

Termination of Work I worked at home in the a.m. About 10:00 o'clock, I went down to the office to inform Cook that I intended to quit my job, and to tell him that I'd like to clean-up my work on the "Fears" paper. Cook tried to get me to remain on the job. He declared that I could have all the time I wanted for my own research studies and that I need do things for him only at leisure. I insisted, however, that it seemed impossible to do my studies while at the same time wholding down a job. Nakazato piped in, "He's irreplaceable, you know," to Mr. Cook; all of which was highly flatterring, but I stuck to my point.

Public School Meeting I received a notice several days ago from Mr. Fleming asking him to see him at an appointed time. I dropped in to see Fleming, and he asked if I would address the incoming teachers on "The Kind of Public School Education Desired on this Project." I consented to talk, and he inquired for other speakers, preferrably a woman. I named Mae Sato, Mrs. Akamatsu and Mrs. Murayama. It later turned out that none of these persons could speak on that day (Mrs. Murayama was in the hospital), and that I was the only speaker.

Redfield, WRA Consultant Waller told me to stick around and meet Redfield. I was anxious to see him for several reasons, so I waited while Redfield sat in Shirrell's office apparently carrying on an intense conversation with the director. Waller later brought him up; and I was happy to see someone from the old stamping grounds in Chicago. He wanted a quiet place to chat with me, so I suggested our place, and we started our chat as we walked. I didn't know what was uppermost in his mind so I started the conversation by asking him what problems he saw in these projects.

Redfield's chief concern was about the Issei-Nisei split. ~~He had been down at Manzanar before coming here and he~~ He had been down at Gila River and had observed this difficulty there. Shirrell had apparently added his views and reinforced some of Redfield's previous observations. Redfield asked, "How are we to handle the Issei-Nisei relationship so that the process of Americanization can be made to continue? How can we best reconcile the differences between the two generations?" My answers to these queries were admittedly weak, but I declared that the source of the difficulty lies, of course, in the differences of background of the two groups, which is enhanced by their difficulties of communication with each other. My feeling was that better information about the WRA, by means of a Japanese press, for instance, would be a considerable aid in reducing the misunderstandings between the two generations. I also declared that I felt much of the present difficulties arise from the disorganized conditions of the community resulting from the difficulties of procurement and the lack of equipment. Furthermore, I felt that time alone could solve some of the basic difficulties, especially of the working out by the people of a set of rules for behavior applicable primarily to this community.

I went on to declare that I felt the project administration was not giving sufficient responsibility to the people for the operation of the project. Under the circumstance, the people felt they had little obligation to the project, and wait for those



on the administration who have responsibilities to do the work. Redfield countered, "But according to Shirrell's statement, the people don't take sufficient responsibility." I admitted there was truth in the contention, for many, especially in the work corps, feel that it's not worth it to assume responsibilities when the differences in pay are small. But what I was speaking of was going to the people for advice on the operation of certain projects or certain necessary work that must be done here. I cited the instance of the coal situation, in which reference of the problem to the people before handing down a regulation would have been far better than merely ordering that certain number of workers from each block would have to volunteer their services.

Redfield inquired, "To what extent should the Issei be given control? Should they have a voice in the government?" I told R that at one time I had felt that it would be desirable to have Issei councilmen along with the Nisei, but that more recently it seems to me that it would be inadvisable to have the two generations in the same council. Moreover, I was not sure that the Issei could be counted on to have a cooperative attitude toward the administration in the performance of their policies. I suggested, however, the use of some kind of Issei advisory council. I indicated that there are men in these communities who take a very sound view of their situation and also have leadership over the bulk of people in a community of this kind. If such persons are placed in positions of leadership, as on an advisory council, they would better be able to control the dissident elements within their own groups and thus bring about a higher degree of control in the community. I suggested that much of the difficulties of the present arise from the fact that, due to the disorganized circumstances of the community, agitators tend to be the outspoken leaders and the stable personalities who have in the past been the leaders are cast in the background.

The discussion then turned to the question of relocation. "Should the Nisei be relocated as fast as possible? Would the Nisei respond favorably to a policy of relocation?" These were points which Shirrell undoubtedly had strongly stressed to Redfield. My answer was yes in both instances. I stressed the fact that this was an abnormally Japanese community as far as most Nisei go, and that if the assimilation process is to be promoted, and the future of the Nisei is to be thought about, that it would certainly be desirable to get the Nisei as far away from this situation as possible. As for the Nisei desire to get out, I assured him that every indication was that the Nisei are thoroughly fed up with life here and that they would go out for any reason they could find. However, I suggested that the Kibei likewise should be given consideration in the relocation program, and debunked the common notion that the Kibei as a group are a dangerous lot. Redfield kept insisting that he was merely a consultant for the WRA just out from Washington, and asked that I criticize as much as possible any views he had to offer.

Finally, there arose the question of the type of punishment to enforce on the violent elements of the community. How are acts of violence to be controlled? I was not sure I had any advice to



offer on the subject. All I could say was that the disorganized situation here causes many persons, who in a normal habitat ~~to~~ would act with greater forethought, to resort very quickly to acts of violence. Furthermore, the Kibei instances of violence, ~~as~~ I suggested, were as frequently due to misunderstanding of their psychology as due to anything else. But these, I admitted, were academic answers.

We also talked of the undesirability of the OWI bulletins and the adverse effects they have in these communities. I suggested the replacement of these bulletins by greater distribution of papers like the UTAH NIPPON which are already circulating in the community.

Issei-Nisei Rapport Tom and Harno were discussing the problem of how to increase Issei-Nisei rapport in this community. Harno seemed to see a blank wall, though he offered suggestions where-by negative tendencies could be reduced. Better communication between the Issei and Nisei through a vernacular as well as an English press seems to him an important point. Tom expressed dubiousness that Caucasians would have much success in controlling the Japanese. They seem to have too little understanding of the Japanese, and repeatedly make errors due to their lack of understanding. The whole plan of Tom's thinking is that unless fundamental changes are wrought in the value system of the Japanese, nothing effective can be done by the administration in the way of following out their policies. What is needed, according to Tom, is a subtle and effective (effective for Japanese thought) propaganda campaign.

Waller-Cook Feud I wanted Tom to meet Redfield so we wandered down to the administration bldg. in search of him. Redfield was not there, but Waller assured us that Redfield would seek out Tom Shib. I stopped to chat with Teiko Nakazato, Cook's secretary, who has no love for her boss. Teiko told of the big fight which occurred between Waller and Cook. The cause of the ~~strike~~ fight was the appearance in the DISPATCH of an article on the recent farm strike. Cook had been away to San Francisco at the time of the strike. A reporter came in asking approval of an article he had written, and in Cook's absence, Waller claimed the right to endorse the article. Upon Cook's return, he learned of Waller's endorsement of the news item, and Cook thereupon wrote a strong letter to Waller advising him to keep out of the Information dept. Waller, who was away at the time the letter came to his desk, returned and read the letter, whereupon he went to Cook and declared that he had been fully within his right to pass upon the news item. Waller declared that in Shirrell's absence and Cook's absence, that he was the person designated to censor the DISPATCH. In fact, Teiko declared, Waller went so far as to say that he was the director pro temp of the project in Shirrell's absence. Cook, of course, disagreed with him on all points, and Waller thereupon threatened to fight it out with Cook. Cook was taken aback at this suggestion of force, but stood his ground as well as he could. Joe Hayes was then called in as the person who had, according to Waller, given the latter permission to censor the press and run the information dept. in Cook's absence. Hayes,



September 1, 1942  
Diary

-4-

however, backed up Cook. Cook declared that Waller should hereafter stay out of the former's dept. Nothing further developed but the two men are not on particularly friendly terms.

We returned to the Shib's and there we talked until Redfield arrived. Redfield apparently intended to see people like Mitoma, Koso, Yego, and others.

Jacoby I felt that Redfield might be interested in the paper I've ~~wri~~ been writing on "Fears" for Cook, so I handed it to Jacoby who is to drive Redfield down to Manzanar. I specifically asked Jacoby to tell Redfield that this paper was being written for Cook, knowing the latter's tendency to lay claim to anything done for him by anyone else.



Tom informed me last night that D.S.T. would definitely be on hand today, so I was expecting her. The Teachers' Training Meet took most of the time and we missed seeing the Thomases in the morning.

Tom and Jim came over right after lunch on their way down to visit the Thomases. I was still sorting out my pages of diaries and notes when they arrived. Tom appears definitely self-conscious about the material he hasn't been getting out---that must hurt Tom a lot for he's very competitive and hates to be any worse than others. Tom ties himself up with his own ambition and energy, he's too eager to get ahead and on top. Jim sits around quietly in his smiling self-confident way. What contrast these two fellows make.

Dorothy Thomas and WI are in the guest room next to Sherrill's place for their visiting duration. Tom, Jim and I trooped in with our manuscripts under our arms. Tom and Michi have gone off to the construction gang strike to check on it. D.S.T. and W.I. greet us in their usual hearty manner. The usual round of news about all the people down at Tanforan, the University, and elsewhere go around. Dorothy hands us each a copy of Spencer's material from Gila River. God, that gives me twinges of guilt consciousness. The man has turned out more in the first week there than I did in a month and a half here. Why can't I get my life organized to the point where the stuff just rolls off the typewriter. I know damn well I can, once I get organized---just watch me when I get started. I've always been slow getting started on things: thus I rationalize.

Spencer's stuff looks pretty good. He's made some careful notes on things (cultural objects) around Gila. Of course, he misses a lot that's sociologically significant, but then he's a cultural anthropologist. Dorothy asks for criticisms of the manuscript, Spencer has asked for it, but what can I say when I haven't turned out anything significant yet, and, then too, the study just begins down there and there's not enough to criticize. There's a lot that's left out, but Spencer will cover it in due time, I'm sure. Well, no comments from me; not for the time being. He's also got a lengthy case history of a young chap whom he accompanied from L.A. to Fresno. Spencer must be a good man getting all that out, although, of course, I could have done the same. Still, it's damn good stuff. I'll have to show them.

Tom told me before we arrived that he'd told the Thomases about his wanting to leave for some eastern school. "They said to me," says Tom, "'Well, where are you going? How are you planning to make out, on your living expenses, etc.' They just asked me; they weren't sore or anything." But Tom feels guilty about it, I would guess. Tom must do a lot of rationalizing to himself to maintain his self-respect. Dorothy raises the question of how Tom and Jim are to pursue their studies here. Of course, if Tom wants to leave, that's all right, but Dorothy moves right along to the question of how a degree might be had in absentia here. She's a smart woman at handling the boys; and I take it Tom needs handling. The plan of study goes much as follows:



1. Tom and Jim to get their foreign language exams out of the way as soon as possible. Tom up on his French. Get some coaching on German.
2. Dorothy to straighten things out with Sproul, if necessary, about these fellows getting their work towards the Ph.D. while here in the community. Deutch already confirms, but some opposition from other quarters. But Thomas banks on support of strong nisei supporters at top.
3. Tom and Jim to continue getting material for their doctorate. Thesis to come right out of this data.

Dorothy knows how to manipulate us. "Kikuchi's in his 700th page," she tells us. And then she waves Spencer's manuscript in our face. Well, that does it, all right. We'll turn the stuff out. As for Tom, both she and WI give it to him about the significance of field research; I'm glad they give it to him. Tom hasn't learned yet to get his hands in the dirt and twist the gold out of it.

The Billingmeier's appear in the middle of our session. Bob comes by very early; he strikes me as a fine fellow. He's very quiet, probably very observing and thoughtful, or maybe it's only that he's tired from the hard trip up. Isn't too much concerned about personal appearance, but rather the kind of fellow who throws himself more into his work. His wife, Honey or some such name, is very pleasant. More sophisticated than Bob, I would judge, and more extroverted. But they're a nice couple.

Michi and Tomi arrive in the middle of our session also. Michi carries a bag of ice cream with her, a pleasant interlude in the stuffy and hot room. We hear comments on the strike which they'd gone to observe.

Evening session from 8:00 p.m. to 10:30.

Harno dropped over to our place inquiring about the construction crew strike. I told him all I'd heard from Mich. Harno's self-conscious about his relations with Dorothy because he hasn't turned in his stuff. "I turned in my resignation, did she tell you about it." "Gee, I wonder if I ought to see her. I suppose I'd better, she'll give me hell if I don't. I'll bet she's cussing me up and down."

Dorothy greeted Harno as affably as usual, and went into her tough act on him. The problem with Harno seems to be that he has all the notes down, but hasn't time enough to put it down in writing. Being as ~~self~~ conscientious as he is, and as honest in everything, he feels that he shouldn't take money as long as he can't turn out the stuff. Harno wrote a letter to Merrin asking him to return the funds in small payments to Dorothy Thomas, to which D.S.T. objects because the money is the University's to begin with. I'd like to have seen that letter of resignation. W.I. suggests that some method be worked out whereby Harno can get the stuff off his chest, perhaps have a stenographer take it down. Harno feels he doesn't know anything about sociology, but we impress him with the fact that ~~ex~~ any observations he'd have to make are significant data.



The question arose as to what Billingmeier's status is to be here. With the mood of the populace as it is at present, any connection which we may have with Caucasians is bad. It was decided that as far as possible, any direct connection between Billingmeier and ourselves should be carried on purely on the basis of the fellow student idea. Billingmeier is here as a statistician for U. of C. studying problems of WRA centers.

The question also arose of how we are to approach the public in our research. Tom has the feeling that we should, as far as possible, carry on our work anonymously, but I don't share the view. It seems to me that we shall have to reveal our status as researchers sooner or later, and it might as well be done openly as by attempting to make a mystery of the thing. Tom suggested that some announcement of our status will have to be made, since the idea has pretty well spread already that we are up to some mischief, and he suggests an article in the newspaper both in English and Japanese to the effect that we are contributing something toward the post-war adjustment of the Japanese. WI suggests the idea of our studying enforced mass migration and its effect upon people. That strikes me as a good point since the people here feel keenly the mass migration and the inconveniences of it.



Mr. Fleming sent me a note two days ago requesting that I speak at a Teachers' Training Conf. this morning. The Conference is for the benefit of the new teachers, to give them an idea of what problems they are up against, and to orient the public school education for the purpose of this community.

When Michi and I walked over to 7208 about 9:00 in the morning, a beautiful sunny morning, we found quite a scattering of Japanese standing around outside. This surprised me since I had expected more of a white teaching staff. Mr. Gunderson, the principal of the grammar school, was on hand and I chatted with him for a few minutes. When the audience gathered in the megshall, there must have been 80 persons there, two-thirds of whom Caucasians. They had arrived in the meantime. The atmosphere was much like a teacher's group anywhere, and most of them seemed cheerful and anticipatory of things they hoped to accomplish. Among the nisei on hand were Tom Okabe, Oliver Noji, Constance Murayama, and Masako. I was introduced to one issei, perhaps the only one there, who turned out to be Rev. Inouye, formerly of Harvard Divinity School. Rev. Inouye is to try to act as go-between relating the school to the issei community.

Gunderson introduced me to the audience forthwith, and I gave them my spiel. My points were, in brief:

"I have been asked to speak on 'What Sort of Public School Education Do We Want on this Project.' I do not propose to tell you the means by which you will educate the pupils here---you are the experts on the matter and I do not deign to try to teach you ---, but I trust that I may have something to say about the ends which we may try to gain.

While in Chicago, I made the acquaintance of an older man than myself who was studying in the same department as myself. He once told me something of his background, which helped to explain the rather taciturn, sensitive, introspective personality which he had. He had been born in Germany and came to the United States with his parents at about the age of nine or ten. It happened that he arrived just before the outbreak of the first World War, and unfortunately, his schoolmates and neighboring boys made it a point to pick on him because of his German ancestry. On some occasions he fought with these tormentors, on other instances he merely went home and brooded, but I can imagine, as he says, that this period of trying experience left a lasting mark on his personality. I judge that what we wish to accomplish in this community is to so teach the children here that they will not suffer similar distortions of personality, especially in the post-war years when the adjustment of the nisei and sansei will surely be difficult. The thesis of my discussion this morning is: the public school education desirable is that which will make for the best adjustment of the children of this community to their situation here---their unique and handicapped community life here--- as well as to prepare them for the problematic world of America into which they shall have to enter in the post-war years.

To accomplish such an end, I have in mind four things that need to be put across. In this connection, I wish to speak in



terms of suggestions for teaching here which were made at the recent Education Conference here held in conjunction with the visiting Stanford group.

One of the important points stressed by the administrative personnel, who attended that meeting and voiced the needs of training for the nisei, was a better and more intimate relation between school learning and practical application. What they desired was greater practicality of education, especially here where there are such great needs for trained personnel who can use what they know, and where the facilities are especially suited to that type of teaching. I believe this point to be especially important in the case of the Japanese, for in general, they are given a little more to rote learning than to practical learning. Japanese students will very frequently learn very quickly out of books, but as for the practical application of what they learn, they equally as often are not adequately able to use their learning. This is, in short, a lack of that Yankee practicality, of Yankee horse-sense, of which the people of the United States may well be proud. It would be highly desirable if you could impress upon your pupils the way of thinking whereby they can learn to use whatever objects or facts which they have at hand for the most that can be made of them.

Such practical training, I think, will also have its mental hygienic value. It turns the mind outward to consideration of problems outside the self, it causes the faculties of the mind to think in terms of objects out there and to take interest in them, and this I believe is healthy for the mind. You get, as a result, the extroversion characteristic of Americans, and reduce the introversion that sometime causes too much self concern and self consciousness.

A second goal which I trust you will seek in your public schools is to create an American environment for the children. The community in which we live is populated by issei who came from Japan, and nisei who were born and trained here. The consequence is that there is a mixture of culture which presents neither the best of Japan nor of America; but your public school is one place here where the environment can be controlled, and it can be made a strictly American environment.

Furthermore, there is, among the Japanese, a woeful lack of ability to express oneself clearly in English. Due to the bilingual situation in which most nisei have been brought up, very frequently their vocabulary in either Japanese or English is restricted, their ability to pronounce words clearly is diminished, and their ability to speak and write English that is idiomatically correct and ~~is~~ is meaningfully connected are poor. This is definitely a handicap to the nisei and sansei who, in the post-war years, must try to find their place in American society. There is an especial need to train the nisei in public speaking, and I suggest that you attend meetings in the community sometimes for there you will see what the need is. A few of the leaders speak well, but the majority



are not able to express themselves adequately before an audience. Part of this is psychological; the nisei and Japanese are a people with considerable reservation and are unlike the Americans who boldly confront others with their opinions.

I wish to mention in passing the need for an American environment in the matter of manners and social graces. Due to the abnormal condition in the family life of this community, parents do not have as adequate control over the habits of their children as they would like to have. Children eat at the same table with men who have lived the rough life of migrant workers or unskilled laborers and they are unable to proper attention cannot be given the children to see that they do not develop table habits that will handicap them in any society.

A third need is to pay some attention toward college preparation. There is among the Japanese a certain drive toward intellectualism that derives from their respect of teachers and scholars. Since this drive exists, it seems to me that wherever a meritorious student is found, proper guidance and encouragement should be given to see that toward his advanced education. I am of the view that where energy exists, one should make the most use of it. Of course, selection of those who are to go on to college work is necessary, but this only indicates a further function which you will have to serve, of giving vocational guidance to your pupils so that they may be aided in making a selection of their occupational career.

Finally, there is a need among these pupils to gain some simple but sound philosophy of life, a certain individuality of thought. Because the nisei have continually lived in, what E. K. Strong has called, "A world of turmoil," they have never been able to make up their minds as to where they belong, here in America, or in Japan, and as to who respect them and are their friends. In consequence, the nisei have developed in a subtle way a psychology based on uncertainty, on a lack of clear-cut orientation points. If you can implant in the nisei and sansei who are your pupils a few basic convictions based on the best values that the western civilization has to offer, I think you will have accomplished a very important task toward the better adjustment of the nisei and sansei in the post-war world.

I have outlined some of the ends that need to be attained in the public school program here, but the difficulties which stand in your way are perhaps greater than difficulties of teaching that has confronted you in your former experience. Since there is a need for facing these problems realistically, I should like to speak briefly of some of these difficulties.

I need hardly mention the problems which arise from the lack of adequate equipment. This is a problem which has sorely troubled the administration here ever since our arrival, and it is one about which very little can be done immediately.

But an equally difficult problem exists in the fact that the people with whom you will have to deal, the community of which the school is an integral part, is a unique one created by the circum-



stances of evacuation and relocation. Because of the evacuation the Japanese people, and especially the issei, have developed a strong attitude of resentment and distrust of the Caucasians. This distrust and resentment goes beyond the bounds of individual personalities, and all whites have come to be categorically placed on one side with the Japanese on the other. This condition obviously is not conducive to the harmonious functioning of any institution in the community, for in every instance Caucasians as well as Japanese are involved in their operation. I do not consider the attitude of the Japanese as an insuperable one, however, and if you will understand the reasons for the barrier which they have established between themselves and the Caucasians, I think you may expect much greater success in your efforts than if you were to disregard the psychological problems here involved.

This problem of bringing the community closer to the administration and vice versa, and thus of creating a cooperative working unit of the two, is the basic problem confronting the WRA administrative offices today. In my opinion, the schools will play a very important part, if not the most important part, in advancing the success of the WRA program. For one thing, the schools will contribute to the organization of society here, of setting up routines and regularities in the life of the people. One of the basic difficulties from which the people of Tule Lake suffer, and which I think is a major factor in the disturbances within the community today, is that these people being thrown into an entirely new situation en masse without adequate organizational preparation have not built up sufficient routines in their daily living. I do not here mean a monotony of life, but rather that certain regularities are established in the lives of these people so that they may come to expect that basic necessities shall be provided regularly and that there need be no feelings of insecurity about the future.

These are but some of the difficulties that may be mentioned and which you will have to expect in your work. But your work here is extremely important especially in conjunction with the whole of the WRA program. Knowing the spirit with which you have come here, however, I am sure your contribution to the public school here and the community will be equal to the needs."

Some of the questions raised following my little talk were revealing.

1. How would you suggest that we try to reach the issei? Do you think they would object to our inviting their children to our homes or to making personal and intimate contacts with them beyond the regular class program?
2. What will be the reaction of the community to us nisei who will be teaching?
3. Are the kibeis any different from the nisei or issei?

The last question concerning the kibeis brought out some discussion from various persons present. I replied that I thought



there were some characteristics unique to the kibeï, but that there are so many exceptional cases that it would be impossible to generalize about them. They would have to be treated as individual cases. Gunderson supported, "This is in line with the whole new point of view of education, that each individual is unique and must be taught in that manner." Another Caucasian teacher, "In my experience, I have had some kibeï but have not found them at all difficult to get along with." Tom Okabe agrees with me. But Rev. Inouye took a different stand, "I don't think it is a matter of individual cases. It all depends on how long they were in Japan and when they returned from Japan." Constance Murayama came up after the meeting, and immediately took the opposite stand. "In my experience in teaching English to the kibeï I've found that there is a general pattern characteristic of them. I disagree with you that you can't generalize about them. Fellows like Tom are the exception to the rule."

In the further discussion before the meeting closed, Gunderson raised questions about study periods and places. Due to the lack of home facilities for study, he felt it necessary to have study halls conducted after school. But there remained the question of where to study, and who would be in charge. There was much discussion on this point, some teachers desiring to go out of their way to conduct study places wherever space would be available, while others felt that the teacher should not give up her privacy too much. The first view seemed to prevail among the articulate individuals at first, though they had no concrete suggestions for study places at first, but one old teacher rose and described a recent article which decried the loss of family contacts due to the decrease of the one family living room where all the family's activities, including study, could be carried on. Why should not the same thing hold here? Why shouldn't the students get the advantage of family life while pursuing their studies. A young nisei girl piped up, "But how are you going to control the neighbors?" Gunderson, missing the point, replied, "Oh, but problems of controlling the neighbors' radios etc. are a problem anywhere." He overlooked the closeness of life which makes home study almost impossible. The matter was left at this, however.



The construction crew has been restless for several weeks, as witness their joining the farm laborers in their recent strike. Threats of further walk-outs have been heard from time to time, but nothing definite had appeared until today. At noon, Harno came over and informed me that there was a mass meeting of the construction crew to start at one this afternoon. Tom and I are tied up with Thomas, so we asked Tomi and Michi to cover it. Michi volunteered to run down and get Tomi so we left the coverage in their hands. It was late by the time we all left.

Michi came back from the mass meeting and joined us at the guest room. Her account follows.

"A man named Katsuyama was chairman. Men seemed to like him at first, but when he urged later on that the men should go back to work according to the advice of the committee, they didn't like him so well. However, they didn't hate him or anything. We arrived a little late so we didn't get the first speakers, but we were there when he introduced Mr. Shirai.

"Shirai's main point was that unless the Japanese workers went back to work there wouldn't be any talking point against the administration. As long as the Japanese are working, however, the burden of proof is on the side of the administration and it gives strategic advantage to the Japanese. That was his idea. He said that was the way he saw it as an administrative engineer. He also mentioned that some white supervisor said that if the Japanese won't work that they don't have to because the administration can get white workers in their place. 'That's speaking to us like slaves,' he said. Response to Shirai's first speech was favorable, especially because he kept saying, 'We Japanese, etc.,' but he wasn't quite as popular as he went on to

32.

DIARY

Frank Miyamoto  
Tule Lake

September 3, 1942

speak the second and third time, urging the men to return to work. I think it was he who mentioned that Shirrell claimed he didn't know anything about any of the construction workers getting laid off.

"An old fellow got up and said everybody should cooperate with the committee and go back to work. The way he spoke, in a kind of nagging voice, antagonized the audience and finally everybody started to yell at him. The speaker finally says,



*Frank  
Miyamoto  
Sulek*  
9/13/42

'All right, all right,' put on his hat and walked off the platform in a huff. Right after this old fellow, a man got up to defend the previous speaker. He said the old fellow is a friend of theirs and a fellow worker, and the others shouldn't feel too strongly against what he'd said. He's just trying to express his own opinion and help the situation along. I guess this man was afraid something might happen to the old fellow.

"Then Kodani was introduced. Kodani got up there in his usual suit with a kind of paper flower in his lapel button. His main point was that what the whites can do, the Japanese can do. He said it was a shame not to be able to do what the whites can do. He said, 'If you can't do it yourselves, I'm willing to take off my coat and help you.' He had on this coat. He was funny; he'd say something and then he'd turn to the audience and say, 'Now clap,' and they'd all clap. They received him pretty well.

"At the end Katsuyama got up again and told the men that the committee would go to the administration and negotiate with them. They agreed to find out about it by tomorrow night and have another meeting. He pointed out that this was not a mass meeting, but only a gathering of interested parties.

"Then some fellow with a shrill voice started to yell from the audience. He said, sarcastically, 'It's too bad to ask the Japanese committee to always go down to the administration. Why not get the administration to come out here?' Katsuyama



asked him whom he wanted from the administration. The man answered, 'Anybody, anybody. Get some people from the administration on the platform and then we can argue the whole thing out right here.'

"Finally some man got up to say, 'Personally I feel that most of the audience doesn't want to return to work until something definite has been decided.' Men gave him a big applause."

Geo. Sakoda felt that most of the audience was divided between those who agreed with the committee, and those who wanted to remain away from work.

Harno had told me earlier that the men were apparently striking because almost half of the 900 men who had been working were laid off. The administration view is that there's not enough lumber now, and they'd like to have the men work at something else. But the general demands of the construction crew is not very clear. Harno isn't sure what they want, what they're kicking about. One thing that Harno suspects, this strike, unlike the previous farm labor strike, must have been organized for the workers were called off by men who went around from crew to crew about 9:00 this morning.



Tule Lake Diary  
Sept. 9, 1942

I got down to Tom's place by 9:00 to work with Jim and he on the proposed progress report. Our procedure is to make out cards for each item in our notes, make a tentative outline from the points brought to mind by the notes, and then to allocate chapters to each of us for the write-up. During the course of the morning we were able to make up the outline without much disagreement. The Shibutani-Najima-Shibutani report on Tanforan helped for it gave us a precedent to work on. No single one of us took leadership in the discussion; the work was characterized by a fairly smooth give and take all around. Tom, as usual, is critical of points raised by others until he is convinced, though I feel that he doesn't pursue his doubts far enough, that he gives way especially to my judgments a little too easily on some matters. One feels that he thinks he doesn't know enough about sociology to argue with me, unless it be some point to which he has given considerable thought. Jim, on the other hand, is hard to displace from his initial view. In an argument he concedes point after point and yet is not fundamentally altered in his view. Jim thinks in terms of concepts, classification and typology much more than does Tom who is interested more in motivations of persons and groups.

Weather Today was cold and rainy. We had a couple of cool days about Aug. 25, but now it feels as if winter is really setting in. The days of clear blue skies now seem past, and clouds continually spot the sky. Michi is getting out her winter clothing. Some people are worried about the money they will have to spend toward winter clothing before the clothing allowances start. Many are wondering how the clothing allowances will be made, whether it will be in the form of blanket checks that can be used for the purchase of things other than clothes, or whether it will be scripts that require purchase only of clothes and only those sold at the store. If the latter, individual choice becomes considerably restricted.

Post Office Thievery About a week ago Nobu returned from the office with the news that someone had walked off with an expensive electric fan which had been left on the P.O. counter. The owner called for the fan, but since he could not take it immediately, left it on the counter for a few minutes. Ten minutes later the fan was gone and the owner had no idea where it might have gone. Nobu was disgusted because the matter was not reported to the wardens until a week later. Last night a notice was placed in the Dispatch of the fan's disappearance, and this morning the package turned up in the block manager's office of the proper owner. It had just been left on the counter of the office. Kaz's comment was: "The ~~owner~~ thief had to return the fan. He couldn't use it himself; someone visiting would identify the thing." It is probably true that thievery of large objects may have its limitations in this place.

Black Widow Spider Nobu also commented at lunch that Mrs. Wallace the postmistress had a notice from a block manager that a black widow spider had been found. The picture of black widow spiders



under the floor boards impressed me, but I questioned the accuracy of the story. I learned that Nobu had heard the story from Mrs. Wallace as she read off a report from a block manager to the whole P.O. staff, and yet I wondered if this were not merely a rumor. The story was confirmed, however, in the Dispatch in which the capture of the spider by someone in block 72 was given in full detail.

Work Hours, Make-up for Labor Day Tom Uyeno brought up a discussion of the problems created in the messhalls by the WRA regulation that work hours for absence on Labor Day would have to be made up. The regulation is that since all the rest of governmental agencies in the U.S. worked today due to wartime, that the WRA workers cannot be regarded as exceptions. While Tule Lake had its holiday, the hours would have to be made up. Tom protested, "Hana is making up her hours tonight. But why should she. Work hours are uneven any way; sometimes you have to ~~make~~ stay late to work, other times there isn't enough work. Why don't they let the Labor Day make-up go." I imagine there is much general objection to the make-up of work hours.

Progress Report Went down to Tom's in the afternoon again to work on the outline for the report. We spent the time classifying our item cards and shuffling them into proper categories. Our original intention was that we would give each other the material covering the assignments made to each other, but we decided we didn't have enough material as yet to write up our ~~next~~ sections. The final proposal was that we write the paper first from our own material, and then supplement later from each other's data. This won't work entirely satisfactorily, in my estimation, but the actual work procedure will have to be something in between working strictly with our own material and combining each other's material.

Study Group Michi arrived about 4:30 with the Chronicle and a bag of grapes. It was a pleasant interruption for our discussion had started to lag anyway. Tom, who had been threatening to open a can of french fried potatoes but who had been restrained only by the fact that Tomi was out and this was the last can, finally broke down when Michi arrived with the grapes. Jim left for the P.O. and the conversation somehow turned to music. Tom wanted to know why Oriental music sounds so differently from American or Western music. He also raised questions about Wagner about whom he's been reading in Viereck's and Barzun's works. Tom shows very definite signs of interest in music, something which he had not displayed during our earlier acquaintance. Tom later commented to Michi that he and Jim don't seem to disagree so much when I'm around. Tom: "This is the first time that Jim and I agreed on how the report should be written up."

Social Visit Right after supper we hurried to our showers so that we'd be ready by 7:30 for Tom and Tomi to visit the Billingmeiers. The showerroom is terrifically cold on days like these for there's no adequate heating system and the doors and windows are generally wide open. Something will have to be done about it.



I felt the need to put on a better pair of trousers than I'd been wearing all day since the latter is all out of press, but Tom's comment when he saw a pressed pair of trousers and tie was, "Hey, how come? Gee, look at me." I suppose if I'd been visiting anyone else, I would have changed trousers anyway. For the first time Tom had his overcoat on, and we pulled on our heavier clothing. The wind outside was brisk and cold, and reminded me of November weather in Chicago.

Mrs. Billingsmeier was out when we arrived, but Bob played the role of host. Nothing brilliant about him, but he's very friendly and natural. Their home was surprisingly small, no larger than our own but divided by partitions which make a hallway. There was one bedroom with no closet, and very small living room. Things were neat, however, and one had the feeling of being in an apartment, unlike the feeling one gets from the apartments in the community. Perhaps the coat of paint over the wall boards had much to do with it. But they had no stove! Their room was terribly cold, and grew increasingly so as the evening wore on.

#### Teachers' Quarters: Complaints

Bob went into a description of the Caucasian teaching staff's reaction to the limited facilities here. "The teachers are having a bad time of it adjusting to the place. A number of teachers who came have since left after finding out what kind of set-up they have here. They haven't got even chairs and desks in the classrooms, and the living quarters will have to be improved. Most of the teachers are horrified at the toilet facilities. There isn't any partitions for the seats and I guess some of these older teachers have never experienced a situation like this before." Tom: "You mean they don't even have partitions between each toilet bowl?" Bob: "Oh, yes, they have partitions between, but I mean there aren't any doors." We: "Oh, well, we don't have any either in the women's toilets. Everything's wide open."

Bob: "The teachers are disgusted with the showers here, too. There aren't any partitions between showers. Honey's bothered by it. Some of the women even go to the toilet or showers during the meal hours when no one's around. They're having a bad time of it. One teacher came through here the other day. She arrived on a taxi from Klamath Falls, took one look around the Project, and then got on the taxi and rode straight back. She wrote a letter giving four main reasons why she wouldn't stay here to teach. I guess we would have gone straight out too if I didn't have the job with Dorothy Thomas."

School Organization Bob went on to discuss the new plans for progressive education in this community. "Have you seen the bulletin on the proposed school system for the relocation centers. Professor Hana of Stanford has had most to do with setting up the proposal. The main point of it is an effort to integrate the school and the community more than has ever been tried before, for instance, by having mechanics out in the field show the practical application of physical laws in their work. Its



quite a program, but I'm afraid it's going to be shot as soon as Prof. Dana leaves the work. As Hana said, "When I leave this project, I suppose you teachers will say of me, 'Well, he's a visionary with great ideals of education, but we have to take account of the practical problems of teaching,' and then go right back to your old methods of instruction." That's exactly what's going to happen. I don't know about Gunderson, the elementary school teacher, but Wilder, I'm afraid, has no conception of what it's all about. Gunderson at least attended the U. of C. where they have similar ideas about education with Stanford, and he at least has had classroom instruction on the principles that Hana is preaching. But Wilder is just completely lost, he admitted as much to Honey. And the rest of these teachers are about as badly disorganized as Wilder. Where does he come from? The Dakotas? They just don't have the personnel here with which to put across a program like Hana's."

Bob then started a conversation about Dave Carpenter. He embarrassed me with his question of how well I knew Dave and what I thought of him. It seems, however, that Dave and he had some occasions for rather tense relations. The situation arose from Dave's tendency to take the glory when population estimates were accurate and to blame Bob for the errors. "I felt hurt to think that Dave would take advantage of me in that way." I was a little surprised to hear this of Dave, and yet I can imagine that when Dave is placed in a position of insecurity for one reason or another, in this case the draft, that he would go to great lengths to regain security. But the thing that interested me in this conversation was the light it cast on Bob's character. I rather suspect Bob must be a very sincere, honest and conscientious fellow.

Honey came back in the meantime and gave a further account of the public school problem. "The teaching staff is pretty badly reduced by now. We only counted thirty some teachers with credentials here the other day. (I had heard a week ago that there were fifty here then, and that they expected to have about eighty Caucasian instructors in all.) What a mess. I don't know, they want me to teach a combination of English and History, but I don't know anything about history. The new plan calls for an integration of related courses, but the staff here just isn't trained for that sort of thing. And there's not a bit of equipment, nor any organization. There's a whiz of a man here right now, the Modoc County superintendent, who's practically running the show, but I hate to see what things are going to be like when he leaves. Another thing, Wilder just hasn't caught on to what the whole thing's about. He sits around looking at his watch. About ten o'clock this morning he finally decided he was too hungry to work so we just broke up and quit work for the morning. The teacher's spent the whole day trying to classify the students, and each time we got going someone with a bright idea wanted to change the procedure. It's a madhouse."



"The administration apparently wants us to teach English in every course we offer. Teach spoken English. Mr. Sherrill repeated that again in his discussion today when he said there isn't much equipment for some of the courses anyway so you might as well teach spoken English. Incidentally, Mr. Sherrill told us of letters he's been getting from the Tulalake people with terrible threats in them. Apparently the Tulalake Caucasians don't like the way the administration is handling things here, and they've made quite an issue about catching Japanese in the town there. One woman even claims she saw some Japanese wandering around Klamath Falls. Then there was the incident of the Japanese going up to Medicine Lake to get some pine trees for the Labor Day festival."

"One of the speakers tonight was the Catholic priest who commutes from Tulalake or Klamath Falls. He claims he spent ten years in Japan and knows how to speak the language. He's all right but I can't agree with a lot he said tonight. For one thing he said the issei are irresponsible. I thought that was absurd. He also said the Japanese have been accustomed to authoritarianism and show an unusual respect for teachers and government officials. And then he said something about the Oriental mentality being just the reverse of American mentality, but he turns right around and says, 'But I don't want you to misunderstand me. ~~Not~~ The Japanese are humans just like us.'"

"I don't know what I'm doing in the school, or supposed to do. One day they tell me one thing, the next day they tell me something else. Some of the teachers are pretty unhappy. The lady next door is about sixty, or something like that. She lives all by herself in the large room next door, and there's not even a stove in there. It must be terribly lonesome for her. I guess the persons most afraid of school starting are the teachers themselves. Some of them have classes of 75 pupils, and they don't know what they're supposed to be teaching. It's a terrible confusion. They don't even have a blackboard."

"The messhall situation is getting better. We've had fairly good food ~~that~~ past several days. Our waitress is a cute little girl, very nice. The head waitress is a very efficient girl from Portland, and quite nice too. She's the kind who's all for service. We asked her the name of the girl that waits on our table, the other day, and the head waitress began to apologize profusely about the girl thinking we wanted to criticize her. Said something about her being new, and the head waitress not having time to train her the way she wants to. We just wanted to find out her name because the girls so nice." Bob added, however, that it cost about \$45 a month for him to eat at the messhall and he felt he'd have to get some other means of reinforcing his income if he were to continue living here.

Tomi incidentally mentioned that the public school is now accepting almost anyone willing to teach because of the lack of teachers. "They're even taking young people with only a high school education." A large number of teachers who had come had



left because of the lack of facilities. Said Honey, "They didn't realize what they were getting into!" Bob also mentioned the difficulty many teachers had in getting jobs here; of the refusal of the government to be pushed in considering applications, and of the consequent lack of teachers when September neared. "We won't even be able to take Christmas week-end off," cried Honey, and she explained that Civil Service employees don't get vacations.

Sugar Beet Workers For the past two weeks, there has been much talk of workers going out to the sugar beet fields. A surprising number have signed up for the work, and among one's male youth friends, a great many seem to be going. This evening, in the shower, a young fellow started to talk to me and mentioned that he is leaving for Idaho in about a week. Said he: "Yeh, I'm going out to the beet fields. I might as well make some money if I can, and a guy has a lot more freedom out there. At least a fellow can go to town once in a while. We're going to get fifty cents an hour, but we have to cook our own meals. There weren't enough fellows in our crew, but this morning we went around to the fire-station, my friend and I did, and told the boys at the station that we want them along. They asked us the conditions, so we told them, and twenty of them decided they wanted to go. No, I wasn't a fireman, although I almost signed up to become one. Then this sugar beet proposition came up, so I changed my mind and waited."

Another older man in the showers began to talk in Japanese to another issei. "I'm leaving for Montana this week end. They're only paying fifty cents, though you get fifty-five cents in Idaho. But the work in Montana is easier. In Idaho the equipment is such that you have to stoop over and throw the beets into a wagon. That's hard work. I'd as soon work in the field in Montana where you don't have to work quite so hard."



Worked in the morning on my diary until Harno came. Harno was on his way back to his room from work, though it was only about 10:30, and dropped in as is his habit sometimes. I invited him to coffee which I'd made. The morning was cold though not as dark and gloomy as yesterday.

Merit System Harno addressed himself to the problem of the Merit System Committee after a brief interval of conversation on incidental matters. "I sat in the discussion of the Merit System Committee. Hayes and Waller were there. I don't see how the thing is going to work, but Hayes seemed to say that they had their orders from Washington and that the thing has to be done. The administration appointed Jobu Yasumura, John Fukuyama, and one other fellow to serve on the committee. The idea seems to be to classify the workers so that the government will have something by which to select the persons who are to be relocated. If you're going to classify workers, you have to have some standards of classification, so I asked Hayes what standards were going to be used and he didn't know. I asked one of the fellows on the committee, but he hadn't thought about it either. I asked Hayes then what would happen as a consequence of the recent bulletin they sent out to the foremen and supervisors (a report on the previous rating questionnaire in which so many workers were classified excellent on their work so that the questionnaire became meaningless.) Hayes hadn't even thought of the problem, that the administration would get the same answers back again, or that the foremen would have their necks rung if they put down actually what they knew about the workers. I really went after them at the meeting."

Eastman and Kallam Eastman got sore at Kallam yesterday. Kallam went ahead and ordered a lot of chicks without telling Eastman anything about the order. (This is the first instance of disagreement ~~me~~ between these two men mentioned by Harno. Heretofore, Eastman has given Kallam a fairly free hand in order to avoid conflict.) Eastman should be told, of course, because there's a lot of organizing that has to be done. I asked Hayes at the meeting whether a chick incubator of the electric type had been ordered, and Hayes thought it must have been. But I asked Kallam and he said that the incubator hadn't been ordered. He says the chicks are to arrive about the twentieth, and he thinks the incubator ought to be here about the twentieth. Why, gee, those ~~chicks~~ chicks will die unless they have an incubator! They've talked about using a stove incubator, but they won't work well because you can't keep the heat even. That's the kind of error that could be avoided that the administration makes too often."

Harno "I think I would have gone along to the sugar beet field if I didn't have the work with Thomas to do." I mentioned the desirability of Harno staying on here and gathering material toward a doctor's thesis. Harno considered this carefully and replied, "Well, that's the idea I had when I came here. I guess you're right. But a lot of data that I'd want aren't properly kept here. Then I try to get the fellows working for me to turn



in their reports, but I have to keep after them to get anything out of them. It's terribly discouraging. And I can't do any real work unless I get a place to work---I can't work in the place I am now with all those other guys there. I start something, and then Mr. K speaks to me and I can't ignore him. I was hoping that when we got the place in the warehouse, I could work down there, but they've been moving us around so often that I've given up hope there."

Our talk drifted to a discussion of his girl friend in Tanforan, about whom he declared the matter seemed a closed issue since he hadn't heard from her. We talked a little about sociology and he mentioned his inability to grasp general reading material "although they're interesting while I read it", and his preference for statistical and quantitative symbolisms where ideas are clearly expressed.

Wedding Gift As usual, we spent a few minutes this noon looking through the Montgomery-Ward and Sears catalogues deciding about the wedding gift ~~for~~ for Rose and Tom who are getting married on the 19th. Rose asked Michi to play the piano for her wedding. I hardly participate in the matter of gift selection, but I assume they have decided on a bed spread.

Music Department Shortly after lunch, as I was preparing to leave for the barber, George and Ruby Sakoda with their eldest sister Mae Takasugi and her sister-in-law, came by. Mae was concerned about her assignment sheet for she had been interviewed for a position a week ago, but hadn't heard from the department since. Michi assured her that Mae would undoubtedly be placed on assignment in the department, but added that she would inquire further of Alice Mayeda, coordinator of fine arts, whose job it is to take care of these matters.

Mae was concerned about her refusal to sing last Monday at the music department's program. "Alice asked me about Thursday whether I would sing, and I offered to do so. She told me that Helen would play for me so she made an appointment for that afternoon at 7008 for three o'clock. I was doing man's work then; you know, trying to fix up the house. I got terribly tired, but I went down to 7008 at three and waited for Helen. She didn't turn up and I became tired of waiting so I went home, but a little later Helen and Alice came over. By that time my bones ached so that I thought I'd better not try to sing on Monday and I asked Alice to take me off the program. I was afraid Alice misunderstood me."

Michi explained that Alice had come to her later and said with some disappointment that Mae wasn't singing on the Monday program. Michi told Alice, however, that it was really asking a lot to have Mae sing on such short notice when she hadn't had much opportunity to practice. "You'd feel the same way too if some one came to you suddenly and asked you to play for a program when you hadn't practiced for weeks." Michi felt that Alice's disappointment was because the latter wanted to hear Mae.



The conversation shifted to the question of equipment for teaching, and Mae wished to know whether the music department provided music books or not, and what hour arrangements could be made for teaching. Michi explained that some books would be available through the department, but she also expressed her personal discouragement at the lack of equipment. "We were told almost two months ago that we'd get some pianos and several weeks ago I heard that twenty pianos were coming, but we haven't one of those coming in yet. Ted Waller says three or four are on the way now, but they're being sent by freight I guess and we don't know when we're going to get them. Part of it is Ted Waller's own fault, too. I heard that Mrs. Murayama has a piano which she offered to the recreation department just a short while after she got here. Mrs. Murayama tells me that Ted was very pleased and said he'd make arrangements for its transportation right away, but he didn't do a thing about it for over a month. I heard about the piano from someone else and went to see Mrs. Murayama, and she thought the rec. department was no longer interested in the piano." It's supposed to be on its way now,"

Michi continued: "I've heard that there are a lot of pianos in the warehouses, but the fellow who takes care of the warehouse won't tell us the names of the people. If we could buy some of them it would help a lot. Ted Waller should find out who these people are and get in touch with them."

Barber Shop: After the Takasugis and Sakodas left, I left for the barber shop. Michi had been after me since Saturday about my getting a haircut, and she wanted to have it longer than the barber had cut it before. The barber shop was busy, but it was only a short time before I was taken. I noticed that Mr. Najima, Harno's father, is now working there. Each of the barbers seems to have their individual way of cutting hair, and they vary considerably because of the different places from which they come. The barber today hardly touched the shears, and cut almost exclusively with the clipper. To be assured of getting the kind of haircut I wanted, I asked for the thirty cents cut rather than the twenty. The difference is that in the latter, the barber shaves the back of the head.

Recreation Department I dropped in at the rec. department on my way home to get some of their reports. As is usually the case, the place was in a hubbub with Perry Saito leading the disturbance. (Incidentally, we heard yesterday from Hani Billingmeier that there's a young fellow named Perry, and of Saito's description, is working with public education organizing the schedule of classes. "He's the darling of the department because we're all afraid he might quit if we don't treat him well." We immediately thought it must be Perry, and yet knowing Perry Saito we could hardly believe that he would hold such a responsible position. Perry S. is an incongruous person who is studying for the ministry but might better be marked out for a playboy. He comes in frequently to the rec. dept. with about fifteen sticks of ice cream and passes them around, even to those whom he doesn't know. Anyone who happens



to be around. We think of him as a nice young man, with a lot of self confidence and ego, but not one to assume the responsibilities of an education staff member.) I doubt now that Perry is the man indicated by Hani last night, for he wouldn't be just playing around the rec. staff today if he were busy on the school schedule. Perry has a wooden snake that wriggles remarkably in the snakiest fashion. He scares girls with it. As Eureka Satio comes around the corner about to enter the door, Perry calls out to all the rec. staff who are busy at work, "Hey, watch this." All heads turn up and wait expectantly. Eureka comes through the door, Perry sticks the snake in her face, Eureka takes a look at the snake (slow reaction), and then shrieks and shrinks. The rec. department goes on thus with as much informal conversation and horseplay as work.

Somehow the recreation staff seems to be made up of persons who enjoy the social atmosphere of the place. In other departments there is an air of business-like efficiency, but here a few work intermittently, others wander aimlessly, and much time is taken up with conversations.

Issei Entertainment There had been much disgruntlement among the Issei staff when the recreation office was set up, because they were given an inside room whereas the nisei were mostly in the front room. Said many of the nisei when they heard these comments: "We'd just as soon have the inside room, its so noisy out there." But today I noticed that the issei staff have been located in an end room with a door leading out, which makes it almost an office by itself. Their place was fixed up with a counter and desks very nicely; they must be satisfied now that they have a new place.

WRA Relocation Program Waller had told me this morning that a Mr. Frase from Washington wished to see me. Frase is assistant director of employment there and it seems he holds the view that relocation of the nisei is the only solution to the problem. I found him such a taciturn fellow that it was impossible to speak to him, although Waller had requested that I unload as much as possible, but I rather asked the questions of him. He feels that there should be no difficulties of race prejudice in places like the mid-west. On the other hand, employment possibilities seem excellent, especially in the domestic workers field. For example, there were twenty employers looking for girl workers inquiring of the WRA even without hunting for openings. However, you have to have the right approach. The idea is to make contacts with important persons, those whose reputation in a community is unquestioned, first, and then the rest are readily inclined to follow. Frase put in an inquiry in the Dispatch for some girls interested in working as domestics in the mid-west and he had one hundred inquiries mostly from young women. The sugar beet work Frase thinks can only be a temporary measure, for the more important task is to find something outside the Western Defense Command for most of these people.



Tom Uyeno Tom tossed a bombshell at us during dinner tonight when he announced that he's leaving for the sugar beet fields in Montana. This seemed incongruous for he is leaving Lily whom he married only four or five months ago. Lily remains with his folks, but it makes a tough life for her being separated from Tom after so short a time. Michi's hunch is that Tom is motivated by the need to save up something during the period of evacuation. Tom and Lily have frequently joked about the budget they have been keeping, but, as Michi says, there is an underlying seriousness about their whole discussion of the subject. Michi gives a further analysis of their problem which seems sound. Lily recently lost about twenty pounds due to the busy life she has been leading ever since her marriage, trying to hold down a job on the one hand and doing housework on the other. The whole effort of the Uyenos, probably urged on especially by Tom, has been to save something out of their period of retainment here. Tom has been also complaining of getting only sixteen dollars a month as head timekeeper of the messhalls while workers for whom he keeps time have been getting nineteen a month. Tom suddenly realized the seriousness of keeping Lily so hard at work when she recently came down with a cold due to her loss of resistance and is now unable to work on the doctor's order until she regains some of her strength. Tom perhaps feels that he isn't a good husband unless he can support his wife properly, and feels the necessity of doing anything and everything to make a go of their economic problems.

Tom spoke of an argument he had with Friedman about keeping the steel cots that are now in their room. Friedman refused to consider leaving his cot in their room declaring that it is a government order that all cots be taken up when its user leaves the community, but Tom took the matter up to Conner and got his permission to hold the cot. With this order, Tom went back to Friedman but the latter still refused to recognize any right to retain the cot. However, the Uyenos are keeping the cot, presumably because Tom intends to be back within a couple of months.

Tonight I worked further on the progress report.



This morning the air was bitingly cold but the sky was clear and gave signs of a warm afternoon. The temperature rises rapidly during the day, but falls considerably at night. Our wood fuel for starting fires is running low and I shall have to borrow some soon from the block manager. Coal, however, is plentiful. Tom's mood is lively at mealtimes now, not that he's not generally of a lively temperament, but there is a light in his eyes of one who looks with anticipation toward a new exciting life. Worked at home all morning. Morie Ide, who lives with her young husband next to my sister's place, is now working in the messhall as a waitress. She's a very hard and steady worker though I'd previously thought her extremely taciturn and unfriendly, and she's very thoughtful about bringing all we want to our table. I'm afraid we ask her to do too much; it's as if we take advantage of knowing her.

Sugar Beet Worker Tom Okabe received a letter from the Arata Fruit Packers in Idaho this morning in which they offer him a job as chemical analyst in their fruit drying plant. The job would extend on when the plant starts taking in sugar beets. Tom being a chemical engineer with an M.A. and with experience in just this type of work wants to go. As he says, "I just want to get out." But Tom is getting married on the 19th and can't possibly leave now. He's going to see if the company will wait about two weeks which will give him time enough to get married and settle matters here. Should he go, it'll be a loss to the school here where he's to teach mathematics, for he's a whiz at that sort of thing and the school lacks good teachers anyway.

Harno Received a letter from Dorothy Thomas today concerning our status in the research program. I showed the general part to Harno, but after looking it over quickly, he declared, "I'm going to get out of the thing yet. It's too much responsibility." We shall see about this, however, for we've got to keep Najima on this job. Harno showed me an article by Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberty Union in the Asia Mag which he had been reading. The article protested the failure to give proper recognition to Nisei citizenship. Harno also had a copy of the New Republic lying on his desk. Harno has a considerable intellectual drive, but it needs to be harnessed just now.

Hardball Games Went out to the newstand to get a paper, but the Chronicle hadn't come in today for some reason. On my way back, I noticed a hardball game going on, with fellows in baseball uniforms. This is the second day I've noticed a game on in the afternoon, a bit surprising considering that most young fellows are working.

Tom Shib, Michi and I Tom came over about two this aft on his way back from the store. He'd received his pay check so he blew himself to a carton of cigarettes. Tom feels he imposes himself upon me as witness his apologies for busting in on me at work, but he enjoys his moments of conversation. He enjoys the feeling



of belonging in a small intimate group, of being with an "interesting" group of persons, and he recalls such groups of the past frequently in his conversations. One wonders to what extent his being an only child has developed this trait in him. Much of Tom's mental life is taken up with working out plans of action, with thinking of what he should do in some future time than with the problems that confront him immediately. Tom, at work, is mentally restless; he wants to move on to the next thing quickly rather than think deeply of immediate problems. His ambition stands as a barrier to his own success for it makes him impatient things as they are; but the saving factor is his keenness and alertness. Some persons have to give vocal expression to their thoughts.

Tom thinks he will quit adult education during the winter months and go into the social welfare department. During the cold months, students won't come out in any numbers and he can't get the kind of dope he'd like in large enough quantities. If he works with the social welfare department, he'll have access to their files as well as carry on interviews of his own.

We talked along of Harno wondering what it is that prevents Harno from getting married. Tom's hypothesis is that if Harno were to know definitely what his selective service rating is to be for the duration, he would settle down to marriage and getting his thesis material here. Harno told Tom that it would take two months to set up his Ph.D. problem although the material is right here, but there's no use starting something if he's to be drafted. I questioned whether Harno would get married even if he knew that he not likely to be drafted. I wonder if Harno feels sure he wants to marry Kiyo; whether he loves her enough. As Tom says, there's no doubt that Harno is fond of Kiyo. Says Tom, "Harno always was a book worm during the time I've known him, and Kiyo is the first girl I've ever known him to go around with steadily. That's what surprised me." But Harno seems to me such a complicated personality that perhaps he himself doesn't know what his feelings are on so abstract a matter as love. Michi came back in the meantime and added some insight to the problem. Harno was over yesterday and was looking in the Ward catalogue. He turned to the page which showed diamond rings and began asking questions about what kind of rings girls like. He compared Michi's diamond with those in the catalogue, but Mich urged that girls didn't necessarily demand such things unless the man had enough to spend for it. Harno's tendency, however, is to give generously to anyone whom he likes, and one may imagine that he'd like to give the best to whomever he marries. After looking at the rings for about fifteen minutes, Harno suddenly said, "But what am I looking at these things for," and slammed the book shut. Michi feels sure that Harno would like to get married but that his lack of funds as well as several other things prevent him from doing so.

Michi received her sixteen dollars pay today and is feeling very good. She wanted to give me half, but I suggested that she put it away for the time.

Recreation Dept. Alcie Mayeda told Michi of the trouble they've been having ~~in~~ in the crafts department. Shizuka Fukuyama is the



director of the department. She was appointed when Chie Aoki left to get married, about a month ago. I had heard Chie complaining of a certain Mrs. Saiki, who came in with the Pinedale group from Tacoma, Wash., that this lady wanted to run things too much her own way and created a lot of trouble in the dept. For one thing, Mrs. Saiki wanted to extend her class to 200 persons although the facilities weren't there and a single teacher couldn't possibly supervise 200 pupils at a time. After Shizuka took over, Mrs. Saiki made it a special point to pick on her. She would criticize Shizuka to other people, and most recently she made an open criticism in front of her class for something that Shizuka had allegedly done. But the woman didn't leave matters at that; she went to Shizuka's parents, who also come from the Tacoma region, and started to criticize Shizuka to them. Apparently, the whole thing made quite a fuss in the Pinedale section, but to top it off, John Fukuyama, Shizuka's husband, made matters worse by refusing to have anything to do with the complainant.

Waller had been hoping that he could keep things under control until he could get Mrs. Saiki out of the department, for the latter was obviously a troublemaker. Most of the rec. staff, on the other hand, seem to think well of Shizuka. However, this final blow-off made matters impossible; and Shizuka had to resign.

It seems that some people of the Pinedale group dislike John because of his superior mannerism. John is a nice fellow, but it is conceivable that he can be condescending to some persons, and this, it seems, has antagonized many persons around Tacoma from where he came. Shizuka, having married John, had to contend with this opposition as well as with Mrs. Saiki.

Alice's comments on Mrs. Saiki's class is of interest. "She conducts her class in a most unusual manner. When her students arrive, she has them all bow very deeply as they do in Japan, and even the nisei have to do this. Then when the students leave in the evening, they all have to rise and bow to her again. Her own clothes are a sight. She wears a kind of jumper, and everything about her is in poor taste. In the exhibit at 5108 on Labor Day, about four teachers had their exhibits there, and you could immediately spot the section displayed by Mrs. Saiki. One lady who had brought a fine piece of white silk from Japan had made a suit ensemble out of it, a most impractical thing for a place like this, and very poorly cut. The thing had a hem about six inches wide at the bottom. It looked terrible. As Shizuka said, 'It was too bad to cut up a fine piece of cloth in that way.' The other ladies had exhibits in much better taste; for example, Mrs. Torigumi's section had a lot children's clothes that were very cute. There was more silk in Mrs. Saiki's ~~sex~~ section than in any of the others. The rest used simpler cloths."

Mrs. Saiki claims to have studied at the Mitchell School in New York. Her tendency also seems to be towards getting as large a class of students under her as possible, and she apparently



has a considerable desire to impress them with her importance. She is a woman of about forty or forty-five, and knows English as well as Japanese.

Public School Hattie Kurose dropped by to ask Michi's advice as to whether she should quit the rec. staff and join the public school music department or not. One of her friends told of getting into the public school teaching, and Hattie went to see Mr. Gunderson, principal of the elementary school, about it. Gunderson hardly asked a question about her training, but was very happy that she had come. Apparently the need for teachers is so great that the WRA is taking almost anyone with as much as a high school education to teach in the elementary school as an assistant to the certified teacher, and any college graduates for high school work. Mrs. Hoshida who has never played well on the piano, and plays mostly jazz anyway, is one of the elementary music teachers.

Hattie has ~~and~~ three years training at the College of Puget Sound in public school teaching, but she's not confident that she can handle the job. We urged her, for reasons of experience and the lack of good teachers anyway, to accept the position. Hattie's a nice young conscientious girl who undoubtedly will do a good job of teaching.

Block Coop Meeting Although the meeting was ostensibly to elect two committee men to the Coop assembly, the discussion started with a question of whether or not to have a sobetsukai (farewell party) for the workers in the block leaving for the beet fields. The sobetsukai is a very definite part of Japanese custom, called for when anyone in one's group leaves, and occurs most frequently among the Japanese. About 16 workers are leaving from our block (about ~~250~~ 250 persons in our block) of whom about half or more are nisei. Since there are issei programs going on over the week-end, however, it was decided not to have a sobetsukai.

A discussion started on the relative merit of going out to the beet fields. Said one issei, "I feel it's not much use going out only for about six weeks." Said another, "You can't make any money; probably just go out to have a little fun." A question arose as to how much the workers were getting, but the general mood of the questions was of skepticism that there is enough pay to warrant going out to the beet fields.

Concerning the coop representatives, ~~it~~ it seems that the two former committeemen had resigned ~~in~~ due to their lack of time. Tom had several names from which he wished to select, but he didn't know whether to have an election or merely to appoint. He felt there wasn't a quorum for election, and he regards it as impossible to get the people of the block out for a meeting of this type. People just aren't interested enough to come out for block meetings. Finally, by appointment and approval of the people present, Kuge and Mr. K., a nisei and issei, were appointed. Tom expressed desire of the Californians to express their views of likely persons for the position since he doesn't know them, but no one spoke up. They declared, "We're mostly farmers from there, and don't know anything about business matters."



# City Council Reports

Sept. 14, 1942

Subject: The 25 Block Incident

No. 18

On the evening of September 9th there was a meeting of the Isleton Club. At the meeting Fred Kokawa allegedly made a nuisance of himself which irritated Toshiaki Tomita, brother of the president of the club.

After the meeting Tomita told Fred Kokawa and Frank Yagi he did not like their attitude while at the meeting and proceeded to strike the former in the face. Joe Yagi, Frank's brother, thereupon struck Tomita. Largely because there were more of Yagi's friends in the group than there were friends of Tomita no further blows were struck. Tomita and Kokawa allegedly shook hands but Joe Yagi and Tomita did not.

On the morning of September 10th Tomita and several friends found Joe Yagi at the warehouse and asked for an apology. According to Tomita, ~~and his friends to~~ Yagi invited Tomita and his friends to a fight. This Yagi denies. He states merely that Tomita urged him to bring a group to Block 29 for a fight which he did not plan to do.

That afternoon Tomita states he again saw Yagi and was told to come to Block 25 to fight at 8 p.m. This Yagi denies. That evening Tomita and four others found Yagi in the boiler room in Block 25 and the six of them went out to the firebreak apparently for a fight. A large number of persons from Block 25 followed the group and this fact plus the action of Wardens Takae and Tamiyasu prevented any quarrels.

After the group broke up Hiko Oda and two friends, Bob Sofye and Bob Takeshita allegedly made some slighting remarks about Tomita, Frank Fukushima, and others, which this latter group did not quite catch. Still later at Mess Hall 1820 Oda and his friends were accused of staring and pointing in an irritating fashion at Tomita and his friends.

That next afternoon, therefore, five fellows including Tomita, Fukushima, and Shiz Watanabe and two of his friends intercepted Oda between the motor pool and the Administration Bldg. and asked him what he said at the firebreak and why he stared at them at the messhall. Oda according to one version pushed Watanabe back and after being pushed in return he knowked Watanabe down with a blow. The other version states that Oda went after Watanabe after Watanabe pushed him. Oda hit him and knocked him down and allegedly jumped on Watanabe and pulled his hair. Two of the friends with Watanabe, Haruaki and Joe Yamada sought to pull the two boys apart, not with the thought of terminating the fight but giving aid to Watanabe. Watanabe got up by himself however, and the fight continued until stopped by Eddie Masui. When the fight terminated, Watanabe returned home and Oda stayed at the Motor Pool.

That night Mr. Kristovich talked with Tomita and his friends at wardens headquarters receiving from them their version of the entire affair. By way of defense they stated that the Tulean Dispatch had given sanction to group fighting on an even man to man basis. This



City Council Report  
Block 25 Incident

point of view was corrected and the boys agreed to come to either Mr. Jacoby or Mr. Kristovich if they had any misunderstanding.

Saturday evening at 7 p.m. Mr. Jacoby interviewed the group from Block 25 -- Joe Yagi, Fred Kokawa and Hiko Oda -- during which time they gave their version of the fight. Before this meeting had concluded however, a report of a fight was brought in and the wardens were asked to bring in the participants. They turned out to be the fathers of Tomita, Fukushima and Oda, and a Mr. Nakamura a resident of Block 25. At the same time the young Mr. Tomita, Frank Fukushima, Shiz Watanabe, and several others were brought to the wardens headquarters as being present at the second fight. The questioning about the first fight therefore was concluded with all participants in the sameroom.

After discussion on several points and verification on others the two groups agreed to shake hands and quit fighting. This was done, however, after Mr. Jacoby had stated that because of the publicity given the whole affair it was outside the power of wardens to declare the whole event at an end. It was specifically stated and understood by all concerned that a full report of the affair would be sent to the Judicial Comm.

The boys were then dismissed and the older men brought in. Upon questioning by Mr. Tsuda it was revealed that the affair grew out of misunderstanding. Mr. Fukushima having learned that his son was involved in a dispute had gone to the home of his friend Mr. Oda to get full information and if necessary, offer an apology for his son. A misunderstanding had arisen concerning the purpose of his visit and Mr. Oda's friend, Mr. Nakamura, had attempted to deal with Mr. Fukushima. The number of blows exchanged is not known but the affair was stopped very quickly. Again all persons shook hands and declared their part of their affair closed. They also expressed their understanding that the wardens had full control of the situation but that no final conclusion would be reached until the Judicial Committee had been given the warden's report.



Sept. 15, 1942

The weather continues surprisingly good, for according to reports we should have some pretty bad winter climate by now. I worked all morning on the progress report.

Nisei Rights Harno came over about 11:30. Mention of the two articles in the Chronicle yesterday about the Japanese in the U.S., one by the Joint Immigration Committee in the editorial letters, and the other about a symposium between Norman Thomas and Stout, led us off to the question of how the Nisei might gain control over public opinion in the U.S. especially in preparation for the post-war future. I pointed out the need for some form of organization among the Nisei whose function would be to seek support from every important Caucasian group that would give support. But to launch on such a program it seemed to me necessary to lay down certain basic convictions among the Nisei concerning democracy, the fact that their future lies here in the U.S. rather than elsewhere, and the need to propagate better relations between the Nisei and important groups of whites. Harno apparently has been giving considerable thought to this problem himself, and it was hardly necessary for me to point out anything of the sort. His background leads him to the belief that nothing can be accomplished quickly, as such an emergency requires, without pressure groups that will vigorously pursue the needs of the Nisei. He is still troubled by the question of how he can, as an individual, do anything that will make any great dent in the picture of history, even in a small way. He is overwhelmed by the feeling that a single atom has little influence on the flow of history and that he is helplessly being swung along by the larger current.

Harno, Fumi Sakamoto, and others apparently have been meeting to seek just such an organization as we were talking about, and he invited me to attend their next meeting at 1608. Koso, who was at the last meeting, is conservative on the issue and feels that not much can be done. G.T. on the other hand, feels that some immediate measures ought to be taken. There are feelings of the urgency of the problem, but none to do anything about the matter.

Lunch Hour Shortly before noon, Michi came back with Dave Okada and his wife who are now eating at our messhall. Dave had a little pamphlet on the Nisei problem written by Norman Thomas. As we walked toward the messhall, Harno commented on the fact that the letter to the editor in the Chronicle yesterday was written by a group, whereas the Chronicle policy is understood to be that no letters from groups would be published. After lunch, Tom Shibutani came by Harno's place and told us of his experience with Wilder, the high school principal. Tom has been trying to get a position as an assistant to the speech instructor on a part-time basis and from yesterday's discussion seemed to have clinched the position, but today Wilder through a wrench in the whole idea. The latter refuses to take any part-time worker regardless of qualification, and, according to Tom, he rather took some half-



baked youngsters barely out of high school. "Another young fellow, who had a semester's training in speech while in high school, got the position because he was willing to work full-time. I have at least five times as much training in speech, and about five times as much experience in actual speech making, but he rejects me in favor of this other young fellow. If they'd at least have selected a fellow like Marutani, I wouldn't mind so much, but imagine the kids getting speech training from an inexperienced person like that. The Stanford man who's to instruct those courses was certainly disgusted." There were other cases of a similar kind according to Tom.

Tom After Michi and I returned home, Tom came over to discuss his plan of work with me. Since his plan of teaching two hours a day in the high school is now definitely out, he thinks that he would like to go into social work. His reason is that the field work should provide excellent material for the research. Naoko, who heads the field workers in social welfare, thinks that the records don't reveal much more than hunches about the cases and thinks Tom would get more about these very interesting cases if he were to work in the field himself where he can get some actual experience in the problems of these people. Tom further reasons that he will have to get up at 8:00 in the morning and will set him off to an early start each day. Thinks the discipline will be good for him. He will quit adult education for the winter in anticipation of a dropping off of students during the winter months, and return to it in the summer time. "I'm not getting the kind of data that will help me in the research from these adult ed. classes. I might as well do something else which will combine earning a living with contributing to the research." He gives the further reason that he has troubles with Dr. Francis, that he has to spend too much time with his students which contributes nothing to his research, and that he might as well learn the social work technique as a part of his sociological training.

He will have to enter the work as an apprentice at \$12 a mo. but hopes to work up rapidly enough so that he may get more soon. Mrs. Halle is loathe to let anyone look at the social work records, so Tom could work from the inside and avoid the difficulties of trying to get by her regulations. It seems that Jacoby actually did request that no records be kept of most of the cases. Naoko questions Jacoby's knowledge of social work. Naoko, although not trained for psychiatric work, has been asked to handle those problems. Decky Nakazawa, the other social worker, who has training (3 years) in psychiatric social work, doesn't want to touch those problems because she feels she doesn't know enough. Could do more harm than good.

Tom thinks he will have to continue with his adult education classes for another six weeks for Francis has been good enough to let him take his time about getting started and would expect him to produce something for the time he was given. He has so far presented only one class, the one in speech, and he will probably give the race relations course to make up the difference. Francis



is badly in need of teachers, according to Tom. She has room for about fifty more teachers, and she does get applications for those positions, but she doesn't want the ones that inquire about the positions. Tom will have to give up a 19 dollar job for a \$12 one if he shifts positions.

In a way it is too bad that Tom is constantly shifting positions, or wanting to do so. This is his first change of job, but he has been long thinking of changing, and that sort of thing takes up his mental energy. The important thing is research, and all this business of shifting positions is merely an effort to order the details one's life so that the research can progress. One suspects a basic impatience on Tom's part to get the thing done and over with, and this business of changing jobs is merely an expression of his frustration in that direction.

Sacramento Boys Michi and I went down to Jacoby's to return their Sibelius record and pick up the Cesar Franck D Minor. On our way down we encountered a group of seven or eight boys, young fellows about 18 or 19 years of age, whom Michi has come to call the Sacramento gang. ~~He~~ She became acquainted with them because they turn up all the time at the symphony record concerts, although to look at them one would hardly suspect any such interest. Even the Sacramento girls in the music dept. are surprised at their regular attendance, for they were among the rowdiest of kids down in town.

Said one of the fellows as we passed them carrying the records, "Sibelius, uh?" They went on about twenty feet, then one of them turned around and shouted, "What ya goin to have next time?" Michi recognized the boys, so she called back, "We're having the Cesar Franck D Minor Symphony." "That's right down my line," commented one of the young fellows, and the others guffawed.

Mesdames Jacoby and Kristovitch When we arrived at the Jacoby's we found that they are getting a porch put on their front door. It makes for a lot more room since it's possible to have a little closet, and also affords protection from the winter wind. The Japanese will undoubtedly be envious that the caucasian staff are getting the porch while the Japanese have none. It's a wonder that the militant construction crew were willing to go ahead with these construction without getting a promise of something for themselves.

Mrs. Kristovitch was over at the Jacoby's. Second time I've seen her there in as many visits during the past several weeks, but this may not be unusual since their husbands work with each other and are of similar background. Both of them indicate their husbands' interest in the warden work they are doing. Said Mrs. K., "My husband is very happy that he came here. He really enjoys his work, although it means a lot of work and there are plenty of



problems. He could never have had the same opportunity for getting right into all the problems of a police force in a large city police system. Here he has to consider each problem himself individually, and he finds it fascinating." Mrs. J mentioned some of the problems which crop up in the community, as, for example, of the messhall, petty theft, and most interesting of all, of the problems of saving face.

Problems of Medical Staff On our return home, we found Sumiko Takemoto and Alice Mayeda, both from the music staff, respectively secretary of the dept. and coordinator of fine arts, waiting on our doorsteps. Sumiko, younger sister of Koso, is a very bright young wiry thing about twenty-one years old. Alice, older sister to Harry Mayeda, is close to thirty-five though she doesn't look that old, and is very careful in her judgments and conscientious.

Somehow, we immediately got off on a discussion of Dr. Iki and Dr. Harada. The latter is the one about whom a petition was sent out recently to retain him, on the basis of the rumor that Dr. Carson wanted to see him go elsewhere where he wouldn't be in the way. Says Alice, "I hear that Dr. Carson, supported by Dr. Iki, is trying to remove Drs. Harada and Ueyama to some other relocation center. There's a movement on in the Sacramento blocks, (including 23 where Alice comes from and 35 where Sumiko is) to petition their retainment. If Dr. Harada and Ueyama are sent away, and Dr. Iki is kept here, there's going to be trouble." If it's a choice between Dr. Harada and Dr. Iki, the people would rather see Dr. Iki go." I kept casting doubt on the malicious intent of Dr. Iki against anyone, a point which had been considerably clarified in the recent council meeting in which he was absolved of throwing any influence against Harada, but Alice persisted on her point.

~~xxxx~~ Alice went on to substantiate her view of Iki. "Dr. Iki is a very undependable person as far as the Japanese go. We've (Sacramento people among whom Iki practiced) always had a lot of difficulties with him. For instance, we had a lot of trouble with the medical staff that he was heading down at Walerga. One day while a group of us were standing in the shade of a building, one of the boys with us suddenly pointed to something in the distance that looked like a crumpled up pile of clothing and said, 'Isn't that a man?' We couldn't be sure, but when we went up to it, we found that it was a man who had been unconscious. We immediately called for the doctor and after the longest time an ambulance came. The doctor wouldn't come, but he wanted the patient sent up to the hospital immediately. One of the caucasians there said the man couldn't be moved or it would be fatal to him, so the ambulance went back to get the doctor but he wouldn't come. In the meantime, we tried to warm him up by wrapping clothing about him, and also the camp director came by and called Dr. Iki so he came. But the man was dead when the doctor arrived. The man was known to have a weak heart and it was expected that he would die any time, but it was the way he died that disturbed most of the people. Dr. Iki could at least have sent a doctor out immediately to see what could be done."



I pointed out the fact that the assembly center medical hospitals were notoriously under-equipped, under-staffed, and disorganized. Was it possible that no other doctor could have done any more? Alice and Sumiko objected vigorously, and Alice pointed out the difference between Iki and Harada. "Down at Marysville Dr. Harada built up a very fine medical service. The Marysville people used to say to us when we'd meet them, 'Oh, you didn't have a hospital in your camp.' Dr. Harada really fought to get a good hospital, and he got it. He's always been that way. And he's known to be a very good doctor too. Down around Sacramento people used to count on him to see their tough cases through, and he was always at the service of the people. Dr. Iki had relatively few patients among the Japanese; he was more a consultant to white doctors. Of course, Dr. Iki is a very fine doctor too, but there's a great difference in personality. Dr. Harada is very blunt and even scares people, but wherever it's a question of saving lives, he fights for the people. Marysville had a good hospital because Dr. Harada went out and got what was needed, but Dr. Iki didn't have the interest of the people at heart and didn't try to improve conditions or to organize the staff better. He was more interested in politics; he was trying to become Mayor of Walerga."

"Iki has always ~~been~~ tried to be on good terms with the whites. He takes a superior attitude toward the Japanese, but he kowtows to the whites. He has very many friends among the whites, but they're the wrong kind. They're not the kind that would help the Japanese in a pinch. We had trouble with him in Sacramento before the evacuation. Most of the Japanese doctors were giving typhoid shots at a very cheap rate or for nothing at all, but Dr. Iki alone insisted on charging \$7.50. Some of the young Japanese interns offered to give their service for nothing, but Iki blocked them by threatening to prevent their getting a medical license if they carried out their plan. The Japanese appealed to some church organizations, and finally some hakujin doctors offered to give their service for nothing, but Dr. Iki then took the matter up with the medical association and tried to prevent them from giving the shots. Iki did everything to stand in the way of giving the Japanese the shots they needed. His attitude was that the lawyers made their pile during the pre-evacuation period, and he saw no reason why the doctors shouldn't either. He said the poor people admittedly shouldn't be charged so much, but the bulk of middle class people could afford to pay \$7.50. The whole thing caused a lot of discussion and even came out in the Sacramento newspapers, but finally so much pressure was put on Dr. Iki that he consented to offer his service free with the rest of the doctors."

"The Japanese around Sacramento have never really trusted Dr. Iki. The trouble with him is that he's just like a spoiled child, very selfish and quite unconsiderate of people's needs. His wife, you know, is a very fine woman. Before they were married, she was a concert singer, and used to sing in operas. When Dr. Iki was still studying as an intern and didn't have much money, the present Mrs. Iki used to give him money with which to buy



hunting and fishing equipment for him. I guess she loved him. I'm afraid he's always been spoiled, got whatever he's wanted."

"Even after they were married and they had a child, Mrs. Iki continued to appear on the stage and she sometimes would go on tours for weeks at a time. Dr. Iki didn't stay at home much either and would spend most of his time with his friends. It got so Marcia, their little girl, was brought up by an old grandmother, and it wasn't until she was about ten or twelve that her mother came to realize that she should give more attention to her child's upbringing. Marcia is quite sub-normal in mentality. When girls of her age were in the sixth grade, I can remember that she was still only about in the third grade. She's very childish, and doesn't catch on quickly at all. I know (Sumiko interposing) that she fell out of a second story window when she was still a baby. The screen of a window had become rusted and the baby broke through and fell to the ground. I wonder if that had anything to do with her mentality? (Alice continued) Marcia is very much spoiled because the parents give her everything. I suppose it's their way of making up to her. She got through high school, she's now about nineteen, but I think the teachers just passed her and let her through."

Michi recalled something about which she had commented concerning Marcia following our recent visit to Dr. Iki's home. We had been invited to dinner along with Sumi Shinozaki, but places were set only for the doctor and the three of us. Mrs. Iki, of course, was busy serving us. Michi had observed that Marcia was given her dinner after we were through in the improvised kitchen and Michi couldn't understand why the parents prevented a grown daughter from having dinner with us when she hadn't yet eaten. Alice commented that the same thing had happened when the civil service group had been invited to Dr. Iki's home in Sacramento; that Marcia stayed in her room all the time.

Sumiko kept insisting throughout that Mrs. Iki is a very fine woman, very considerate and thoughtful. Charming.

Music Dept. Conversation then turned to Mae Yoshimura and her husband. There is a strike in the warehouse crew against Tom Yoshimura. The reason is, according to Alice, that Tom takes such a superior air that everyone dislikes him heartily. He's supposed to be working for Mr. Clark, but once Tom was in, he tried to work directly with Scoopmeier or whatever his name and take over the authority of all the warehouses. The problem is to go up to the Merit System Comm. and it's probable that Tom will be removed. People call him "fancy pants" and "Pierre" and all sorts of funny names. If he isn't removed, the whole warehouse crew, not only the one he's connected with, is going to strike, and the messhalls won't get food, and the canteens won't get supplies. The reason Tom didn't get into such difficulties down at Pinedale was, it seems, that his job was in the WCCA office and he was out of contact with the Japanese, but those with whom he worked disliked him very much.



Alice went to talk to Mae Yoshimura the other day essentially to find out whether she intended transferring out of the music dept. to the public school or not. Mae, however, seems to want to stay with the music dept. and she proved unusually conciliatory. She agreed to share the piano in 7008 with Mae Takasugi and Hattie Kurose, which is quite a concession. This is contrary to the rumors which had hitherto been flying about that Mae intended abdicating in favor of going into the public school presumably so that she would have individual control. Substantiation of this rumor lies in the fact that Gunderson claimed to Sumiko that the schools were probably going to get the use of three Pinedale pianos, a likely move for Mae Yoshimura. The interpretation is that Mae probably learned that she couldn't be an assistant in high school due to her lack of a university education and could teach only in the elementary schools. Rather than do that, she has decided to stick with the rec. dept.

Mae also remarked that Tom and she intends leaving for Denver as soon as possible. Her sister is there already. This is the first news of any possibility of relocation on their part.

Alice and Sumiko came over to induce Michi to start a piano pedagogy class. This morning, for the first time, Michi played the piano in 2508 and all the kids there came around to listen to her playing. Sumiko in particular seemed to be impressed, and perhaps it was she who urged that the class be started. "We want to take advantage of what you have to offer before you leave this place."

The present for Rose Soyejima (wedding gift) arrived today. It's a rose colored chenille bed spread, but it proved a little disappointing by contrast with our own heavy chenille. Buying through the catalogue always presents these disappointments, but the thing should do for purposes here.

In the shower room this evening, I met the Hawaiian fellow in our block living over by 506. He once told me that he'd been working on the merchant marine for the past six years, and had been stranded in Seattle when the war broke out and Japanese sailors were dismissed. Now, however, he's hoping that clearance will come from Washington so that he can go back to work on some ship, and ~~has~~ he's especially interested in one plying between the U.S. and South America. He has clearance already from his union, West Coast Sailors. He's not scared of the dangers involved for, as he thinks, there are relatively few sailors killed for all the ships that are sunk. Coastwise steamers don't leave the shoreline very far. Three others beside himself are seeking clearance here.



Michi and I went over to visit Dr. Ted Watanabe, X-Ray specialist, and found him home with his girl friend, Alice. Ted himself led into a discussion of the problems at the base hospital for which I was glad since I was ready to prod him with questions about the Iki-Harada case.

"The hospital is a headache these days. You've probably heard rumors about Dr. Harada being sent away and about the petition that's being sent around to request that he be kept here. That caused a lot of trouble down at the hospital because it was tied up with the rumor that Dr. Iki was the one who was trying to have Dr. Harada removed to another center. I guess Iki was angry when he heard about the petition because he thought that Dr. Harada was the one who started it. There wasn't any open conflict between them, but we knew what Iki thought. The whole thing was bad because it was all based on rumor. I acted as go-between and found out from Dr. Harada that he had had nothing to do with the petition and knew nothing about it. We then went to see Iki and he admitted that he wondered whether Harada had anything to do with the thing but he was glad to know that he had not had anything to do with it."

"I told Dr. Carson that something should be done to stop the petition and suggested that he write a report for the Tulean Dispatch explaining the whole situation. I don't know why the thing didn't get into print immediately but it was delayed for several days. I went to see the legal advisors because they were the ones that helped draw up the petition, but they didn't realize the implications of the thing because the petition itself was innocent enough. Tsukamoto, Taketa, and others were all there, and they're good friends of Iki. The petition itself was all right, but it was the rumors behind the petition which were bad. After I saw the lawyers, I thought everything had settled down all right, but two days later the petition popped up again. That was when Carson called Dr. Thompson up here; he probably had other reasons for coming, but that was the main reason."

The whole thing was based on a series of rumors. First, it was said that Dr. Harada was being removed to another relocation center because Harada and Carson couldn't get along. This implied that Carson had something to do with who should be sent to other centers, but actually Carson has nothing to say about that, for Thompson himself decides. Then, it got around that Dr. Iki was the one who influenced Carson to send Harada away, but there was no truth to that. Finally, there was the third rumor that Iki influenced the whole medical staff against Harada so that all the doctors decided he must leave. The rumor had it that the whole staff was against Harada. The whole thing was based on errors but the damage has been done and it's going to be regardless of who is removed to another center."



"Suppose I Harada is sent away, then the people will say that Iki had something to do with it, and there's going to be a lot of trouble. And if Iki is sent away and Harada remains, then the doctors won't like it either because they have a feeling that Harada should have done something about it before the thing became serious. You see, Harada admitted in my conversation with him that he knew the people were thinking of sending out a petition to keep him. He knew something about it although he didn't take any part in actually starting the thing. Of course, if there were a petition to keep me here, I think I'd go out and support it myself. Nobody wants to move. We've become accustomed to this place, it's pretty good compared to some of the stories we hear about the other centers, and some of us have our friends here. If I thought I might have to go somewhere else, I'd start a petition myself to have me kept here. But Harada seemed to know that the petition to keep him might cause some trouble, or at least he should have realized what would happen. At least, the doctors look at it that way, and they feel that he should have done something to prevent the trouble arising."

"After Dr. Thompson arrived, the staff had a meeting and Dr. Thompson asked for volunteers to go. The other centers don't have enough doctors, at least some of them don't, and Thompson has to try to equalize the staffs. I suppose it is a pretty hard job to try to equalize staffs and I shouldn't criticize what he's trying to do maybe. But Dr. Thompson is just another medical man who was just stuck into the WRA set up, and he hasn't thought of some of the problems of trying to balance the medical staff. For example, he wants to equalize the staff on a per capita basis, but I don't think that necessarily equalizes medical service. People in Santa Anita or those from Tanforan have lived in the city all their lives and have had quite a bit of medical attention for a long time. There probably won't be as many problems for them as for a people who come from a rural background like most of the people here have. We tried to point out some of the problems of that nature that would crop up in trying to balance the staff, but Thompson then turns around and says, 'Well, if you don't like what I'm doing, then I'll resign from my position. I don't want the position anyway.' That's no way to discuss the problem; it doesn't help the situation at all. We were merely trying to point out some of the problems that have to be taken into account."

"When Thompson asked for volunteers, nobody wanted to go. Finally, I offered to go, say down to Manzanar, because that was where I was originally scheduled to go anyway. But Dr. Thompson didn't want to move me because Carson wants me here. There isn't another X-Ray man anywhere else among the Japanese, so I guess Carson and Thompson felt that I should remain here. But the staff, or the part of it that probably may be moved, was called into another meeting the next day. There will probably be five persons who are going to be moved including, Harada, Muramoto, Akamatsu, Ueyama, and myself. Two doctors will probably be brought here, which will make a staff of nine doctors, but they'll be young because most of the older men are being moved. It's not only



the doctors who are affected, but the nurses are going to be moved around too. I didn't know about it, but the same morning I saw the nurses in a hubbub about something and later learned from Alice that Dr. Thompson had asked for volunteers to go to other centers."

Alice took up the story at this point: "When Dr. Thompson asked us to volunteer, nobody wanted to go. There are eleven nurses here which is more than most of the other centers have. Two of us are graduate nurses, but the state of California has arranged a program whereby we right up two cases and take about forty hours of class work and then we can get our license from this state. The rest are untrained and the WRA doesn't want them in the other centers so we were the only ones concerned. Most of the other girls have their families and friends here, they've lived most of their lives among these people, and they didn't want to go. Since I haven't my family here and I'm the easiest one to move, I finally agreed to go. I guess it's pretty certain that I'll be moved, probably to Arkansas. One other girl has to go."

Ted continued: "When Thompson told me he wanted to have me stay here, I said to him that if he delayed long enough he'd have to move somebody else too, maybe. I guess he didn't catch on and he asked me if there was anyone I wanted to have moved here. But when I heard that Alice might have to be moved, I told Dr. Thompson right away that I wanted to be moved. ~~Alice~~ I told Alice to tell Miss Graham, head nurse, to be sure to send us along to the same place. Boy, everybody's putting pressure on me to do something about it quick. They say, 'You'd better get busy.' But what can I do in two weeks. If we had a little time (implied: we'd get married); but what can I do in two weeks? Maybe I'll be going to Arkansas in a short while. The transfers are to be made by the first of October."

"The funny part of it is that Dr. Harada had a letter from his brother down in Tanforan, that when Dr. Thompson was out there, he told this brother that Dr. Harada would be sent out to the place where Tanforan is sent. That's a contradiction of what he said here because he claimed that nothing had been definitely set about who was to be moved. If he knew that certain persons are to go, why didn't he come out and tell us so? We're doctors and we realize that we have to go wherever medical service is needed. We like to stay in one place, but doctors can't always have their choice about such matters. This point gives basis to the rumor that Dr. Harada had been selected to move."

"Dr. Ueyama is one of the bluntest fellows I've ever met. He's absolutely tactless, and says whatever he thinks. The question was raised as to what the budget of this medical hospital is. Dr. Thompson wouldn't tell us, and then he finally said he didn't know. He told us that \$1,800,000 had been appropriated, but he didn't know what the budget for each center is. It shouldn't have been hard for him to figure out what the budget should be for each center if he knew what he had to work with. That's a lot of money and you could set up a pretty good hospital with money like that. But Dr. Thompson said he wasn't an accountant



that he's only a medical man who was asked to take over the job with the WRA. He said all he's been doing in the past several months since he took over the job is to run around trying to settle one mess after another and that he hasn't been able to attend to his own business adequately. He said he got assistants in his San Francisco office only during the past week; but that's pretty bad. He should have had assistants long ago; he couldn't possibly do the work all by himself. When the question of budget came up, Ueyama says, 'What's the idea of treating us like babies? Why don't you tell us what the situation is.' Ueyama doesn't pull any punches, he says exactly what he thinks. I t h

I think he's developed a phobia for Caucasians. (Cf. Iki's statement that Ueyama has become allergic to Caucasians since ~~is~~ his Tanforan experience.)

I learned that Alice had worked with Iki in Walerga as a nurse under him so I quizzed her concerning some of the stories we'd heard of his inattention to the medical problems of the center. Alice declared: "I was a nurse for Dr. Iki while he was ill for two weeks down there, and slept in the same room with him along with Mrs. Iki. Dr. Iki was quite ill---he had strained himself during the evacuation and his efforts to set up the hospital at Walerga,--- but he was always a gentleman. I think he's a gentleman all the way through. A nurse can tell quite a bit about a man's character when she works on him, and I was favorably impressed with Dr. Iki."

Alice Mayoda had told us the story of how Dr. Iki's inefficiency had caused a man to die of heart failure at the center, and of his complete disinterest in the problem. Alice, our nurse, gave us her interpretation which stood in vast contrast to the earlier rumor we had heard. "Dr. Seto had examined that man who died of heart failure prior to his death, and he'd told the man to be careful and not to do anything that might strain himself. He warned him of the dangers. But I was there when the death occurred and I know exactly what took place. It was seven in the morning and I was going down to the hospital to see how things were going even though it was Sunday and I was off duty. The hospital was so understaffed that we hardly had any time to rest, but I thought they might need me so I went down to check up. I saw this crowd gathered around the unconscious man, and I hurried over to see what I could do. I took his pulse, but his heart had already stopped."

"We sent for an ambulance and Dr. Muramoto. But Dr. Muramoto, happened ~~is~~ who was on duty that morning, happened to be way off at the other end of the camp making a house call and couldn't be reached immediately. In the meantime, Dr. Iki, who was still sick in bed, heard about the accident, and though he was still pretty sick himself, he put on his bathrobe and started to come out to the accident. When he was part way over, he saw the ambulance return with Dr. Muramoto, so he decided that Dr. Muramoto would tend to the case and went back to bed. Of course, by the time the Dr. got there, the man was dead, but he was probably dead before then. There was nothing that could be done for him. Even in spite of the warning that Dr. Seto had given the man, he had tried to pick up a big two by four lumber and bring it home. I think Dr. Iki did everything that could have been done under the circumstance."

"There were only three doctors down at Walerga, and it was impossible for the staff to take care of all the cases, especially when Dr. Iki was sick. He used to give us orders from his bed, and we got along the best we could. There were, beside him, Dr. Muramoto, Dr. Seto, and Dr. Sugiyama who was still intern-ing. (Five or six thousand people at Walerga all told). And we wouldn't have had any equipment if Dr. Iki hadn't brought all his instruments and equipment. The Sacramento people don't realize it but they owe a lot to him."



Michi then asked about another story we'd heard from Alice Mayeda, that in an obstetrics case of Dr. Sugiyama's sister-in-law the case turned out exceptionally difficult and it was necessary to call out to the county hospital for aid. According to Alice Mayeda, when Dr. Iki first heard that the county hospital had been called without his knowing anything about it, he became very irate and refused to let the case get out of his hand. Alice Oka's story went as follows: "Why, that's not true; I should know because I was the nurse on the case and I was the one who called the county hospital. Dr. Iki was sick in bed then and he didn't know anything about all that took place. We lost the baby, but that was no fault of Dr. Iki's at all. I myself made the call so I should know what went on."

Dr. Watanabe and Alice then went on to say that the Walerga people seemed to have it in for both Dr. Iki and Dr. Muramoto, while Dr. Seto somehow seemed to keep out of the trouble. Dr. Iki and Muramoto both live in the doctor's barracks in the 800 block, but Dr. Seto alone has gone off to live with the Sacramento people in their own ward. Alice told of how the baggage of the two doctors were damaged when they arrived here. "When the baggage came in from Walerga, I went down to see that mine arrived safely. I had placed it under the same number as Dr. Iki's and they were unloaded together. But the boys who were bringing the baggage around to the houses refused to pick up Dr. Iki's or Dr. Muramoto's, and mine of course was included with Dr. Iki's. I told them that some of the baggage was mine, and although they were reluctant at first, they told me to pick out only those which were mine and to be sure to leave Dr. Iki's out. I got my baggage all right that way, but Dr. Iki and Dr. Muramoto had to go down to the administration office to see that their baggage was sent out. They also marked up the baggage with all kinds of remarks that were very mean."

Dr. Watanabe and Alice further remarked of how rude Ueyama is toward the Caucasian staff is. The Dr. won't even speak civilly to Miss Graham, the head nurse. Not that the Dr. is impolite, but rather that one can see his dislike of the Caucasians in his behavior. He doesn't care what they think of him. Ted thinks that these factors may have influenced the selection of Ueyama and Harada as among those to go elsewhere for the administration here has had difficulty with them in the sense that they demand things for the hospital.

I had heard that doctors and nurses would probably not be released for furloughs due to the lack of them and their being needed in the relocation centers. But Ted tells me that any of these doctors may leave if they get a position elsewhere; the WRA cannot hold them. The same holds true for the nurses. Ted asked Dr. Thompson if he could leave, but Thompson looked at him, and said, "No, not you." (Because Ted was born in Japan and came over at the age of two.) So Ted feels that he is bound to the center for the duration; and one can already see his restlessness, especially in view of the fact that he could have left had he wanted to earlier.



I had a nine o'clock appointment with Mr. Fleming to see him at his request. Fleming strikes me as one of the most capable and likeable chaps down at the administration. He never seems rushed, his desk always appears cleared, and all the staff members seem to respect him.

Director of Adv. Educ. Plans are now being rushed to get advanced education started here, on the junior college and college extension levels. The program had been initiated, of course, sometime late in August when Blaisdell and others had been here for a conference. Since then I hadn't heard about the progress on the thing. Fleming wished me to take the position of director of advanced education; that was what he called me down to his office for. Fleming is looking for someone who has had teaching experience in advanced education. The job involves selection and organization of courses to be presented, help in registration of students for these courses, and general supervision of the school once it is under way. He wondered if my commitments to the Social Science Research Council would in any way interfere with my acceptance of such a position, and suggested that once the school is underway, it could be carried on as part time work. The building is to be some centrally located place, possibly 2508, and rooms will be partitioned off in such a way that classrooms can be held there.

Blaisdell is said to be expected very soon, or should have been here already, but since he failed to appear, Shirrell called San Frisco to check on his schedule. It is apparent that Shirrell is anxious to have this phase of education get under way. In one sense, everything around here is done under pressure "to get the thing started", though there may not be the facilities for undertaking the program adequately. But this is just as well, for if we waited for the time to be ripe, nothing would get started.

I wanted to decline the offer for there is my commitment to the social science research council, but more important still, I know how badly I work when my attention is divided. I am not one of those, like Caesar or Napoleon, who can carry on several trends of thought at once. I can't make decisions rapidly enough for that. However, since I didn't want to give an outright no, especially in view of Fleming's persistent desire that I accept the position, I said I would think about the matter and give him a reply later. We discussed other possible candidates for the position, but aside from Shibutani, we could think of no one well suited to the position.

Harry Mayeda We had invited ourselves over to Harry's place for this evening since I wanted to talk to him about the recreation dept. but Keiko had invited us later to Kay's birthday party ~~at~~ for tonight. We felt that we should go to Kay's party, so went to ask Harry at the rec. dept. to release us from our ~~in~~ appointment of tonight. Harry's reply was, "Of course. I think you should go to their birthday party by all means. We can get together some other time perhaps. We've been looking forward to having you over, and we want you to come over. Oh no, don't apologize about not having told us sooner. We understand perfectly." Harry is like that, a very sincere person who tries to put his sincerity into his every inflection. By the nature of his personality, he tries at all times to be fair-minded, and he impresses one as a person who rarely gets angry.



Lily Ueno Lily is a very quiet girl, rather unattractive in appearance, but generally very friendly in personality. We walked back from the rec. hall with her to lunch, and on the way she showed a letter from Tom, her husband, who had gone out to the Montana sugar beet fields. The letter told of the hard train ride under very crowded circumstances, the inadequate feeding, and the disappointments on arrival. They had only a deteriorated shack to live in. The one advantage was that work opportunities seemed plentiful.

Sugar Beet Workers Similar letters have been reported, with but a few exceptions the initial reports of the beet workers seem quite unfavorable. Ed Natori's wife, May, told me yesterday of the grass-roofed hut with large holes in the walls into which Ed and others were placed. Their contract was cancelled on the grounds that the operators had already gotten other Caucasian workers. Harno spoke of other letters he's heard of, some favorable, telling of quite good conditions, especially in the FSA camps, but on the whole quite unfavorable reports. These reports have brought a decided ~~in~~ drop in enthusiasm about going out. One notices, for instance, that Harno no longer talks, even jokingly, about going out to the sugar beet fields.

Kay's Birthday Party We went to the canteen in the afternoon looking for some kind of gift for Kay. We'd received a fly swatter on my birthday from them, and we looked around at ash trays, clothes brush, dustpan, and toothbrush---all very homely gifts--- and finally decided on the toothbrush. We wrapped it up in typing paper and Michi found some white wrapping tape, which she decided looked too much like a wedding so she colored it with ink in strips.

There were endless delays about getting ready to go, for all our friends seemed to park on our doorsteps this evening. Some high school girls came around with a long questionnaire, probably worked up in one of their commercial classes, inquiring into the kind soap we use, toothbrush, etc.

Tomi dropped by, but we joined her later to go over to the Hisatomi's. It seemed an unusually long distance going down almost to the south ditch. Keiko and Tom were there waiting for us, but Kay had gone over to Harno's and probably joined him in going to the outdoor lecture on public health at which Shirrall was to talk on morale. The Hisatomi's room is still rather bare. There was a large closet much like ours in the corner, ~~and~~ a study desk, a dressing table and a few benches and stools, but the walls seemed bare, and it was clear from the partitions lying around that they still have plans for further construction.

Keiko had done up a very nice luncheon of sandwiches (corned-beef and baloney), jello, potato salad, etc., and it looked rather delicious as it decorated the table. The salad and jello, she later told us, had been made at the messhalls where she's dietician. Kay and Harno returned shortly thereafter, though Harno had earlier declared he was not going to be on hand, no reason given other than that he'd be out of place.



that Keiko told Kay that he must be blindfolded. He was then led around the limited confines of the room, twirled a couple of times and made to walk and inclined board which Harno gradually lowered with his hands as Kay walked up, and then Kay was told to jump. He of course, jumped two inches from the board to the floor, but he gave the effect of jumping a greater height, undoubtedly playing his part of the surprised victim of the ritual. He was then standing before the bench on which had been loaded the gifts brought by each of us. The gifts were simple enough: a carton of Spuds from Harno, our toothbrush, Tom and Tomi's gift of clothe brush and ash tray, etc.

"This is the second time in my life that I've had a birthday party," Kay remarked, "the other time being the party Keiko gave me."

Mrs. Murayama came over after Keiko went after her again, but Constance failed to come because of the banged up finger which bothered her. The talk shifted to the morale lecture given by Mr. Shirrell this evening. Harno felt that it was perhaps the best talk he had yet given to the Japanese, principally because it elevated the Japanese by ~~making them~~ speaking enthusiastically of their accomplishments. The title of the lectures was "Sex and Mental Hygiene, and Morale" with three speakers talking. Mrs. Murayama laughingly remarked that the crowd probably came out to hear about sex hygiene, but not one word was mentioned about sex, although there was much discussion about venereal diseases.

Mrs. Murayama I would judge that she is about forty-five years of age, but is quite young of appearance and attractive. She is quite outspoken and has views to express on all manner of subjects. She declares that this relocation experience has been wonderful for her, since she is able to meet all kinds of people and is forced to make all kinds of adjustments such as she has not been accustomed to make heretofore. Apparently, she used to live in one of the finer residential districts of San Francisco prior to evacuation, and knew all the interesting restaurants and night spots of the city. Constance and she moved out into the "white zone" near Marysville, and the two of them worked in the apple orchards having, as she declared, a great deal of fun at it. She seemed to speak enthusiastically of the laborers life, something she had never before experienced. My understanding is that she came from Japan at a very early age, but speaks both languages very fluently. At present she is working in the welfare dept.

Grants in aid Last Tuesday at the council meeting, one of the men spoke of a 70 year old man in his block who has been seeking aid for some time, but has been unable to get it. The councilman made a plea for action to Mr. Shirrell because the man has been found shivering in the cold lacking anything more than the coat on his back. This morning while in Mr. Fleming's office, I observed this same councilman come in and talk to Shirrell, go with him to Halle's desk and where Shirrell talked for quite some time to Halle. Mrs. Murayama tonight explained that the old age grant policy had now been defined, the only thing which had been held up all this time. Many things around here go on in that way. One adequate push straightens out policies, yet some of the administrative staff procrastinate in laying down policies such that important work affecting a number of people do not go through. The old age grant could have been settled on the first of Sept. had Halle attended to the problem directly.



No Typewriter I feel frustrated without a typewriter. All the work seems to pile up, and the more it piles up the more I'm frustrated, until in the end I feel completely immobilized. I have reverted to handwriting my stuff, but it seems such a waste of time since the material will have to all be recopied.

Music Dept. Michi was suddenly called to a special meeting of the music dept. She puzzled over the notice which was sent her since it came from Harry Mayeda rather than from the music dept. but she later learned that the discussion had to do with a controversy that had developed between the music and dance depts. in the fine arts group. Shirrell, it seems, wants another such program as the one put on during Labor Day by the recreation dept. to boost the morale of the community. It was quite apparent that day that Shirrell was impressed with the favorable response of the people to all the events, and perhaps he hopes that it will provide a tonic for the restless spirit of this camp.

It seems that the dance group, in particular a young fellow named Yukio Shimoda who teaches tap dancing, has been spreading complaints around the rec. hall that the music dept. is uncooperative. Michi came home fuming to report the events.

Ted Waller and Harry Mayeda called the meeting of the music group to ask them what part they would like to have in the Harvest Festival. The reason they wanted to be sure the music dept. would have some part in it arose from an indirect source, namely, that Waller had been laying down the law in the rec. hall that there should not be as much loafing around the hall as had existed heretofore. The complaint was that the staff sat around talking and joking, horsing around and playing cards, all to the point where their efficiency suffered. Behind this new stringency was the impulse given by the wardens dept., which has a small cubbyhole office in the same barrack as the rec. center, for more space, presumably on the contention that the rec. staff doesn't do much work anyway. The rec. staff therefore was now having to toe the mark much more than before, and Waller was trying to anticipate any condemnation of loafing from the rec. staff members or others in the department with offices in other buildings. Thus, to be sure that the music dept. would not be the brunt of such reproach, he was trying to see that they were kept busy playing their role in the whole recreation department.

The original question raised at the meeting was, what relation could be carried on by the music dept. with the public school in carrying out its program. From this original question, however, the discussion drifted somehow into the relation between the dance and music groups, in which Harry Mayeda revealed that the dance group was accusing the music dept. of uncooperativeness in putting on a program. It was then that the music group for the first time heard of the "Cabaret Dance" program that the dance dept. had planned out for the Harvest Festival. Sumiko Takemoto immediately replied very reproachfully that the dance group couldn't expect to get any cooperation from the music dept. as long as they went ahead and planned out the program themselves, and then merely came in to demand of certain members of the dept. that they participate in this program. They should have come to the music dept. to plan the pro-



gram in collaboration. Thereupon, the ~~music~~ music group proceeded to quizz Waller and Mayeda on the nature of the "Cabaret Dance" program. No clear ground could be discovered of the basis on which the dance group claimed uncooperativeness on the part of the musicians.

It was an extremely hot day for late summer, or rather early fall, and it was clear that Michi wasn't feeling particularly sprightly. Shortly after her return home, however, Jim Sakoda came in with Dr. Gundlach, whom I'd known up at Washington, and another of Gundlach's friends.

Gundlach, et al. Dr. Gundlach was on his way back to Berkeley after spending the summer teaching at Washington, and spending three weeks near Spokane giving intelligence tests to illiterate candidates for military service. We spent some time listening to his interesting experiences with the surprising number of men who couldn't read or were presumed to be borderline cases of intelligence.

Gundlach inquired of the conditions of the community. Sakoda and I vied with each other telling him what we thought of the conditions here. Somethings about Jim sometimes irritate me, and then I insist on my points in opposition to his, although I can see the significance of what he has to say. I guess it's Jim's aggressiveness and dogmatic mannerism which gets me most.

Records Michi is, of course, always on the lookout for classical records to put on her record concerts, for God knows, there aren't very many around here, or at least news of them leak out very slowly, as if they were military secrets. Jim had informed Gundlach of Michi's need for records, and since Gundlach had several in his car, we went to look them over. As might be expected, knowing Gundlach, half of them were what he called "wicked records" (left-wing stuff). Michi selected out a De Falla Concerto.

Billigmeiers Dinner for Visitors It was just before supper time and the question arose as to where Gundlach and his friends might eat. I wanted to invite them to our messhall, but since our seats are all assigned and our chef, furthermore, is "allergic" to Caucasians, it seemed best to let Jim take them to his mess despite the distance and the lateness of the hour. The dinner bell rang even as we stood talking about the records, and Michi and I worried that they would not make their supper, especially after not having invited them to dinner.

Billigmeiers Harno and I went down to the Billigmeiers, Harno to ~~pick~~ ask Hanny to buy a gift in Klamath Falls for him, and I to inquire about a typewriter. Harno dropped in this afternoon to ask Michi what kind of gift he should buy for his girl friend's birthday. Michi suggested something not too practical, which girls want to buy but never venture to buy except when flushed with funds. Harno decided on an Elizabeth Arden cologne, and decided to ask Hanny to purchase it in Klamath Falls when the Billigmeiers ~~were~~ go shopping there tomorrow. I went along to ask Bob to find out whether or not my typewriter could be repaired at Klamath.



We sat around listening to some records before returning home. Bob wanted to play the "Songs for Democracy", the music of the international brigade in Spain, and Harno sat listening with wrapt attention. It was clear that he enjoyed them, and he wanted to buy the album for himself.

Bob told us, as he accompanied us home, of a story told him by Kristovitch, Jacoby's right hand man. At the first dance which Kristovitch attended in the community, a girl with whom he danced propositioned him in this wise, "You've probably heard that Japanese girls are horizontal (referring to the vaginal opening). Would you like to find out?" Kristovitch parried her off.



Post Office At the last council meeting a question had been raised as to why there was no Saturday afternoon postal delivery. The complaint is that the community has to wait until Monday morning for Saturday mail because there is no delivery in the afternoon. Tsukamoto came into the post office this morning, according to Nobu, to inquire why it was that no deliveries were made on Sat. afternoon. Nobu explained to him that due to the lack of trucks, the delivery men would frequently have to work overtime during the week days in order to make all their postal deliveries to the block managers. Also, pick up of outgoing mail would frequently be held up for the same reason and the girls couldn't get around to taking care of all the incoming mail early enough. Tsukamoto inquired if it were a case of shortage of workers, and Nobu denied that this is the case, but rather that because there is only one mail truck which is frequently diverted to other transportation use during the day due to truck shortages here, that the mail is not moved in and out of the community fast enough. Tsukamoto left with the parting remark, "Well, I'll see that you get better truck service." Nobu, on her part, promised that the staff was not unwilling to work part of Sat. afternoon as long as the overtime on week days were cut out. What Nobu couldn't quite understand was, how Tsukamoto had any power to do anything about the truck service problem.

Proposed Movie Theater Notice appeared in last night's Dispatch that plans were now being rushed for a movie theater in the community. There was nothing unusual about this notice, and I noted it with satisfaction, for I too had mentioned to Shirrell of the need for such a recreational outlet as a morale builder.

Tom arrived with the information, however, that a council mtg. is to be held this afternoon to discuss this proposed movie. Considerable opposition is being built up for the reason that the project is being financed by the community enterprise, with the profits therefrom which has been the subject of much discussion. The complaint is that no word got out into the community that this project is going ahead, and the people were not consulted on the question of how the money of the people is to be used. Since the matter has not yet been openly discussed in the community, the opposition is not widespread, but it is anticipated that once the news spreads there will be no end of difficulty because of the fact that the community was not consulted on a matter which concerns them intimately.

(See Community Council Meeting of Sept. 26, 1942)

It transpired at the meeting that noone was aware of this proposed movie project financed by the C.E. until one or two days ago. The general view was that this thing had sneaked up on the community, and that the present situation was a mess because there was noone to hold responsible for the failure to consult the community. Kendall Smith started off the discussion with a defense of his action---his talk was clearly defensive in tone, though there was a noticeable change to an attitude of assurance again as the council fumbled about seeking someone to blame for the whole error. One the council's part, their whole effort was bent on blaming somebody, and Tsukamoto, with his polished politician's manner, shifted the blame upon the coop advisory board. But with Elbersen, and curi-



ously enough Kendall Smith, defending the coop advisory board, this object of blame likewise disappeared. At least, the council whitewashed itself of any responsibility, and then proceeded to assume the responsibility of straightening out the difficulty.

My feeling was from the outset that Kendall Smith, and those over him, had made an error in not consulting the people on the proposition. To be sure, there was the exigency of the moment for a ban on lumber sale was rapidly closing in on Smith and he had to act rapidly. But there had been repeated promises that nothing would be done with the profits of the stores, except at the consent of the people, and the whole procedure was in contradiction to this announced policy. Of course, Smith and Sumio Miyamoto defended their action on the basis that this is a good business venture that will repay itself soon, and that the practice is no different than at the establishment of the barber and beauty shop, or any other stores. But the difference is that the building must be built at the people's expense, and that a movie theater is considered more a luxury than a necessity. The whole thing was in opposition to the fundamental attitude of the populace here, that the WRA should pay for as much as the people can get out of them. The people were not given an opportunity to try to get the theater out of the WRA.

Nisei Citizenship Crisis Tsukamoto threw a bombshell at the council just before adjournment by announcing the Stewart bill which was alleged to have passed the House and being considered favorably in the Senate. There was a tense silence after his speech, a dramatic one which he manipulated for the best interest of the JACL.

*had been* Tom and I questioned the truth of the statement that such a bill was before Congress, for we had heard nothing of it in the news, but it did set us thinking about the whole problem. Tom, in particular, was upset, for during the course of his talk, Tsukamoto took special pains to attack Tom's forum talk on Nisei citizenship, which was in an indirect way also an attack on the JACL. It was clear, too, that the councilmen were electrified with the news, but no definable program of action congealed and rather was their behavior characterized by aimless wanderings of the mind in search of some way out of their predicament.

Koso, Tom and I talked as we wandered over to the canteen for something to drink. All of us felt terribly thirsty after that mtg. We too were confounded by Tsukamoto's statement, and we were concerned too about the effect of this theater business on the coop movement. For a short while we talked in terms of what our little Sunday group, started by Najima and company, might conceivably do (a) to head off the ominous rise of the JACL to power again within this community, and (b) to safeguard our citizenship. There was no denying the mixture of these two interests, and I could hardly discern at the moment which was to us the more paramount issue.

Tom was clearly depressed that late afternoon. He seemed to have lost his usual air of self assurance, of probing inquiry. In the end, all he said was, "I don't know that the Nisei deserve to



have their citizenship defended. The more I see of the Nisei here (referring to their Japanese characteristic), the less I think they deserve to be here." Tom shook his head as if to say, what the hell's the use. I had been expounding the possibility of giving new life to the Nisei public with an issue such as this confronting them, speaking ungrittingly as a pragmatist would, pointing out that even if this issue is lost, that the Nisei problem would still continue on, and that this is a strategic moment to crystallize this initial momentum. But Tom, today, showed only a small spark of interest.

For myself, I felt nothing of the impact of Tsukamoto's announcement. Perhaps it was because I already doubted the truth of the alleged fact. Partly it was because I somehow felt dissociated from the problem, whether true or not, and could view it only as an outsider staring in upon a troublesome situation. And fundamentally, I suppose I had intellectually resolved the question by declaring to myself the impossibility of being deprived of MY citizenship. Even should Congress pass the bill, the President would veto it in the best interest of a nation at war. Or even should he pass it, the Supreme Court would declare it unconstitutional. Such were the fleeting contemplations of my mind. Strangely enough, my sympathetic feelings were detached from Tom's, from Koso's, for they were clearly more concerned than I and yet I could not find an equally responsive feeling of anxiety in myself.

I have long been a person slow to respond to injury inflicted on me; I have somehow learned to contain my emotions within myself and even to hide its presence from myself. Yet I somewhere have those emotions, and on occasion they find expression. I compared this situation with the distress I felt when I first read of the first evacuation orders from De Witt's office. I had known then that evacuation was coming, I had even the satisfaction of knowing it weeks before the others, and yet the sight of the news in the headlines of the paper had given me a washed up feeling as if the ground had been removed from under me, and as I rode home in a crowded bus full of Caucasians, I had felt like a fugitive among the legitimate people. But today with the news of impending disaster, to my personal career as well as to every other Nisei career, there was no such depression as Tom felt, but rather a vivid feeling of wanting to get into action. I almost felt prophetic; in my fantasy I could almost, not quite, but almost, picture myself as another Moses leading his people out of the wilderness. I would

have settled as a follower of such a leader.  
Billigmeiers Tonight we again visited the Billigmeiers, for they had been to Klamath Falls and we were anxious to see the things they had bought for us. There was the usual gang of us, Tom, Tomi, Harno, Mich and myself. The Bs had a ~~plant~~ pot of cactus, Michi's request, for mich and tomi, but the Bs insisted that it was their gift. Hanny brought out Harno's gift for his lady friend, a bottle of cologne, and I could imagine that Harno wished Hanny had not brought it out before our wide-eyed company. We discussed the finances involved, but delayed transaction. There was the cake and cookies, delicious ones, the Bs had brought down with them, and which we ate with keen appreciation. We sat at ease in loose conversation, and thus the evening fled.



Michi's Cold Today, Michi was down with a very bad headache, and a her bones ached as if she had the flu. I spent most of the day at home. Facilities are inadequate for nursing anyone at home. The bathroom is too far away, water has to be lugged always from the washrooms, and there isn't any privacy of a bedroom such that one can leave a patient undisturbed even when visitors drop in.

Nisei Citizenship The issue is prominently before the peoples' mind. Everyone is talking about it. The Nisei attitude is, what can we do about it, and there is a restless seeking for some way out of the difficulty but no one seems to have an answer for it. Sumi Shinozaki came by during lunch hour, and I asked her how she was making out, to which she replied, "Have you heard about the bill to deprive Nisei of their citizenship? Do you think they can do such a thing to us? I haven't felt so low in a long while." My sister, May, had expressed the same kind of concern earlier. Down at the office everyone is talking about the question, and among some there seems to exist a terrific reaction, as if the world were tearing down upon them. The Issei, on the other hand, seem to take a derisive attitude, pointing to the Nisei, "Well, what did you expect of the whites? It's high time the Nisei realize where their lot lies. The Nisei are a bunch of fools to think that the whites are going to treat them any better than they have as long as they're of a different race. It's high time they realize that they're Japanese and act accordingly." Yet, among the Nisei, too, are those who seem to express little concern whether they lose their citizenship or not. Their feeling is that they've lost a lot already, and it doesn't matter any longer what happens next. Perhaps, in their mind, the only way out is to go to Japan after the war is over.

Thus, the fundamental reaction among the Nisei seems to be one of resentment, but also of a profound feeling of insecurity in the face of a problem too big for them to solve. The greatest reaction of this kind seems to exist among those who had placed their faith most upon an American victory with subsequent reinstatement of the Nisei into American life. On the other hand, those who have doubted the validity of American democracy from the first merely think of this as just another example of what the Nisei must expect if they continue to cling to their illusion of what they can get from the American public.

Tom's New Job Tom came to inform me that he had been interviewed for the new position in the welfare dept. and that he is to be accepted as a worker there beginning with an apprentice's status at \$12 a month. He seems quite happy about the prospects of getting information of value to the study from this work.



Head Cold I caught a cold in the haid two or three nights ago and it has given me a stuffy uncomfortable feeling. The Billigmeiers tell us that there are a number of teachers down with influenza-like colds, Hanny herself had a cold last night, Tom has his sniffles, and I have mine. But today Michi caught one from me. The direction of infection is always from me to her. I have always caught my colds at night, but it was only recently, after getting married, that I learned of the reason for it. Mich has caught me a dozen times and more, throwing off all my bedding in my sleep, even on very cold nights, and sleeping obliviously under those chilling conditions.

Sunday paper I walked over to the newspaper sales office about 11:30 to inquire about Sunday papers. There's always a rush for them, and one has to time one's appearance there or there are no papers left. But today, as sometimes happens, the paper had not arrived even at that late hour, and I had to return in the afternoon. I bought copies for myself and for my sister.

Najima Group Tsukamoto's announcement of yesterday has not yet become widespread, but the discussion has already started in some quarters. A small group of fellows including Mayeda and Yoshinari, both councilmen, plus five others accosted me and inquired what I knew about the Stewart Bill. I told them I only knew as much as the others knew about it. Nisei are standing around corners discussing this problem but they seem to have no answer for their problem.

Harno has been itching to start a progressive group here, and though he didn't tell me he was starting anything, had spoken of his desire to goin a progressive group of Nisei political thinkers at least four weeks ago. Today, with the rising concern about the citizenship problem all about us, it seems necessary that something be started to get the Nisei can get behind and feel a conviction about. (See Japanese American Liberators, Sept. 27, 1942) But the outstanding characteristic of our meeting is that noone is prepared to undertake the huge task of starting this thing. We all seemed agreed that something must be done, and at least Tom, Harno and I have some ideas as to how a vast Nisei movement might be started, but none of us have the time to devote to it, and there seems to be no other leadership here.

Personally, I feel that the time is ripe for some vigorous Nisei movement to take up what the JACL never accomplished. The Nisei are clearly becoming conscious of their problem, not in the introspective way that they have always considered it, but rather from the practical consideration of doing something seriously about it. What it now needs is leadership of a vivid sort, a lot of hard work by a few key members, and indoctrination of the young Nisei especially of the intellectual variety, and the gaining of support outside their own group. The main question immediately is to set



up a policy and a program of action. The work should be divided solidifying the Nisei masses, of having key men who go out on relocation to seek aid among those who are willing to give support to the Nisei cause, and finally, to gain the support of important American groups who would give support to such a cause as the Nisei represent at the moment. The immediate crucial difficulty would be that of financing the movement, but there should be many groups to lend real aid to the Nisei in this instance if they solicit such aid. At least, they could build up finances to equal the JACL in a very short time. Such groups are the ACLU, the CIO, the NAACP, the vast hordes of Americans who would support a fight for fair treatment of the Nisei, not to mention the WRA in the background. Some solid group of the Nisei will in the long run be necessary if they are to adequately fight for their position now and in the post-War world.

And not the least of all, does this require the elevation of the Nisei themselves, a no mean task in itself.

MICHI's Cold When I returned, I discovered that Michi was feeling quite ill with a splitting headache. The room was much too warm, and yet she felt chills. I sent her to bed and nursed her for a while. But there remained the problem of the record concert which she puts on each Sunday night. I ventured to undertake the thing by myself.

Record Concert. We had failed to pick up certain records that are to go on tonight from the Billigmeiers who are lending them to us. I had to get up to the 2408 messhall by 7:30 since Ted Tokuno's radio-phono combination, which we are borrowing tonight too, was to arrive then, but it was a little late by the time I got there. I found, however, that the messhall was all locked up and that everything was dark thereabouts. I sought out the block manager to ask him to open the messhall, but he declared he would have to get the chef's consent. The chef was not in. The block manager hesitated for a long time about opening the messhall, since as he said, "Block managers are supposed to have nothing to do with the messhalls." Finally, he consented to open the place on the assumption that we had already filed for the right to use the place already.

I waited around the messhall hoping the radio-phono combination would soon arrive, but the promised truck never made its appearance. I learned that the transportation division, just as on many occasions before, had failed us again. Dave Okada and his wife came by, and he offered us the use of his radio-phono combination. He admitted it was small, perhaps too small, but under the circumstance we had to have something. We walked three blocks to Dave's home, and carried the machine back, but as we tried it out, it was increasingly apparent that the results would not be very satisfactory in the large messhall. There was too much vibration in the small instrument when it was tuned up so the volume was large enough for the room. The messhall was filling rapidly by this time; in fact, the audience



generally starts gathering half an hour before the appointed time.

About then, only fifteen minutes before the concert, a young fellow dashed in to inquire if the truck had arrived with our PA system. I declared that it had not. He then said that he ran the P.A. systems, that he had been scheduled to bring one system to a church group, another to a dance in the 7000 block, but that the trucks had failed to pick them up. Said he, "I've waited long enough for them to come for the thing. If you want to use the P.A. system, come over to 3703-C and I'll let you use it. Bring a couple of fellows along." It seemed a little late to start after the P.A. system, and we hesitated for some time about going after it, but Bob Billigmeier turned up with his car so we asked him to help us, and went after the proffered instrument.

As it turned out, the sound instrument was one of the best we had yet tried. It was certainly smoother than even Ted's large radio-phono combination could ever be. The operator of the P.A. system, a fellow named Sawada, it turned out had studied at a Hollywood technical school of sound instruments, and really knew his stuff.

In Michi's absence, I had to run the show and somehow managed it. After the thing was over, I normally would have cleaned up the place with Kay helping, but tonight Kay Hisatomi undertook to clean the place all by himself. I appreciated his helpfulness greatly, especially since no one else happened to offer such aid although they stood around chatting.

Messhall Probs. Ever since the messhall blow-off of last week end, when petitions were filed to discharge Pilcher, et al, the messhall has never entirely quieted down. Tonight, the reason the chef of 2420 was not in was that there is a general meeting of cooks to decide about certain lines of action with reference to the messhalls. What they are discussing, I do not know. Rumors have it that they threaten a strike if certain of their demands for pay, clothing etc. are not satisfied, but that would mean that none of us would eat in the messhalls.

Mountain Climbers All day today there was a stream of mountain climbers hiking up the hill to the west of our ~~pre~~ community. This has been the case ever since last Wednesday when a broadening of the Project Area was announced by Jacoby so that the Japanese no longer need to check out in going beyond the gates to the hill. The young and the old, men as well as women, join in these hikes carrying lunch bags with them. Especially are the groups of Issei men most noticeable.



Michi's Cold Today, Michi was down with a very bad headache, and a her bones ached as if she had the flu. I spent most of the day at home. Facilities are inadequate for nursing anyone at home. The bathroom is too far away, water has to be lugged always from the washrooms, and there isn't any privacy of a bedroom such that one can leave a patient undisturbed even when visitors drop in.

Nisei Citizenship The issue is prominently before the peoples' mind. Everyone is talking about it. The Nisei attitude is, what can we do about it, and there is a restless seeking for some way out of the difficulty but no one seems to have an answer for it. Sumi Shinozaki came by during lunch hour, and I asked her how she was making out, to which she replied, "Have you heard about the bill to deprive Nisei of their citizenship? Do you think they can do such a thing to us? I haven't felt so low in a long while." My sister, May, had expressed the same kind of concern earlier. Down at the office everyone is talking about the question, and among some there seems to exist a terrific reaction, as if the world were tearing down upon them. The Issei, on the other hand, seem to take a derisive attitude, pointing to the Nisei, "Well, what did you expect of the whites? It's high time the Nisei realize where their lot lies. The Nisei are a bunch of fools to think that the whites are going to treat them any better than they have as long as they're of a different race. It's high time they realize that they're Japanese and act accordingly." Yet, among the Nisei, too, are those who seem to express little concern whether they lose their citizenship or not. Their feeling is that they've lost a lot already, and it doesn't matter any longer what happens next. Perhaps, in their mind, the only way out is to go to Japan after the war is over.

Thus, the fundamental reaction among the Nisei seems to be one of resentment, but also of a profound feeling of insecurity in the face of a problem too big for them to solve. The greatest reaction of this kind seems to exist among those who had placed their faith most upon an American victory with subsequent reinstatement of the Nisei into American life. On the other hand, those who have doubted the validity of American democracy from the first merely think of this as just another example of what the Nisei must expect if they continue to cling to their illusion of what they can get from the American public.

Tom's New Job Tom came to inform me that he had been interviewed for the new position in the welfare dept. and that he is to be accepted as a worker there beginning with an apprentice's status at \$12 a month. He seems quite happy about the prospects of getting information of value to the *sutkyv* study from this work.



*procrastinating*

Michi seemed much better this morning and got up quite early. I spent the morning getting my typewriter shipped off to D.S.T. for repair. It's been frustrating not to have my own typewriter. I've typically let the thing slide until a showdown was required. I should have sent off the typewriter to Berkeley in the first place but instead I wasted a week and more just ~~procrastinating~~. I wonder if it's cupidity---the fear of using just a few extra cents to get something done, which in the long run would repay tenfold if I attended to the matter immediately---, but I've always been indecisive where matters outside of routine have fallen my way.

Shortly after noon I learned of the meeting concerning overseas broadcast that was to be held by the council. The question had cropped up almost a month ago when O'Brien of OWI was introduced to me by Cook and Waller. The proposition was to have recordings of Japanese voices made here explaining the actual conditions of this camp; the reason for the broadcast being that ever since the return of American prisoners from Japan, there has been so much information about the mistreatment of Americans in Japan. At the time, our committee suggested that the matter be taken up in internment camps rather than here due to the greater comparability of the ~~in~~ two situations, and the resistance of Japanese here to such propositions. But apparently, the OWI has returned for the same purpose again.

Bob Fukai, our block representative, saw me just before going to the meeting and declared that there was a meeting this morning at which a few Issei hotheads got up and denounced the whole idea thus bringing about a 30 to 26 vote against the propositions. It seems to me high time that something is done to control these hotheads and the extreme pro-Japanites. After all, the Nisei are a powerful group here who could control the situation if they would stand up and express their own views, but we're just getting run around by a bunch of ignoramuses who dominate the most of us by the threat of force.

My cousin, Muts Hashiguchi, was on the way too as we walked down. His comment was, "I hope this meeting isn't as stupid as the last one I attended." He couldn't find his block rep. and he being a block manager, had to act as substitute. His response after the meeting was that this one was almost as bad as the last. The Council ordinarily meets in 1720 messhall, but today a group of women were gathered in a sewing circle and shoed us off to 1820. These centrally located messhalls seem always occupied.

The council meeting lasted from about 2:30 till 4:30. I would say there's too little responsibility assumed by this group. They can't make their own decisions, so they always have to trot back to their block to get confirmation or otherwise of their views. One thing that interested me in today's meeting, however, was the expression among some of the Nisei that they were getting run around too much by irresponsible Issei, referring particularly to this morning's meeting, which is the first expression I've heard around here of Nisei irritation with their relatively subordinate position here. There have been inarticulated signs of this, but this was the first explicit expression. Good, we may be getting somewhere with ourselves now.



Again in the evening I attended the regular weekly council meeting. The council met for almost ten hours in all today, much too long for the amount they accomplished. This evening we started at about 7:15 and ended at about 11:30. Thus, was my day taken up with council meetings.

A hopeful ray for this community comes from these meetings. Tonight I had the feeling that the council was now really beginning to assume responsibility for itself. This is what Sherrill has been complaining of when he spoke of the failure of the council to assume responsibility. They've been too fearful of treading on public opinion to make their own decisions, but now one sees a wearying with the role of the messenger, and a desire on the part of the councilmen to make their own decisions in larger part. The community, too, I feel is coming to the decision that some form of cooperation among all is necessary. In other words, a community consciousness may be slowly evolving. A sign of this was given in the decision brought back from all the blocks that, with regard to the question of what would be done with excess profits from outside employment over and beyond the amount made by workers ~~made~~ in the community (this, with reference only to those workers who continue their residence here but go out daily to work in the Oregon potato fields, etc.), all such profit should go into a mutual "trust fund" held for the community of the work corp here rather than for the individual worker. The basis of the decision was the unfairness to certain workers, as for instance, doctors, who would not be in a position to go out for that kind of work, while yet continuing to serve the community. There was the supporting reason that a considerable loss of labor needed right here in the community would result otherwise.

Shirrell seemed happier with the trend of events tonight than he has appeared in many a meeting. Yet, there are future problems implicated in this trend. The split between the Issei and Nisei is ever-widening. Tom tells me, for instance, that Shimbo, the block 4 manager, has now laid down the policy of having two block meetings on each issue, one for the Issei and one for the Nisei. The primary necessity creating this condition is the incommunicability from one generation to the other which is conditioned by their language differences. But dual meetings of this kind are only a portent of the increasing gap in understanding between the two. Something will have to be done to bridge the gap if future difficulties are to be avoided. Of course, the difficulty goes deeper than mere language differences; there is the even more fundamental difference of experience and background, and the resulting difference in attitudes concerning every major problem here, which stand between the generations.



Overseas Broadcast It now becomes clear how great a disturbance was created by the proposal for the broadcast to Japan. Reports this morning are that all day yesterday there was being built up among the Issei, but also of the Nisei, a terrific opposition to the idea of the broadcast. The Issei view of the question is essentially that we Japanese are being used as tools for American propaganda whereas we continue to suffer within these camps, and that there is no assurance that the whites will abide by their word not to distort the facts as recorded from Japanese mouths. Here again, the basic distrust of the Issei comes forth, that is, of the Issei distrust of whites. Here is a central problem for our study: What factors contribute to this distrust of the whites by Japanese immigrants? The significance of this question lies in the fact that this distrust is nothing new; it has existed for almost as long as the Japanese have been on this continent. It has been a major barrier to assimilation, and we now view the offspring of this attitude in destructive action within the community. The Nisei reaction to the broadcast, where it has cropped up, is premised differently. It arises from the assumption that we are, after all, American citizens who have no business in concentration were our civil rights fairly regarded, and that we have nothing to say about the conditions, favorable or otherwise, within these centers. Here it is of interest to note that Tom sparked to this idea four weeks ago independent of any forethought or discussion; and we now find a new outcropping of this same idea independently expressed by other people. On the contrary, no such view was expressed at the Council meeting although I was waiting, and hoping, that some Nisei of foresight would bring forth the idea. Given the same condition, then, among some Nisei the one idea develops, and among others, the other idea. The two groups may roughly be distinguished as (a) the "Radical" view, that the Nisei must maintain his self respect by fighting for every one of his rights, and (b) the "JACL" view, that the Nisei may gain self respect by gaining the good will of important sections in the white population.

Another point of interest is the rapidity with which a relatively impersonal and unemotional public opinion congealed into a highly emotional negative opinion. The transition from the public to the crowd is an easy transition here due to the closeness of life which throw people together in unusual intimacy. Matters which would normally be taken up in introspective thought go out, here, into immediate external expression. There is too little time given to careful thought over issues, and everyone is too much influenced by other people's thoughts. Direct interpersonal contact, not the newspaper, the radio, the telephone, or the telegraph, is the medium of communication, and there is thus too much influence of the collective group upon individual thought. Underlying all this as a disturbing element is the general disorganization of life here.

We discussed this matter further in the evening when Harno and Tomi and Tom came over. Said Harno: "A lot of the Nisei object to the idea of the broadcast. They say that there's no reason why the Nisei should be asked to broadcast the conditions in these centers, when, after all, we Nisei are citizens of this country and should have the right to be outside a concentration camp. The OWI should rather go to Missoula and the other internment camps where they



have a situation comparable to prisoner's camps in Japan. That's the way most of the technical staff feel anyway." Tom couldn't understand why our warning to Chas. O'Brien of the OWI the last time he visited here had gone unconsidered.

About Myself I spent the morning for the first time in any days typing out reports. The handicap of not having a typewriter has been superceded by the Hisantomi's lending me their machine. It was good to sit down and put in writing the stuff that has been piling up for the past two weeks. However, it leaves much work to be done since the accident struck me just when I was the busiest and the condition in the community was such that there were any number of things to follow up.

Michi Today, Michi gave her first pedagogy class to the music teachers. She's been pretty disgusted and discouraged with the lack of good music training among some of those who want to teach here, yet she's hesitated to start the class for many reasons unexplained to me. She returned from the class very greatly encouraged however, by the response of her pupils. Helen Nitta, who graduated from the music dept. at the Coll. of Pacific, and Haruko Sato, who trained with Alice Mayeda's teacher in Sacto., seem the best of the group of six girls. The Hoshide girls who opposed Michi and the music dept. and sided rather with Mae Yoshimura during the Pinedale squabble turned up for the class, which surprised Michi a great deal. There were points of criticism to make in the case of every one of the girls as they played baby pieces on which they are to practice. Problems of phrasing, of rhythm, of finger technic, etc., all were present. Michi's comment was: "These are things I teach my youngest pupils. It's a pity these girls haven't had the opportunity to be better exposed to good piano instruction." Alice Mayeda's comment later was, "Just watch, you're going to get a lot more pupils in that class before long." The girls themselves were enthusiastic about learning some of these fundamental points in piano instruction.

Dance and Music Dept. Conflict Michi went to the recreation center for a conference with the dance group after the pedagogy class. The difficulties between the two depts. appeared when the dance dept. complained to Ted Waller about a week ago that the music dept. wasn't cooperating in putting on a music-dance program for the end of this month. Michi declares: "Why should we cooperate when they don't come around to tell us what they're planning to do. They just decided to have a program without telling us anything about it, made up the program, and then came around to ask us for supporting musicians. If they want a joint program, they should have come to us first to plan the program with us. It's that Yukio fellow who does all the complaining around the rec. hall. He thinks he's so good; he tells everyone we're not cooperating." The matter had been taken up with Ted Waller and Harry Mayeda about last Friday, and they called a meeting of the music staff to find out what the difficulty was. The music staff expressed their view, with Michi leading the opposition. She then ran into Yukio a few days later and told him off, which I have no doubt she did since she's capable of telling persons off when she objects to them. She apparently



told Yukio that the last music-dance program had been boring because there had been so many dance routines of the same kind as those viewed previously. She particularly emphasized the over-repetition, and the dominant place given to, the tap dance routines in which Yukio specializes. She further saw no reason for mixing classical music with tap dances because of the unbalanced result in the program. She had ended this engagement with the words, "I'll see you tomorrow at 11:15, but don't start talking about uncooperative people if ~~find~~ I'm two minutes late because I've got the pedagogy class in 7000 block until 11:00 and that's along distance to walk." Yukio replied, "Whoa, now, who gave you the idea that I'm that bad." The dig was with reference to remarks made by the dance group, at the tardiness or the failure to show up, of the music staff at the last meeting. Michi had been sick in bed that day and was unable to attend.

This morning, however, the dance dept. apparently had taken offense at the criticisms cast against it by the music staff. Michi thinks that Alice Mayda, coordinator of fine arts, waits for Michi to start the criticisms before she herself takes up the cudgel. In any case, Alice told the dance dept. that there were altogether too many dance routines, and the whole program would therefore be boring. She especially criticised the number of tap-routines. Michi had also criticized the extensive use of Woody Ichihashi's dance band--- "Three times during the program, and at least once as a solo number, when Fumiko Yabe wouldn't even say in so many words what she thought of the band when I asked her." All these things were probably mentioned.

The net result was that the dance group and the music dept. have now decided to go their independent ways. Michi is perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. The previous arrangement made by the dance group was to show the Cabaret Show twice in each ward over a period of two weeks. Michi expressed happiness at being relieved of having to put on a show every night for two weeks straight. On the other hand, she and Alice discussed the desirability of putting on music dept. program of their own since they feel they have a number of talents with which to put on a really balanced concert program. Michi's final comment was, "Do you know, the Sacramento girls tell me that Yukio cries every time ~~everytime~~ he can't have his own way."

Laundry Service at Canteen I went over this morning to the canteen to pick up our dry wash laundry. With Michi working, it's a simpler matter to send out the laundry dry wash. But I discovered that the store had made a mistake and had the whole wash ironed and laundered. The price was \$3.54 when I'd anticipated something about 70 or 80 cents. I left the matter for Michi to settle since she had been the one who brought the laundry over, and I wasn't sure who had made the error.

Michi told me that she had specifically instructed the girl to make the laundry dry wash, which instruction I have no doubt that she gave since she rarely forgets about matters of that sort. She



had instructed the girl to make the laundry into two bundles, the sheets in one since they are laundered and ironed cheaper separately, and the rest of the clothes in another. The bundles came back in three parts, but they were all ironed. The young clerk there hedged around for a bit, but Michi instructed him to put the bundle on the scales to see what they weighed, which he did. Then she helped him figure out the cost on the basis of dry wash, and the young fellow then conceded her point and charged only 84¢, even giving Michi twenty cents more in change than he should have. We decided he must have been flustered as we gave him back the excess change. Michi instructed the clerk further in what to tell the laundry company since the store shouldn't lose on a deal of the kind.

This instance was quite in contrast to the difficulties encountered by the Shibutani's when they lost three pairs of new excellent sheets and a rayon bed spread through the laundry service at the store. The canteen continues to give them the run around, and while they have gone to the extent of giving the Shibs three pairs of old sheets, probably left overs at the laundry, they still haven't been re-imbursed for their loss of a bed spread.

Evening to Ourselves We dropped in on Harno after supper and invited him over for coffee after whatever meeting he intended attending that evening. Harno had not seen the letter I'd delivered to his desk the evening before---Nobu, my sister, who heads the post office staff often brings these letters in the evening for our friends since it removes one night's delay in delivery. The letter was from his lady friend in Tanforan, the familiar blue envelope with the neat feminine writing. He later informed us that she was due to leave Tanforan today.

We spent the evening at home, which was a satisfaction to both Mich and myself since we rarely have quiet evenings together here. Either I'm running around to meetings or some friends are dropping in on us. Sometimes, life seems too close here; everyone is a neighbor to everyone else.

Harno, Tom and Tomi Harno attended Tom's race relations class this evening, and dragged Tom and Tomi over after. We sat around drinking coffee, eating crackers, and chatting.