money so they used stamps, and now I have a good stock on hand. I wanted to quit at 8 P.M., but was detained until 11:30. It must be in the blood. There's something fascinating about the game. You get to know the other fellows by the way they react. I think I'm the world's worst because I groan when I lose and I gloat when I win. J.T. is more calm--- he has a poker face---but his hands shake when he has a good hand. He lost heavily tonight so was feeling low. W.T. is the world's worst next to me. He hasn't won yet; I feel sorry for him, because we inveigle him into the game by telling him he will made up his past losses. He throws an emotional fit during the game which is worth the price of any show. L.Y. is a sociable sort of fellow; he plays more or less for the fun of it, because he is used to big game, but even he gets on edge when he ~~is~~ behind. R.M. is the same, only when he wins he tells us about the "big money" he made in Reno. S.K. is new. He was in Civil Service and he is a very likeable sort. He says he used to win a lot ~~down~~ at Monterey from the soldiers. He keeps fairly calm, but his bluffs won a number of games when we got scared off. The whole group is composed of college graduates so that it isn't exactly a game of loafers, etc. Our game was small stuff. Out in the Granstands they were shooting for \$125 table stakes. That money certainly looks tempting. All of us must have that gambling spirit within us. Only I get too curious and want to see the next card on hope----even when there is no chance. The only trouble is that I have won every time and it's hard to refuse them when they want me to play. As long as the stakes are cheap, I usually accommodate.

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I worked fairly hard on the paper this morning and afternoon. What a headache it is to fit all the news on the limited number of pages. After the dummy was all set up, Lawson asks me to have Taro insert another piece in about the new book coupons available for the canteen. Taro is still up muttering away about how he can cut down the other stories to make room.

I took an hour off to plant a flower garden in front of the stables. Mrs. Iwanaga went after the plants with Miyako and helped plant them. She has a nice spot in front of her stable, and she is trying to interest our other neighbors in the garden beautiful project. The other Japanese say that it is no use because we won't be here long. Mrs. I. realizes that, but she says that she enjoys flowers and by the time the Italians and the Germans are sent here, the place will look more homelike and they will be able to enjoy the place more. She seems so cheerful. I don't know much about her yet, although her husband is a graduate of a music conservatory and he plays the violin quite well. Right now he is organizing a music conservatory in the Tanforan Club and has signed up a large class.

Our other neighbors are also breaking won. The daughter is borrowing "Knowledge, for What" from me to read. She must be the cultural typed of girl. The father is a minister, and he spends all his time visiting his former flock.

Grace Sak<sup>ar</sup>mari was the last "Japanese" to leave S.F. For the first time in over 80 years the city will be without a Japanese. It's their loss, since S.F. will lose one of its most industrious and honest groups among the many cosmopolitan citizens represented. Japanese Town must certainly be barren now. Grace was working with the Social Security Board. George is in the army now, and Helen is

May 21, 1942 (Cont'd)

is probably out of the zone by now. The last time I saw her was while she was dancing at the Chinese Skyroom. She was the most beautiful girl in their review. Helen T. was also an M.C. there. Her sister married a Chinese and they were touring South America as a Chinese dancing team the last time I heard.

Bldg. 14 was condemned today as too unsanitary. The public health officials thought the manure piles in front of it was not conducive to healthful living.

400 Japanese have been sent out to the sugar beets from an Oregon Assembly center. They volunteered. De&i is finishing up with Lodi and thinks she may come here soon.

'Jock's theme song:

"I am an American in a concentration camp  
I am living at Tanforan with the Japs and the horse manure."

May 22, 1942 Friday

Yesterday I resolved to quit playing cards but----- They ganged up on me and so I was in the game from 2:30 till now (12:00). From a small game, it has grown to a fairly large pot. No limit now--I won considerably, but this time for sure I'm going to quit before it becomes a habit. It's so easy to get into. The game out in the Grandstand has grown into large proportions. They toss \$20, \$50, and \$100 bills into the pot just like that. I guess all of us has the hope of winning. Warren really throws emotional fits. He still hasn't won yet. Bob I. won about \$5 and I the same. James was mighty sad also. Another session called for tomorrow, but I'll go to the dance and thus escape their clutches. Besides my derriere gets sore sitting so long in one place. I should lose so that I can retreat honorably. Otherwise, it will

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be like two years ago---every nite until 3:00, now work, and the fever. It may lead to trouble---this gambling.

Nothing much happened that I was aware of today. Didn't get around.

May 23, 1942      Saturday

Well! Well! After I left last night, a great robbery was committed in the Grandstands. Somebody robbed the fellow sleeping next to Jimmy of \$300. They took his pants, shirt and all. I walked up there innocently and I couldn't get out! The internal police guarded all exits and each man was searched as he left. Arnold told them to leave their luggage open as they left, but such a howl of protest went up over this that he let them stay by their <sup>bed while the</sup> stuff was gone thru. They only got about 25 beds down when they picked up two men on suspicion. The money was not found, and it is not likely that it will be. In the first place, the police system is not very efficient. There was a lot of squabble between Arnold and W.T. over jurisdiction of the Police force. W.T. was sent down by WCCA to be the Internal Chief, but Arnold put him into another office and tore down the Police Station sign and put up "Guards and Guides" instead. The force was cut down from 75 to 10, and some resigned. W.T. also resigned. With such a small force, they cannot be very effective. There is no feeling against the Police here, but people just don't take them very seriously. A few have spread rumors that these Nise are stool-pidgeons, but this is not true since they were signed up by the employment office and called as their names came up. Prof. Matsuyama's son is one of them. He is half-German and a very large almost blond looking fellow. He used to help his father in teaching wrestling to the various Bay Area Police forces. All that the force here has been doing is to patrol a bit.

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This was the first "big case".

Many of the camp residents are irritated with Mr. Arnold because of his attitudes. They seem to feel that he treats them with contempt, and I have heard many comments on this. An unfavorable impression is given to visitors because of the confusion in handling their visiting passes and the limited time which they are allowed to stay. He never smiles so it appears to be a rudeness. Besides this he has a curt way of speaking to people. All of the packages entering camp have to be inspected by him and things are being stored in all of the rooms without delivery for a few days. B.H. says that ants are getting into the food and breakable packages are thrown carelessly around. Another rumor is that valuable stuff is not being delivered.

One of the indications that the food is getting better is that not so much food is being sent in by friends from the outside.

Himeko Kato is the receptionist for visitors and she tells me that the most interesting people have come in, among them Mrs. D.S. Jordan, the Mills College teachers, etc. Dr. Chernin and his party was also here, so that I had a chance to talk with him. He is one of the outstanding authorities on the Calif. penal system and has done many research papers for publications. He is in our Social Welfare staff at U.C., but I never had him as my instructor, altho I knew him well. Dr. Thomas apparently got the grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to make a study of the Japanese in the evacuation, and Dr. Chernin will work with her. I have been asked to keep notes for them on a paid basis, but I'm not too interested. I'd rather be doing something while it is happening rather than devoting my energies to any analysis after the event. This way one never catches up to the present. Tom

May 23, 1942 (Cont'd)

is doing a lot for Thomas now and I have been asked to see him for advice on procedures. Tom is a good research man and he will do a good job. Altho I am inclined to believe that it is too much theory with him. He gets the theories and then looks around for occurrences to fit them. This sort of thing can be overdone. Tom was on the varsity debate team at U.C., and took over leadership of the U.C. group after the war broke out. He failed to achieve anything because he was too belligerent with the conservative Nisei there and because he belonged to our "radical" group. Any progressive or liberal is known as a radical among the Japanese and they still think along these lines. The Students Clubs practically fell apart after Dec. 7, because they were too greatly concerned with "socials" and didn't mix much with the rest of the student body. Consequently, when war broke out, they were not prepared to make a stand. I remember the time I went to one of their meetings and asked them if they were not Americans, too, and they laughed as if this was a big joke. There is no indication that they have broken down their cliques here. This sort of thing makes Americanization harder to accomplish.

I wish more Nisei were like little 6 year old Yoshio who was visiting us tonight, "I don't like to be called a Jap, guy, because I'm an American. I don't like the Gyo Sei either, because they speak too much Japanese, guy, and I don't know what they say. Don't like it." His contributions to rumors was, "Don't like fish because snake came out of its mouth. I saw it." Yoshio wants to be a soldier and beat up Japanese because America has better guns. He believes that he dislikes Chinese boys because they can't talk American.

Last night after I came home I heard a number of gun shots. Alice says (unofficial) that three boys were shot while trying to escape over

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the fence, one of whom is in the hospital. The administration won't take any moves to confirm or deny any of the stories so they continue to spread. This seems to be a short-sighted policy. There is no chance for the paper to bring such things out without being censored. They just won't allow us to take a definite policy on aims, except possibly, Americanization. They are so afraid of radicalism. If it is being a radical to push American ideals and war effort among the Japanese without fear of stepping on toes, then we are radicals. The Japanese are really conservative and anything a little different is an indication of radicalism. They will have to get used to changes, because there will be many of them in the next few years. They will never go back to their old pre-war lives. If they cannot adjust themselves to changes, they are in for bitter disillusionment. I have hopes that they will, but the Americanization process will be slow. We can't expect anything else, I suppose, under the circumstances. Ever since Orientals have been in the U.S. they have had a difficult time. Denied citizenship and economic opportunities it is not surprising that they have withdrawn and hung on to what they have brought with them. The cultural ties were stronger than the political ones. In a way it is a form of escapism.

It is a good thing that the Nisei do have some contacts with the Caucasian public, more than I expected. Over 100 visitors come in each day to see their friends. Many, I suppose, out of curiosity. I interviewed Miss Brady, the Vice-Principal of the Raphael Weil School in S.F., and she says that their staff came down to see their pupils today, because they miss them very much and hope that they will be "back" soon. The Nisei constituted over one third of the enrollment, and Miss Brady

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stated that they want their "Japanese" pupils back because most of the smart children were Japanese. Many of the former pupils are writing letters to their teachers. One of the teachers stated, "We got to know them so well that we even remember their names and faces!" From the excitement that prevailed this seemed to be true. 200 children greeting their teachers can make a lot of noise. Donald Suzukawa wanted to know, "Why do they always hug us? I like them 'O.K.' but I have lots of fun playing here and making chairs. But I get lonesome for my Hakujiu friends." Mrs. E. Fifer stated that the best behaved children were the Japanese and she rarely had trouble with them. This seems to be the opinion of most teachers I have talked to in regards to "Japanese" students, even in college.

Harvey Itano, who graduated at the top of the U.C. class is working in the messhall at the Walerga Center. They must have the same employment difficulties up there. Jobo Nakamuna is the editor of the Walerga Wasp, Ed Shimano of the Santa Anita Pacemaker, Maso Yamazaki, Manzanar Free Press and Taro Katayama, here. This makes it 100% for the so-called radical Writer's group. Joe Oyama wrote up and said that his brother, Bob, had been killed in an automobile accident in Iowa.

Worked hard with the gang to get the paper out this afternoon. The mimeo. machine is dousy and we had to nurse the tempermental thing along. On top of that, the ink ran out. The final blow was the tearing of one of the stencil sheets, which necessitated typing a new one. We finally got it out by 5:00. I'm the Exchange Editor besides being a reporter so I have to contact all the other centers and start a tract. Mr. Greene was willing to provide us with envelopes to send them out in. He took 80 copies to distribute to the WCCA headquarters in the Whitcomb Hotel in S.F.

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Yesterday while we were playing our little card game, the police came in and arrested 88 men for violating the State Gambling law! This puts an end to our games for a while and an "out" for me. I don't know where all of those single men get their money; they certainly have enough for those big card and dice games.

In L.A. a Japanese, 35, hanged himself because; "My country goes greatly wrong. I cannot face my good American friends. So I have to die. Please bury." This is the fourth Japanese suicide I have read about with the same theme.

Another death in camp----this time a murder of a harmless mole. An old Issei saw it coming out of Mrs. Iwanaga's garden, so he stamped on it and killed it with his little trusty pocket knife. Most of the Japanese from the city had never seen a mole before and were amazed that it had no eyes and that it had such smooth fur. Tom got the victim and he had a lot of fun scaring the girls and old women. After dinner, Jock took over. He drew a capacity house when he started to skin it so he could dry the fur and cure it. We told all the people that we were going to make pai-kai out of it and eat it. They warned us that we would be poisoned! Jock took two hours to perform the delicate operation with his scapel set, while the crowd drew closer and closer together. The old women and girls ran when they saw the sight, but the curious lingered on.

We decided to hold a funeral for the remains, so Tom dug a grave for it; Miyako ran out to the infield and got a bunch of flowers. Bobby made a little cross, and Jock gave the funeral oration. Emiko posted for the grave:

"Here lies Mr. M. Mole. He was stabbed in the back by a

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Treacherous Jap with Buck teeth. We knew Mr. M. Mole well; he was our friend. Although his fur has been separated from his ~~sew~~ body, may his soul rest in peace."

The event caused such an uproar in our street that Mom went out tonight and took the sign and the flowers down and threw them away! She thinks the neighbors will think bad of us if they read such a thing. Pop was amused at the whole thing. I think Jock had more fun than the kids!

Bette received her badge today and is getting a little like some of the other people in camp. She is so proud of it and it makes her feel like something special because she got "prestige" now among her non-working friends. She makes sure that they are informed about the fact that she is <sup>of</sup> the "chosen" few. Emiko takes is more in stride and it doesn't make much difference with her. She'd rather work in the office because, then, she would not have to do the housework so much. Alice is in seventh Heaven. She just glories in going "office work" at last and takes the whole thing very seriously. She even likes it here because of this fact. She has been doing housework for so long that she feels her status has gone up now with an office job. However, she has not been neglecting the family needs. She gets the food for Pop very faithfully and does many other things around the house. They are making her sign for every item they give now, even for a piece of bread. It certainly is a lot of red tape. It took them three weeks to get permission <sup>to give milk</sup> to kids up to the age of 12; it should be 16.

May 24, 1942      Sunday

P.I. says, "Yesterday was fast day and Mrs. M. could not eat any meat. She is a good Catholic, but she hated to waste the meat. She threw it in the garbage can though. Out here it is not fair to do that.

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They should not feel that it is a sin because there is no other choice in foods. They would starve if they did all the old things. In pioneer communities you can't do the same things like before." A.K. was saying the same thing. She sat at the same table with 6 Catholics and she got all the meat on fast day. She felt so embarrassed, as if she was eating forbidden fruit. This intense devotion to religion is an indication of the conservatism of the Japanese. Due to their fears and uncertainties for the future, they hang on to what they have got. Many of the older Japanese and some Nisei have fallen back on Christianity as the only hope. They see no economic future. The Buddhists are holding their services in English now.

Tom Kobueki is a landowner. He is 19. He bought a little piece of land with his money in San Bruno about 5 miles from here with his own savings. After the war he could not sell it. Now he goes up into the Grandstands and looks down on his property with great satisfaction.

WCCA officials are giving good publicity to the way the Japanese are cooperating in the food for victory and freedom movement. A "Japanese", George Nakamura, leased his land <sup>in Mt. Eden</sup> to a Chinese, George Wong, because he could trust him with taking care of his land while he is away. He sends Wong's letters telling him how to harvest the crop. The Chinese seem to stick to the urban areas. Very few are farmers. Those that I have seen in the country stick to the little towns and run their lottery games, which gets a big play by the migrant and Filipino workers. A few run houses of prostitution, , one in Gilroy next to S.T.'s house. In Vallejo all of Emiko's Chinese friends came from families that made money from the lotteries from the Navy Yard workers. In S.F. this is also true. Many have started their businesses from the capital they accumulated in this way. Pretty shrewd these

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Chinese! Harry Ee says that some of the biggest men in Chinatown are the gambling kings, now turned respectable. He claims that the sweat shops on Stockton street are operated by them. This is the real Chinatown without the glamour according to him. You can see the mothers sewing away in the dimly lighted shops along the street working 70 hours a week for \$30 a month. They can't read English so they don't realize how much they get exploited. The employers evade the State Labor laws by having them sign papers which say they get \$30 a week instead of a month. Harry says that the Chinese are so clannish that they won't turn against their group and thus this sort of thing is continued.

It was nice and sunny today and everyone was out in their best Sunday clothes. I even got the urge to see how it was to wear my slacks again. The flag raising ceremony for the official opening of Tanforan was held in the infield and several thousand people were in attendance. A surprising number of Issei were in the group, and they gave the pledge of allegiance along with the rest. The Boy Scouts raised the flag and it was a thrilling sight, enough to make the chills run down the back. Newspaper photographers were also around to take pictures. I thought the speeches were a little over-flowery, but probably sincere. But flag waving alone will not solve the problem.

Talked to a Negro woman today. She is in Social Service and was visiting one of her friends here. She said that she was very disturbed about the whole thing and wondered if adjustments could be made. Things look calm enough on the surface, but there seems to be a growing conflict between parents and children over minor things. The Issei haven't adjusted themselves and consequently are more touchy. Family quarrels

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occur over such a thing as going to the Saturday dances. Rumors are rife that there are some cases gone "batty" in the Hospital, but the Hospital will not release any information. All of these seemingly small events add up and indicate that there is a great amount of emotional maladjustments in the Centers. It should be followed up, and there may be two social case workers assigned soon. But, the administration does not seem to think such things are important. Most of the more progressive Nisei are of the opinion that the personnel is third rate. There are many Nisei around here who belong to the JACL and they are doing a lot of kow-towing. They will get far with the administration, but they are only getting at the surface of things. What we need is qualified leaders who can help the Nisei assume leadership gradually and not throw the burden upon them like this. I certainly hope the Social Ser. people get in. The JACL people are good as individuals, but they don't have the background. A doctor, an insurance salesman, a laundry owner, etc., cannot and should not be expected to be good administrators. Yet they will be given the leadership because they want to "cooperate." There was a big row in the planning of the discussion groups for this camp. The first few meetings will be innocuous and acceptable, but the JACL's did not believe that we should bring up controversial issues or complain openly. But if we are American citizens, I see no reason why we should not do it the American way instead of taking everything. I think this is the issue on which the JACL leaders missed the boat. Now they are in Utah, so can't be of too much influence, although some of the group are scattered around in the various camps. Those in camp here are more concerned with keeping the streets clean than analyzing the reasons why we are here and discussing our future role and what we do about it.

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T.S. is leaving next week for the Tule Lake Relocation Center. Thomas got a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to do the study on the Japanese and Eisenhower has given approval. He is supposed to let Thomas know if I would also be interested in the study. I said I would but stalled him off on a definite answer. It's on a regular salary basis, but I told him that I would not want to make a full time job <sup>of</sup> it, because I wanted to work right during the process and not reflect back and analyzing it because I don't have training for such work. T. says I am sure to be asked shortly by the U.C. people if I would like to be on the project. I just don't know what to say. I would consider it on a part time basis, but I still want to get practical experience in social work to see if I am cut out for it. It looks like girls will be doing this work, but it shouldn't bother me too much; I am beginning to get that restless feeling again, usually on the days I loaf. Last week I was busy with the paper and poker so did not notice how fast the days were going by. It hardly seems like three weeks.

There were 325 visitors today. Lots of Negroes and Filipinos in the group. In a way it shows that the areas where the Japanese lived were in the poor slums sections, judging from their friends. Lots of Chinese also here today. Saw a bunch of Berkeley Hi-School girls who were visiting their Nisei schoolmates. Angelo came to see Alice and he brought a lot of stuff for the gang---Jean, Tom, Eddie, Tony, etc--- mostly ffoods. We got some peanut butter, and the price had gone up <sup>a jar</sup> to 42¢ and it only used to be 25¢.

Thought I saw Deki today, but wasn't sure that it was her with Yo and Sue. Bill Himel was down and so we talked with him for a while. He is studying Japanese day and night at U.C., and will enter the Naval Intelligence as soon as he masters the language.

May 25, 1942      Monday

Taro asked me to initiate the exchanges for the paper, so I had to see Mr. Green this morning about getting Federal stationery for the purpose. Green is very impressed with the paper, Lord knows what he sees in it, and he is having some copies of the first issue printed. He agreed to increase the size to 6 pages. I had to draw up a form letter to sent out to the various assembly and relocation centers for his signature. Asked again about social work and he said that a woman from the WCCA was coming down, and it would be organized as soon as she got here. My hopes went up when he further asked me to get a list of people ready who have had experience in social case work. But when he said that it was a "Japanese woman" working for the WCCA, I realized that it would be very ineffective department with not much backing since Green will head it. Probably is referring to Mrs. Nishimoto or Deki. To be successful the department must be headed by somebody that will really be heard and it must have truth to it. Green then went on, "I don't know why in the devil you ever chose social work as a career. That's for women. You could do a lot more on the newspaper or something else." What can we expect with this attitude? Green thinks that the whole thing will be over by the end of the year. I don't know what he meant by that. It's not that easy. The Japanese just can't pack up and go back to their old life even if the war did end that soon, which is not likely.

Went over to see Tom S. about the project. After talking to him a lot of things are straightened out. I was a little uncertain about the whole thing, because I felt that I did not have the background to do any sort of social analysis of the evacuation and resettlement, but after hearing of some of the other people who will be in it there is no reason to believe that I can not do as well as they. But I am still

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a little doubtful of getting a lot of social theories and fitting the facts to it. T. says that Eisenhower has given approval, and we will be sent to Tule Lake from here if selected for the staff. This will be determined by the quality of work submitted from here. At Tule Lake Dr. Jacoby will act as the instructor in techniques, methods, etc. He will be in charge of the Social Welfare division there and one of the four big men in the camp. This looks like a good setup as I also may be able to do Social Work. Didn't quite like the way Tom put it up to me. Sounded a little like "I am the big cheese stuff," but this may be due to the way he always speaks. He certainly is capable in research work. With him this is a step towards his Doctor's Degree. With me I don't know what. I certainly don't want to go to school forever. If Mom and the folks can't be sent there also, I think I will give the project a try.

I'm probably a little uncertain of myself again. The past few weeks has given me a jolt no matter how much I try to rationalize to myself. Perhaps I have been too insistent on the Americanization angle, but that's the only solution I can see. A Nisei told me today that he wouldn't buy war bonds because he didn't know who would win the war. Such an attitude is inexcusable. The Japanese and Nisei are getting a raw deal but that does not mean that we should give up all of our ideals. Taro is going to write an editorial for Memorial Day and I pressed him on the point that it should be tied in with the present move to defranchise the Nisei, but he didn't think that the administration would approve it. What about it---that's the trouble with the paper--we should have a policy and fight for it. Kimi says that it's no use to worry about citizenship, because it doesn't mean anything anymore. The so-called radical bunch seems to be the only ones greatly concerned with these

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matters.

Norno I., D.H., E.Y., F.H., T.S., Dr. M., B.I., and myself are the present ones considered for the project. T., H., and Tomi are already set. Five are expected to take notes until we are transferred there. Tom amuses me with his "importance." Nobody is trying to usurp him. Besides I'm more interested in something else, and I told him that, although I think this project is important too. But I see too many research studies gathering dust on the shelves. T. thinks I should make the project the primary aim and social welfare the secondary motive. I think the opposite. After I talk with Mrs. Thomas or Dr. Chernin things will probably be more clarified. After all, they never approached me before on the thing. No wonder I'm still in the air about it.

Earl said that a plane crashed on the power line tonight, which was the reason we did not have any light for two hours tonight. Went around the different barracks yelling, "Candles out, please," and the Japanese were meek as a lamb and snuffed them out. They won't allow candles because of the great fire hazard.

Emi said that the reason why Bldg. 14 was condemned was that the public health officials found 3" of manure under the calsomine there. This sounds likely enough. Earl is in charge of all the house managers, and he says that they are going to move single men there. The Grandstand is being emptied because of the lack of ventilation. I bet there will be a lot of personality problems when they start shoving 4 and 6 men in those barracks rooms.

Checked up on the visitors' list today as a possible feature story for the paper. In the past 10 days there has been 1134 visitors. The largest single racial group was Filipinos (53), followed by 42 Japanese and 40 Chinese. About 25 Negroes and 25 Jewish people have also visited,

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Korean, Italians, and Germans are also represented. Many school teachers have also come to visit their former students. The rest of the visitors were Caucasian, but from looking at them, I would say that they were from the same economic background (status) as the Japanese. Then we have the higher social status groups---former employers and friends. The Mayor of Pleasanton, Mrs. David Stan Jordan, and many professors were among the list. One girl who is a well known jitterbug has lots of her friends come in to keep her informed on the latest jive. Ann and Mitch receive a great number of friends, and Dolores is still faithful to Jack. A Chinese named Wong comes about every day. A romance there, Prof. Obata is another one that has many visitors. Thus the Nisei and the Japanese do have outside friends and these contacts should not be lost.

Warren and James really have got the poker fever, they play afternoon and night. James is on a winning streak, but Warren still is doing badly. I played a while this afternoon while waiting for Tare and pulled out only with \$1 of their money. Those fellows are forgetting their great ideals and the march of events is passing them by. Sent Warren out to get a feature story on the postoffice and canteen, but with poker on his mind, it's not much use. Guess the fever will have to run its course.

The gals have a new fad of wearing jeans now and Alice, Emiko, and Bette were trying ours out. Alice has too broad hips to look streamlined in them and Emiko's stomach is too big. She looks funny. Bette has just the right figure for them, but Tom won't let her wear his new jeans. Mine are too big. Emiko started a fashion show by putting on our clothes, so Jock puts on Emi's shorts and brassiere

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and mimics their gestures before the mirror, while I did a Charlie Chan strut with her skirt. We laughed so much that I bet our neighbors think we are crazy.

Last night it rained all night and we are now back to slush alley. We sink up to our ankles everytime we step out. They took up our board walk to gravel the street, but they never got around to it. So for the next few days we will have plenty of mud. Mrs. H. thinks that they pulled the boardwalk up on purpose, because they knew that it was going to rain and they wanted us to be inconvenienced!

Alex says that about 600 Nisei use our camp library and the few available books have a wide circulation. A lot of books have been donated by Mills College and the various Y's. Jock gave my old books to the Japanese "Y" to be given here. I haven't been able to do any reading, altho I have started Faith for Living, Soviet Power, For Whom the Bells Toll, and selections from the Atlantic and Social Frontier magazines.

Letter arrived from Mariko. She is modeling in Chicago and evidently having a lot of fun. The Nisei soldiers rush all the girls, because there are only about 25 eligible ones there. Mariko wants Alice to make up her mind to go to Chicago for the job opening that she has for her there. From her letters she doesn't seem much worried about the evacuation. A party was held for the evacuees, and Mariko says that most have come from the Pacific Northwest and Seattle. At the dances Caucasian soldiers come with their Nisei friends and they give the Nisei girls quite a rush.

The camp elections are coming off soon and there was a big row at a meeting to determine the qualifications of the candidates. The JACL are the largest single body in camp and they want to make sure that the no radical element gets in. This, of course, is aimed at the Y.D.'s.

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They are still yelping, "We will cooperate," and they don't think that the Young Demos or any individuals should make an issue over civil rights at a time like this. This is an extremely short sighted approach if ever there was one. My negro and Jewish and Chinese friends are greatly concerned as they recognize what a dangerous precedent that they will be setting and they are already working or fighting it. The JAAC will probably proclaim "~~we will~~ are loyal" and wave the flag and let it go at that.

May 26, 1942      Tuesday

The plane that crashed last night was an Army P 38. Yamoda says that there was rumor going around that the Issei clapped their hands in the Grandstand and said in Japanese, "It isn't anything just as long as it is an American plane." Another rumor (TK) was that it was a Japanese Zero plane which caused it. The Zero plane was so small that it could go between the power lines, but the two P 38's that were pursuing it crashed. The newspapers did not publish the truth, because they did not want to admit that Japanese planes have come over. A third rumor (EK) was that it was Clark Gable who crashed, because he wanted to die the same way as his wife died.

Finally found out why Pop got so mad when he found out that the mole's grave was in front of our stall. He thinks it is bad luck to have a grave in the front yard. For the first time in one month here got sore at Jock. He is "OK" now because we told him that he would sign him up as a barber in camp, but the only reason why it hasn't started yet is because the sanitary conditions are lacking.

Alice, Emiko, and Bette are certainly taking this "prestige" business seriously. For Emiko and Bette it is understandable, but Alice should get wise to herself and quit leading them on. She is putting on an act of being an important person, because she has been classed as a private secretary. That's supposed to make her a little better than the other girls in the office.

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She is so afraid of losing her job that she has hysterics almost if she thinks she is going to a minute late. M.N. is the mimeographer in the office with her and Alice resents the fact that she has to help her crank the machine because "M.N. is beginning to think I'm her stooge and I really am a private secretary." She was a little irritated when Bob I. and Fumi were over and we started talking about these people who want the prestige and are in no way qualified for the job. Alice is of the opinion that first come, first serve---but she forgets the way in which she got the job in the first place. At least 100 girls had their applications in before she did and that there were many of those who are better qualified. One of the noticeable things about the camp is the number of former domestic workers around here who are no in a "prestige" job and think that their social status has been raised. Alice is typical of them, She wears her badge all over, even to dances, and makes sure that they all know that she is a secretary. She says she is overburdened with heavy responsible duties, but I've been in there several times to see about the mimeographing of the paper and she doesn't seem to be too busy. She won't even discuss going to Chicago now for the job Mariko held open for her, as she thinks that this job is more important and the family needs her. Fumi asked her if she were engaged and she acted as if the answer were yes. It's the first I've heard of it.

Mom is also a little touchy and irritable these days. I guess we "ride" her a little too much on how badly she is bringing up the kids. Tom and Miyako yell at each other at the table and they are developing a selfish attitude which Jock and I are trying to break them of. Miyako is spoiled by Mom because she won't eat her fresh vegetable and Mom says it is all right even after we insist that she should. Tonight Miyako ate just rice and Mom got angry when we told her that she should not give in every time. Miyako has a quick temper and she goes into a sullen tantrum when her wishes are crossed. It's hard to break her of it, because Alice always interferes and says that

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we shouldn't do anything about it, because she will grow out of the habit. The number of arguments and bickerings has been increasing lately, but we all forget about them right away. Emiko gets mad at Bette, because she thinks that Bette tries to make Mom believe that Emiko is uncooperative in the housework, and this burns her up. Today Emiko stayed home from work and did it all by herself while Bette went to help mimeograph. Last Sunday none of the girls lifted a finger to clean the house. Jock and I did it this morning and Emiko this afternoon. Alice is beginning to get the idea that she is exempt except to get Pop's food and wash the dishes at night. Mom is now doing the laundry by herself. All of these petty arguments, I suppose, are an indication of the present inner tensions which we are all undergoing. I'm wondering about the future. Alice and Jock have their marriage problems; Mom and Pop have not adjusted themselves to this situation; Emiko and Bette have problems about bringing boys in after certain hours and going to dances and coming home one at a time, etc. Mom and Pop have been very reasonable with them, but they see that Jock and I do as we please without any parental restrictions, and they also wish to be independent. But anything affecting one of us outside the family group brings instant unity.

Today the House manager brought around a form to sign stating that the administration was authorized to open packages and mail for inspection. Bette signed it without realizing its significance, but I don't like the inclusion of "mail" in the statement. That leaves it open for possible opening of our private mail and I certainly am not going to let them do that without raising strong objection.

Fumi said that she heard a rumor from a friend about the Old Man who was given a typhoid injection in the veins by one of the hospital assistants, and it made ~~him~~ him sick for two days. Now people are not willing to get injected,

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because so many have been getting sick. I don't know why I haven't started mine. Too lazy in the first place and I don't quite trust Japanese doctors, although they are supposed to be very competent. It's funny but I always think of anything Japanese as inferior --- must be in somewhere with all the cheap junk that they have exported in the past. I've never patronized Japanese business much, because you can get better service and quality in the larger Caucasian places.

Bob is having his difficulties in the recreational department. He was supposed to be Thompson's right hand man and help formulate the policy for the whole camp. Now he feels that he is merely a messenger boy and is about ready to quit because of the opposition which he is receiving from the S.F. "Y" clique headed by Fred Koba, who would also want to dominate the thing. Bob is the only one with actual experience as he worked in the Oakland public recreational program before being a draftsman in the Richmond Shipyards. He is of the YD group and very aggressive. But the more conservative element is outnumbering him and they will probably win out. These cliques are really going to make full cooperation hard. Then everyone wants to be the "big cheese". Bill Sasagawa has been spreading the word around that he is a personal representative of the Newstadt of the Social Security Board and one of the big persons in the recreational program here. This is a slight exaggeration, because he is only in charge of one of the areas in camp.

Ann is also having her problems in the education department. She is bucking the JAOL clique and also being outnumbered. They want her to take charge of the Dramatics program, but she certainly is more capable than that. She has a much wider perspective than most of the Nisei in camp. Kilpatrick, the director of the Education Department is a very nice person, but he seemed a little up in the air about the program. I interviewed him for the paper, and he stated that there were many qualified teachers around, and when I asked for news he could only produce four with actual teaching credentials. Two are from S.F. State that I know, one from San Jose State, whom I met two years ago at

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the advance, and a fourth from U.C. But these girls haven't the dynamic personalities to handle a roomful of pupils: they will push them all over. M.T. especially is the very quiet and Japanese type; I don't know what she will do when she gets in front of those noisy Americanized Nisei. But she may work out very well. In the relocation center I certainly do hope that they bring in competent Caucasian teachers. The music (Iwanaga) and art (Obata) staff are probably the best in personnel. Since the education will be very informal here, and since our stay will be limited, not too much harm can be done. If they insist on putting Nisei teachers in, they should be on the same basis as any Caucasian teachers in a public school. If they don't measure up, Caucasian teachers will have to be used --- I think this is the only solution. Then the Nisei will be getting a chance without discriminating against Caucasian teachers that may wish to teach in the relocation camps. Tom Tsuji of the music department is a little burned up because Rev. Goto is already considering himself as the principal of the Tanforan Elementary School. Tom has a general secondary degree, and is very good in organizing and directing bands and he wants to make sure that only qualified people be allowed in the Education department.

Had breakfast with Mrs. Iwanaga. She certainly is Americanized for an Issei. She speaks mostly English with her children. When she was in Boston, she hardly knew English, but she had to learn it in order to keep people from taking advantage of her. Her husband is a graduate of a music conservatory, and he is voluntarily getting the music teaching program under way. He says that he has 60 signed up as piano players and only one piano.

Mrs. Iwanaga is a very friendly person. Mom and she have been exchanging items of food for the past few days. Everytime they get something special, she sends a bit over, and vice versa. Tonight she sent Mom some Japanese pickles, and Mom was tickled pink, because she has not had them for such a long time.

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Mrs. I. is the first Japanese I know of who makes strong coffee. She must have gotten the habit in Boston. It's the best coffee I have tasted in over a month. The carpenters (Caucasians) came in while we were talking and sympathized with us about the hardships of living in a stable.

Mrs. Iwanaga feels sorry for the Nisei, because they are in such a difficult position. She knows a lot of the Boy Scouts, and they are Americanized as can be. They know of no other loyalty than to America. She herself believes that America has much to offer to the immigrant, and it will be up to this country to lead the world out of the chaos if we don't get greedy. She sees a lot in the Japanese culture that is good, and feels sorry for all the soldiers of the world who are just human beings that want to be happy. She speaks English with her children most of the time and is glad that Pat has to eat certain foods now, because she was so spoiled before and only ate cake. Now she even drinks the cocoa made with water. But she is worried about school. She doesn't want to see the children get of ~~of~~ the habit of studying, "because education is good and you are better for it." One of the reasons why she believes that the Japanese in the U.S. have such distorted ideas about Japan is that they have not kept up with the actual changes in the country on one hand, and on the other, they have never been able to appreciate all the greatness and beauty of America, because they have had to work so hard for a living. She does not think that "colors" will ever mix and points out the examples of the Negroes. She is not opposed to intermarriage, but thinks it is tragic when their children are socially isolated. For the future she sees that great changes will have to be made. One thing she said impressed me, "The Issei really believe in democracy, because they practice it now in their living, but they don't recognize it. They would rebel against the present militarism of Japan, although that "certain Japanese" quality may

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prevent them from actively opposing it." I do not know her well enough yet to ask her opinions on the war, except in general indirect ways. Much of her attitudes are, of course, due to her background. She has had an opportunity to see more of America and experience its better parts than many of the other Japanese.

Ann is a little disgusted with Tom, because he is willing to see the world crash about the Nisei and is not bothered about what happens to them as long as "he get his damn seven pages of recording each day for his social study. What the hell good will that be if the Nisei lose citizenship?" She feels that Tom should use his talents more in a constructive way instead of recording the thing after it happens. With such a lack of capable Nisei, individual advancement should be forgotten, she feels, and it not important that he gets his name on a book.

Governor Olson issued a statement today saying that all Japanese should be taken out of the state because of the danger of sabotage. He recommends that the evacuated zones be extended to the Rocky Mountains. This is an about face for him. At the outbreak of the war he issued a statement saying that although these times were trying, he believed most of the Nisei were loyal Americans. An election must be coming up soon. The farmers of the State have also issued a statement saying that they would rather lose their crops than use "Jap" laborers. Or if used, they object to paying their transportation and the prevailing wages. They feel that we should be treated as prisoners of war and be forced to do the work under guns without any pay.

Mayor Rossi of S.F. is also in hot water. Fascist charges are being hurled at him in the Tenney Investigations. Claims are being made that radio station programs, Italian press, Chamber of Commerce, and language schools have been actively behind Mussolini since 1933. This may mean that the Italian Aliens may be the next to be evacuated --- in selective numbers.

May 27, 1942 Wednesday

Are we like the optimist who, while falling ten stories from a building, said at each story, "I'm all right so far?" If so, the thump will indeed be hard. Leland thinks that this is the case and, therefore, no use in trying to stove off the inevitable. He was a former State Civil Service worker and has taken it pretty hard.

Jack told me this morning that he wrote the WCCA about Arnold and his attitudes and signed it with "M. D. S. Jordan" and had Dolores take it out. By coincidence, a new police chief came in this afternoon to replace Arnold who is being sent to <sup>take</sup> ~~the~~ over at Merced. Poor Davy Higaki and Co.! W. Tsukamoto will come back in as internal chief and the police force will be completely reorganized. He even said something about getting horses for his force. The selection of the new internal force will be very carefully done.

Complaints are coming in that stuff is missing when delivered. They bring the packages around by truck now and since they have been opened for inspection, it is easy for the boys to lift a row of candy, etc. from the opened package. No letters have been opened yet. Tom says that they crossed "mail" off from the petition which was circulating around.

Interviewed Mr. Iwanaga and Prof. Obata for the paper on the Music and Art departments. F. Iwanaga is a Kibei. He is 35 and was born in Yakima, Washington. Since he was ten years old, he has been connected with music. He went to Japan for his education. Upon his return he completed high school in two years and played in the band. At 20 he was married (Pat is 15, Yuri, 10). After finishing the S.F. Music College, he toured the State and later Japan as a concert violinist. When he returned, he went to Boston and received further training at the New England Music Conservatory. Jack met him during the evacuation rush while working on Grant Avenue. Mr. I. was a clerk at the Tokozawa Company and gave private lesson on the side. Both of his daughters are musically inclined. Pat thinks that Miyako has such good rhythm that she

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is giving her tap dancing lessons. Friday Pat and Bette will perform the Conga at one of the recreation halls.

Mr. Iwanaga was in the lost mail department for a while, but he has gone back to his first love. This is a case where a "Japanese" has had an opportunity to utilize his training. He has worked hard to get the Music department organized. The Tanforan Club has taken over for the music center. Mr. Iwanaga has about 250 pupils signed up already for piano, violin, harmony, theory, etc. classes. Tom Tsuijo who went to State with me is organizing the Camp Orchestra and Bette thinks it is super and mellow, almost hep. About 10 other Nisei are on the staff, all well trained. One girl received her training in Europe. One of the great difficulties is lack of facilities. There is only one piano available for over 60 pupils.

On the other hand Professor Obata's case is a little different. He was well established in his field and has a wide reputation for his art work. He donated several thousands of dollars to the University as a gift just previous to leaving. Now he tells me that he is enjoying teaching just as much as before. About 300 students have signed up for the various art classes. Although he has a competent staff of well-trained people, Professor Obata is the chief attraction. He seems to be a nice gentleman. A.Y. says he drinks like "hell." His son Kim is also teaching art besides working in the recreation department. He helps us out on the paper. I first met Kim in Berkeley. He had his JAFL office right next to our rooms.

Busy all morning sending out exchange copies to our camp paper with the ~~eth~~ 15 other Assembly and Relocation Centers. A copy goes to the Library of Congress, U.C. Library ~~ef~~ and California State Library. Mr. Green provides a secretary to do the actual work of sending it out. We are trying to get the third issue out by Saturday morning so that we can have a special feature for Memorial Day. Taro is really not aggressive enough. He should push the paper a little more. Although there is a tight censorship and a lot of

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red tape, there are ways in which we can at least have some sort of policy. I haven't talked to Green about Social Work for a couple of days, but I think I am continually getting in his and Mr. Davis' hair with all my requests for the paper. Wrote a little piece about the coming special elections in S.F. and told the Nisei how to obtain the absentee ballot. Then I asked Davis if they would provide an officer with a seal for the ballot marking. Davis was not very cooperative, and he said that they would do this if there were not too many Nisei who came with the ballots to his office. It's very likely that a lot of the Nisei will not even bother to vote. Even if they don't think it means much they should keep in the habit. This is one time that they should be on guard and fight for their civil rights or else the disfranchisement movement will get stronger. Mr. Davis scoffed at this and said that only a short notice in the paper was necessary without any elaboration on the wider issues. Warren calls me "The Power behind the throne", because I boss Taro around on what should be done for the good of the paper. One of these days he might get sore, but he seems to depend on me a lot right now and willingly follow any suggestions that we may make.

Dr. Thomas visited today, but I did not talk with her very much as she was busy with Tom. Am still very much up in the air about the whole project.

Marge Lipchik wrote from Pittsburg and appears very much concerned about how I was getting along in the "concentration camp". She said that she heard Louis Adamic talk before 18,000 people and had a chance to talk to him. I don't know why I haven't written to Adamic. It must be the state of my mind. I just can't say anything definite. Marge says that he is working for a scholarship for me. This puts me in a funny position. I want to work in this evacuation and resettlement project because I think it is an important social experiment in which I may be able to help. But if a chance to go to school again comes up, I don't know what I would do. It would be an escape from reality and if

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I ever hope to get started, it has to be in this process. Although I am on several Federal Civil Service lists there is not much hope of getting a call. Making money seems to be a little futile. It won't give me any happiness. I decided a long time ago that my work, whatever it is, must have social meaning and I would never be happy in a dull routine position. Would going to school another year help me out much or should I go? What a difficult decision to make. I think I will do nothing now. In another couple of months I may be dying to get out of here. I doubt, however, that going to school another year will make me a better social worker.

The family is rejoicing that Mr. Arnold was transferred to Merced. Archie wrote to Mitch and said that he had to wait for 2 hours ~~th~~ in line before he could get in and they were very rude to him about the packages he was bringing in. One reform accomplished!

Got Ann's side of the story about Bob. She thinks that he is out for personal prestige too much and he wants everything for the benefit of his area. He wanted Ann to make the dramatic group a part of the recreational program and limit it to his section, instead of an a camp wide basis. Ann feels that Bob should get down to realities as he has a lot of talent and could do much for the group. Both Mitch and Ann could get out of the camp, but they have decided to work with the group for a while longer. Both are being wasted ~~and~~ at present and should be given more responsible positions, but the more coservative groups are undermining their efforts. Personal differences, if it continues, is going to be very harmful to the resettlement adjustments.

Today I wasn't feeling so hot, as I have a cold so I decided to take a rest on Wang's bed. Jimmy was typing away on a story and I fell sound asleep. Wang came in, growled a bit, lighted a cigarette and flicked the match in the wastebbox and walked out. I was only dimly aware of his presence.

Charles Kikuchi  
8-21-42

Insert:

Official Family Bulletin #1 (Tanforan)

In order to have more complete family harmony, the following regulations are suggested:

I Obtaining of food.

In order to apportion the undesirable task more equally so that your father will not starve to death, definite days are set aside for this duty.

Monday and Tuesday---Emiko  
Wednesday, Thurs. and Fri.---Alice (This includes taking the pan up  
Sat. and Sunday ---Bette for both times.)

II Washing dishes at the kitchen does not constitute washing dishes. The one getting the food does not have to do dishes for that day. Doing it voluntary out of turn does not count.

III We will do all of the rough wash; the other washing, hanging, and bringing in the laundry shall be distributed evenly.

IV Bette shall be responsible for the house cleaning. It shall be done with care and finess and not rushed through. Previous committments are not that important.

V Tom shall make his own bed in the morning and be responsible for emptying the garbage twice a day.

VI House cleaning on week ends shall be a joint effort.

VII Tom shall clean up all of his mess and Miyako shall hang up her clothes and put her toys away immediately after using.

VIII The emptying of the chamber shall be the same as for getting the food. It is suggested that there shall be no exceptions in order not to complicate matters.

IX Visiting hours ends at 9:00 sharp for all minors. There shall be no visiting between dinner and roll call.

X Tom shall take Pop to the toilet.

XI Bette shall do some studying before nine o'clock if possible. Confucious say: "Improvement of the mind is essential for a well rounded person."

XII Bette shall rub mom's leg daily.

The above suggestions are forwarded in good spirit and should not be taken as personal chastisement. You may accept or reject them as you will. We recognize that you are all good, hard workers and do things cheerfully without complaint, but sometimes these little details are overlooked and in order to clarify matters a definite schedule is proposed.

The Family Council

P. S. We still love you

Approved and passed by Mr. Davis, center mgr.

May 27, 1944 (Cont'd)

All of a sudden I had a funny dreamlike sensation. I felt like I was in a terrific fever and my right leg kept getting hotter and hotter. I awoke with a start and was shocked like hell to see big flames shooting up to the ceiling. Like a rabbit I jumped out of the bed and started yelling "fire" at the same time <sup>as</sup> that Jimmy. I ran out in a daze to get the fire extinguisher but failed to see it when it was right in front of my eyes. Bob in the meanwhile had gone out into the Grandstand and told the men to get out as quickly as possible. I rushed back into the room and grabbed a blanket with Jimmy, and we smothered the flames. Jimmy burned his hand. I was still half asleep and feeling lousy so we just left the burnt mess, and I went back to sleep. Wang sure got a surprise when he saw the burnt stuff. He said that; "This settles it. I'm going to quit smoking for sure now and I'll never throw ~~another~~ matches in a basket again." It was a good thing that we were able to extinguish the flames as the whole Grandstands would have gone if it got a good start.

I started a rumor that an Issei tried to set the place afire in revenge for his incarceration in camp, and it probably will go around like wildfire. It's really surprising to see how the camp residents are willing to believe any kind of a rumor without verification. It must be due to the unsettled state of mind of the residents who are ready to believe almost everything.

Over 100 people were at the first Town Hall meeting tonight. Representatives from the Recreational, Educational, Employment, Churches, Council, and House Managers presented talks on "What can we do to improve Tanforan". Questions followed. The field covered was too wide to hold complete interest together, but the meeting was fairly successful. Next week it was planned to hold the meeting at a time when other activities were not going on in order to get the Young Nisei out. There were several Issei in the audience which was a good sign. Mitch and Rev. were the only ones that said anything and

May 27, 1942 (Cont'd) were open in the problems faced, etc. The rest gave the old "we will cooperate and we know you will," etc. line. Most of the group were college people and the JACL and YD's were fairly well represented. But we have to get more of the younger group to be aware of these problems and discuss them intelligently. The next topic is "What are the Attitudes of the Nisei Towards Evacuation?" This should really be interesting, especially if the audience cooperates and asks a lot of questions.

Gov. Olson is really in the political hotwater. The press seems out to get him. But Olson has made some dumb statements. The more I think about yesterday's remarks by the Governor, the less respect I have for the man. His demands that the military remove all Japanese is contradictory, because at the same time he urges that the Japanese be released for farm work under armed guard. This only whips up public fears and prejudices and is an about face for Olson. The farmers, therefore, balk and are confirmed in their belief that these Japanese are really dangerous. If Olson is playing politics, he must be less intelligent than what I credited him for. After all we are not war prisoners or being punished for Pearl Harbor. The Army states that the move was made to protect vital defense zones and the Japanese also from possible violence. If the farmers continue to take the attitude that they would rather take a crop loss than have "Japs", the loss will be theirs, which is direct ~~sabotaging~~ of the war effort. And this sort of thing won't encourage the Nisei to go out in the Voluntary Work Corps to help in the food for freedom program.

Rossi is also having his problems. He calls it a "smear campaign" to ruin his political career. It looks like the Tenney Committee does have evidence on many influential Italians. This will bring out more than anything that Fascism exists among other groups and is not the sole property of the Japanese Aliens who may have been guilty in small numbers. However, no mention has yet been made about dual citizenship. But the evacuation of the Italian

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alien will not be the answer. Any more than it was for the Japanese. M.T. feels that this is the only way that the injustice upon the Nisei can be emphasized, but two wrongs do not make a right. Only the guilty should be taken in any case, and that is the function of the public officials only. Of course, it may bring out that is is not a racial matter and perhaps even reveal how the "Japanese" were used as the scapegoats in this state. M.T. thinks it is hopeless and he has not even attempted to work here as he thinks there is no future anyway. He is a U.C. graduate and was very active in the JAOL and church circles. Now he has completely dropped out of these activities and sticks a lot to himself and reads.

Mitch, Ann, Hall, Tom, Tomi, Kimi were over tonight and we served them sandwiches and tea. We talked about our funny experiences and some of them were on delicate subjects. I bet the neighbors will complain that we laughed too much at 11:30 at night, and they probably heard some of the jokes. Bette was the only lady in the family, Alice and Emiko took part. Very funny, tho.

May 28, 1942 Thursday

Felt lousy this morning from my cold so stayed in bed. I had planned to go to the house manager's meeting, but had to skip it for the softer confines of my army cot. Perhaps it's just as well. For almost a month I've been rushing around full of mental conflicts, speculations, desires, and hopes without accomplishing too much. Today gave me a little chance to reflect and just loaf lazily. Everyone is so concerned over my welfare and health. Mom has made me enough breakfast to satisfy a horse and Bette, Emiko, and Tom brought me roast lamb, potatoes, creamed carrots, beets, dessert for lunch. My inner self stuffed, I rolled over and went to sleep for a couple of hours. Dolores

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awoke me when she leaned over and breathed on my face. I chased her away in a hurry by threats of cold germs. She got brave today and came down to see Jock because she wanted to test out the new police chief here in camp. She probably will flirt with him. Jock just left to see Dr. Fisk who is working on plans to send Jock to an inland college.

Martha wrote today. She had been down south to see Milt and Leah Birdman who are stationed at an Army Post in Santa Ana. They occupy an evacuated Japanese home on Balboa Island, and Martha felt that it was a great cultural experience because the Japanese had reached the ultimate in inexpensive and comfortable furniture.

Martha is certainly a brilliant and strange girl. She is still seeking her Shangra-la. Lately she ~~eye~~ says that she has been undergoing a strange process in her mind and apparently, is building up a violent antagonism towards the great American culture and the empty people it produces. She plans to leave this country after the war and give up the little superficial security that she has. She plans to go to either Mexico or Russia. She wants to see what a guarantee of economic security does to people. I wish I could decide to escape from reality so easily. Martha is going into research with Dr. Huntington in the fall. I look at my paper certificate from U.C. that is hanging on the wall and sometimes wonder if doing research is not also an escape. Maybe it's a reaction from my dissatisfactions which I know are floating around in my head although I try to put on a very optimistic front. Outwardly, I try not to show any resentments, but, inwardly, I do have them. It makes me so damn mad sometimes but at a time like this the social forces are so strongly against the Japanese here. The funny part of it is that my reactions to the "Japs" in Japan is probably as strong as the general

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publics, but they ~~don't~~ draw no distinctions and fail to realize that the Nisei background~~s~~ is the same as theirs.

This morning there was a lot of excitement ~~in~~ in our barracks. Mom says that the old woman in #14 died of cancer. But Bobby came in later and said that a 43 year old lady died while she was "laying a baby." Tom says the woman died from bleeding (hemorrhage). I don't know whether this is a rumor or not.

Bette was peeved this morning at the House Manager~~s~~, because he walked into the woman's latrine <sup>while</sup> ~~which~~ she was sitting there to put in paper and he just says; "That's all right; sit still; I won't bother you."

Emiko was sore at me last night during dinner, but she got over it right away. She went to the messhall the back way, because the supply manager said that those working could get served first. I told her that she was no better than the rest and should wait in line <sup>in-</sup>asmuch as the other workers were not allowed to go in the back way. She has been going around with the impression that her badge made her something special, and this calling down really burnt her up. Poor Tom bore the brunt of her rage! She brought me a big lunch today so she has already forgotten it.

Margarette is also building up resentment. It seems that Alice has been given a \$16 secretary's rating. Bette as a junior clerk is to get \$8. But Marg was in there first and considered herself the main attraction in the office. She had a fit when she found that she only had a \$8 junior clerk's rating! She really does work twice as much as Alice at that, especially when we get her going on the mimeographing ~~mach~~ of the newspaper. Margarette is 25, a U.C. grad, and a career girl, but she gets all excited when a boy pays any attention to her.

May 28, 1948 (Cont'd)

Yosh was in this afternoon. He says that the commissary sells about 800 outside newspapers a day and there are many in camp that regularly subscribe. This indicates that the camp residents are conscious of the outside world and want to keep in touch with it.

Nowadays, Pop sits on the bench all day long and sharpens his razors. This is his whole life. He is apparently accepting things now although he does get very tempermental about his food. He has to have a ~~peel~~ special diet, but the main messhall diet kitchen sometimes gives Alice things that he cannot eat. Then he gets mad, shoves it away and pouts: "Can't eat. I don't want." The other day, by mistake, they sent the ends of two oranges and apples for a salad, and this made him very angry. He thought that they did it on purpose.

Mom keeps busy all day. She washes dishes, mends clothes and alot of other things all day long. She is not quite so touchy as before. No big family arguments for a number of days now. She never has revealed by any great emotionality, but once in a while she gets tempermental. Like the day she would sit with the boys of the family, because she was mad at Jock for not giving her a dessert. Then she got peeved at Alice and Bette, because they hid all of their candy, cookies, and gum which friends had brought <sup>or sent</sup> in. Mom felt that they should be left in the open. The idea behind Alice's and Bette's and Emiko's method was to make it last longer as the kids will eat it all up right away. Mom usually sends some to our neighbors. She gave Yosh's mother some special Japanese rice the other night, and today Yosh brought over a can of peaches from her. We are always lending stuff out, and Jock borrows tools frequently. That's one thing about our barracks. The people are willing to help each other in every possible way.

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Mitch was over tonight to discuss the possible points which he could include in a letter to the American Lawyer's Guild. They plan to make a study on the evacuation from a legal point of view. We were talking about the wage and employment setup, and I cited Alice and the Koba sisters as examples. Mom got all excited, because she thought I was talking "bad" about Alice. I had to explain just what we were doing, but she still thinks that it is all right if families get extra favors and preferences just so we are included. She certainly is funny about somethings. She doesn't want to <sup>use</sup> ~~use~~ the new sheets or bedspreads or towels and blankets but just keeps them packed away. Pop thinks that Alice is going around with too young boys and leading Emiko and Bette astray. He points out the girls on both sides of us who stay home, while the Kikuchi girls have to run off to every little dance and social. He said that he wouldn't mind so much if they went with nice boys. He fears that the younger ones will want to play so much that they will not want to study anymore. But he never says much, because he gets in a big argument with Mom. And nowadays Mom resents Jock and I saying things to the girls. She feels it is her duty only she never does anything about it. Perhaps she feels as if she were being pushed aside and resents it which is natural enough. The children have definitely grown away from them. I wonder how it is like in some of the other families where the parents still hold the balance of power.

The Grandstand was completely emptied of the single men today, and the place looks dirty and barren. We still have the newspaper room. It is planned to use the place for the various services needed --- haircuts and beauty parlor, etc.

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Taro saw Green today about work orders and submitted 10 names, all as some kind of editor. Green blew up and finally put us down as reporters --- \$12 a month. Since some of the others did not get on the payroll, we voted to lump the whole thing and divide equally. Bill says that we can't play up the Town Hall meetings, because the Administration is a bit learing about it. They think it may develop into a hotbed of radicalism.

Deki wrote and said that she is now finishing up with the evacuation work. Walnut Grove will be one of the last places. She has visited the Stockton and Walerga Centers and says that they are pretty sad. Tanforan is supposed to be the second best. Warren got a card from Tets; they are starting a magazine at Manzanar and wan't him to write an article on Tanforan.

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11:50 --- I was just writing a letter when Emiko came out and said that she was going to the lavatory as she had a stomach-ache. All of a sudden I hear a yell, and Emiko comes running in, white as anything. A man grabbed her by the arm as she was coming back, but Emi broke away. I put on my bathrobe, got the hammer and a flashlight and went out to look around. Some old lady going to the toilet probably thought I was a fiend also. I looked around in the empty stables, but no sign. One of the firemen came by, so I reported the matter. He said that this was the second time that a case like this has been reported in this area. The girls are all talking about it now and discussing what they would do if they were attacked. I never saw Emiko so frightened in all my life. You can't tell what some of these hard-up bastards will do around here. It's a good thing I did not catch up with the guy or else he would have a dent in his head. The sex problem in these camps is going to be quite a serious unless the Young Nisei start to get married in numbers. Everyday I hear rumors about illicit relations but a lot of it has no basis or fact.

May 29, 1942      Friday

The woman I scared last night evidently reported the matter also, because early this morning the new police chief came around to our barracks to look for a "young man who was bothering the girls." In the office Emiko says that Helen F. told her about a girl that was raped in our barracks last night. How the rumors can grow! I went to the police department and explained the situation. The fireman I talked to last night had already reported the case, because they stayed around until 3:00 A.M. to escort women who had to go to the latrine. I asked the police department to put lights on our block, because it is on the outskirts of camp and very dark at night. The single men are in Building #14, and some of the families don't like them for neighbors and are asking for transfers to another building. Emiko said that the man was about 35, but she could not see him very well, because she was so scared and he had his hat pulled down and an overcoat turned up. She had to go to the police station too. The Chief came down to talk to her here, but only Mom and Pop were home. They didn't understand what was going on, since we did not tell them, and they thought that the police were after Emiko for staying out late with a man and holding hands with him. When Emiko came home, she got a bawling out until we came to the rescue and explained everything to them. All of the girls around here are pretty worried and tonight I saw all of them being escorted to the washroom by their brothers or father.

Miyako signed up for Art classes today, and she was busy drawing pictures of the stables and our home. She and Yuri I. are inseparable these days. She goes to eat with the Iwanaga's, because she doesn't get yelled at about eating salads and vegetables, but Mrs. Iwanaga sees to it that she does eat them. Her tap dancing lessons and her coming school classes keep her fully occupied these days, and she is very happy here. It's a good thing for her, because the pre-evacuation strains were not good for her, as she is too young to understand what is going on.

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The money stolen from the Grandstands has been found. John Yoshino's little brother found the wallet in the field. He took it home and his mother took it apart and found over \$200 in a secret compartment. The owner gave the boy \$10 and two script books as a reward. John Yoshino is working in the publicity department here in camp. He organized and M G'd the Flag ceremonies. I was talking to him tonight, and he says that he has several more camp programs in mind which may help to bring <sup>to</sup> the public's attention the fact that we are Americans.

Two more deaths today. Somebody from Centerville died besides a baby which was born last night. The father was passing out cigars this morning when the news reached him. He was very broken up. H.N. says the cause of the baby's death was lack of physical facilities. Alice overheard several of the Camp Staff in the office discussing the removal of the Caucasian person in charge of Medical Unit, because of the incompetency, and they plan to replace him with an Army doctor.

Alex came over tonight after the dance. We got in as "representatives of the press" after much argument with the gatekeeper. There were about 150 couples, most of them from S.F. and of the young crowd. The way they jitterbug these days; I don't see where they get all of the energy. The fellows were all dressed up tonight, while only a couple of girls wore slacks. The rowdy boys had on their draped, high-topped pants and long coats, but they were very quiet tonight. Only saw several married couples, and one Issei couple. A fireman came in and he danced with Kimi Omori. Warren came in with us, but he did not dance. Jock and Emiko really went to town on one of the "hot" numbers. Bette and Jimmy sound so serious. Saw them sitting out a lot and indulging in deep conversation. Warren is getting much dissatisfied with the place now. He wants to rejoin his family in Fomona, and he wrote a letter to Lawson today asking permission for the move.

May 29 (Cont'd)

Alex says he talked to Dr. Takashi of the Council office today. Evidently they are still worried about the radicals on the paper. He told Alex that the YD'S and the Writer's Group were getting in as a clique. As a matter of fact, Alex and Yuki are the only YD'S members and Taro from the Writer's Group. Alex explained how our staff has been open to all. Even Mr. Green stated that he approved the present staff and thought that we should be put on the payroll, because we had worked right along on a volunteer basis. Our full time staff, including the part time workers, represents almost every group in camp. The "conservatives" are a little cool to us, because they wanted JACL Yas Abiko as Editor. Kido even wrote the administration recommending this. With all the censorship now, it doesn't make any difference who is editor as long as the community is served. And if the JACL thinks strong Americanism is radicalism, they are the ones making a big mistake. But we have to make every effort to work with them since their backing is fairly large. They object principally to Bob Tsuda as the City Editor, because they think he is a Communist. And I don't think some of them are so favorably inclined towards me, because I once told them that the reason I would not join the JACL was because it was Fascistically controlled and the members were not given a democratic hearing. I still think this was one of the reasons why the JACL has made such a poor record in the public eye. But they can't be blamed for it. We just lack intelligent leadership and they just did not measure up.

I worked all day helping them mimeograph the 2800 copies off. And then we had to staple them and count them off for circulation. After this was all over we had to help distribute them to the house managers so that the camp could have them tomorrow at the latest. My feet just about kill me after all this. The cold has not gone away yet so I felt pretty weak for a while this afternoon.

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Miss Mayer of the U.S.E.S. wrote and said that she had sent the copy of my survey to the Farm Security Agency for possible use in the Japanese Relocation plans. She has written a letter to recommend my further schooling at some University. Sometimes I wonder whether such things are actually helpful. They feel sorry for me and want to get me out of this mess and the only ~~th~~ way they can do it is by getting me into a college again. But I just can't see this. If I can be of meaningful use in the relocation, I would much rather work. And it won't be so bad --- not as they picture it anyway. My adjustment to the Japanese group is by no means complete, but I am coming along. At least I am not bored yet.

12:30 --- A car just drove up to the far end of the barracks. They are patrolling this area for men on the loose. I can hear them walking around. It's windy ~~tonight~~ <sup>tonight</sup>; they must be cold out there. I'd hate to be one of those all night sentries right now.

May 30, 1942 Saturday

11:30 P.M. Alice and Emiko have just got through arguing ~~for~~ one hour about the "Case of the Unknown Man" from the other night. Alice won't give in, but they have made up. The point was that they saw a man acting strange this morning, and Emiko jokingly said that he was the man who grabbed her. Alice took it seriously and insisted that Emiko look at him closely. At this Emiko said that she did not know because she could not remember who he was or what he looked like, because he scared her so much. Alice replied that she should have remembered some identifying feature; Emiko call her "dumb", because she didn't have that much of a look.

They argued for a long time tonight while Bette and I made fun by laughing and snapping our knees. They got mad at each other and had a few words. When Jock came in, Alice gave her version first and then Emiko told hers. It appeared

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that Alice was a little stubborn, because she admitted that she danced with a boy at dances, been introduced, and yet failed to recognize him the next day. And yet she insists that Emiko should have remembered a man who had a coat turned up and who was only seen for a fleeting second. The trouble was that she resents being called "dumb" by a younger sister and Emiko resents the positiveness of an older sister. This morning Emiko and Bette "gave" Alice advice about not wearing boots with a silk dress, because they knew more about proper clothing. Alice did not change all day. Of such things are family quarrels made. I wonder why we argue over such trite things these days. Everybody forgets them right away, so why should they occur. Could it be an indication of some release from a deeper inner tension?

Fumi's family is much worse. Nori went out to the recreation hall and came home late while Bette was there. The father made quite a scene and demanded that the girl take him to the hall and account for the every instant that she was there. He cross-examined her for ten minutes. That is why Nori deceives her father a lot to avoid these scenes. The Kikuchi girls now appreciate more the liberal attitudes of Pop and feel that they are much better off than most Japanese girls because their lives are not ruled by such strict parental control. Fumi's father is orthodox and traditional Japanese. The mother takes all the dishes to the meals and waits in line with her husband's plate while he stands around a table and waits. She brings the food to him and serves him. As soon as he is finished, he gets up and goes home without a word while she obediently cleans up. She even walks behind him! It's a good thing our family is democratic; I couldn't stand a thing like this. Nor would any of the other kids.

For the past three days Tom has been trying to make a boat that will sail straight on Lake Tanforan, without any luck. They all sink or tip over. So Pop

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gets out his tools and he spent all day making Tom a good boat. We kidded him a lot about getting into his second childhood, and he was very pleased to get so much attention. Last night Tom took him to the toilet, and he hid from Tom and came back home alone. Poor Tom was sure worried looking for him. Pop has probably the greatest peace of mind of anyone in the family except Miyako, although she still wants to be a barber. But as long as we argue with him that he is still a good barber and needed, he is satisfied. Sharpening his razors and cutting hair occasionally keeps him occupied. There is no barber shop in camp yet officially, so that a barber who gives free hair cuts has a certain prestige.

Jock went to a Seventh Day Adventist Church meeting this morning, and he came home with an armfull of pamphlets which the girl gave him. <sup>She</sup> ~~Se~~ believes literally in the Bible and thinks that smoking and dancing are big sins. This afternoon he kept Margarete, the girl who is going to have a career, busy and she made herself silly by chasing him all over the place.

Today was Memorial Day and the Buddhists and Christian churches held a very impressive ceremony in the infield. Americanism was stressed. One of the ministers gave a short talk in Japanese and Mr. Green was very irritated and said that this would not happen again, because they had not received a translation and submitted it for an "OK". The man was telling the audience about the ideals of Democracy and how they should cherish them.

It was surprising to see the large numbers of Issei in the audience. If they had been given a chance, they probably would have assimilated easier into the American life. But denial of citizenship, race prejudice, and discrimination, and the great differences in the cultures of the East and the West have prevented their Americanization growth. It is a wonder that they have progressed as far as they have.

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Ernest Bessig of the American Civil Liberties Committee was visiting this morning, and he told us about some of the things being done on the outside for our welfare. Green gave us a sort of fishy eye when he passed as he probably knows all about Bessig and probably feels that he is here to stir up trouble. Bessig wants us to write him information about this camp and what is going on. He plans to send them out to influential people all over the country as News Letters so that we are not forgotten by the public. The thing that we want to get over is that this camp definitely should not be a precedent for the Relocation Centers. Mr. Bessig is convinced that we were the victims of an ugly deal, because he has failed at any time previous to our evacuation to see one instance of a great clamor against the Japanese. According to him, a minority pressure groups and the newspapers were behind the whole thing. although he is not dismissing the possible military necessity. Court action will be taken later as he feels that we could not get to first base at the present time.

Also talked to Dr. Smith and a group of Social Service Teachers and students from San Jose State College. They are also planning to send letters out to friends and key people in the East so that the Nisei can get a fair hearing. One girl I talked to for 45 minutes was certainly ignorant about the Nisei. I patiently explained to her that we don't write to Japan; we don't use chopsticks; we don't like segregation; we aren't going back to Japan; and that we are not Pro-Fascists. I hope I gave her enough to think about. She was very much interested and wants to write to me and exchange letters, because she now is convinced that the Nisei are just as much Americans as she. Her father is an Army officer and her husband is teaching Flying in the Air Corps. She has only been on the West Coast for about three months, and she expected to find a lot of "treacherous Japs" with horn rimmed glasses in this camp instead of Americanized Nisei. "Do you all speak such good English?", she asked. "I don't speak anything, but in fact I can't speak and understand Japanese."

She was greatly surprised at this when I went on to tell her that 80% of the

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residents were American citizens, she was further amazed. She is going to write all her friends in the East "giving them the true dope on the Japanese here."

Went over to Ann's and Warren's was there. He is going to be one of the speakers for Town Hall meeting next Wednesday, so we primed him on the best approach to use. Mitch gave him the Tolson Report to digest along with some other material. Afterwards we listened to records of the Red Army Songs and Foggy and Bess. Annis ~~disciplined~~ <sup>displeased</sup>, because she feels that Fitzpatrick of the Education Department is incompetent. He won't bring in outside teachers, but intends to staff completely with camp personnel. There are only 4 teachers with certificates here. The Nisei did not go into teaching, because there wasn't a chance to get a position in the public school systems. Ann doesn't like this setup, because it will become a matter of the ignorant teaching the ignorant. Ann has a lot of important contacts due to her working six years at the "I" House. She knows them on a social basis and has voluntarily cut herself off from Japanese society up to the time of the evacuation. The old women in her barracks think that she is a bad lady, because she smokes in public. Sometimes she is a little impatient with the Nisei and fails to realize that they don't have her background and intelligence, so cannot be expected to be as advanced or as aware of the problems facing the Japanese as she does. She is going to be moderator for the Town Hall meeting and with her personality she should be able to draw the audience out.

Well, Bridges is in one hell of a spot now. He has been caught with his pants at half mast. The Communists have pledged national unity and a strike by the workers in Bridges' defense at this time would hurt the cause of Russia, and since Browder was freed only the other day, the Communists really are in a pickle. The whole thing looks a little funny. Biddle could have put the case on a shelf for a couple of years "for study," but instead he announces deportation.

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It looks like he is being high pressured to the right judging by the growing number of sedition cases now in the Courts. And he has sort of passed the buck on the Evacuation issue. Bridges sent another pledge of unity to the War Production Board, so that it looks like he is in ~~another~~ a very tough spot right now. And to think that the day before he testified before the Tenney Committee for the cause of Democracy!

Jimmy, Bob Iki and a few others were arrested today for gambling and booked at the Police Station. It looks like I quit playing poker just in time. Now maybe Jimmy will get down to work on the paper seriously. He is worried about being ostracized by the community if the news gets out. And he was supposed to interview the police department for a feature story! Bob is worried also because he plans to run for one of the offices in the coming Camp election.

The Nisei police has been booted out for incompetency, and 13 Caucasians police were sent down by the WCCA to do the internal policing. They probably will get about \$200 a month salary for the work. I hope they are not some more of the WPA type of officials that we have here now.

May 31, 1942      Sunday

One month in the Assembly center. It seems that it has gone by so fast that I haven't haught my breath yet, although things are settling down to routine. The last of the Japanese will be evacuated today, although there are a limited number scattered around. I hardly think that military area # 2 will will ordered cleared. As far as the actual evacuation process, you have to hand it ot the Army for efficiency. I don't know of one accident or death caused in the actual evacuation. The Chinese carpenter that came in today to fix the hinges says that he was one of the 4,000 men who the Army ordered down to build this camp, and it took them exactly 12 days to fix the stables, paint them, build the messhalls with tables, and lay the sewer system, etc.

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He said that many of these workers got in each other's way, but they were not allowed to go on private jobs during this time.

This is how Sho F. feels about the whole thing:

"It is very necessary that one objectivise this whole question. This is not, to me, so much the War between two nations, Japan and America, or even war between complete Democracy against Fascism. This is a war between nations with political democracy but without economic democracy against that nation without both.....the latter being Japan. The primary question is winning the war for this country, and this is said without any sentiment of flag waving. That this military necessity called for wholesale evacuation of the Japanese --- innocent and guilty alike---is very unfortunate, but <sup>it</sup> is, I think, very necessary.

"You realize that whether I hold this view or not, I am affected just as much and in just the same way as those Nippos who do not hold this view. This is not a subjective question. I would oppose any and every injustice and violation of civil right and other constitutional and humane rights committed by an individual or group. But I cannot oppose war-necessitated evacuation question merely because there ~~a-~~ will be dirty bastards who will take advantage of this. This is the way I feel. Sounds noble as hell, doesn't it? What I mean is that I don't hold the view of many Nisei that the evacuation was a persecution of slant-eyed, yellow-skinned sons and grandsons of the Rising Sun. I think that half of the bitterness and resentment will vanish if Niseis could see it that way, but perhaps I am an optimist."

Talked to Archie Green this afternoon. He works in the Bethlehem Shipyards. He is a long time friend of Mitch and terribly interested in the masses of people. He thinks that the only hope of the world is in the common people and he resents terribly the present economic system that suppresses them. I don't know whether he is a Communist or not; he is an extreme liberal and a hell of a decent fellow. He is presenting the good points of the Nisei to his shipyard

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friends. Archie used to be very active in the California Young Democrats Clubs. Angelo was also down to see Alice again. He came yesterday, too. The poor guy has to bring a truck load of stuff in for all his friends every time that he comes down. I haven't encouraged any of my friends to come down, because I wouldn't want them to be inconvenienced for such a short visit. There was a large number of visitors again today, and it takes quite a while for the line to come through. I get to see enough people as it is. Every time I'm up around the Grandstands, it seems that I meet somebody I know from the outside. It is encouraging to see so many visitors. It shows that the Japanese had more Caucasian contacts than they were generally credited with. However, many of the visitors are Church people.

Marie Okazaki was also down with Miss Watson of the International Institute. She says that it's not so "hot" being on the outside, because most of her friends have already left for some camp. She has been working with the WCCA in the evacuation, also. She is one Nisei who really makes a swell social worker. She has a wonderful personality, plus a sympathetic understanding of people. I used to have her help me out on some of my cases when I was doing my field training at the S.F. Public Welfare Department last semester. Marie thinks that she will go directly to Manzanar, so that she can start in one of the permanent groups. She may possibly go to Tule Lake, but she would rather go south. Since she has helped on the evacuation so much, Marie will probably get her choice.

I just can't seem to get my mind on this whole problem of the Japanese evacuation. I've lived and slept with this question for a whole month now. I can say that I am discouraged at the developments, but I am not too happy at my progress. I had hoped to be doing more. Working on a heavily censored camp paper is a long way from social work. And now I am even having a little doubt about the social work phase. Will I be any better off than I was in the Employment office? Not knowing Japanese puts one in a peculiar situation.

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Sometimes when I hear Japanese being spoken I have an urge to shut the whole thing out as if I were in a nightmare experience. I don't hate the Japanese here, but their conventional ways get me sometimes. Perhaps they would be better off if ~~they~~ were not so law-abiding. They should really let themselves go occasionally, but you can't tell what is going on behind the Oriental mask.

Talked to J.H. about the money he lost in the Grandstand. He got most of the \$300 which was stolen from him back. I used to see J. down in Chinatown in the clubs a lot, but did not know him personally. He was known as one of the Chinatown barflies. These Chinatown Japs practically lived on liquor, and they used to make a great play for some of the looser white women. Now J. works hard in the messhall for \$12 a month. He gets up at 4:00 in the morning to go to work. What a contrast and a change from his former activities. J. thinks that South America is the only place for the Nisei after the war.

June 1, 1942 Monday

Bette is quitting work after today, because she wants to have more time to write letters, visit friends, and read. Tonight she was asking about the coming Town Hall meeting. She is only 15, yet she seems much more aware of what is going on than Emiko. She wants to get started in school again. Emiko is going to take her place in the mimeograph department. She will also help out on the art staff of the paper.

Taro took the twelve names to Green again, and he blew up when he found so many listed as editors. He said that only six would be on the payroll, one as a reporter. So Alex will keep his job in the messhall, and one of the other fellows will do the same. Bill Hata already quit his job, so that it was too late to put Warren in his place. We will pool our total salaries (\$80) and divide it equally among the twelve of us. We don't know yet who the six on the payroll will be. Taro gave Green my name among the others and when he came to it

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he said, "Charles Kikuchi? Oh, the Social Worker! He's no newspaper man, is he?" Taro replied, "He's the best reporter that we have and he takes care of all of the contact work." Taro said that Green was reluctant even after that. <Dr. Cassidy of the U.C. Social Welfare Department wrote today and said he is sending a recommendation for me to Mr. Lawson. I guess Dr. Chernin must have said something to him. The USES in S.F. also sent a letter. Mitch says that he saw it by chance in the Employment Office on Gunder's desk.> The fellows can't understand why Green has singled me out, and they think that somebody in camp must have told him that I was a radical. They are more burnt up about the whole thing than I am. But I don't care too much anymore; I feel that this is only a temporary place, and I will get my chance later. That is why I have not asked for any letters of recommendation. Green's personal dislike of the U.C. social workers would not make prospects too bright anyway, and he would be itching to get us on the first slip-up, seeing as how he feels. It's funny, because I seem to get along with him now. This morning I went in and insisted that we have some desks for the newspaper office, and he phoned the "OK" through right away. And he was sorry that the WCCA offices in S.F. would not allow us to send out the exchange papers in the government envelopes. We told him that we would do it on our own, and he said that we should be careful "not to get ourselves in a jam", whatever he meant by that. Taro and the rest of us are pretty disgusted with the whole setup. We were thinking of starting some sort of magazine, but we would have to work against too many handicaps so have given it up for the present. There are a number of Nisei in camp that have the ability to write---Jimmy, Toshi Mori, Warren, Lilian, Taro, Bob Tsuda, Toyemoto, Kawakami, K.Nishida, Alex Yorichi, etc. --- and it would be interesting to accumulate their writings and thinkings for a magazine. ]

I have been dilly-dallying around for a month now, and I just can't feel satisfied with what I shve done. I know I could have done ~~better~~ a lot more under a better administrative setup. I could think that the failure was per-

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sonal, but this is the general opinion of most of the people interested in the camp welfare. The paper is serving a useful function, but that is not enough. I'm sure that I could be of far greater value. Sort of looking forward to the Relocation now. Haven't been here long enough to settle down, but I must keep busy at something in order not to get discontented. One interesting development is that I am getting to meet a lot of Caucasian American people yet, especially through Ann and Mitch. The visitors keep pouring in to see their Nisei friends.

Hiniki said that 1100 have come in in the seven days since I last counted them. Over 500 came in this last weekend alone. They may restrict them soon. She says that Monday will be a closed day after next week. Dolores came to see Jock again and as usual they had to send the camp guide out to find her. They came down here and Pop got all excited because he thought they would send us to a hot place if she got in trouble over breaking the visiting privileges. She should know better by now, because all of the others will suffer by such actions, even though I do admire her for her loyalty to Jock. But it is of greater importance that we keep what outside contacts that we do have. The new police chief is much better. Interviewed him today for the paper. Jerry Easterbrooks is a great big 210 pounder with a very pleasing personality, and I got along well with him. He graduated from U.C. in 1935 and has worked for the past seven years in the Berkeley Police Force. He also played Varsity Football for the Bears for three years. He is only about 30, and looks quite young. He told me that he knows the Japanese well, and he has always found them to be honest, law-abiding and peace-loving. There are 13 Caucasian patrol men under him, all picked on the basis of their experience among the Japanese. Easterbrooks is directly responsible to the Army and not the Administration here. I discussed some of the problems which have arisen in camp, and he says that there have been 2 larcenies, 1 ~~burglary~~ burglary, 2 gambling raids, and one girl molested (Emiko). Easterbrooks recognizes that sex will be the

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greatest problem as the "Japanese are normal", and there are a lot of young fellows around. He is not too rigid as far as poker playing is concerned if it is a small game. What he wants to do is to catch the professional gamblers in camp, because they will take the innocent for all that they have. He is wise enough to see that his job will not be an easy one and is working hard to get the cooperation of the camp. Apparently he understands the setup as he says that most Nisei are just like him, and he won't allow his men to spy or put on a superior attitude while in camp as this will be of great harm to his department.

The Fire Chief is of similar caliber. He has been on the San Bruno fire force for the past 20 years and knows the Japanese in this country well. He thinks highly of the Nisei, whom he is teaching for the camp protection. He says that the fire hazard is very great here because of the lack of equipment and the prevalence of a strong wind that blows through here. There are 11 regular full time Nisei in his department, and he is now training 36 volunteers. Later on he plans to have more volunteers from each barrack. He thinks that the Japanese have a lot of guts for taking this great mistake in such a smiling way. He has dealt with many Japanese businesses and always found them to treat him fairly. "But these things happen and you've got to show them that you all have the real American spirit in you. I know that you have from my personal experiences." It's too bad we don't have more men like this in this camp.

Yuki says that after the recent cases of slight food poisoning in Messhall #9, the people went back and forth to the toilets so much that the guards thought that there was an escape movement going on. Today we had just beans for lunch. They are slipping a little again.

Larry Tojiri wrote Taro from Salt Lake and he says that Mike Maszoka was thrown in jail in New Orleans. The place was filthy and full of dirt. Mike

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Mike was marched down the street at the point of a gun and then after he was locked up the Sheriff let all the people come in to leer and spit on the dirty Jap. There was a movement to lynch him until the FBI stepped in to Mike's rescue. Good ol' southern hospitality!

And down at Manzanar a young Nisei was shot three times for going out of bounds to pick some firewood. But now the people have more freedom and can go as far as three miles away. At Camp Harmony in Oregon the area is divided into four zones, and the Japanese can't even visit their friends if they happen to live in another zone in the camp. The preacher even has to get special permission to get to another zone.

Sammy Y. says that his brother-in-law and the other Japanese instructors at U.C. and along the coast all have to go inland to the University of Michigan. They really mean to get all the "Japs" out. The only ones left will be Chiyo and the others who get the broadcasts from Japan for the government. Even John Oakie has to be evacuated. His original name was Aski, and he looks completely Caucasian. He was the Secretary for the Institute of Pacific Relations. As a boy he was studied by Professor Terman of Stanford as a genius mentality. He was very interested in the affairs of the Pacific and also the Nisei and has spoken on many occasions in their behalf. Many of the ~~Nisei~~ Nisei disliked him for hiding his Japanese blood, but I think he was very practical. Personally, I also found him to be intelligent and understanding. The Army must have a <sup>list</sup> ~~lot~~ of all people with even a trace of Japanese blood, or else they would not be able to trace down these mixtures as they seem to do.