

Tule Lake Diary  
Monday, June 29, 1942  
Frank Miyamoto

I awoke just before 7:00 a.m. and barely made breakfast. Michi decided to stay in bed since it was too late for her to go through her dressing and primping in time for breakfast. Women live under a handicap in our society, for they're always having to make appointments and yet they've got to spend an ungodly amount of time making themselves proper of appearance. And the girl who comes from urban society into the dusty, hot, early-rising, rustic conditions of this life simply has to change her habits. Late arrival at breakfast, too, makes one self-conscious for it seems that everyone in your block learns your habits of laziness, or promptness, or otherwise.

The outline of titles for Dr. Francis' program of health talks still had to be written. Tom mentioned to me that she was rather upset about our, or particularly my, failure to turn in anything after promising her an early answer on her request for a series of titles. But I've been busy. And how can she expect to get good titles on health talks from a group that hasn't had any experience along that line. My brief conversations with Dr. Watanabe, however, gave me ideas that I worked into a series of eight titles. Dr. Francis was most cordial when I went down to the Administration Building in search of her. She showed nothing of the irritation she must have shown when Tom went to inquire about the nature of the Public Health Lectures, though it was my fault and not Tom's that things weren't moving as rapidly as Francis desired.

The Administration Bldg. is a beehive of activity these days. The few who know me, either whites or Japanese, seem very cordial, but those who don't know me seem to give us a cold stare as much as to ~~say~~ say, "What the hell are you doing here." I wonder if they think I'm trying to squeeze into a job there, or is it that Sacramento and Portland people are that way? I think to myself, if only they knew who I am, and what I'm doing here, but, of course, that's only egotistical self-consciousness cropping up again.

I met Shiroki there. He's puttering around as an assistant to the en-

Frank Miyamoto  
June 29, 1942

gineering project administrator in that office. Shiroki tells me that he took graduate work in that field, beside learning something about political science. Teaching Japanese language at Stanford must have been merely a temporary stop gap for Shiroki for he seems to regret his having stayed in this country beyond the period of study which he'd first intended. He complained about working at a mere penance, and declared that there was an endless amount of work to catch up on, though the office didn't have the organization for handling them efficiently. I suspect the lack of organization is in himself, not that he's disorganized, but he seems to lack initiative and/or originality of a practical kind. He mentioned that he'd had an offer to study at Heidelberg, Germany, but the war broke out and prevented fulfilment of that plan. One senses the pro-Japanese and German attitude in him, though he never commits himself openly. To my remark that Germany's headway in the Mediterranean was likely to have far-reaching effects, he made the comment that it would leave Gt. Britain stranded, and seriously hamper Russian operations. Nothing false about that, and yet the way he said it gave one the feeling he thought it just as well.

This afternoon I spent a little time catching up on my correspondence, especially with Chicago which I've neglected badly. The Chronicle headlines show a serious situation in the Mediterranean for the English, for Rommel now seems on top of Matruh and the next junction will be Alexandria. I wonder if the English will hold out long enough until the summer heat completely slows down the attack, or will they get enough reinforcement in the meantime to stem Rommel's troops? Somehow, the German attack through Libiya doesn't disturb me as much as the one last year, perhaps because we've now seen a year in which the Axis were stopped.

Tomi dropped in. She's certainly a peach of a girl; an excellent temperament. Got talking about Tom's background of which both of them are undoubtedly proud. It seems, Tom comes from an unusual family. His father was

Frank Miyamoto  
June 29, 1942

thrown out of Japan for radical or progressive views. This must have occurred quite some time ago. His father came of a very good family in Japan (still well-known there.), went to Cornell, and finally went to Stockton where he started an insurance business selling policies for N.Y. Life. Tom, it seems, was trained by his family to think liberally if not radically, to mix with Americans rather than Japanese. The family must have been decently off, for Tom never has worked for his living, though he did spend some summers selling ~~the~~ G.E. machines because, as his father desired him to do, to learn something about the farmers of the Valley region and of how badly off they are. Tom used to study at night, it seems, and to sleep during the hours of ten and six during the day, while he was at Stockton during the summers. Takes a certain amount of self-control to re-order one's life in that way, or at least a good bit of concentration on the work one is doing.

This evening Michi and I went to the meeting to organize the forum. Somehow the assignment of meeting places got mixed up, so that when we arrived at 2008, there was a large mass meeting in progress at which Mr. Shireell was introducing the community to the newcomers, and our room had to be changed to an already utilized mess hall in the next block.

There were about twenty persons gathered, which surprised me since I had assumed that only a few had been called to organize the group, and besides Michi and myself there was only one or two others from the Northwest, most of them being from Sacramento. Harry Maeda of Sacramento was the chairman, which again surprised me because I'd expected to see Ted Shigeno in the chair, for he was the person undertaking the organization of the group, but Ted apparently wished to assume an ex-officio position for the evening. Dr. Francis of adult education came in an advisory capacity, and others like Tom, Jim, and Perry Saito were on hand. (See ~~Tom~~ Hall meeting of June 29th)

After the meeting, Tom, Tomi, Michi and I, walked back to our room, and sat around talking about many things. Tom described many of the persons pres-

Frank Miyamoto  
June 29, 1942

ent at the meeting this evening for me. Eugene Okada is a Buddhist leader from Sacramento, who, however, is much more open-minded than the average of their lot. Mas Sakada is a leader of the Sacramento group. Tom mentioned him as a boy to watch, and on further inquiry Tom elucidated himself on Mas. Mas, it seems, popped up as a nobody in the Bay Region but shortly made himself president of the JSC on the Berkeley campus, and has assumed leadership in many groups. He was characterized as open-minded, and a good fellow who knows how to get along with all kinds of persons. But he also was characterized as a conservative. Dave Okada is a Christian leader, and a nice boy. Harry Maeda was thought to be a Sacramento business man who takes leadership in many things around Sacramento.

Tom's deep concern with the political alignments of the various California people interests me. For Tom, there is always a political reason for the action of individuals. For instance, the reason the people at the meeting objected to the selection committee appointed is because of the fear of some that persons like himself will dominate the selection of topics, speakers, etc. and cause the program to go strongly radical. Tom frequently speaks of the Liberal element from the YMCA, the "garret" group (apparently a group of his friends who met in a garret," the members of the "Kremlin" (a gathering place at Tanforan), the radicals, the CPs, etc., as all on one side, and the conservatives and reactionaries on the others, which includes JSC, JAFL, business men, and Buddhists.

Tule Lake Diary  
July 4, 1942  
Frank Miyamoto

We awoke late and spent the morning puttering around. Tom Maekawa, block manager, came around to tell us that the cooks were to have an evening off due to the holiday and the women of the block were getting together to make sandwiches and "nigirimeshi" for our supper. We were to pick it up in the afternoon.

Today was another sweltering hot day, and it was difficult to do any work. Nobu, Kaz, Michi and I were invited to dinner at the Jacoby's but because our hosts had been invited to dinner at Victory Block, the dinner was postponed until tomorrow eve. Tomi came over in the afternoon to suggest that Michi and I bring our little snack over and eat with them. Michi was out getting her hair brushed out by May. She apologized profusely for bothering May so much, but the dustiness of the place requires excessive care of the hair, especially because Michi's is so abundant.

Tom came over later to inform me that he'd met Walter Tsukamoto~~to discuss~~ to discuss the proposed forum discussion in which the two were expected to participate with Ferguson of the WRA legal office. Tom seemed delighted to find that there was definite difference of opinion between Walter and himself about the solution ~~of~~ to the problem proposed, namely, "What Can the Nisei Do Against the Present Agitation to Remove Nisei Citizenship?" Walter, it seems, feels that the Nisei cannot do otherwise than to act with the JACL, and to follow the policy of cooperative evacuation followed by them. The policy would lead, in this case, to sitting tight and watching the trend of events. But Tom wants to take much more definite action, principally of aligning those elements among the whites favorable to the Japanese, and organizing them for action in the event that something more serious develops than the present case presented by the Native Sons. Tom declared, "At least, Walter was open-minded enough to think that differences of views should be publicly aired." But Tom couldn't

Frank Miyamoto  
July 4, 1942

understand the contradiction of view existing on the matter of mail censorship in Walter's mind, for on this matter, the latter felt that it should be fought.

The Pacific Citizen is out, but since I didn't receive my copy, Tom and I wandered over to 1808 to get one. Tom apologetically admitted that he had subscribed to the JACL organ, though he made it clear that it was only because he wanted to see what went into it. ~~At~~ 1808 was closed by the time we arrived at 4:30, so we went on to see the "sumo" matches being fought out in the firebreak. The afternoon was hot and windy, but there was quite a gathering, especially of the older men, present. A scattering of women and girls dotted the circular group of audience. The wrestlers included young and old Nisei, ranging anywhere from eleven or twelve to thirty years. When I remarked my surprise at the large number of Nisei performing, Tom remarked that around the Sacramento Valley, there were frequent sumo matches among the Nisei, as well as kendo and jiu-jitsu. This is contrary to the case in the Northwest where jiu-jitsu is popular among the Nisei but sumo is less frequently seen among them. Some of the performers were apparently expert.

A festive day had been planned by a selected committee for the 4th, but though one felt the leisure of the people in the camp, nothing prominently gave evidence of the festivities, at least during the morning and afternoon. The women who had hathered to fix our supper were gay and chattering, while sweating in the heat of the kitchen, but they too quickly disbanded, and our block was as quiet as a Mexican town at siesta hour.

Michi and I gathered up what we had foraged from the kitchen, which was more than most others for I had picked up second helpings from our neighbor Mrs. Imai who gave me an extra large plate full, and went over to Tom's. We had our own cups and teapot to accommodate ourselves since Tomi doesn't have enough to go around. Harno was there. Tomi fixed up an excellent salad, the best we'd had in a long while, in one of our wash basins, and we sat down to

Frank Miyamoto  
July 4, 1942

a picnic supper. I made the observation that this was like a pleasant camping weekend, what with the radio softly playing popular tunes, the wide spaces observable outside the door, and the group of us pleasantly munching on sandwiches and "nigirimeshi." The others agreed, only, they said, it's hard to imagine going home from here after the week-ends over. One felt a twinge of depression at the thought of not being able to go home.

We finished our supper hurriedly and went out to see the evenings' program that was to start at 6:30. The sumo matches were still on in the north firebreak, and since these were apparently the championship matches, we stopped to watch them, although the major program could be seen farther to the east with a larger gathering surrounding it. The individual championship competition included six powerfully-built Nisei wrestling seriatim until one individual had thrown all the rest in a row. One of the first wrestlers, Doi, threw all but the last man, Takeuchi, but the latter went on to win all his matches, even from Doi who again appeared as the final competitor. The usual sumo rituals of bowing, purification, stomping, etc., were all present, something which I had hardly expected to see in a United States at war with Japan. The champion received a prize of carpenter tools. One obviously prominent member of the arranging committee who busied himself about the ring wore an American Legion uniform. He seemed inconsistent in the setting. Drs. Carson and Sleathe were watching on the outskirts, and I wondered what their reaction might be to all this.

We wandered toward the main stand where Mr. Shirrell had spoken earlier in the evening and where the talent show had been going on, but the performances were over and the crowd rushed toward us like a horde of cattle. For better things to do, we decided to see the "Bon-odori" in the south firebreak. The plays and musical performances in 1698 and the adjoining hall were packed to the windows and there was no way of going in to see that. Young and old were crowded in the doorway to see the Japanese dances and musical performances. A large community hall would certainly have helped but the construction has

been slow.

The "bon-odori" was not to begin for some time but Michi, Tom, Tomi, Harno and I wandered about its grounds looking on the gala scenery. In the center of a circularly roped off ground was a raised platform on which were hanging lanterns, paper flowers of cherry and wisteria blossoms, and make believe flags. One flag had a red cross on a white background and looked somewhat remindful of the Japanese flag from a distance. Another had a large star on white and red background, much like an American flag. A few kibeifunctionaries busied themselves about the stand arranging the loudspeaker system and looking rather important. The crowd gathered slowly. White administrators stopped by to watch the goings-on.

People gathered around the ropes seating themselves on wooden benches which they brought from their homes. Nisei and Issei, young and the old, were all represented. Young boys stood around in groups, talking about sports, and eyeing girls. As other young people passed near by, they would try to identify their place of origin, as to Northwest or California. One fellow remarked, "There's a guy with an "S" sweater; the one in white and red. Must be from Sacramento. No, maybe he's from Salem." Another remarked, "There goes a 'kurombo'" (meaning negro, but referring to a dark girl from Sacramento.) Sacramento girls chattered in groups, using Japanese and English indiscriminately. Surprising, I thought, for I hadn't heard Nisei talk so much Japanese in the Northwest. The older women were chatting about their new homes, where they lived, and what the conveniences and inconveniences were. Old men spoke nostalgically of Japanese dances and music, of how the thing should be done.

Just as twilight came, the dancers started their slow "bon-odori". A girl in white patterned kimono, clearly more graceful and adept than any of the others, led the dance, and dancers from the audience joined in motely form. They swayed slowly to the wailing Japanese music, monotonous to the observer,

yet, perhaps, fun to the performers. A gawky clown, whom Tom was trying to identify as a Nisei though he looked to me like an old Issei farmer, danced at one side to himself. A scattering of men in their "yukata" (bathrobes) or borrowed kimono, dotted the dancers. I particularly noted a young Kibei (whom I've come to call Slim), dancing with an effeminate gait. I've wondered about him frequently, for in Seattle he had never been, so far as I knew, one of the obvious ones, but here he enters all activities with calculated abandon. Today he was dressed in a white kimono that made him look much like a tall slender girl. Most of the dancers seemed to be Kibei and Nisei, most in their ordinary clothes. In Sacramento, I am told, one rarely saw men performing, except for the teachers and the clowns, and performers never appeared other than in kimonos. But here the absence of kimonos has broken down the formality of the occasion. The young fellows on the outskirts watch the dancers closely to identify the pretty girls, and the girls gather around, perhaps in envy, but also to circulate among the fellows. A group of Hawaiian "toughies" walk leisurely around the circle following a couple of girls who look like prostitutes. The older women are here, partly to watch, and partly to chaperon their young daughters.

When Tom, Tomi, Michi and I, returned to Tom's place for a rest after the long walk, we found that Harno had already cleaned up all the dishes. Tomi said, "Tom would never have thought to do such a thing." Michi later remarked to me how thoughtful Harno is. Harno, in his modest way, is certainly thoughtful and generous.

The talk turned to the problems of a cooperative community. Harno took the lead in the discussion, pointing out the high costs of goods at the store. Said he: "Prices are about double what they are in town. Even discounting the cost of transportation and the higher costs of goods today, they shouldn't have doubled. Furthermore, there's no reason why the store should buy their stocks from the Sears Roebuck Co. when they could purchase directly from the Wholesalers

Frank Miyamoto  
July 4, 1942

and save themselves the expenses of the middle man. Another thing, if the people continue buying as they are, spending enough to make gross sales of two or three thousands a day for the two stores, they're going to leave this camp broke. I'd sure like to look into the books of that store. The only way to handle a cooperative enterprise is to have long-time planning, but ~~of~~ no one in the administration bldg. seems to have any such plan. I talked to Dillon Myers, but he didn't seem to suggest any such plan either. They've got to define for us what they mean by a cooperative enterprise, and to what extent the books are being balanced for costs and profits."

When our discussion broke off, it was nearly twelve. But outside at the "bon-odori" the dancers were still there, though the audience had disappeared by this time. Only a few mothers of children who were dancing, and one or two romancing couples, remained to watch. Sherlock Shimbo and the Kibei program heads were getting ready to close up the show.

Tule Lake Diary  
July 20, 1942  
Frank Miyamoto

Went down to the Ad Bldg. at 8:00 am. with Tom to see Mr. Fleming of Community Service about a research position. Mr. Fleming was there on appointment, but Mr. Shirrell, with whom we have to get our job cleared, was not.

We wandered out to the front fences to watch the newcomers arrive by train from Pinedale. Mr. Shirrell was on hand there, as were the Army staff led by Captain Patterson. Shirrell must have been there twenty minutes prior to arrival; which seems to show his concern about meeting the people and making them feel at home from the outset. He never misses a train. The train pulled in about 8:40 trailing fifteen cars behind it, including three diners and one hospital car. Two baggage cars were all that were attached for the large number who disembarked which means that they weren't able to bring much baggage with them. I understand they were permitted only fifty pounds per child, and one hundred pounds per adult. Yet, children need as much baggage, in many ways, as do adults.

The removal of passengers is highly organized, for they've got taxis lined up along the track and whip them off to registration about as fast as the people get off. It took only twenty minutes to unload the whole group of perhaps five hundred persons and taxi them to their destination. We stood inside the barb-wire fence along with a large crowd of others present to see their friends in. Today's "reception crowd" was as large as I've seen them, perhaps due to the fact that the Seattle/lites have been waiting a long time for some of the Puyallup people to come down, and meeting the farmers from around Seattle is some compensation for their nostalgia. Occasionally, someone identifies a newcomer and a brief interchange of greetings takes place across the fence, auto highway, and gravel shoulder over some hundred fifty feet distance. It's hard to spot even close friends, for the newcomers pour ~~off~~ out of the train in hordes, and they anxiously mill around watching for an available taxi. They

give expression to a kind of indifference to it all, yet one senses an underlying tension as they await their turn. Greetings consist largely of identifying one another, and of the old-timer informing the newcomer where his home is, and of inviting him over as soon as possible. There's only a semblance of organization in that milling crowd out there; there's no regimentation, which is just as well; but the taxi service is well enough organized to handle the situation well. Mr. Shirrell mixes among the people, probably talking to them and encouraging them. The army staff stands to one side.

The crowd ~~is~~ inside the fence press closely against the posts, too closely, perhaps, for an army guard comes down warning all, "Get back! Stand back away from the fence." The words are roughly spoken, one feels a twinge of resentment, and yet we think to ourselves that this man probably had ~~his~~ his orders and feels as self-conscious about his task as we do about the command. The crowd steps away from the ~~fence~~ fence, but in a few minutes are back where they were, but the guard does not come back. In a short while the caravans have moved away in clouds of dust, and the people watching disappear to their various employment which they had deserted for the moment. A hospitalized patient is removed to an ambulance from the last car. He is pushed through a window on a stretcher, and we feel sorry for him.

Mr. Shirrell has driven off with Mrs. Shirrell and others, as is their daily practice whenever these trains come ~~in~~, to meet the people at the registration place. He's unlikely to be at his desk until 10:00 or 11:00 in the morning, despite the work piled on his desk, so we decide to wait till later to see him with Mr. Fleming.

I leave Tom at the clinic for a tooth has been bothering me the last several days. It's a molar from which the filling ~~came~~ came out two months before while in the assembly center, but due to lack of facilities there, nothing had been done about it. But now it pains me frequently. In a long hallway of the clinic is a row of seats crowded to the edge with patients. A few are

standing. The procedure is confusing to me for no signs indicate where I am to go to make my dental appointment. I should go to the information desk which is close at hand, but I take my chance and join a line of persons approaching a secretary's desk. It proves to be the right line. Only seven or eight persons are ahead of me, but it takes time to get to the secretary, for doctors, patients, nurses, and orderlies come to question her or demand something from her. Every three minutes she is up and ~~w~~ away to see about something; and we wait.

When I finally reach the secretary, she tells me I must have a preliminary examination. Before having my cavity treated, since this is my first appearance at their clinic and they must file a record of my teeth. ~~Since~~ She inquires if I am on duty anywhere, for in that case my card can be placed at the top of others for immediate treatment, but I assure her that I have time, not anticipating how much time all this will take. It is 9:30 when I arrive at the clinic, almost ten by the time I see the secretary, and 10:45 by the time I am given my preliminary examination. In the meantime, I stand and watch this scene in the clinic. Objectively viewed, I suppose the people before me divide into doctors, nurses and helpers, white patients, and Japanese patients. But in my mind's eye, I cannot help identifying the medical doctors as superior, dentists as of a lower grade along with optometrists, pharmacists and chemists as almost on an equal plane with dentists and optometrists, and nurses and secretaries as below these. As I watch the white doctors and nurses, I cannot help thinking that some of the Japanese are as they in training and practice, but, yet, a feeling crops up that the white staff is perhaps superior to the Japanese.

There are, in fact, objective reasons for such evaluations. The doctors carry themselves with a certain professional air that gives expression to their superior status. They talk a language among themselves, and command others with these esoteric terms, in a way that makes one feel his personal

ignorance and the doctor's competence. A conversation takes place between a nurse and Dr. Akamatsu. Says she: "Oh, Dr. Akamatsu." The doctor turns from his hallway conversation with an orderly. Nurse: "What shall I do about this patient in ward ---? Shall I release him?" Dr. A.: "Yes, he may go now." Turns, and walks off toward his office. Nurse chases after him and catches him at the door. "But, Doctor, I want to know, when shall I tell him to come back?" Says Dr., "Tell him to come back in about two months." The further conversation is lost in a murmur. The Doctor is not uncourteous, but he seems very busy, and is impatient to get away. Some of the waiting patients who are not engrossed in their own chatter watch this byplay.

One cannot tell the ~~cases~~ classes in the medical and dental profession except by familiarity with the staff or by close observation. Clothes tell little, or, in fact, give a directly contrary estimate from the actual fact. Dr. Iki, the oldest Japanese doctor but a Nisei, wears only a soft shirt and slacks, with dusty brown shoes. Yet, he is said to be a fine surgeon, as Japanese surgeons go, and I believe he knows it. He looks rather distinguished with his closely cropped gray hair, glasses, and clear-cut features. Dr. Akamatsu wears a similar apparel, but with white shoes. Dr. Watanabe, wears a white jacket and white shoes, but he's so young that he could pass for a young orderly. Young Drs. Kambara and Sugiyama alone of those whom I see today are all in white. They've barely finished their internship. Some of the orderlies look more like doctors than do the doctors themselves, dressed as they are in white. Somehow, however, the dentists are more uniformly identified as a group. They mix closely among themselves. Their appearance seems somehow shabbier, and they do not present that air of confidence and poise more typical of the physicians. But one of the older Nisei dentists looks like a doctor from all external appearances.

It would seem that a major problem of professional identity arises in this clinical set-up. The physical organization of the building is inadequate

Frank Miyamoto  
July 20, 1942

such that dentists are thrown together with physicians in the same clinics, opticians are in the same office as oculists, bacteriologists work side by side with pharmacists. Uniforms are not available so that the clinic presents a visual hodge podge. One wonders if this does not cause that tension between doctors and community, concerning which much has appeared in the people's conversation, for doctors try to preserve their status by a calculated behavior, while the community of patients see them as rightfully no different than themselves. The lack of visual organization also causes a disorganization in the response of the patient public and increases the inefficiency of the present clinical set-up.

Dr. Carson's secretary, Sumi, appears at the optometrist's office leading a Caucasian, apparently from the administrative staff. She requests that he be given priority attention although there are a number of Japanese patients waiting. One young Japanese is standing beside me holding a bandage over his eyes, but he is not given immediate attention. About this time, I am asked into the clinic for my preliminary examination, but at this moment, another Caucasian appears, again obviously an administrative staff man, and requests treatment, probably on a toothache. I am asked to wait just a minute while this gentleman is given attention. The gentleman says to me as he steps into the office, "If you don't mind, it won't take but a couple of minutes. Clearly, these practices are fully justified, and, as a matter of fact, the same thing would be done for a Japanese who is doing important work and has little time. The white staff is overburdened with work at the present due to their lack of personnel. But to the Japanese patients who are required to wait in that corridor waiting room for three or four hours before getting their turn, the situation offers conditions in which resentments could be built against the whites, or perhaps against the Japanese staff, for their priority treatment of whites."

The young Nisei girl acting as dentists' secretary is an interesting creature. She is a healthy looking girl of about twenty, "cute" if not pretty.

Frank Miyamoto  
July 20, 1942

She attacks her job with considerable energy and aggressiveness, in fact, she might get more work done if she were not attending to as many things at once as she does. She seems to take joy in the work of organizing work and schedules so that the turnover of patients will go smoothly. She expresses herself with boldness unfamiliar in a Nisei girl. One suspects that in the division of labor in this office, this girl ~~has~~ has found a position for which she is well suited, and has even added something of her personal verve to the task. One feels amused at her self-conscious pride in herself and her work, for, perhaps, she imagines herself a kind of an angel who keeps her patients happy and the doctors unworried.

By eleven o'clock it became clear that the dentists would be unable to see me before noon, and this secretary suggested that those of us on the end of the ~~last~~ come in the afternoon. I had spent nearly two hours in the clinic without seemingly getting anywhere nearer the end of my waiting. I returned in the afternoon, immediately after lunch, and cornered one of the nurses; and thus received ~~immediate~~ attention. The dentist who inspected me in the morning had suggested removal of the aching molar tooth, but suspecting that this was an effort to rid themselves of a troublesome problem of crowning the tooth, I suggested that I preferred to have it filled instead. The dentist did not press the matter. This afternoon a young Nisei dentist looked at the tooth and likewise suggested that the tooth be pulled, for as he said, "It's a decayed wisdom tooth that doesn't do you any good." The fact that this was a wisdom tooth threw an entirely different light on the problem for me, for, in my experience, wisdom teeth are things to have pulled out, though I have always been wary of getting molars pulled. Surgical dentistry is done in a different office than the ordinary dentistry, so I was asked again into another office. Here were two dentists, apparently the superior of others, who greeted me with "Come in, come in. We're always glad to get an extraction case." Which had an ominous ring to it, but I assumed he meant that extractions always save

Frank Miyamoto  
July 20, 1942

a lot of bother. The two dentists sat around me addressing each other as "Doctor", inserting the title in every sentence. They were perhaps playing with the word, and yet they seemed to enjoy the sound of it. "Doctor, do you have a good bayonet in **your** stock of instruments. One with a long prong. I've broken mine." "How will this do, Doctor?" "Well, I've always used one with longer prongs, but how do you find these instruments that White and Flint put out?" "They're wonderful instruments, Doctor." etc. The two sounded like a pair of sportsmen comparing their goods, but neither were they unaware of my presence. So the tooth came out; indeed, a very efficient performance without much pain.

Tom came in shortly after my return home with word that Fleming had told us to go ahead with ~~our~~ plans of research. Our first assignment was to get several names of civic-minded persons in the community who could serve on a temporary school board to solve some of the difficult educational problems confronting the administration. We wandered up to 1808 to see whom we could find. Howard Imaseki, for example, would know a lot of people from the Valley region. We knew few in the ~~community~~ since our people are in Tanforan and Puyallup. Said Tom: "If this were a community composed of Tanforan and Puyallup people, we could sit down and write off fifteen names right here without bothering to inquire anywhere," which was true enough. I was feeling good because my tooth had been pulled out, and Michi had just come home, after complaining for several days that her hearing was reduced far below normal, with the news that Dr. Kambara had cleaned out her ears for her and her hearing now was as good as ever. "A great big lump of dirt and wax came out when they washed it out," she announced, and I suspected that the dust here must have clogged the canals of her ear.

A passing truck stopped for some women and a girl, and we hopped on as well. It's a bother to walk distances in the hot sun and dust here, and the transportation means are almost nil. Said one of the truck boys, referring

Frank Miyamoto  
July 20, 1942

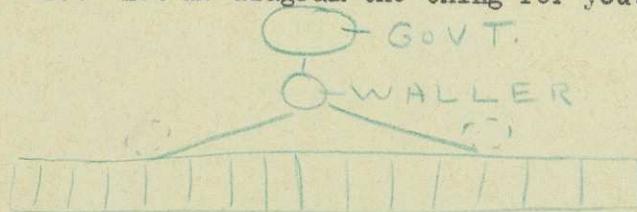
to the driver sitting beside the girl in the front seat, "I'll bet he'd drop her off at her door if she were prettier." Every now and then one is lucky enough to find a driver kind enough to stop and pick one up. We spent the afternoon nosing about the 1808 office.

This evening we had the Public Health Lecture scheduled at messhall 2400. I was afraid the turnout would be ~~pp~~ poor, so we gathered together our family for numerical support. My worst fears were realized, for at eight o'clock there were only four of us beside the speaker, including my sister, May, Michi, Dr. Francis, and myself. Dr. Carson was on hand to substitute for our nominal speaker Dr. Sleathe, who had already left the community. By 8:30 my other sister and her husband had appeared, as well as about eight others. I had reserved a messhall capable of filling two hundred persons, but I knew that the topic of public sanitation would not draw unless properly publicized. And yet, beyond having posters placed on bulletin boards in fifty different places, and having the announcement in the newspaper, I knew that block managers and persons in employment vitally connected with sanitation would have to be invited. Dr. Carson gave a very interesting discussion, one which attracted numerous queries from the audience, but it was a pity a larger audience could not have heard it.

Tule Lake Diary  
July 21, 1942  
Frank Miyamoto

Michi went to teach piano this morning, so I spent the time typing up interviews. I waited for her to get home so that we might go over to the store to buy something for the Jacoby's, some fruit which is about the only gift we can offer here, since they've been so good to us. Too late to make the trip by the time she returned.

Went out to 3001 to interview the community activity's personnel. Sam, Clara, Roy, and sometime Chie, were there to interview. The Nisei we interviewed today weren't particularly exciting, but the Issei were particularly interesting. Of the Issei, we started with Mr. Nakano who takes care of publicity and hikes among the adult group. At the outset, Mr. Nakano seemed reticent about talking. Particularly, when he was asked what criticism he had to offer of his fellow workers, he declared, "I can't criticize my fellow workers to you, even if I thought things about them." The inference was that as long as others worked with him, he had certain obligations to them, of which not criticizing them before others was one. We twisted the question around and inquired of his criticism of the whole organization. He then burst forth with a heated discussion of his views about the administrative set-up. "Oh, about the organization, I can say a lot. I have been thinking about this, and my opinion is this. Let me diagram the thing for you."



"You see, the government is at the top and hires Mr. Waller who stands between us and the government. Now, as things stand at present, Mr. Waller directs all the community activities program. He has no Japanese directors in between himself and us to supervise the work, and all the control is in his hands, but at the same time, none of us know what we're supposed to do and we

get little or no supervision. What we need is a supervisor of recreational activities for the Issei, and one for the Nisei. But suppose we got two such supervisors, then Mr. Waller would no longer have any work to do since these supervisors could authorize all the program. I believe Mr. Waller is afraid to give us a supervisor because, if he did, he would no longer have a job.

"Another thing, Mr. Waller is unwilling to give us an Issei supervisor. His idea seems to be that we should have one person supervising who knows both Issei and Nisei, and have the Issei and Nisei serve on the same committees throughout the staff. But that's impossible because there are certain activities, like a shibai, goh and shogi, where the Nisei have no interest. On the other hand, the Nisei have their own interests which do not interest the Issei. Of course, there are many activities in which the Issei and Nisei could work together, as in some of the sports, but where there is a difference of interest, there should be a difference of supervision. I would say that there should be a difference of supervision. I would say that there should be an Issei leader and a Nisei leader. It's only now that the Nisei are beginning to understand this point which we have been insisting upon from the first. There has to be leadership, and without it, things are going to continue as disorganized as at the present."

"My interest or work here consists of publicity for the adult group and leading hikes. I am acting on Issei publicity because there has to be some way of communicating to the Issei group since there is no means at the present of doing so. I am sure that many of the Issei are interested in hikes. You see, there is so little to do around here that they like to get out once in a while and get a feeling of being free. Anyone would feel that way here."

"My experience is in work with the Prefectural Youth Association. The organization is like a kenjinkai except that it has to do primarily with youths. I held several offices in these associations, and organized such activities as shibai and oratorical contests. I was a member of the JACL too, but due to my

lack of English speaking ability, I have not held office.

Shibata Interview

"I tell you, ther's no use talking. What you going to do, even if I told you anything. You can't do anything. All of us are just suppressed from the top, and the only thing we can do is to try to make the best of the situation, living as happily together as we possibly can." (I asked him to say something, then, about how we might live happily together. This gentleman was almost belligerent in his approach, and fefused to speak.) I have no ideas to offer as to how we might improve relationships here. Just try all kinds of things and we may get to the point where the worst points are weeded out. There's no use talking."

"My work has to do with goh, shogi, sumo, and anything that the Issei group works on." (Our informant began to warm to the interview as he talked about his work.) "I have some complaints to make about our facilities for carrying on some of these activities. If we're going to have sumo matches, there are certain things that have to be had. You have to have sake. Ever hear of a sumo match without sake? Sake is the purest thing on earth, along with salt; all the gods drank sake. And in sumo you can't even begin the matches without at least a small tumblerful of sake. All we ask is just a little bit. Besides, sumo is something in which large numbers participate, sixty or seventy persons. You have to have a banquet for the participant. All these things are a part of the custom, and when you take asay the normal customs, the sumo match no longer means very much."

"The administration refuses to give us donations. But there has to be some prize when the wrestlers have a match. At the 4th of July tournament, the local store donated some tools, but there have to be more prizes, and the administration won't give them to us. Of course, you can't ask the people to donate; that wouldn't be right. But the administration should have some system whereby they donate something to these tournaments. You can't do away with

Frank Miyamoto  
July 21, 1942

all the usual practices in something as traditional as the sumo, and make it seem real. The banquet isn't a problem. The cooks here are all to glad to help. The banquet~~s~~ isn't a problem. The cooks here are all to glad to help. We don't even have to ask them, but they'll fix something for us and contribute to us. They're interested enough themselves to do that much."

"I also take care of the table games like goh and shogi. Yes, my experience there goes back at least twenty years. I've played the games for a long time. You don't have to worry about equipment there. Every one of the adults have their own equipment, and there are plenty of these game boards around the camp. All we need is a place for them to play, especially when the weather gets colder. The Issei have nothing else to do around here, so we're likely to spend a lot of time playing these games."

"Well, that's enough. I've talked enough. There's no use talking anyway. Just try to be happy as best you can. Get yourself a nice little girl like Chie here, eh?" (The informant was a round-faced, fat though solid, belligerent-looking individual. He kept us interviewers constantly uncomfortable with his attitude of "What the hell you going to do.")

#### Nursery aides.

We continued our interviews with several nursery aides. Most of them had little to add beyond what we generally knew of the nursery situation. They had drifted into their work because they thought they might like to work with children. Some had had experience handling children in white families that employed them, and others in Sunday Schools. Main inadequacy which they felt was lack of facilities. No tables, benches, blackboards, paper, etc. They had no clear-cut idea of what they would do~~s~~ even if they had such facilities. The absence of training among them was clearly noticeable, and there was lack of ingenuity in handling and understanding children, by and large.

#### Yamamoto interview

He had come in a little early ~~at~~/~~the~~ and had been sitting in the room

Frank Miyamoto  
July 21, 1942

listening to the foregoing discussion.

"I'm glad you're having these interviews. The trouble with this administration is that they haven't any organization, and they use incompetent persons and leave out those that are competent. Those two girls who were here a minute ago are taking care of our children in the nurseries, but how much do they know about taking care of children. Their ~~it's~~ lack of training is amazing. Do you suppose that parent care to have their children handled by youngsters like that who have no understanding at all of their work. And yet there are persons here who are well-trained and competent in such work, but they are not being used."

"The trouble goes back to Walerga. There they had a ruling that only Japanese could be spoken in the nurseries and schools. The schools were getting along poorly. Then because of the lack of teachers, they brought in others like Miss ?, who although she doesn't speak English very much, has had much training in handling large groups of children. The attendance jumped way up because the parents knew ~~that~~ that their children were now in good hands."

"Here, the ~~ad~~ administration has selected out a few persons to care for the nurseries, and they leave out all the experienced and qualified ones. They have the idea that ability to speak English is important, but the parents are more concerned that their children get the right kind of care. I won't send my children to the nurseries here as long as the staff is composed of people like those you just interviewed. The administration should base their choice of workers on qualification and experience, but the least competent have the best positions. (Roy Teshima tells me that this informant, though working with the Issei recreation group, doesn't contribute much.)"

My work is ~~to~~ with the table games. I take care of things like karuta (Japanese card game), hand (Japanese gambling cards), mah jong, Chinese checkers. I also help Mr. Shibata in handling goh and shogi, but I have never played these games myself. My idea is that we could have tournaments for these games.

Frank Miyamoto  
July 21, 1942

For example, I also help in ping pong, but my idea is that each ward should have a match play off. Or if you had a mah jong tournament, you could score for each person. Then, I'd like to chart these scores on a large board where everyone can see it, and make one line for each participant showing how he advances or goes down from week to week. That would create interest in the games because everyone wants to keep his score up."

"Softball is another game that the Issei could play, but as things are now, the Nisei monopolize the game, and the Issei can't play. At Walerga there were a number of fellows like myself who like baseball and play the game. But here, what do we have. If the older folks want to play they can't get into the leagues, so they play with little children, and play easy and lose so that the children will be happy. Or they have to play among themselves. But that's not interesting. There should be a place in the league for an Issei or Kibei team where these men could play with their equals."

"My interest in table games started back home. I was interested in cards, and played a bit after that. I think these games have a great recreational value, especially when winter comes and we can't play outdoors."

Tom heard this afternoon that we had received definite assignment to the job of community research. Mr. Fleming's first request was that we line up several names of individuals in the community who are leaders in educational activity, representative from the standpoint of age, background, and region, and turn these names in to him by Wednesday morning. This is a sudden assignment. I went ~~to~~ down to the Ad building to run through the card catalogue of residents for names. It's the only place one can find the addresses of persons here. The Ad building was quiet, with only a few persons working. Having got a list of names I was about to look up several, though not knowing where to begin, when Harry Mayeda came along. He was on his way to see Rev. Tanabe, whom I wished to see also, so we drove up to his home together. Shig Tanabe was out, but his wife was home looking after her child so I talked to her.

Frank Miyamoto  
July 21, 1942

"Well, I don't know who would be interested in serving on an education committee, or would do well in such a capacity. How about Mae Sato, she's very good, and she's ~~been~~ been in that type of activity in her home town. Dave Okada would be good in that capacity. No, I don't think I would do. You'd better get Shig. Well, I'll think about it. Of course, Shig is pretty busy, and has a meeting tomorrow night which would conflict. Shig knows most of the people, too, so you'd better ask him about some of these people. Oh, are the Murayamas here. Why, I didn't know that. Of course, I know them; haven't seen them for a long time. I'd like to get into something though. I'm trained in social work, you know, and worked with the Family Society in Tacoma. The community needs a lot of experienced social workers, but Gil (their son) has to be watched."

Just then, Shig Tanabe came along with a friend, and he invited us in. Mrs. Tanabe and I had been sitting outside in their camp chairs. The dusk had crept up on us while we were talking, and the mosquitoes seemed to increase with gathering darkness. We brought our chairs inside, but, if anything, the mosquitoes were even worse in the lamp-lighted room. We sat there chatting and swatting mosquitoes. The room was one of those still without ceiling and wall-boards. On first appearance, the room seemed disorganized, with Shig's desk and shelf of books in the far end, Gil's toys tossed about on the floor in one corner, and laundry just brought in before I arrived left in a pile on a steamer trunk covered with an army blanket. But the Tanabes had strung a long rope across part of the room with a dull crimson curtain hanging the width of the room on it. Within, I could see that their bed was neatly made with a fine-looking spread stretched tightly on it. Gil's little army cot seemed less attractive, but was partitioned off from his parent's by another curtain in the opposite direction. There must have been a closet behind these curtains, and possibly a kind of kitchen.

Shig's friend left shortly. But the conversation shifted to matters

which apparently were on Shig and his wife's mind.

"The little boy in our block who's been sick was taken to the hospital today." Mrs. Tanabe was speaking to her husband, but partially relating the story to me. "One young boy died today of meningitis. I don't know whether it was spinal or cerebral or what. I'm sure it was meningitis because the woman who told me of it said it was no-makuen." She looked it up in a dictionary to confirm the term. "Some kinds of meningitis are not contagious, are they? But ~~most~~ most varieties are horrible." Mr. Tanabe: "I think there are some that aren't contagious." He showed some knowledge about this point. Mrs. Tanabe: "Well, this boy who was taken to the hospital today has been sick for a week, but his mother didn't want to take him to the hospital because she thought the thing would cure itself. A doctor who happened by saw the little boy and didn't like his looks so he had him sent to the hospital. Why, the boy couldn't even bend his head down so that it would touch his upper chest. (She acted out his inability.) I wonder where the first boy that died of meningitis lived. This woman who is the mother of the boy works in the messhall kitchen and handles food all day. Her husband is the head cook. I'm almost afraid for us to go to the messhall." Mr. Tanabe: "We'll have to watch Gil. Can't have him playing around too much. To think that this block had a meeting, quite a gathering, tonight, too. Suppose the epidemic takes hold."

I had at first been uncertain as to whether theirs was a professional interest and concern for the family of the sick boy, or not, but rapidly came to the realization that the Tanabe's were concerned about their ~~own~~ own welfare with the dubious case so close to home. They were particularly concerned about Gil, and related stories of how their friends' children had died of other similar illnesses. I was ten o'clock and time for the evening news broadcast.

Mrs. Tanabe: "Did you hear about Mare Island being bombed? Somebody told me, but I can't tell whether to believe it or not." Mr. Tanabe: "I heard about it. (Both had a concerned look on their faces). "Try the radio." But

Frank Miyamoto  
July 21, 1942

the Richfield Reporter had already been on five minutes, and no mention was made of the bombing. "The important news usually comes at the first on these reports. Perhaps we missed it."

Shig started quizzing me then about my own work. I had wanted to ask him questions, but he made me uncomfortable asking about my own work since it wasso indefinite, and I didn't know how to tell him without revealing too much. But it transpired that he was interested in my work because of his concern with himself.

"You know, the WRA has ruled that ministers have to work like the rest of the people. There's no paid position for a minister, and we can only serve in t at capacity as something apart from our daily work." (I expressed surprise to hear this, and strongly supported his case. If this were to be a normal community, it seemed to me that the minister should have his place as a worker.) "Well, the policy is that the government and the church should be separated. Of course, we like to have it that way, but because the government administers this community, they've done away with ministers as ~~pa~~ paid workers in this community."

"I've been interested in personnel work. It seems to me that something could be done here along that line. I don't mean just the ordinary type of personnel work; in fact, I don't know just what to call it, but there are a lot of persons here who don't understand what the government's trying to do, and have maladjustments that need straightening out." (I suggested to him the work of Elton Mayo at Western Electric, and he replied that that was what he meant. When I mentioned Mr. Fleming's interest in somewhat similar work, Shig seemed quite interested.) "Don't you think that there are a lot of people here who have atomistic interests? They can't see themselves as a part of a community. Each individual wants to go his ~~wo~~ own way without regard for his fellows. This society seems very atomistic to me. There's no cohesion. I wonder if som thing can't be done to make all the people pull more together. They're

Frank Miyamoto  
July 21, 1942

only cutting their own throats and interfering with their personal welfare as things are now. I'd like to see some kind of personnel work that would make people see more clearly what's happening to them."

When I arose to leave, Shig seemed to regret that I couldn't stay to talk longer about the matter. Tanabe is torn between his desire to help the people, and his concern for his own family and the need to support them. I would judge that, as a minister, he hasn't saved much on which to live without an income here. He must worry about finances, but he also wants to continue the religious work, for he seems to believe in his religion.

Tule Lake Diary  
Frank Miyamoto  
July 22, 1942

Turned in my report of names to Mr. Fleming, but I also received word that Mr. Shirrell wants Tom and I to work with Information rather than in Community Services. We must see Mr. Dean when ~~he~~ he arrives, for Mr. Goss, the Public Relations Man, has left.

Tom, Koso, and I were to meet Mr. Frank Smith about the Forum problem. The topic for next Monday is "Would the Community Benefit from the Uniform Wage Policy", and Smith, Koso and I are to discuss it, with Tom as moderator. We spent half the morning waiting to see Mr. Smith, and when we finally reached him, we talked about everything but the Forum, at least, Mr. Smith did. The latter has a habit of picking up every thread in a conversation and wandering off into digressions.

Mr. Smith: "I make it a point to pick up persons when they're walking. Of course, sometimes I have a load of typewriters or something, but if I should pass any of you up on such an occasion, I hope you'll realize that I'm not just passing you up. Well, I've talked to a lot of people that way, and almost everyone agreed that a uniform plan of wages would be fairest. I talked to a doctor, and though he gets professional wages, he felt the same way. I think it's wonderful. It shows that people here want to do the thing that will serve the community as a whole best."

Koso and I pointed out that there is a large portion of the camp who think otherwise, especially among the Issei. Mr. Smith admitted that those he talked to were largely Nisei. From one digression to another, Mr. Smith wandered on revealing his philosophy of life. He apparently has been kept at his desk rather strenuously for the past several weeks for he mentioned that it's been a long time since he's had a chance to talk as he has today. He mentioned the virtues of the Japanese workers he has, the opportunities that lie ahead for them, the injustices that have been done the Nisei in the pre-

Frank Miyamoto  
July 22, 1942

sent situation, etc.

Michi and Tomi were at the Jacoby's all day today taking care of Jacoby's boy while Mrs. J. went shopping. But she more than compensates by getting us things we need which we can't get at our store, and inviting us to have our lunch in her home while she is away. I almost feel we take too much advantage of the Jacobys, for they go out of their way to be kind to us. The relationship seems natural by contrast with some of the strained formalities with other white administrators. If everyone in camp were to become acquainted with the administrative staff in this way, the misunderstandings cropping up would readily be dissolved to a large degree, but this is impossible to achieve. The problem remains of getting enough communication up and down so that full understanding exists.

Tule Lake Diary  
Frank Miyamoto  
July 29, 1942

I spent the morning writing, while Michi went to teach piano. She came home before noon and suddenly produced a gift box, a birthday present for me. It was a copper ash tray and cigarette container, a very good-looking gift. She had had the gift bought by Mrs. Jacoby the day we went to care for the baby at her home, and Michi had asked her to keep it at her home because she feared I might come across it if it were left in this small room. A girl, I recognized her as from the store, came to talk to Michi, and she mysteriously went outside, some distance from the door, to carry on the conversation. I can't understand all the mystery. I thought the girl must be interested in music, and inquiring about it to Michi.

The secretary to Mr. Cook, supervisor of information, came in today to inquire about my job status. I had been seeking Mr. Dean about during the past week, but this girl tells me that I had been assigned, and that I should have been on the job. But that was not the way I'd understood the discussion with Miss Bogarad, Mr. Fleming's secretary, for the assignment was pending my discussion with Mr. Dean and Mr. Bates. I dashed down with her to the Ad bldg. and found ~~in~~ that I'd been assigned the ~~Thursday~~ before. Mr. Cook seems an able newspaper man, though one gets the impression that he's not as keen as was Mr. Goss. Mr. Cook is very cordial, but he's much more wrapped up in himself than was Mr. Goss, and doesn't observe externally quite as well as the latter. We went up to 1208, employment office, which we had a little trouble finding due to the complexity of house numbering system here, and got my definite assignment. Cook drives us all over the place, very cordial in that sense.

Spent the afternoon with the Recreation classification committee. Sat out on the shady side of the music building to carry on our discussion because it's too warm inside the meeting room. Two problems of discussion keep cropping up, (1) what to do in the classification of Issei, and (2) how we may or-

Frank Miyamoto  
July 29, 1942

ganize the community for recreation on a ward basis. Sam, Chie, Roy, Jobu, Clara, and myself, present. We talked at a leisure rate for the afternoon was warm and it was pleasant just quietly sitting. Yet the discussion was serious and on the point. The question opened, What should we do with the Fine Art's group? Do they need a head over the whole department, or is each department of fine arts capable of handling their own problems. Pearl Mayeda of the dance group happened by so we inquired of her whether she desired a supervisor over the fine arts department, and a leader appointed for the dance group. Her reaction was that the group was getting along all right as things were, and it was preferable to elect a president or chairman of the dance group, as they had been doing, rather than to appoint a person.

Chie is recreational leader over music, and in crafts. In consequence, we were somewhat confused as to whether fine arts and craft go together in the local organization, or whether they are distinct groups. The source of the confusion was that Ted Waller appointed Chie a recreational leader and then gave her all kinds of responsibilities none of which were necessarily related. The whole organization of community activities (recreation) has gone ahead in that manner, growing without direction or system, and the general thought is that Waller is responsible for this present state of affairs. Most leaders apparently don't know what their sphere of responsibilities is and their work shows something of the aimlessness of the department head. Most of them are disgusted, and are demanding some kind of organization of responsibilities. Chie thus is head of music and of crafts, though they are not related, but she has nothing to with the other fine arts.

The question arose concerning the relation of such crafts as needlecraft, sewing, etc., to ward leadership. There is a growing concensus among us that there is need for ward leadership, especially now since the community has grown to such unwieldy proportions as to make a community-wide control almost impossible. The matter, however, was not clarified, for the feeling prevails among

those incumbent, that there should be direct line of control between the community supervisor of crafts and the ward groups of craft organizations.

There is also the old problem of how the control is to be handled between Issei and Nisei. Nothing definitive coming out of our discussions. Roy tells me that most of the Kibei have a feeling Japan is going to win the war and that their future lies in Japan. He ~~also~~ also mentions that the Issei are about as discouraged about their situation here as any group in the settlement, for they had spent their lifetime trying to build up their life in America, and it is a terrible blow to them that all that is now taken away. It is different from the attitude of a young man, for his hopes still lie with the future, but the Issei have lived their life already, and all they desired was to live on the glory of what they had accomplished. They have only an empty feeling about them. Under these conditions, it would seem desirable to give the Issei some place within the community where they may enjoy themselves, but to set up a separate category of Issei recreation seems open to question.

This evening I was wondering what I should do, whether we should visit some people from whom I might get information, or stay at home and work. I had started the reading of the galley proofs on my article for the ~~N~~ ANNALS with Michi helping me when people suddenly started bursting in on us. ~~My~~ and ~~My~~ mother suddenly turned up with birthday gifts of "zabuton" (cushion), shorts and socks, and Kaz came over bringing a sport shirt for a gift. They brought their chairs with them which made it immediately evident that others were coming. Tom and Tomi then arrived carrying a large bucket of something, and Kay and Keiko were not far behind. Each had a gift for me, Tom, Tomi and Haruo a pocketbook exposition on war, and Key and Keiko a fly swatter. I was indeed surprised, and everything was gay with much joking about my innocence throughout the day of all that was being planned behind my back.

Michi told us of the story of the girl who came in the morning whom I had found so mysterious. She was from the local store and it was she that

Frank Miyamoto  
July 29, 1942

Michi had ordered a cake fr m. But, it seems, birthday cakes have to be ordered at least two or three days ahead here to get the ~~order~~ back, and the girl was doubtful that a cake could be had since Michi had not ordered until Monday. A small birthday cake, the girl thought, might be had. But on this day it was discovered that the baker had brought with him nothing but two small ordinary chocolate cakes, and the girl feeling responsible for giving Michi the wrong steer on what might be available, had walked the distance of three or four blocks to inform her of the absence of a birthday cake. But the cake we had that evening was quite delicious, perhaps because we hadn't had any like it for some time, ever since leaving the city.

Michi, Keiko and Tomi gathered around our kitchen table and began mixing the drinks, (punch), and setting the table. Everything was much like a party at home, though much more informal. We sat around eating crackers and sliced cold meat, olives, potato chips, cake, and drinking punch. There was plenty of everything. The talk shifted from one thing to another. Haruo and Kay, who had had to work at the Ad Bldg until late, later came in. Haruo, in his humorous way, immediately started talking about paddling, and there was further joshing about this point, with threats and counter-threats. This sort of thing went on all evening.

Tule Lake Diary  
Frank Miyamoto  
August 3, 1942

Report requested of the Classification Committee this morning to the Community Activities program. Somehow, I got the idea the committee was meeting at 9:00 a.m., but it turned out the meeting was at 10:00, so I walked all the way ~~back~~ home again to better prepare my discussion.

The whole community activities staff was gathered at the library for the meeting, and only a few who were working at the time or were "small fry" were absent. There must have been sixty or seventy present. Ted Waller brought along Mr. Sherrill, but he only stopped to give a brief word of greeting and left. Mr. Sherrill rarely remains with the community people for more than a few minutes at a time, it seems, though he does make a special effort to sit in with their groups as much as possible. One has a feeling, however, of increasing distance between the administrative heads and the people as the community has grown larger, until the administrative head now seems a person extremely distant to us. A Miss Cleo Watson, representing the YWCA of San Francisco, and some other individual, were presented to us. Ted Waller gave a few announcements before turning the meeting over to Sam Takegishi, chairman of our committee, who proceeded to introduce me.

(See report of the Classification Committee on August 3.)

I talked in detail about the diagram of the community activities organization for about an hour touching upon some of the main problems that had confronted us in our own discussions. Questions arose from the floor about several points. Wilbur Takegishi inquired whether junior activities was considered apart from ~~athletics~~ athletics, to which I replied that it was, but that an athletics program might well be carried under the j.a. program. Kumeo Yoshinari, who at one time submitted a proposed report on ward organization and who must have felt that he deserved recognition on the point since I did

Frank Miyamoto  
August 3, 1942

not mention his report (or anyone elses), inquired about the ward organization. Said he, "You've mentioned that the ward leaders are not to have a staff under them. Considering the importance of their job it seems to me that a staff is necessary, and that voluntary workers such as you suggest will not be sufficient." Perhaps I should have mentioned his name in my talk in this connection, especially since the Pinedale group as a whole have felt that they have not received due recognition for such things as they might contribute to the community activities program here, but if I had mentioned him, I should have mentioned a dozen other names of persons who had helped us. I replied to Kumeo that we had considered that point, but (1) it was impossible at the present to appoint a full staff to the wards, (2) Many of the existing staff could be called on for ward activities, and (3) we did not wish to crystallize the structure as yet since we were not sure just how the organization would work. Kumeo seemed satisfied with that.

On finishing my discussion, the question was raised as to how soon this plan was to be put into effect. Ted Shigeno felt that now was as good a time as any. The organization seemed pretty good to him, and he saw no reason for continuing the drifting condition that had prevailed. Another felt that no system was perfect and the only way to find out its imperfections is to try it out. Hence, he was for trying it immediately. But others wished to discuss the structure with the committee, as suggested by Waller, and that was the decision finally accepted. An important reason for it was that the interviews were not yet complete, and job classifications could not yet be finished. The matter of pay was here involved and it was felt a more thorough interview was necessary before any final classification be made.

In the afternoon I walked with Michi over to 1102-C to see the head cook of messhall 1120. The head cook was a very nice Issei, and perhaps because Michi talks a proper Japanese, she seemed to impress him favorably. There seems to be considerable difference among cooks as to their willingness to co-

Frank Miyamoto  
August 3, 1942

operate on matters like these. We have tried about four different messhalls since the beginning of the record concerts, and some persons, we find, are very cordial and willing to cooperate while others take an attitude of irritation at such requests. Past experience in which groups have failed to treat the cooks properly seems to have much to do with these attitudes.

I went to see Miss Bowneck of the occupational survey. The interview hall at 2308 was crowded with interviewers and interviewees. The reception girl was very cordial and introduced me to Miss Bowneck's secretary, Miss Kawasaki. Miss Bowneck was out so I waited chatting to various persons there. Miss Kawasaki seemed a pleasant sort with a keen interest in other persons. She ~~indeed~~ identified me as one of the recent Forum speakers, and immediately took a friendly inquiring attitude. She was glad to meet me, she said, because she's interested in such discussions. She wants to meet Shibutani, he's such a fine speaker. Interested in mathematics and in accounting, and though she only went through a business school in Sacramento, has hopes of studying accounting more so that she may get a better position later. She's not much on reading, but finds social problems and debates interesting. I went to talk with Yukio Kumamoto, one of the interviewers who was resting at the moment. Yukio finds his job all right, but is getting tired of it because of the delicacy with which he has to treat his subjects. Some people, he declares, are very sensitive to giving out information about themselves, as for example, the young man this morning who came in and refused to give any accurate information. When the girl asked him his weight, she said, "54 pounds," so she put down 154 pounds. He took offense at that and walked out. Others, Yukio says, break down when you ask them certain questions that bring sentimental memories back to them, and start weeping. Had five or six such cases in sixty or seventy interviews, and happens among Issei principally. But most persons cooperate well.

After a half hour wait, Miss Bowneck finally arrived, but she asked me

Frank Miyamoto  
August 3, 1942

to wait. Several of the supervisors of interview came up to ask her questions. All this took another half hour or more. She would then shuffle the papers on her desk apparently getting her business of the afternoon straight. Miss Bowneck struck me as a kind of little Napoleon--she almost looked like a female variety of him. Her words to ~~to~~ her assistants were blunt, almost irritatingly commanding, and she seemed the kind who wouldn't brook any interference of her own work. I stood close to her desk waiting, but she paid no attention to me. I almost received the impression of a person who delighted in showing her authority to others. A dust storm blew up, one of those that frequently blows down through the alley ways here, and created havoc in the interview hall by blowing clouds of dust into the room. Everyone dashed to close the windows, but by the time the windows were closed the dust was so thick within that it seemed worse than the outside. ~~People~~ People seem to resign themselves to this sort of thing now. I was irritated by the long wait and Miss Bowneck's attitude of obliviousness to my presence, and finally decided I should not wait any longer. I told the secretary I was leaving, and though she protested declaring she would see that I got to see the Head Woman, I suggested I would see her another time. However, as I was on my way out, a young man came running after me saying that Miss Bowneck wished to see me. After another wait of ten minutes, Miss Kawasaki pointed out my presence to Miss B. and I finally received my interview.

Once we started talking, however, Miss B. was extremely cordial and went out of her way to tell me about the survey. I felt that she was proud of the work she was doing and had been doing, and was glad to have me listen to it. A decided exhibitionist. The work was carefully planned and well-organized, at least in her mind though I questioned the ability of her staff, and she had all the plans and reports ready at hand. My interest was in the relation of present employment to past experience, but no information was available on present employment on this sheet. The purpose of the survey, she declared, was to find out what job experiences are available to the WRA program. Another

Frank Miyamoto  
August 3, 1942

six weeks, perhaps, would be required for the completion of the interviews, and several more for coding. Only about 5000 persons of 15000 had been interviewed. She showed me charts of the floor plan organization, diagrams of work flow, and reports of work progress.

Chie Aoki received notice that she must leave for Arkansas. Of course, she's very happy, for she's wanted leave for a long time to join her fiancée, Charles Nakata, private in the army at Camp Robinson. She could hardly contain herself as she came rushing up to Michi at supper table to announce the gay news. The conversation also turned to the question of who will replace her as chairman of the music department and of crafts.

Tule Lake Diary  
Frank Miyamoto  
August 4, 1942

Michi and I had a 10:00 a.m. appointment with the occupational census at 2308. She had left early to attend to her piano teaching, but met me there. Tom had warned us of the carelessness of the interviewers, especially of no. 6, and we were prepared to look for the worst. Our man was no. 5. But as the interview progressed, it was increasingly apparent that our man, while not a first rate census taker, was careful in noting all information. His chief shortcoming was a horrible lack of ability to spell, which might have been due to tiredness or to lack of poise. He was very cordial; quite nice looking. Perhaps the list of honoraries and honorariums held between Michi and myself impressed him; at least we liked to think so. The work was quite intense for the interviewer since he was continually writing at a rapid pace and took about half an hour for each interview. He would massage his fingers now and then.

Tom's report of interviewer no. 6 went something as follows: "When we came to the question of foreign languages, he completely skipped over it until I called his attention to it. I mentioned that I read French, and he put down that I also speak and write it ~~with~~ without raising further questions. I mentioned that I knew Latin, and he then asked whether I also speak it, and then decided for himself, 'Oh, well, Latin's a dead language, I guess you wouldn't speak it.' When it came to the schedule of past employment, I mentioned that I worked with Dorothy Thomas on some research, because I actually did, and the dope didn't want to put it down because he didn't consider what I'd done work. The guys a dope, that's all I've got to say for him."

Remembering Tom's comments, Michi, who sat closer to interviewer no. 6, watched him out of the corner of her eyes. She felt that she detected the same kind of carelessness which Tom had mentioned. She also mentioned that Yukio Kumamoto, whose background she knew from Seattle, was known for his carelessness about detailed points. But Michi was well pleased with our interviewer.

In order to get some letters into the afternoon mail, I walked down to

the post office, a good seven minute's walk, and then to the community store in the 700 block where is also located the bank. I met Michi there in accordance with pre-arrangement, and she was talking to Tom who had asked her to cash his check for him since the Shibutani's were out of funds but the line behind Michi was too long to wait for. Since the sun was hot and it was apparent it would take some time to go through the bank line which was waiting, I sent Michi home. The bank, a branch of the Tulelake Bank of America, opens only once or twice a week, and then only irregularly. My guess is that the Bank opened a branch here in anticipation of a good trade considering the large concentration of people here. But perhaps they hadn't taken into account the small income of this group, and the absence of enterprises requiring loans. In any case, the original schedule of bank day three times a week was changed to once a week. At one time, it was rumored about that the bank would not reopen due to lack of business, and there was a feeling that the bank had walked out after taking the best portion of deposits and finding no further income available. Their main business here is cashing checks of money orders, and little is done along the line of loans and deposits. But a long line usually forms for the cashing of checks, and usually requires some two hours to go through. The one cashier is kept extremely busy; perhaps it's not surprising that the banking firm feels they have a white elephant on their hands.

At 1:00 p.m. there were about seventy-five persons ahead of Michi; by 2:00 there were still some forty persons before me. It was uncomfortable and tiring waiting outside the bank door in the hot sun. The young fellow just behind me was from Auburn, Washington, so I picked up a conversation with him. He was working with the fire prevention crew, and had taken time off to cash a check. His fellow worker, an Issei, had told him to come around to his home whenever he was ready to go to work, so in the meantime the young fellow was going to cash his check on working time. He felt that most the Pinedale group had found jobs by now, and they were becoming accustomed to the place. This

Frank Miyamoto  
August 4, 1942

is quite in contrast to the initial maladjustment of the Pinedale group, in which they felt that all good jobs had already been taken, were resentful of the injustices in the situation, and declared that they preferred Pinedale to Tule Lake.

I reached the bank teller about 3:00 o'clock. Just then he decided that the bank would close, and eliminated from the line those who were standing outside the door. He handed out twenty four slips indicating the remaining number he would take for the afternoon; but there were quite a number outside who were cursing the fact that they were left out. Chie Aoki came in shortly before trying to cash her brother's check, which she needed since she was leaving to get married next Friday, and stood dismayed at the length of the line ahead of her. She was busy getting ready for the trip, and didn't have much time. I suggested she talk to Mr. Blodgett of Community Enterprises who was standing near by and indicate to him her problem. He fixed her up by cashing her check as a special case. But, on the whole, the bank is the only place one gets his checks cashed, which is a great inconvenience here. It cost me ten cents to withdraw from my \$200 deposit; something I've never before encountered. I felt they ~~the~~ were taking advantage of our situation, but there was nothing I could do.

Michi and I want to Tom's public speaking class this evening. We discussed the obligation of going in the afternoon. We felt we'd like to attend regularly if we had the time, for public speaking is something we should be trained in, but there's too much else to do. However, since Tom and Tomi have been good enough to come to the record concerts regularly, and they're our friends, we felt we must show up at least once in a while. I'm sure Tom would like to have us come, although he declared at first he didn't want us because we'd demoralize the class. But he didn't protest very strongly our joking request for attendance.

Tomi wasn't present this evening because Mrs. Jacoby had come over just after supper requesting Tomi's aid in caring for the baby this evening. Mrs. J. wished to attend the suki-yaki dinner being given for the visiting Rotar-

Frank Miyamoto  
August 4, 1942

ians from Klamath Falls at messhall 1520. Tomi had gone down with her knitting. Mrs. J. had asked for Michi also, but hearing that Michi was attending the p. s. class this evening, let the matter go. Mrs. J. brought flowers over later to Tomi in appreciation. As Michi and I entered 4508 where Tom's class was being held, we could see directly across the firebreak, the messhall where the reception of the Rotarians was taking place. Rows of cars were parked all around. We wondered if this were an all-Caucasian affair--the thought of such a special affair aroused a twinge of resentment in me, though, of course, I had no way of knowing then who was in attendance. I was sure the Japanese were helping to entertain, as they usually do.

Kay and Keiko Hisatomi were at Tom's class, but we knew none else. One Issei was present, and perhaps a couple of Kibei. The rest were young Nisei, among them three girls. About twelve in all, most of the students being rather retiring. The discussion today turned on diction with Tom pointing out some of the pitfalls of diction, and we reciting from a standard reading item which he presented us. The meeting broke up early due to the unpreparedness of two students to give their talks, as it apparently was originally planned.

Tule Lake Diary  
Frank Miyamoto  
August 5, 1942

Worked at home all morning. Michi came home to discuss the problems of the music department which has been upset by the incoming of the Pinedale group and the pending departure of Chie Aoki who, 'till now, has been a satisfactory chairman of the department.

Music Department The difficulties of the department began about July 25th after the arrival of the Pinedale group was completed. At the center of the intruding force was May Yoshimura, formerly of Seattle, who had been head of the music department down at Pinedale. First note of arising difficulties came about July 28. It seems May Yoshimura appeared at the recreation center accompanied by her husband, Tom Yoshimura, and cornered Waller, supervisor of community activities. Michi was there at the time, and though she didn't hear the discussion, she declared that May and Tom had Waller off to one corner talking to him intensly for almost an hour. The content of the discussion came to us later from Waller and Yasumura who informed the music department of what May's desires were.

It seems that ~~May~~ May Yoshimura immediately pointed out to Ted Waller that she would become a part of the music program here only on condition she was made chairman of the department. It appears that she pointed out to Waller the great success she had enjoyed with her department while in Pinedale where she had 750 pupils in the group. Lessons were taught in large X classes three times a week to each class. Dummy keyboards were used since there was only one piano available. Three pianos, incidentally, were bought by the Pinedale evacuees through contributions, and this became another point of disagreement since the question of its disposition here arose. Each pupil, she declares, had a chance to touch the piano during the week, though, to be sure, they had to be seated two at a time at the piano. There has been talk among the Pinedale group that they wished to be taught by the Krinke method, Mr. Krinke having been May's teacher in Seattle, and this seems to indicate the likelihood that May tried to sell the

Frank Miyamoto  
August 5, 1942

same idea to Mr. Waller.

Tom Yoshimura had a reputation in Seattle as an effeminate busybody always chasing after girls, who claimed to know much but showed an abysmal ignorance about most things. Tom had worked for years with the Sumitomo Bank in Seattle, and my friends who worked in the kaisha (Japanese corporation) offices invariably described him to me in this way. His reputation seemed unchanged for Jobu Yasumura, who had been an important person in Pinedale and was now working under Waller, warned the latter that he might encounter Tom and be marked out as a person to be worked upon. On this occasion, Tom apparently threw the works at Waller, claiming his wife to be the outstanding Japanese pianist of the Northwest, etc. Waller, being forewarned, apparently didn't react as Tom desired, for he later went to Jebu to question further Tom's character.

Michi's opinion of May Yoshimura's ability as a pianist played a significant part in this affair, for she was the only one who knew very much of May's background, having had some contact with her in Seattle, and since Michi was already established in the music group and accepted. Michi says of the latter, "I know what May's musicianship is like because I've attended her pupils' piano recitals several times. I've never thought much of her pupils' playing, and I'm sure May can't be much of a pianist either since she doesn't train her pupils any better than she does. In fact, she never could memorize enough pieces to perform before an audience, so she never had her own concerts. May once confessed to me that she admired her pupils' ability to play in recitals since ~~she~~ she herself was never able to play one piece. The girl is so tense, you can see it in her face, that I don't see how she could be a good musician, and she tries so hard to impress other people that I can't imagine her being sincere in her music. May claims on her occupational data sheet that she attended the University for one year, but I think that's a lie, or perhaps she took work by correspondence, for I can't remember her being around the University. I was

Frank Miyamoto  
August 5, 1942

there all through the years she was likely to be there so I'm sure I'd have known if she had attended."

Michi went on to tell of some things that Tom is reported to have done down at the administration building. "About the same day of his arrival, Tom went down to the ad. bldg. and cornered Mr. Niesse of the accounting department. He gave Mr. Niesse a big story about how he had worked in the Sumitomo Bank over ten years and how important his work was. He probably told him too that he went to the University; I think he took some extension work. He didn't get a job right away, but Tom kept hanging around the office. Mr. Shirrell got wind of some of the things that Tom had been trying to do, and it's reported that Mr. Shirrell was very angry about it.

Went down to the Ad Bldg. to see Mr. Cook, my boss, and to turn in a report. He wasn't there, so no new assignment. Morton Grodzins sent us records by mail, Beethoven's 5th Symphony, over which Michi was very happy. Every bit of parcel post, it seems, must be inspected by the office of Provost Marshal. Mits Nishio had the use of a car for the afternoon to get ready for this evening's picnic for Chie, so I got a lift home. Most persons are very good about picking up friends when they have a car handy. Started to fix mother's geta which she had been asking about for some time, and which I felt I should do something about since both Mother and May have been very helpful to us. I am torn between the necessity of not doing more for mother and May than for Michi, which is as it should be, and the need to help them out on some things. I didn't quite finish fixing the straps of the geta before we had to hurry off to the picnic for Chie which starts at 6:30.

Chie's picnic Since Chie is leaving for Arkansas to join her fiance in Camp Robertson, a party was started among a small group to give her a send off. I understood that it was to be limited to the music group at first, but by the time of the picnic day, the party included the whole recreation department. When we arrived about 6:35 p.m., there was a crowd of some sixty or seventy

Frank Miyamoto  
August 5, 1942

persons gathered, and Mits Nishio was calling off names off a list to check the persons going. I learned that we were to go the farm for the picnic and wiener roast, and since we were leaving the cantonnement, every person would have to be checked out by the armed guard at the gate. The trucks for transportation were late, but we finally were off on our way at 7:00. There were eight trucks and one roadster including about 96 persons. The only persons outside the department going on the picnic were Miss Robinson of the day nursery, Dave Okada and his wife (because Dave had served on the classification committee), John Fukuyama and myself (because our wives were on the staff), and one other unidentified Caucasian. There was a gay mood in all the trucks as we departed from 1808.

Just as we passed the gate going out onto the highway, numerous remarks were passed around that indicated the relief of our group at gaining a measure of freedom outside the barbed fences again. There was a general murmur: "Oh, we're outside now. Gee, it feels good to get out." Jobu Yasunura: "Ah, the air smells different out here." Myself, "Yeh, what is that strange smell." (joke) Dave Okada: "It does give a sense of relief, doesn't it?" There was much joking about this "new freedom." Hobu: "Say, let's stop somewhere to get some beer. There must be some place along the highway here." Girl: "There's a sign says chicken dinner at some inn one mile down; how about it?" Michi said: "Oh, there's a tree!" Chorus: "Where, where?" General craning of necks to see the tree. We joked along pointing out cows, horses, grass, stores, and all the things we hadn't seen within the cantonnement.

We lost our way out, that is, noone in our whole group seemed to know for sure where the turn-off for the farm road came on the highway. The confusion was righted very shortly, and we arrived at the farm, some seven or eight miles distance from the settlement. Later some army officers came to see our picnic, and Mrs. Waller joined them for a while; but when she returned Ted Waller said to his wife, "You didn't tell the Captain that we lost our way, did you?" She

Frank Miyamoto  
August 5, 1942

answered negatively. We hoped to see Tule Lake, but the lake apparently was on the other side of the huge farm from where we were, and all we could see was a broad expanse of cultivated land with the hills beyond. The farmhouse was a dilapidated small building, and the messhall was an open air shelter covered over with tule rush.

Everyone in our car made a quick dash for the tule grass thinking to bring them home for decoration. The idea seemed ambiguous to me for back home tule grass seemed so common to us we should hardly have considered it appropriate for home decoration, but I was right with the rest in the thick of the grass cutting the tule deep on the stem. Dusk came rapidly and time was short; our outdoor lunch seemed the paramount interest and several of the reliable persons of the recreation dept. went to work very soon. There were loads of food to dispose of, and comments were current that this was the best lunch they'd had in a long while, contrasting it with the standard menu in our messhalls. The wiener roast seemed to give especial delight to the people. There was much recalling of wiener roasts in the past under different circumstances. Late in the twilight and into the dark summer night we sat around the bonfire singing songs. There was a carefree mood, an absence of tension, created more by the removal from the close social life of the community, probably, than by the absence of a fenced in area. We felt ourselves one small closely-knit group, though many of us were strangers to each other, separated from the mass of humanity in the center. Even the army of mosquitoes that attacked us from the dark scarcely disturbed the mood. Chie, being the honored guest, was the center of attraction around the fireside. Impromptu wordings to popular songs were worked out to joke about or express our feelings on her leaving. Sometimes Chie turned her face away from the crowd and fire, perhaps to hide her feelings towards all her friends. We returned to the center about 11:00. Only the guard at the gate was awake around the administration buildings to check us back in.

There are to be no more picnics and hiking parties leaving on cars and

Frank Miyamoto  
August 5, 1942

trucks for there have been criticisms by the local white population of the evacuees using government trucks for pleasure purposes.

Diary:  
Farm Labor Strike  
August 15, 1942

17 p.

Miyamoto

Since almost two weeks ago, Haruo has been bemoaning the ~~at~~ lack of attention to the labor situation on the farm and predicting dire consequences if something drastic is not done to forestall it. His personal concern is that economic planning enter into problems of labor along with the rest of their planning, but Mr. Eastman has been loathe to let the technical staff in on it principally, it seems, because of Mr. Eastman's fear of running counter to his subordinate, Mr. Callam. Said Haruo yesterday, "One of the farm ~~supervisor~~ foremen came to Frank Sakada ~~yester~~ the other day and said, 'The boys are threatening to walk out if they don't get water on the farm by 2:00 o'clock (lack of drinking water)', but Sakada says to this foreman, 'They'll just walk back home if they want to quit.'" These guys don't seem to realize that this thing is more serious than that the boys will simply walk back home."

For the last couple of days, I have heard rumors that the farm gang were about to strike, or that they had struck already. This morning the explosion really occurred.

I went down to the office first thing in the morning, as is my usual practice, and heard from Cook's secretary that the farm boys had come to the square outside the placement office, ~~from~~ where they usually depart on trucks for the farm, but had refused to go. Said she, "I heard that one truck started to drive off to the farm, but an old man ran after the truck, grabbed hold of it, and almost got himself killed as the truck picked up speed. The people yelled at the driver, so he stopped. Nobody left for work this morning." This was about nine o'clock, when I heard of the strike, so I immediately left for the placement office.

near

On the streets, even/the 1200 block, everything seemed much as usual, with young fellows playing catch, and older folks talking. There were no signs to indicate anything unusual. But as soon as I turned the corner of the placement office, a large crowd of men came into sight, many in milling groups of ten to twenty, others talking intensely in groups of threes and fours, and the majority squatting in the shade of ~~the~~ barracks in sullen silence. One could hardly fail to sense the electric atmosphere which pervaded the area. The main discussion went on in a large group gathered about two foremen talking to members of the administrative staff in front of a laundry room.

I joined this main group, but the conversation was in too low a voice to hear so I moved on to another group. I moved with a good bit of self-consciousness, for I wondered if these men might not take me for an outsider or even worse, an informer, and I knew they were ready to deal with any snoopers. There were ten to fifteen men in the second group which I joined, and they were almost without exception Issei. The group was talking to a Nisei intermediary, a man of about thirty seven who spoke Japanese fairly well though not with complete ease. He was saying: "You see, we have to do these things in proper order. Right now there is a committee of your men going around from messhall to messhall trying

to find out what caused the food shortage at breakfast this morning." We have to find out the facts before we can talk about these things. In the meanwhile we'll get a committee of men to talk over this thing with the administration, and then we can perhaps have an open meetings, say at the outdoor platform." One of the workers, "It's well enough to say these things have to be done in order, but we've been asking for them for along time. It's not only the food; we have to have clothing and shoes, and we get dirty on the farm so we need soap with which to wash our clothes. We were promised these things two weeks ago, but we haven't received one thing of them. How long are we supposed to wait." Mediator: "But that's why I say we have to wait, to find out the facts so that we can present them to the administration. But you won't have to wait long because we're finding out about them today and some announcement will be made as to how these problems will be disposed." The arguments of this young man were not entirely convincing although the crowd did not seem to take offense at him. Another young fellow, a kibei, spoke with considerable vigor as a mediator and seemed to command the attention of his small audience much better. Said he, "Our construction crews are striking also. But we are asking that those on the job of putting up plaster boards in the homes stay at their work until the apartment they are working on is finished. You can't ask them to walk out immediately, for that affects the Japanese themselves. We must consider the feelings of those whose hopes would be left half finished, for such a thing would cause much inconvenience. If we were working on white peoples homes, I would tell the workers to quit immediately, but they're working on your own people's homes, and it wouldn't be fair to call them off before they finish the apartment they're working on. It won't be more than half an hour before everyone walks off." There was some dissension with some of the crowd taking the view that since the strike is for the benefit of the whole community, that the few who suffers should take the inconvenience accordingly. This view came especially from a Nisei. But most of the crowd accepted the view in silence. Said the kibei, "I agree with the other speaker that we have to settle this matter in order. All of us are grumbling about our problems to be sure, but we have to get the facts so we can confront the authorities with a cast-iron argument. We must impress on the whites why we are making the demands that we are. The matter shall be settled this afternoon."

Some of the men and the two mediators drifted off. A small group remained. An Issei farm workers "This is something that concerns the whole community, especially the matter about food. We should thrash out every point in an open meeting. The whites are making fools of us, and we'll never get anywhere unless we squak long and loud enough. We must settle everything once and for all. Otherwise, we'll continue to get stepped on the way we have, and all manner of advantage will be taken of our situation." General agreement prevailed that the whole thing should be brought out in the open. Another worker declared: "Of course, the white administrators don't want this thing brought out too much in the open. They'll be inconvenienced by an open discussion of the problem.

But our inconvenience is even greater. We have to do without things everyday that we need right away." This was said in a very angry tone in response to a comment of one of the mediators that the white staff didn't wish to have this thing too much broadcast because of inconveniences that might arise. What was referred to here was probably the white staff's fear that the noising about of such matters in the American public could bring serious consequences to the administration of the Project, but this was not openly stated and was probably not understood.

Worker: "There are a few individuals in this community who are trying to gain high seats. They use others as stepping stones to these high seats. We must be on the lookout for such individuals, and rid them from our group. You know, of course, that the man who gave the ahodarakyo (Satirical monologue) the other day has been interned." This statement brought forth surprise, and anger. The reference was to the serious problem that had arisen in the recreation department because certain un-American statements were alleged to have been made in the satirical monologue. The crowd responded with anger, rather than fear, that one of their members had been removed for what they considered a relatively trivial matter. The worker continued, "Someone informed the authorities here about that satirical monologue. We know who was the informer. I say that we should beat up such scoundrels; do away with them." Vigorous agreement on this proposition arose from the crowd. "Sure, we should beat up such fellows so he'll never squeal again," they urged.

Another worker continued, "We have a bunch of Nisei down in the administration building who are trying to run things here, but the stupid fools don't know what they're about. All they know is how to bootlick the whites and raise their own positions. We can't trust such persons. We have to look out for our own interests." Another: "The Kibei are the same way. Some of them think they know a little Japanese so they try to tell us what to do." But another remarked, "I know one young fellow who has had considerable education in Japan, and also has graduated from the University of California. He is now trying to organize a CIO union in this camp. We should enlist the aid of such fellows as that who understand our point of view but can approach the white administrators."

This discussion continued in this vein from one speaker to another until the crowd finally broke up. A general crowd phenomenon prevailed. A speaker would introduce an idea and hold the stage. Then another, as frequently as not one who stood in the rear of the audience, would speak forth and move into the center of the crowd. Speakers generally held their audience in intense silence, though differences in ability to address the crowd made considerable difference. Very frequently the transition from one speaker to another was disconnected, though it didn't seem to distract the persons there. Most of the speakers were waiting to get their word in, fairly exploding to do so, and poured forth their grievance when they had the floor. Dramatic points caught hold

with a dangerous degree of suggestibility. The crowd was ready to break loose in mob violence had the occasion presented itself, for the reinforcement of numbers was clearly apparent. The discussion moved forward swiftly, with scarcely a questioning of any points made except where it was directly contrary to what was uppermost in their minds, to get their demands.

I moved to another group of Issei listening to some farm foremen. The latter were talking in a low voice and could not be heard on the rim of the large crowd. The people on the rim were ~~at~~ heatedly talking among themselves. One young Kibei rushed up and started loudly voicing his view. "The trouble is there's a guy down in the administration handling the messhalls who should be kicked out. We had the same man for messhall superintendent in Walerga, and he was a "bitch" if there ever was one. He's been in the office for the last three days. No wonder we don't get enough to eat now. We have to get that guy out of there." Others spread further rumors about this mess superintendent and his corruption and inefficiency. (The fact is, according to Mr. Shirrell, by some error provision for the month of July had been only for 11,000 population, whereas the actual population increased to 15,000 by the middle of July with the incoming of Pinedale. The insufficiency was being felt now because the reserve had been used up. Sugar, for instance, was due in this evening. This was announced in Tuesday's Council meeting, but was not generally known. The belief in this crowd was that the lack of food was due to graft.)

In another place, a construction crew was carrying on an argument with the white foreman. Said a Nisei leader of the group, "How come the farmers have been paid off for the month of June and we haven't. They made their demands so they got what they wanted. Why can't we get what's coming to us?" The white foreman, ~~and~~ a lean lanky man with a nervously twitching mouth, looked out of wary anxious eyes as he answered. "Well, when I was working with the WPA, we were sometimes several months behind in our pay. You have to realize that the government can't pay off at any time as private business can. You'll get your pay sooner or later if you're patient." The Nisei leader replied, "Yeh, but the farmers got their June pay already. They paid 'em off out at the farm just the other day. They didn't even have to get their pay tags; the foremen merely checked them off their own list as they came up. Why can't we get paid off that way." There was loud confirmation of the fact that the farmers had been paid off. "You're sure of that? Well, I don't know how to explain that. I'll have to check with the office on it." The crowd broke up.

I ran into Harno and Kay about this time. They were looking around, very much concerned about the whole problem. A general announcement was about to be made from the steps of the laundry room. The crowd all started to move in that direction. A truck that had gone out with one member of the committee of inquiry returned just at that moment. It came rolling up in a cloud of dust to the doorway of the laundry room, which apparently was temporary headquarters for the farm foremen. The driver unthinkingly left his truck parked there. An Issei shouted from the crowd, "Get

the truck out of here." The single command was enough. The driver, without another hint, drove right out and out of sight. It was easy to sense the tense mood of the whole group.

The Kibei foreman of the farm construction crews spoke from the steps. He spoke clearly and with a commanding air, though he was careful not to misplace the Japanese honorifics. "We are going to ask you to go home this morning. There will be no work today. (This was about 11:00 a.m.) In the meantime, the foremen are getting together to make a careful inquiry into the food situation. As soon as they make their conclusions, they will meet with the administration. This afternoon we shall have a general meeting, perhaps out on the outdoor field with loudspeaker, in which we shall ask the administrative staff to have its representative present. You will be notified by block managers. In the meantime, please go home and have a good rest. We shall do our best to get everything straightened out." This seemed to satisfy the workers; there was a general applause. A few, however, quickly noted a point that had been left out, and rushed to the front to confront the foremen. "This isn't a question of food alone," they declared, "we want everything settled, about our pay, clothing, shoes, soap, and so on." But the crowd broke up, and there were shortly only a few straggling remnants of the crowd left. There were remarks that this was a general community problem, and everyone should be allowed to enter into the discussion.

Analysis: The dissatisfaction of the farmers had, apparently, been brooding for some considerable time, but no adequate attention had been given it. Harno had been warning us of it for at least two weeks. Only the day before he mentioned to me that the administration had promised the workers on the farm too much. Hayes had said they would get their pay, shoes and clothing, and messhall, by the 15th. But this was clearly an impossible promise. Harno's belief was that it was unnecessary to promise as much. The tension that was accumulating can be noted in the fact that some of the workers were taking to fisticuffs to settle their differences during the past week. The strike was pending for some time. It was understood that the farmers would quit work on the 15th if they did not get their demands. But the explosion came on the morning of the 15th instead, principally over the question of inadequate food. This was indeed a fact, for our own breakfasts were far from satisfying, and we were hungry by ten in the morning.

The imagery which this strike crowd had developed was of the white administrators as "devils", or more correctly, "conceited stupid superiors" running the lives of Japanese. The Japanese, on the other hand, were the butt. Hence, the conflict in their minds is Whites vs. Japanese. Their decision at this time was, we won't take any more from the whites. The WRA administrative staff, thus, was lumped with all the rest of the white world. The failure in this instance was clearly that they had lost personal contact with the personnel of the administration, except in their work situation which was unsatisfactory and strained, and could no longer see the administrators as human beings. Mutual distrust existed, with no basis of common understanding and communication whereby to alleviate the differences.

Rumors were rampant. Stories that fit their own ideas, if told with any degree of convincigness, were accepted without question. And the interstimulation of the crowd ~~an~~ intensified what grievances each person held.

Prestige and self-respect or self pride were important factors involved. The whites were making fools of the Japanese; the Japanese should not stand for it. Japanese sensitivity on such points as these gave this crowd an explosive character. One may predict that Japanese crowds, when disgruntled to the extent this one was, are easily turned to violence. This is especially true among the farming group where educational background is low.

Most of those who were agitating were Issei. Although Nisei were among those present, the dominance of the Japanese language in all discussions indicated the group to whom the discussion was principally addressed.

Farm Labor Strike  
Sunday, Aug. 16, 1942

Yesterday afternoon, a meeting was held at mess 1220 to which representatives from all occupational groups with major gripes were invited. The discussion apparently turned primarily on the question of food. The mass meeting, promised earlier the same morning to the striking farmers, thus did not materialize for this was a restricted meeting limited to those who were representatives.

Saturday night, the same day, an announcement was made at the entertainment show that the committee of inquiry had contacted the administration and had come to certain agreements. The request was made that workers return to their jobs on Monday morning.

Having observed the fiasco of Saturday morning, however, and recalling the promise that a mass meeting would be held to discuss all the points of grievance, such tactics were obviously insufficient to quiet the workers. No adequate communication had been made to the workers of the problems they had asked to have settled, and, clearly, the people were going to ask for a regular mass meeting, or some kind of answer from the committee on their findings. Thus, it came about that on Sunday afternoon, the news spread about of a mass meeting that was to be held in the firebreak where the outdoor stage stands. The majority of people seemed relatively unaware of all that was involved, and no general sign of tension appeared, but to the social analyst it was quite clear that the situation was dangerously close to open revolt. The most agitated group is the farm workers, mainly composed of Issei who have come from the farming areas of Sacramento Valley, or so it seems from those I've observed.

Tom, Tomi, Haruo, Keiko, Michi and I left for the firebreak about a quarter to eight so that we might be in close to the crowd. But shortly before eight, no sign of a meeting was in progress. At the outdoor stage a Christian fellowship was on with its hymns and a white speaker setting a strange contrast to the mass meeting we were expecting to see. Workers drifted aimlessly between the outdoor platform and the wrestling ring, some two blocks distance in between, not knowing exactly where the meeting was to be held. The committee was waiting for the end of the fellowship so that they might have use of the outdoor stage and their PA system.

I accompanied Michi and Tomi to the concert hall since it seemed inadvisable for them to remain among the milling mob that had gathered in the meantime. Keiko refused to go with us, for she was too much concerned over Kay, her husband, to stay very far from him. Groups were gathered about the wrestling ring apparently discussing among themselves prior to the presentation from the committee, but I left with the girls to return later.

When I returned, the crowd was split in half, one group surrounding the wrestling ring, and the other crowded about the quiet audience of the Catholic priest giving a sermon. The meeting was twenty minutes delayed, already. I joined one group in which a heated discussion went on. Three or four leaders were the center of attention. I missed the first part of the discussion, <sup>due</sup> to the

low murmur of their voices. But a young Issei, or more like a Kibei, took up the argument in a clear uncompromising voice, "We must realize first and last that we are Japanese. We can't be frightened out by a few whites. The whites are out to treat us like dogs, and we might as well fight them to the last ditch. Some people say that all this agitation will bring the army into our camp. Let the army come in, perhaps it would be just as well. We have to fight this thing out even if we give up our lives doing so. We have to show our Japanese spirit." Some persons on the side commented in Japanese, "Well, the fellows talking big things." (as if to wonder what would come of it all.) Some Nisei youngsters rubbernecking on the scene shook their heads and walked away. Another leader took up at the same point. "We know that Japan is going to win this war sooner or later. We should be glad to sacrifice our lives for their cause." All this was said in Japanese, by Issei possibly in their early forties.

The foregoing type of agitation was present all around us and caused a tense scene. The waiting for the use of the platform was bad for it intensified the milling of the crowd. Most of the Issei were just listening, thought with rapt attention, but a few of these under fifty were doing most of the talking. Fortunately, the fellowship meeting ended and the stage was given over to the mass meeting.

At least two thousand people must have been on hand, mostly male Issei and Kibei, with a minority of Nisei who apparently were present merely to see the fun by and large, and a handful of young girls. Most of the audience sat in front of the platform on the ground in closely packed semi-circle, while the remainder stood in a fairly tight crowd about the seated group. A scattering of onlookers completed the rim. I was glad to see that the majority were seated for this gave a semblance of order to the audience. This was no Sunday audience come to be entertained; there was a tenseness about them that boded ill for anyone making a false move.

A Nisei came forward to the microphone and said, "Will someone hear get some light globes for the stage. The church group took all the lights with them." A Kibei shouted, "Speak Japanese! Speak Japanese!" (in Japanese) There was a moments silence, scattered laughter, then others took up the cry. "Who dares to speak English here. We're Japanese here, Japanese." "We don't understand anything but Japanese." A high-pitched Kibei immediately replaced the Nisei and announced the request again for the globes, this time in Japanese. (A formal order had previously been made that all announcements in the cantonment were to be announced in English first, and then in Japanese. But tonight, there was no controlling the crowd.) Someone brought in light globes, and everyone settled down to wait for the speakers.

Katsuyama, head of the construction crew, came on the stage with another older person, and introduced the latter as Mr. Kato, a farm worker who was to be chairman of the evening. The meeting

was turned over to Mr. Kato, who immediately introduced himself and started to address his audience. His voice was strong and carried well. He was a small man, but his bearing showed confidence in himself, and this attitude apparently extended itself to his audience. I felt that this was the kind of man needed for this occasion, and wondered at the courage required to speak to this audience. It seemed apparent that the program had been planned for a Japanese audience. (that is, spoken Japanese.)

"My name is Kato. I have been asked to act as chairman of this very important meeting. I, like a great many of you, am one of the farmers, and have suffered with you the inconveniences which led to the present problem and this meeting. The seriousness of this problem causes it to affect the whole community, and I trust that we shall give careful consideration to all points so that we may be agreed among ourselves as to what are our needs and what line of action we are to take.

Yesterday a committee was formed to inquire into the reasons for the shortage of food in our messhalls. This committee inquired of all messhalls how much food was at hand, what shortages they have had; and after gathering this material and culling all the facts, confronted the administration with their statement. The administration gave us their answer, and I must say that I feel these answers were, not to say the least, very weak. (applause) The chairman of this committee of inquiry, Mr. Ueda, however, is here to present you with a report of the committee's findings."

Mr. Ueda, a Kibei probably, came forward. He hardly looked the part of a leader and spoke somewhat hesitatingly, but he apparently is considered favorably among the farm workers.

"My name is Ueda. Yesterday morning a committee of inquiry was formed to inquire into the food problem. Our committee went to every mess hall to check the claims of our workers that their meals have been inadequate, and our findings substantiated these claims. Thereupon, we went with our findings to the administration and directed questions to Mr. Hayes as to why this condition had arisen.

Mr. Hayes expressed surprise that there was any lack of food, for his claim is that the cooks are provided with a menu for each day's needs, that supplies are sent to all messhalls accordingly, and that these allotments have been adequate according to his knowledge. He showed us slips on which is indicated each day's allotment to each mess hall and which the head cook signs in receipt of the goods. Since there has existed this food shortage, however, we requested that some inquiry be made into the reasons for it. Mr. Hayes assured us that this should be done.

It has been said that since the arrival of the former superintendent of the messhalls in Walerga, the so-called "Walerga system" has been practiced in all our messhalls. We inquired into this point asking us how the food is distributed, and what the peculiarities of this system are. We were referred to Mr. Pilcher, assistant to Mr. Stults, who explained the Walerga system to us. He declared that his plan is to distribute each day just enough

for the needs of the day. In the meantime, our committee had inquired into the stock of groceries and meat in the warehouses, and discovered that there were only enough there to last us one day. We, therefore, inquired what they thought they were to do should the transportation system become disrupted, and the stock of food run out. The administration was unable to give us any satisfactory answer to that question. We strongly urged the need of keeping more food on hand than is necessary for the immediate future.

Mr. Hayes suggested that hereafter whenever there is any shortage felt in the messhalls, that the head cook and head steward, or some two persons responsible to the mess, come to the office to confer on the problem with the administration officers like Mr. Hayes, or Mr. Cook, or Mr. Stults."

Having concluded his report, Ueda retired, and Mr. Kato introduced Mr. Katsuyama who was to speak as a representative of the construction crews. Katsuyama declared:

"It is necessary in a crisis of this kind that all of us stand together to fight for our demands, but also to think of the consequences to ourselves as we carry on this struggle. The construction crews likewise suffer from the common problems which trouble us, and we are interested in getting some favorable adjustments of the shortcomings. However, it seems desirable that part of the construction crew, especially those who are putting up plaster boards inside our homes, should continue to work regardless of a general strike, for with winter approaching rapidly it is clear that the failure to put up these wallboards will cause considerable hardship among our own families.

~~Viewing the problem in general in this light, it seems that we should continue to carry on our fight, but that we should go back to work in order to prevent consequences~~  
community

In a recent meeting of the/council, certain requests were made to Mr. Sherrill who was in attendance of some of the basic requirements of the workers here. These requests embodied the following points: (a) the wages should be raised, from the 12, 16 and 19 dollars we are receiving today (someone shouts, we haven't received it yet) to \$30, \$35, and \$40. (b) There should be allotment of clothing to all families, and this means not only workers but all persons. (general applause) Furthermore, it is specified that this clothing should not be inferior to the quality of goods which are used in the army, clothing of all-wool material. (laughter at the "all-wool".) Shoes, likewise, have been requested for all persons. (c) Besides the wages to workers, it is requested that each person should receive a cash allowance of \$5 to offset his miscellaneous needs. These were the requests made by the Council which Mr. Sherrill carried with him to San Francisco where the present regional conference of WRA directors is being held. AS

you heard in the reading of the telegram received from him yesterday, Mr. Sherrill is making every effort to get approval of these requests.

Viewing the problem in this light, it seems desirable that we wait before making further demands, to find out how things will turn out at Mr. Sherrill's return, and go back to work tomorrow morning. Everyone of us have been putting in every effort to get the demands we have been making, and I am sure that something favorable will come of it if we persist."

Mr. Kato, in closing, addressed himself to the audience, summarizing the main points which had been presented, and expressing his personal feelings on the problem.

"You have heard the work which has been carried on by the committee of inquiry to get better conditions for us, and of the request made by the Community Council for certain of our needs. Since the question of food has been discussed with the administration already, and since the matter of clothing, pay, and other demands are being taken up already by Mr. Sherrill and others interested in our welfare, it seems to me desirable that we return to work tomorrow morning and await the outcome of all our negotiations.

In this connection, it seems desirable that we should work through the committees which have been established to carry on this work of negotiation, such as the committee of inquiry formed yesterday morning to look into the food problem, or the Community Council which had already placed a formal request with the administration to meet our needs. All these people, who have access to the administration, are working toward the welfare of the community at large, and as a farmer, I feel that we should do our part to strengthen the community as a whole.

One thing we must remember, we are all one countrymen, and as such we should act together as countrymen for our mutual welfare. All of us have been caught in the same situation, and our problems are mutual. As such we should work together toward the solution of our common difficulties. Let us work as countrymen, as one united body, towards the realization of our needs, and act through our chosen spokesmen. Let us return quietly to work tomorrow morning, I personally believe this would be the best, and await the outcome of our negotiations to see whether or not the administration will recognize our common voice or not.

The meeting is adjourned."

At these words, the majority of the whole audience started to move away. Because of my promise to meet Mich at the record concert I started to hurry away. At that moment, however, the chairman started to recall the audience, and there were mingled shouts of inquiry, "What about messhall 26? Are there any other messhalls with difficulties? etc." I did not remain to hear the rest, though I suspected that the worst of the meeting had come, and I trusted to the memory of the rest of the fellows to get the dope.

Tom was not yet home when Tomi, Michi and I returned, but the rest of the gang, including Tom, Hazmo, Kay and Keiko came shortly thereafter. The story of the strike continued as we had a bite of refreshment.

Tom, "After the formal meeting closed, most of the people started to walk away, but a crowd of those out in front made a rush for the platform. A cook, probably the head cook of mess 26 who was in the audience there shouted, 'We haven't enough food in the kitchen for tomorrow morning; what's to be done about it?' The chairman then called everyone back and asked, 'What messhalls don't have enough food?' Everyone started shouting then, some of them just wiseguys who were shouting just to make noise. The chairman took down all the numbers of the messhalls requiring attention with a promise that they would be looked into immediately and that shortages would be righted ~~if it~~ even if it were necessary to drag out the administration staff.

At this point a bunch of hot heads started heckling the chairman and putting him on the spot. They asked him how he knew that the demands which had been made would be met by the administration. In defense the chairman declared, 'I shall see that the demands be met even if I must give up my life getting them.' The chairman further suggested that anyone who had a difference of opinion with him should come on the platform and address the crowd in general instead of mumbling among themselves. 'Let the whole people know what's on your mind.' But noone among the hotheads dared take up his challenge. Several persons came on the platform, however, to address the audience. One fellow who came up was a beautiful speaker. He could have swayed the audience in any direction he desired. He introduced himself as a farmer with a large family without anything in his pocket. That immediately caught the audience. He started his talk with a Chinese saying about the poor. He appealed to them as Japanese to stand up for their rights, but there was a subtle suggestion that it would be to their advantage to call off the strike, at least temporarily."

Another fellow who got up was, according to some around me, an ex-soldier in Japan. The guy was really mad. He gets up there and say, "Why, you cowards, why don't you act like Japanese soldiers and show these whites that you can take it. Can't you even go without a little food without crying like babies about it? Cinch up your belts, throw out your chest, act like a Japanese really should. Get back there to work and show these whites what you're made of." Strangely enough, this appeal wasn't to the strikers, but to call off the strike. That little agitator who looks like Marx got up on the platform, too. But nobody paid much attention to him.

That meeting then broke up, but a small gathering met right near the platform, mostly of foremen and leaders to thrash out the question whether or not to go to work tomorrow. We stood around for quite while listening to the discussion, but they finally broke up with the decision that they'd see what happened tomorrow morning at the dispatching station."

We carried on further discussion of the whole problem, wondering what would be the outcome of it. Our general feeling was that things were in a pretty bad state still and that anything could happen. We wondered what injury might occur to anyone who was thought an informer. Tom and I decided to wear old clothes when we went to see the farmers at 1208 in the morning so as to reduce the suspicion of the workers.

Harno and Kay named persons who are under suspicion of the farm workers as persons dangerous to their cause. Tad Tomita, Nomura, Sumio Miyamoto, seem to be among those whom the boys are out to get. We warned each other not to place ourselves under suspicion for any reason. Suspicion seems to fall on those who are seeking personal profit (according to the worker's estimation), those who are informers, and, in general, those who drain the communities funds, try to manipulate it, etc.

We agreed that the main difficulties giving rise to the strike were: (1) Lack of sufficient recognition of the Issei and their needs. Not enough participation is given them in community activities so that they feel themselves a significant part of the communities life. (2) Lack of sufficient communication from the administration to the Issei. In this connection it seems desirable that some form of Japanese language press be introduced to let the Issei know what's what in the community as well as what the conditions are in the outer communities. Tom, for instance, has the feeling, many Issei don't realize that there's a general shortage of goods everywhere in the United States. (3) Lack of sufficient organization to keep the lives of these people well-ordered. In consequence, the people are given to restlessness and demoralization. To improve the administrative set-up, it would seem desirable that greater responsibilities be given the Japanese to control their own destinies. Further, this would reduce the amount of work of the individual staff man. Spread the work. Harno made the point, "Out on the farm, nobody takes orders from anyone except Callam. When Callam comes in, everyone makes a dash for him to find out what's to be done. Frequently, his orders counteract those already given by the farm foreman."

Farm Labor Strike  
Monday, Aug 17, 1942

Arose early to get to the farm workers dispatching station at 1208. Anything may be expected this morning in view of the near riot of last night. Question remains, will farmers go to work this morning? Harno feels sure the construction crew and the rest of the community will go, but he's not sure of farmers. I'm personally pessimistic. Tom arrives in an old blue work shirt which I lent him, though he still looks the scholar, and I in some old work clothes. We join Harno and Kay who describe us as dead giveaways. The breakfast this morning, incidentally was one of the best I've had here. The hotcakes really tasted like hotcakes---probably had more eggs in them. This was an encouraging thing.

A large crowd gathered about the farm workers control station. Trucks were lined up to leave, but there was no action at the moment. Some leaders were in the center of the crowd arguing some points. Finally, Mr. Kato declared, "Why don't we all go to work this morning and wait to see what results we get from our negotiations. If things aren't right, then we can really quit, but let's go and see." Someone in the crowd shouted, "Sensei, sensei! (Agreed, agreed!)" "Let's go." There was a faint roar, and without warning the crowd started to break up and hurry towards the trucks. Takei, the old agitator, with his scraggy beard and dishevelled hair, was one of two or three who rushed towards Kato arguing some point. As one of the Issei passed me towards a truck, I heard him say, "What's the use of striking. We've all got families to support and a few days lay-off can make a dollar or two difference which is a lot in this place. Better that we work." Few of those sitting around a near-by barrack could be overheard remarking, "No hurry about getting on the trucks. Let's wait to see what actually happens." Most of the workers immediately boarded a truck and left. Callan was on the job, sending off the trucks as fast they were loaded, which was just as well since anything might have caused a delay in the send-off. A few agitators reluctant to go waited and argued with Fred Sakada and one or two other leaders.

Kato was cornered by some Issei who pressed him on his speech of the night before. "You said last night that you would defend with your life the fact that we should get all our demands from the administration. You said you'd personally see to it that your demands are met. What's the idea of saying such a thing when you know that you can't fulfil that promise." This speaker, big Issei, was obviously angry. Kato tried to explain himself, though with constant butting in from his persecutors. "I didn't say that I would defend, alone, the rights of the Japanese. I wouldn't say such a foolish thing. Or if I was thought to have said it, I meant to say that ~~the~~ I with the rest of the people would work towards gaining our demands. etc." Another bystander, "Oh, no! You said exactly those words, that you'd see to it we should get everything. Most of us understood your meaning to be such." Kato argued for some time, then, "Well, maybe I said it; I don't remember all I said last night. But you must understand my position of last night." "Yes, yes. We understand what your position was, but you shouldn't have said such a thing that would raise people's hopes without any possibilities of its realization." Sakada came in

and urged one of the opponents of Kato, who though heated at the moment seemed fairly level headed, to start dispatching these workers. Sakada could never have broken up the conflict the Saturday morning before, but today the tension was considerably gone, and the forces of the strikers was almost completely broken. The dispatcher said, "Well, Mr. Kato, I don't mean to hold these things personally against you. We're merely talking about the principle of the thing. Let's shake on it. (Then to the rest) Well lets get on the trucks, where are the trucks?" ~~Take~~ The crowd broke up, mumbling among themselves. Kato moved off by himself. No trucks were in sight, however, to take the farm workers off.

The men stood around waiting for a truck to come and take them. They decided, "We're not going out there to work so we might as well go out with the rest. We're going out there to discuss this whole problem." One of the leaders, "If we're going out there to fight, let's decide on it righthere and now so that we'll know what we're fighting for. How about it, are we going to fight?" But there were only murmurs of voices, and no definite response to this question. The men began to grumble about not being able to go out to the farm.

The Nisei technical staff stood around one of the foreman discussing the problem in English. The foreman was saying, "The way I see it, we've got to keep a cool head. Everything's up if we lose our heads. Some of these fellows make unreasonable demands. They know they can't get everything, but they're just kicking to be ornery. They don't realize how much they're hurting their own position."

It was clear that the crowd impulse was, by now, almost completely gone. The angry rapport of the crowd had been broken; opinion was now divided as to the aims of the workers. The majority were now expressing the view that workers should go to work instead of striking.

### Analysis

An outstanding characteristic of this so-called strike is that it was not an organized effort of the workers, but rather a spontaneous response to a situation of dissatisfaction. There was no chosen leadership that agitated for the strike; rather agitators appeared as the workers began to express their disgruntlement. Had the strike been organized, it is certain that the affair would have been much ~~long~~ more prolonged, nor would there have been the confusion which existed as to what were the issues involved. Being non-organized, no deep-lying convictions had been created among the workers about their unsatisfactory conditions, or at least of the means by which these unsatisfactory conditions might be altered; no public articulation preceded the strike to firmly

crystallize the personal organization of individual strikers in preparation for the crisis. While all the phases of a normal strike were followed in this instance, from dissatisfaction with existing conditions to widespread discussion of it among farm workers and construction crews, to an informal agreement to strike if conditions were not improved by the 15th, to the actual strike, to the setting up of negotiations for bettering the conditions, and to the final working out of some compromise solution, the strike energy flared more suddenly on this occasion due to its greater spontaneity, but also spent itself more rapidly due to lack of organization. In this sense, the strike was a release for all the tensions piled up among the workers over the preceding fortnight or more, but since the underlying causes of dissatisfaction were not adequately removed by the strike, it may be prophesied that another such demonstration will recur unless measures are taken to remove the conditions of dissatisfaction, or some form of release, other than a strike, be given these workers. There was likewise greater violence in the feelings of the strikers at the height of the demonstration, though fortunately nothing serious occurred, but like the crowd that it was, it was ready to explode into disastrous consequences for the whole community. Hence, it is erroneous of the administration to assume, as they seem to have assumed on the whole, that this strike was not of too great seriousness since it blew over as rapidly as it did. Indeed, the contrary might be said, that the strike is the more serious because it did not enter into a more prolonged negotiation, for the quickness with which all the cycles were gone through leaves a considerable residue of dissatisfaction that was not worked out.

The demonstration came principally from the Issei, and we may inquire into the situation of the Issei in the evacuation program that may have given rise to such a demonstration. By the conditions of WRA policy, the Issei have been given little participation in the control of the community. For that matter, the same may be said of the Nisei, that they lack in actual fact much control over their personal destinies. But in the latter case, the Nisei have at least been going through the motions of controlling themselves which has acted as adequate release for any resentments which may have been accumulated against the evacuation. But the Issei have had no such channel of release. Indeed, they are now governed not only by the WRA and the whites much more than they have been governed by the government before, but they have been placed under control of the "inexperienced, erratic" Nisei whom they had formerly controlled. This inability to control their own destiny creates, on the one hand, a deep sense of insecurity among the Issei since they are unable to foresee the future consequences to themselves, and have no trust in either the Nisei or the white staff to adequately account for them; but, on the other hand, gives the Issei a deep sense of frustration which expresses itself in a dangerous form of anger. It goes without saying that some form of release for these pent up feelings is required if any measure of control is to be retained over the Issei, especially of those who are still vigorous enough to demand their rights.

The sense of insecurity and distrust also arises from the lack of adequate communication from the administration to the Issei, and from the Issei up to the top. Lack of communication from the

top has given rise to much misunderstanding of the WRA efforts. It may be noted that rumors are much more widespread and wilder among the Issei than the Nisei; likewise, suggestibility is greater among them. While taking account of the lesser education of the Issei as a factor in explaining this difference, yet education alone seems hardly the difference between the two groups. One must assume that insufficiency of information about the total war situation and the conditions of this community has much more to do with their uncritical attitude. The crying need is for a vernacular press here that gives widespread currency among the Issei public of facts about the WRA, the war, and of this community.

As a part of the educational program of the Issei, participation in greater number of functions about this community would certainly be desirable. It is only through such participation that interest in life here can be aroused. Only through such participation can the introvertive tendency among the Issei be changed to an extrovertive one; a desirable thing from the standpoint of mental hygiene. Through activity, tensions that might ordinarily be built up could be reduced. And most important, by actual participation in the governing of such an American project as the WRA, a well-founded understanding of democratic procedure could be inculcated in them. As things are, however, the contrary result follows, for the picture of the WRA being built up among them is one of a dictatorship that reduces human impulses to fit a governmental machine and bleeds the people in the interest of their own ends.

Lack of adequate organization, again, is an important factor that has given rise to the unsettled condition of the farm workers. Too often, orders given one day are countermanded the next day, orders given by one person are revoked by another. Without the feeling of living an orderly work life, the Issei have come to feel a restlessness that has developed into the social unrest preceding the strike.

It would be of interest to raise certain questions about Issei psychology. One outstanding trait of the Japanese is their extreme psychological tension arising from their strong self-consciousness. The violence of Japanese outbursts are perhaps due to the strong self-discipline which they impose on themselves, but which has certain human limitations of control under some situations. In the normal immigrant community life, how were these tensions released such that violent action would not trouble their daily lives? What were the social and institutional channels by which their acute self-consciousness was relieved? In this regard, how does this community differ from those from which these Issei came?

I arose early to see what happens at the farm dispatching this morning. Met Kay on the way and walked over with him. He tells me that a new committee was organized yesterday afternoon composed largely of persons in the former committee. The original committee decided that they were merely appointed temporarily, and preferred to see one elected from the people. Callam sent trucks out to bring all the workers in from the fields in the afternoon. Ueda was asked to act as chairman, but he refused to take the position. Said he couldn't speak English and Japanese well enough. They finally got Tad Tomita to do the job. They elected a committee of workers who would look into the complaints of the farmers and bring them to the administration. The agitators were asked to elect their members, but not a one said anything when they were asked. Eastman happened to come along while the people were gathered there so he was asked to talk. He got up and said about the same thing the administration told us before, but when the workers heard his story, everyone was satisfied.

Nothing was happening at the farm dispatching station. Everything quiet, all workers quietly going about their business of getting checked in and loading on trucks. Met George Yasumura who told me he had been elected to the foods committee to look into the food complaints of the workers. He felt the workers got too excited over a small thing last Saturday. Takes time to work out these things, and you can't get anywhere agitating about it.

Down to the administration office to see what Cook has for me. He's just returned from a quick trip to San Francisco. His assignment to me: What fears do people have? What are the good points they see about this place? Given a week to complete assignment.

Met Mutsuo, my cousin who is block manager of 5900, this afternoon. He's having trouble with people in his block about the messhall situation. It seems the Tacoma people in his block have been complaining about the cooking of the Marysville staff which was given them to begin with. Finally, several persons in his block came to his office asking that something be done. A block meeting was suggested, and the cooks, it was decided, should be asked to resign. But the cooks heard of the discussion and they jumped the gun by resigning first. They're not going to come to work tomorrow, and their whole staff including dishwashers, stewards, waiters, et al, have resigned en masse. So block 59 has no cooks for tomorrow. When the people of the block heard of this mass resignation, they came down on Mutsuo's neck blaming him for calling a meeting and causing the Marysville workers to resign before a staff had been found. Now he has everyone opposed to him, because this morning he tried to go into the messhall through the back way as is his practice, but the cooks wouldn't let him. "That hurt my pride." It wasn't Mutsuo's fault that the Tacoma people decided to kick the cooks out, but that's the way the cooks look at it. Mutsuo says that everyone tells him he got the yogore (scum) of the Tacoma people. "What a headache they are." Mutsuo now has to get a crew together before tomorrow morning, and he can if he's given time, but the ones he's lined up, mostly from his own block, have to get termination on their present jobs. Kaz agrees that it's better to have cooks from your own block. Have less

trouble that way.

Tom, Tomi, Michi and I walked over to the store. Tom treated Michi and myself to a bottle of pop. We returned to our place and discussed the why and wherefore of the strike.

Harno came over on his way home from work. He told me in his story of the events out at the farm the previous day. "I hopped on the truck with the agitators yesterday morning, after they'd been left behind, but by the time we got out there, everyone was at work. The guys were cussing at the rest because they were damn fools enough to take the things sitting back. At lunch-time, however, a meeting was called to decide what's to be done. The old committee resigned because they said the workers apparently didn't have confidence in them, and they were only temporarily appointed to settle the difficulties of the week end. Someone was asked to act as chairman of the nomination meeting, but noone would agree to it. Ueda was asked to act as chairman but he said he didn't want to take the responsibility, and anyway, his Japanese and English were both too poor for speaking before this group. He felt the people wouldn't have confidence in him, and didn't want to take such a large responsibility anyway. The workers denied that they lacked confidence in him, but he still refused to act as chairman.

In the meantime, most of the workers got disgusted with this dilly-dallying and many of them drifted off to work. I went up to Fred Sakada and told him something had better be done to have the meeting right there or the thing would blow up in their face again. It was better that the situation be stabilized by getting a working committee organized. Tad Tomita and Takeda happened to be out in the field so he was called in. Ueda agreed to act as chairman if Tad Tomita were likewise to act as co-chairman. Callam was there and he was pretty good about the whole thing. When we got the co-chairman, he thought everyone should attend the election of a committee so he sent out trucks to pick up everyone from the fields. We elected a committee."

Harno also mentioned that at the coop meeting of Ward I last night, there was definite evidence of support from all present.

Michi was down with a slight stomach ache, but I went off with Harno to attend the council meeting. Ed Natori came in with Yasui, and told me he'd been sick for the past week with a case of flu. The meeting apparently dragged on until about 12:00 last night. Atmosphere was one of tense opposition against Hayes, assistant to Sherrill, who was present in the absence of the latter. Hayes drew this critical attitude due to the fact that his whole position was that the Japanese had been wrong in striking, and that there were no grounds for it. He admitted little as to the errors of the administration.

early

We failed to get up this morning but May brought us some bread and apples for our breakfast. Worked all morning at the desk, but went to see Tom Uyeno shortly before noon. Tom was sore about last night's meeting because it dragged out until 12:00 but even more against Hayes' attitude. Tom's life runs in moods, a fine wit and comic at one moment, a rebel and hot-head the next. Wonder if his Kibei background has anything to do with it. Sherrill, he says, is an entirely different caliber man.

"If the WRA would keep men at productive labor where they had some goals to work toward, some possibility of increasing their present wages, the people would probably cooperate much more than at present. What the WRA should do is to define their policies more clearly for the people."

Dropped into the library today. Nori Shiba was working away on book cataloguing. Feels that the library has possibilities with its 7000 books, at least fifty percent of which are of good quality since they are from the state library. But present library has no order to it, and few no where to find books. Not familiar with books.

Went in search of Mr. Ikeda hoping to ask him some questions about the Issei point of view on various issues. Inquired at the block managers office. The block manager proved to be a young fellow of about thirty, rather stout and slovenly of appearance, but good natured and friendly. He wore a USC belt buckle so I talked to him about colleges. It turned out that he had attended SC for one year, but his conversation revealed little of college education. Thinks Mr. Ikeda is a wonderful man. "Why, he's a millionaire when he was down around Sacramento. But do you know what he's doing here? He's the janitor in this block, gets up around five in the morning to start the boilers, cleans up the laundry rooms, toilets and showers, and isn't even afraid to stick his hand down the pots. He's the hardest working man around here. Then when he has a moment to spare, he'll sit out in the shade and read a book in Spanish or French. (Mayeda tells me the man is interested in law also, and agrees to exchange lessons in law for Japanese with him.) Mr. Ikeda is very well educated. People are constantly dropping in to see him; he's busy from morning till night. I don't know if you'll be able to find him in, but you might try seeing him at our block meeting on coops."

I found Mr. Ikeda in, however, and found him in the company of three other Issei. There are, apparently, only three occupants in their home; his wife, a young roomer who studied at Cal, and himself. The room was simple but neat; there were no signs of books though they may have been behind one of the screens. The men were sitting around the table sipping soda pop and drinking water. Among those present were Mr. Hitomi, a young Sacramento business man whom I'd seen at the advisory council meeting of coop leaders, Mr. Matsumoto, a big old gentleman who was apparently in his anecdote, and another younger refined looking sort of fellow, all from Sacramento.

Mr. Matsumoto, who constantly led the conversation, was re-

marking on the lack of manners among the Hawaiian boys of his neighborhood. "Those Hawaiians go around looking like barbarians and acting like them. They go around without shirt or shoes, lie around against the barrack strumming on those instruments; what do you call them, guitars? They go around in hordes or gangs, and even influence the girls in our blocks to behave like them. There are two daughters of the E Family, you know them, who now act up like a couple of flappers since they've started going with the Hawaiians. And you should see them in the bathhouses, and toilets. They dirty up the place as if they were pigs. I found one of them pissing all over the showerroom. They've never been trained to be civilized. There's a difference in the type of people who went to Hawaii, too!"

Matsumoto continues: "Did you see the stuff in the newspapers about the Americans landing on the Solomons. Impossible! If they did land, they were probably all killed. That stuff is all propaganda about the Americans gaining a foothold there. As far as dislodging the Japanese from the islands they've captured go, it's practically impossible. Look at the trouble the Japanese are causing the Americans over in Kiska."

"Someone found a scorpion over by the number 2 firehouse the other day. They say there are a lot of them here. They usually live near rocks hiding behind them. It's dangerous here with such creatures around. Suppose some child should pick one up." This gentleman appeared to be one of those who carries a store of information about a variety of subjects and weaves them into his interesting conversation. He told of his experiences and exploits in locating water wells, and gave high praise to one young man who had remarkable ability in this work.

The conversation thus drifted from one topic to the next. Meanwhile, Mr. Ikeda was constantly disappearing out the door to talk to various persons who came to consult him. Much of this consultation apparently had to do with the coop work in which Mr. Ikeda has shown unusual interest.

Mr. Ikeda expressed willingness to cooperate in telling me anything I wished to know, when I finally got him alone. However, he confessed that he himself was probably marginal between the Issei and Nisei due to his frequent contacts with Americans in his business affairs. He indicated Mr. Matsumoto as reflecting Issei opinion much more directly.

While out hunting for some notes on the messhall bulletin board, I ran into Harno sitting on the shady side of his barrack apparently just thinking. The evening was cool and quiet; Harno was in a pensive mood. Harno started telling me of the last letter which he had received from his lady friend in Tanform. "Boy, she was mad. She told me that money doesn't matter in matters of marriage. (This in response to Harno's letter) I don't know. Maybe I'm just not the marrying type." Harno expressed concern over not being able to get stuff into Thomas. He just can't work in his own quarters with five others there beside himself. Harno

suffers from the innumerable conflicts of his personality. On the one side is the romanticist desiring to get freedom from the bonds of the world about him; on the other is the everlastingly conscientious and thoughtful humanitarian feeling the urge to serve the friends about him; and, as well, there is his soul tethered to all the responsibilities cast on him by conventional requirement. I wonder, too, to what extent his lack of funds contributes to his sense of insecurity, and inability to feel independent. Harno seemed to show especial interest in a discussion of morbid dependency arising from a blocking of the affectional impulse discussed by Karen Horney. Told of a Kibei whom he knew that was morbidly dependent on others.

In the evening Tom, Tomi, Harno, Kay and Keiko dropped in. Kay was the star of the evening telling us funny stories on himself. Kay Hisatomi is a modest fellow, much as Harno is, and is conscientious too. But there's a difference between them in that Kay isn't driven by an equal drive to gain distant ends; he's not complicated by internal conflicts and desires. Kay tells of how, in high school, he used to spend much time working on physics lab problems while his white friends would be out playing tennis. Then, as he came close to the solution, though without the final solution of the problem, these fellows would come running in to ask for the results. They would quickly check over his results, show him where he'd gone astray, and have their lessons done as soon as that. "Poor Kay," they would say, "what do you want to work so hard for?" In later years these fellows were still like that. They still drifted from one thing to another, and yet they always seemed to land well paying jobs. Kay on the other hand would plug away at his one job of managing a farm, and the others would still say of him, "Poor Kay." Says Kay, "I don't see how those guys get along, but they always seem to land a decent job."

Tomi was quiet tonight. She too lives in a world of unsatisfied demands, though she is by nature so healthy of mind and body that she doesn't give much evidence of it. I wonder if the constant talk of exploits of all of us, but particularly of Michi, cause her to feel somewhat insignificant and even resentful. For she must realize that she has considerable ability, especially of human understanding, and yet it is not directed toward any tangible goal. Then, too, in her new role as a wife, I wonder if she doesn't feel herself losing her personal identity.

Arose early and got to breakfast. It was a good meal, as is all the meals now--- a good thing considering the irritability of the farmers.

Michi asked me to read her report to the recreation department concerning the music department. I criticized some portions of it, some of it in matters of phrasing, but more on the last paragraph which made a demand for more pianos. She was giving vent there to her feelings against May Yoshimura for hogging all the pianos brought in by the Pinedale group, but her wording placed the burden of uncooperativeness directly on the whole group. I thought this unwise due to the need for getting their cooperation in the long run, which I feel she can do once the influence of May Yoshimura is isolated, but Michi's anger and irritation was such that she felt completely justified in condemning the whole group. We had an extended argument about it.

Tom and Tomi They dropped by just as we were on our way to the store, and since they were going there too, we joined them. Tom doesn't find the deck chair which they bought a short while ago comfortable, so they bought another canvas chair of different type. Tom treated us again to ice cream, so we bought them pop on our part.

Keiko She now has a job as junior dietician at the hospital mess-hall. She inquired about a position only this morning, and got the job this afternoon. All the girls working there, she says, are young and inexperienced. She can't understand how they can have positions as dieticians, but the Medical Officer gives them their menu and almost all the regulations on how to cook the food, so the junior dieticians are not much more than cooks. Keiko complains of the lack of efficiency and training among these co-workers. One can almost imagine that within a week or so she will take over command of the works; she's capable of doing something like that.

Joe Imi Stayed at home in the evening while Michi went to Tom's speech class. Joe was sitting on his porch listening to the radio so I went over to talk to him. I asked him how he was getting along with his work, he is foreman of the timekeepers. Said he in reply, "I'm getting along all right. It's better than when I was working at the grocery store (his father's probably) as a clerk. I'm doing something more like the subject I trained for when taking Business Administration at Portland University. Maybe my experience here will train me for some similar work outside after the war. Sometimes I think I'd like to be a lawyer, but still that field's pretty crowded too. I don't see any prospect of going to school anyway." (No money)

"What do you think of Catholic sociology? (I confessed I didn't know much about their sociology.) Well, what do you think of such a thing as mercy killing? (I explained that most sociologists didn't form scientific opinions about such matters, but if

they were to try, that they would find difficulty in determining who should die.) I guess we'd say the same thing about mercy killing, except that in the Catholic view the reason for not killing is because every human is a creation of God and as such cannot be disturbed by another mortal. But what do you think of birth control, or of divorce? (I explained that I saw no reason why birth control should not be practiced, especially under certain circumstances where it would lend to the improvement of human society. I indicated the desirability of child spacing, the need to propagate information of birth control among poorer families with inclination to raise large families, etc.) I can't see any justification for birth control, or of divorce. You have to have about three children per family, don't you, to sustain the race? But the population is decreasing now because of birth control. So take the view that birth is a sacred law of God and that it should not be disturbed."

I didn't argue with him on any of these points for I was more interested to know what he thought. He went on to explain the Catholic cosmology, and to argue with me on reasons for belief in God's principles. He related to me how man was born in original sin, and his view tended to take a fatalism about the world because men were sinful. Presumably, it would be only in another world that harmony could be achieved. Joe, I feel, is badly maladjusted. He has a weakness of appearance, in face and body. His slim anomic figure expresses in outward form his shrunken personality. He has few friends, and those he has, he seems to antagonize by his meanness of tongue. One suspects a deep-lying sense of insecurity here; it comes out in the weak smile that flutters over his mouth now and then as of one who does not know whether he should smile toward others or not. He became a Catholic only a year or so ago, and one apprehends his need of some such stable absolute with which to support his own inadequacies.

I went home to work. As I glanced out of the window across the west firebreak, I could see Haruo all alone in the middle of the field, leaning against a telephone pole, gazing toward the horizon. He had earlier told me he was going home to work. The sun had just set beyond the opposite hill, and the sky above it was rich with a golden hue that faded into a deep blue of the sky overhead. He stood there thus, a solitary figure, for a long time. I did not know when he left.

Tom and Tomi came by and invited us to their place. They treated us to cracker, cheese, salami, et. The Hisatomis were there, and we went after Haruo. We told stories about people we knew. It was about 10:30 when we left.

Up early. Good breakfast, which is getting to be a fairly regular thing now. Tomi came over with Hide Najima, Harno's brother. Harno had told me to ask Hide to clip my hair for me, but I hadn't inquired about it. But today Hide came of himself to offer his service.

Hide is quite different from Harno. Below Harno there seems to be one sister who is now in Denver, and Hide who is the youngest. I would judge him to be about twenty one, a bigger fellow than Harno and well built. He proved to be an extremely friendly fellow and quite talkative but much less sensitive than Harno and probably less intelligent. As we walked to his home a block from my home, we encountered some girls one of whom I knew. I said, "Hello," and she nodded back. Hide, who must be a total stranger here, shouted out, "Hello, there. Hey, what's your name?" Then as we commented on his boldness, he remarked, "Well, you can't get to know anyone around here unless you make yourself heard, can you? Might as well get acquainted." Harno would be much more reticent about such behavior.

I observed Harno's parents as I waited for Hide to get the barber equipment prepared. The father is a fairly big man as Japanese go, bigger than Harno, but equally as dark. Harno often remarks on the smallness of his size and is quite self-conscious of the matter. Harno's mother is a smaller woman, ~~wxy~~ wiry and hard looking. Her pinched up face shows intelligence and much more aggressiveness than in the father's, but there is a coldness there of one who has struggled with the adversities of life.

As Hide cut my hair, he chatted about his interests, perhaps a part of the professional role. He seems an easy going fellow, who at present is spending half his time in bed just lying around. There is none of the drive which keeps Harno going 16 hours a day. Hide is interested in weightlifting which is apparent in the weight lifting equipment that takes up an appreciable portion of one crowded wall. Physical achievement, building up the body, and physical strength are ideals to him, by contrast with the intellectual ideals that characterize Harno.

After graduating from High school in Oakland, Hide didn't know what he should do, whether to enter college or to try something else. All his father's friends urged him to learn the trade (father's trade) first, and then decide after on his career. Not having anything better to do, he entered barber college in 1940 and has since been cutting hair in his father's shop. He likes the trade all right. Long hours used to bother him at first, especially in the winter season when the shop would be open until nearly midnight, but used to walk out about 8:30 to join his friends at basketball. Father didn't say anything, and the customers got used to the idea that Hide left earlier. His father, of course, had his own trade in Oakland drawing largely from Japanese, some Filipinos, and a few whites; but when Hide came in, he started getting the younger Japanese from in and outside Oakland. They were doing good business just before evacuation.

Just before the enforcement of restrictions on voluntary evacuation, the ~~the~~ Najima family decided to move out of the military zone into the free area. They went somewhere down near Fresno in a town where highway 99 out through the middle of it. Their business was slowly picking up, but the general evacuation out of the free zone brought them up here. Hide wishes some of the friends he made down there could have come here instead of going down to Gila River as they did. Time seems to weigh heavily on his hands, though this doesn't disturb him too much. Hide doesn't want to work in the local barber shop right away. Rather take things easy for a while. The hours here aren't so good. But there are two shifts, one from 8:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., and another from noon until about 8:00 in the evening. He'd work on the latter shift since you'd have a little time to yourself in the morning and late evening, while the other shift breaks up his day.

Went out to the farm in the afternoon with Harno. (See write up on the farm, Aug. 21)

Went to the coop meeting of our block in the evening. (See Block Coop Meeting, Aug. 21)

Fumi Sakamoto and Harno were present, so I walked home with them. Fumi asked Harno to take her home, and since I was asked to join them, went along. Fumi takes a sisterly interest in Harno. She strikes me as a girl who is extremely active mentally, but basically troubled by some feelings of insecurity. I suspect that her activity, her desire to have her hands in different pies, and her interest in a variety of people, arises from some feelings of uncertainty which she herself has not articulated to herself. Her apparent objectivity in personal relations one suspects is but a shield for her inner longing for intimate affection. Her obvious demands to assert herself, one suspects, is but a demand to get on top the world in some way so that she may control her personal insecurities. Behind the intellectual role which she plays, one suspects there may be basic uncertainty about her premises of thinking. She is not pretty, yet she is not unattractive.

Fumi related to us that Howard Imaseki was beaten up yesterday by the mess waiters in 1800. It seems that Howard and the newspaper staff went over to 1820 last night to get some food, since that messhall is the oneplace open all evening to serve wardens and later workers. Imaseki received only a sandwich, so he asked for more since other workers were eating dinners. After much wrangling, Imaseki learned that one had to have a permit to eat there at night, and since he had no such permit, was lucky to get as much as a sandwich. ~~the~~ Fumi did not have the details of what transpired on that occasion. Later, however, the mess waiters followed him to Imaseki's home, and after five of them downed him, took off his belt and beat him across the face and body. Howard has been in bed since recovering from his experience. Imaseki threatens to take the matter up with the local judiciary.

Fumi gets much of her information from the wardens with whom she somehow became acquainted. She takes the role of father con-

fessor to Harno, and knows quite abit about his romance with the girl friend down in Tanforan. On the way home, Harno told me of Fumi's background experience. It seems Fumi at one time was going with a hakujin when she was living in San Francisco and working on Grand Ave. in one of the large variety shops. The two wished to get married, but both parents objected. They got married anyhow, but after one year of married life, decided that the thing wouldn't work, and was divorced. Fumi's folks know nothing about this sphere of her experience, but are concerned about her.

The septic tank in the corner of the community where Fumi lives has cracked in its foundation, and some of the leakage causes an awful stench around that area. This has been the case for the past two weeks.

We awoke early and to work. Later in the morning I went over to the canteen for a Sunday newspaper. There's a heavy sale of Examiner newspapers, probably because of the comics. Very quiet around the whole place today.

Tom and Toni came over in the afternoon. Tom brought us some ice cream, and Michi decided to cut a huge cantaloupe that she had. Jim came over looking for Tom and we settled down to a couple of hour's discussion. Just as has happened almost every Sunday, a dust storm blew up and we made a dash to close the windows. Tom left to close the windows at his home, and in the meantime Jim and I settled down to conversation.

Japanese traits Jim agreed that in Japan children are given a great deal more attention than here in the United States. Mothers watch over their children constantly. Many of the children become spoiled in consequence, especially in the case of the eldest son. He told of one young boy whom he knew while in Japan who practically ran the family, had all the rest at his beck and call. But Jim is puzzled by the fact that at an older age, all traces of these spoiled characteristics seem to disappear. "I can't understand the contradiction." Men are ~~entirely~~ very well disciplined.

My own analysis would be that Japanese children are given considerable freedom and attention, but that the discipline imposed at school age causes a contrary form of severe behavior to result. One might say that the break with the easy going manner of the intimate family is almost traumatic for the Japanese child. He is suddenly thrown into a world where everything is stern and strict. It develops a mental image of the world in which certain areas of life are those in which self-discipline must be constantly expressed, whereas other areas are those in which one gives full and exaggerated expression to the tension created in the formal areas of life. What is regarded as naturalness of behavior, which is conceptually existent in personality training in the United States, is absent in the Japanese training.

Jim also remarked about the sentimentalism of the Japanese.

Sectional Characteristics In the work he was doing as census taker, he noticed certain sectional differences in character and personality of people. While in the 4100 block, he interviewed quite a number of Pinedale people and found them very cooperative, but in ward 1, he has encountered a number of Washingtonians who came as an advance group or were directly evacuated from their homes in the Puget Sound areas. These people, he found, were very snooty or uncooperative. Carson's secretary, for example, he found very snooty and unwilling to cooperate in the interview. The interview gang talked about her for quite some time as one of the worst examples of that sort of thing. The same is true of Kuge who comes from Portland and is now in the census office. He doesn't say very much, and acts very indifferent towards other. My suggestion or explanation is that the ward 1 people from Portland and Seattle or the Puget Sound Region are here only in a small

number. Many of the northwesterners came with the assumption that others from the Portland or Puyallup Assembly Centers would follow, and were disappointed to find that they were stranded here among strangers. The Pinedale group, on the other hand, built up a considerable morale during their stay in the assembly center and feel much more the group support behind them. In Carson's secretary's case, you also have the added problem of a personality that's extremely sensitive, though highly intelligent, and a habitual coolness that she has developed toward almost everyone.

Personal adjustments Jim considers Shigekawa another person who doesn't get along with anyone. Shigekawa came here from the WCCA to set up the census and stuck in a lot of his own workers. When he returned again recently, he wanted to change things again to suit his own purposes. Ruby Kawasaki again is maladjusted. She's never been among Japanese before, and has the blunt direct ways of the American. She says whatever she thinks. In this case ~~it~~ she was on the other side from Shigekawa, and so she called a meeting of the existing clerks to see what could be done to fight off the Shigekawa forces.

Research interview problems Tom and Jim are extremely concerned as to how we are to convince people of our good intentions in our research. Both of them feel that we should have jobs that will cast suspicion away from our undertaking research on the community. We are then a part of the group. Which is excellent in theory, but the time is too limited to allow of such observation. The time is limited, and somewhere along the way, we have to announce the fact of our research in order to facilitate our research.

Since many persons know what we're doing already, and most of them have a misconception of our work, Tom feels we should announce the nature of our research in an explicit statement to the press. Tom, I think, is too much concerned ~~it~~ with the dangers of an open research.

Jack Yokote In the evening, we went over to Jack's to find out where the record concert might be held this evening. Jack's, I believe, was the first wedding to take place here. They have a fairly large room that could be fixed up nicely, but the place was quite bare except for one table and a screen (homemade). Tom and Lily were there just chatting.

Japanese wedding As we passed on on our way to 1120, where we intended putting up a sign to indicate the concert would be held in 1500 instead, we saw a large wedding ceremony taking place in rec. hall 1108. We heard later that the whole thing was done in Japanese style, with the nisei bride wearing a Japanese costume with katsura (traditional formal wig). The bridegroom, a kibe, likewise wore the traditional marriage gown, and the affair was carried off by a Buddhist priest. Jack later told us that the girl had gone back to Japan prior to the outbreak of war, sometime in October, to purchase the equipment, and that it was probably done without any idea of who would be the bridegroom. Hence, this affair must have been an arranged marriage. These people are from

the farming country around Sacramento.

As we passed 1120, the messhall, we found the mess tables lined up vertically parallel to the walls of the building, and they were laden with fruits and pops. It was typically the type of thing we used to see in the elaborate Japanese weddings back home, and it was all reproduced on a somewhat smaller scale here. When we later returned, after the concert, we saw the bride now in American clothes seated beside the groom who was similarly attired. The place was crowded, there must have been 200 people present a large number of whom were small children. Some of the men were performing the naniwabushi informally. At home, they would have given special gayety to these informal performances by sipping sake occasionally, but here they gave a mere simulation of it all.

I was surprised to see a formal Japanese wedding, for I knew of only one such taking place in Seattle. All the others among my acquaintances, and many of those whom I didn't know, were married in the traditional western wedding gown and clothes, if not in the western ceremony. But both Jack and Tom Shib reassured me that these things were not uncommon among the Sacramento Valley people, especially in the farming area.

The record concert was delayed due to the fact that we changed rooms and it took some time for people to find our new place. Furthermore, the radio-phonograph wouldn't work, but Doc Watanabe fixed it up and the thing went off. Ted Tokuno very generously offered us the use of his radio-phonograph combination which would have taken half an hour to get, but we fortunately got under way after a short delay.

Messhall 1120 The cooks of this messhall are very cordial. The whole block composed mostly of Portland and Oregon evacuees have called themselves the Victory Block, and has a very capable man as block manager. The cooks were extremely quiet during the concert all though they were baking pies in the back, and even offered us lemonade after the concert was over. This was unusual for mess cooks, we thought.

Diary Aug. 24, 1942

Frank Miyamoto  
Tule Lake

Missed breakfast, so Michi and I had coffee in our room. Tom Uyeno came over about 8:15 with the council report of the previous meetings. Tom quit work as head timekeeper several days ago because of a squabble with Fagan. Said he: "~~I put some wo~~" "Some workers in one of the messhalls changed from their old position to the cooks job so I changed their classification and turned in a report of the changes to Mr. Stults. Now I go to see Fagan and he tells me that those fellows can't get \$19 a month from the middle of the month, that the changes have to come at the first of the month. Heck, that put's me on the spot because I told those fellows they had \$19 classification of the middle of the month and they'll be sore when they find out that they're getting a much smaller check. I argued with Fagan for quite a while, and I finally blew up so I resigned. I also saw Keeley about it, but he said that Fagan was right. Shux, there's only one thing for me to do in a situation like this; I have to resign. Gee, I feel sorry for the guys who took the jobs, and I haven't anything to say to them."

Tom is still without a job this morning. "I haven't decided on anything yet. Lilly's working so I'm taking things easy. I've still got to fix up a few things, clean up my desk. Here I've been around for two months and I'm still not properly organized. Pretty bad."

"Do you know Takatsui? He's a nisei, but he studied in Japan. He's over in the 400 block. Gosh, he's got the biggest shelf of books I've seen here. Takatsui is a good man. He and Hayabhi are about the outstanding kibe leaders. (Another kibe happens to be walking by so we hail him.) Damn it, Hayes just doesn't understand the Japanese. Gee, it makes me mad to listen to him. Fagan wants me to come back now at \$19 a month, but that's crazy. He'll raise my pay now, but he won't do anything about the trouble on pay that I've asked him to change. Besides the pay is all haywire anyhow. The head waitress down at the administration mess gets \$19 a month, and the timekeepers and head timekeeper get only \$16. There's no logic to it."

"The kibe aren't hard to handle if you understand them. They should be handled through their leaders. There's no special kibe problem; if the administration would only appeal to the people through the idea of community welfare, there's nothing that can't be done. The case of the kibe ruffians over in 502 isn't a kibe question, the way Jacoby and Waller seem to think it is. They're just troublemakers and they ought to be treated as such."

"It's true that in Japan there is a tendency to strike first and talk after. The tendency to act like rowdies is an immigrant character, you don't find it in Japan. Still, in Japan, they don't like to argue, they prefer to act first. The Japanese see things (sense it) more quickly. The nisei like to argue and talk, but

we don't like that kind of argument. What's the use. There's something good about the psychology of using force first though. You get things off your chest right away and you feel good after. It shows more strength, you don't dillydally."

"In Japan the young fellows get together and beat up fellows who don't fall in line. It works too. One time I almost got beat up, I remember it clearly. In the schools there they have big pep rallies, something like those they have in colleges here, and the fellows parade up and down the streets and do all kinds of things. I didn't like those rallies so I sneaked off one time through a side alley. I did it twice, but the second time the guys caught me. They took me to the kendo gym, then the fellows made a big circle and made me sit in the middle. They asked me if I hadn't run away, if I hadn't been caught red-handed, and so on, just like in a third degree. Gee, I was scared, I thought they'd kill me, but I got off. When I got those same guys in kedo though, I beat their heads off."

"That's the way they do it over there. They make a big circle and give em the third degree. Then, "bingo", "bingo" and slam 'em down. The whole thing's over just like that. It sure feels good to let off steam that way, though. You get a big satisfaction. It's clean cut; there's nothing left. It's simpler than arguing. Some nisei think they're more logical, but they're slower."

Hatsuye Kurose came by looking for Michi just after she left. She told me of a wedding in 5708 last night at which she sang. That makes two for last night, since there was one at 1108. Two Bellevue kids were married. "It was depressing---the recreation hall was so dirty." Michi came home later and said the music department may get 20 pianos, but this is still uncertain and under the hat.

At lunch, we found that three old men had taken our regular places at our table. We have had the same table and same places for the past month and a half, and it outrages us to have someone else there. Kaz is already sitting there at the table, not at his accustomed position at the end of the table, but where May usually sits. Michi and I walked by our customary table, but since all seats were now taken by Tom and his wife, May and mother, and Kaz, beside the three men, we gave the old fellows a dirty look and wandered off looking for other vacant places. Michi asked a waiter where we might sit, but he looked blankly around the room and had no suggestions to offer. There were some places open at a bachelor's table, but I didn't want to insist that Michi join them, so I vetoed the idea. A family group whose daughters eat elsewhere at lunchtime invited us to join them, so we sat down at their table, but things were not as usual, for the feeling of camaraderie which we usually feel at mealtime, chatting and laughing together at our meals, was missing.

Kaz later told us that these old fellows had had a seat until today, but the family group with whom they had been eating had put up a sign indicating that every seat was taken by their family or their friends. Several families have already reserved seats at mess tables for their own group in this way. The old men were themselves very angry, and since our table had no sign, they declared it was anybody's table. Immediately after lunch Kaz planed off a two by four and suggested I print a sign. I put it up on the table, and the old men did not return in the evening to disturb our family set-up.

Nobu brought home a package for me from the post office. It was the trousers for which I'd sent to Montgomery Ward's. "They're Victory trousers," she said, and it was clear to look at it that war had definitely taken its toll of the trouser. For there were no pleats or cuffs; it was disappointingly plain. Nor had I expected quite the collar that the trouser bore, and the size wasn't quite right. This is the first time I've ordered a pair of pants through the mail order, but it doesn't satisfy as well as buying it personally at the store.

May is having her troubles with her job. From the very first day of work at the timekeepers office, she's been having trouble with Joe Imai. Joe, it seems, was made head of the timekeepers office crew, but after a time, Mr. Clark began depending on May to do certain important work. That must have griped Joe, who is a dour over-sensitive person anyway, and he perhaps feared that May would take over his supervisory job for which he gets the highest pay. The position was offered to May, but she refused to take it because of fear that Joe would feel badly, but now Joe takes every opportunity to slight May, who is the oldest and most experienced person in the auditing end of the office, and gives all the important work to younger girls. The girls in turn wonder why Joe brings them important work rather than handing it to May. On the few occasions May has made a mistake, Joe has called her down loudly embarrassing her no end. It seems May made a mistake last Saturday which Joe caught this morning, and he apparently made quite a show of her mistake. May is ready to quit the job, for which I can hardly blame her, and I've suggested that she try something like social work. May sees no reason why she should continue to work under a man who goes out of his way to make things uncomfortable for her.

I went to see Jacoby about a job for May in the social work department, but he was not in. Ran into Harry Mayeda, asst. sup. to Waller, and he told me of his troubles in the recreation dept. However, the advisory council of issei are turning out a fine group of men. In particular, Harry is impressed by Ikeda and Mitoma, and also Mr. Wada. He now takes all his problems to Mr. Ikeda or Mr. Mitoma.

Ted Waller cornered me while I was in the office asking if I wouldn't care to take the position of executive secretary to the merit system committee. Waller, in his inimitable manner of making anything sound important, tells me it is one of the most

important jobs around here---in fact, the important job. Waller lives in an egocentric world, not that he's egotistical, but, like a child, he sees everything else as turning upon what he is doing. I politely refuse the job, though he insists, "Well, at least think about it," for I have no desire to get into trouble while carrying on the present research. The merit system commi is either going to be powerless, or if it does have some teeth to it, will draw more criticism than any other group here.

Rose and Tom are definitely getting married next month. Tom Okabe had been insisting that they wouldn't get married until a church was built, but since no church seems to be immediately in sight, I presume they have waived that point. Tom has and Rose have both quit their jobs

Student Relocation and College Education The day is cool and one felt the signs of autumn, and even of the dreaded winter coming on. Spent the morning in typing up some of the material which has been accumulating for the past several days.

The Student Relocation meeting has been set for 1:30 in the afternoon. Michi and I wandered down to the administration bldg. in the hope of finding the meeting place. Noone was around in the personnel recreation when we looked in, but fifteen minutes later the meeting started. I wanted Michi to sit in, because I thought she'd be interested in all that goes on there as well as the contribution she would make along the line of musical education, and furthermore, she seems to remember about twice as much as I do about the details of any event. We dropped in on Mrs. Jacoby.

I went over to the administration to check up on the actual place of meeting. Waller was there with a group of visitors, and he shortly thereafter introduced me to John Province who had come up for this meeting and for other reasons. Province seemed less distinguished in appearance than I'd expected, but he was very kindly and sincere as far as I could tell.

The meeting started at the ~~personnel~~ personnel recreation hall, bldg. 244, about 1:45. Fleming had called the meeting, and others of the staff present were Elberson, Waller, Dr. Francis, and later Mr. and Mrs. Shirrell. Visitors included Blaisdell of the International House, who chaired the meeting, Mr. Hill and Mr. Rakestraw from the Univ. of California, Mendenhall, Carter, and Cloud from the Junior Colleges of the Northern California region, and Mr. Bursch of the State Board of Education. From the WRA central and regional offices came, Province, McEntire, and Adams. Tom Okabe and Tom Shibutani were present from the local Student Relocation committee as well as myself.

Blaisdell started the meeting by declaring that the main effort of the WRA should be to relocate the students in mid-western and eastern colleges. However, he pointed out, there are going to be a great many who cannot go out due to poor grades, lack of finances, or other considerations, and he stressed the need of some kind of post high school work for this group. Others he declared, probably should not go, for there is perhaps too much stress on college education without adequate analysis of what the student is going to use the education for. Two possible types of classes that might be started here are (1) the college extension courses, and (2) the junior college type of training.

The questions which were discussed this afternoon concerned the credentialing of students on the basis of the extension work at considerable distance from the schools; the facilities for giving such education such as place to study, classrooms, and library; and the availability of teachers for giving such courses. Much of the problems of financing the courses and of credentialing the students taking them were of a technical nature that did not interest me and which I did not follow.

After the meeting, Tom and I met John Province and McEntire to discuss with them the question of what kind of status persons in our position might have with reference to employment in the camp. Province was extremely cautious, declaring that the new WRA regulations provided that anyone holding outside employment might have to place the excess beyond what the workers in the community are making into a special "trust fund", all this according to the discretion of the community council. The further question arose as to whether we were being employed by outside groups, or whether we are merely receiving an honorarium whereby to carry on our further education. There was also some doubt expressed as to whether we could hire a secretary since such a worker would again be considered a person working for an outside employer.

Province ~~was~~ continued the conversation outside expressing his desire that our research would be of some practical value to the administration. Fryer's opposition to the research, or rather indifference to it, he thinks comes from the fact that Fryer found in his experience with researchers among the Navajos, whom he was administrating, that their research had little to offer in the way of practical answers to his administrative problems. Province then went on to point out that Dr. Leighton, working with the Poston project, has so designed his research as to answer certain practical questions such as, "Why is it that, within a given messhall, there are certain individuals who object to what is ~~served~~ served them, and other persons who do not so object?" This is the type of thing that Province would like to see us do, to give answers to questions which would be of administrative value.

Our reply was that we were doing exactly these things, of trying to give the administration some idea of what the Japanese felt about many of the policies and practices laid down by them.

Nobu and Kaz's 13th Wedding Ann. Nobu invited us over for tonight for their 13th wedding anniversary. Michi and I had decided on a gift of a pot of flowers for them, and had put in our order for it at the canteen at least a week ago. But Michi had inquired for the flower yesterday and it had not yet arrived, principally because the store manager had forgotten to put in the order as had been requested. Michi hates the fellow named Ito there now, because, she says, he's so inefficient and fog-brained. Today, we had gone again but no flowers were there, so Michi rummaged in our trunk and came out with a beautifully crocheted table runner that her mother had given her prior to our marriage. It seemed a shame to give up something as well done as this piece, but there was nothing else to offer, and Michi thought that Nobu would like it.

Nobu's place, of course, is almost something of a show piece here because of its wallpapers and the unique arrangement of the closet such as to make window seats surrounded by a shallow closet against the whole window wall. It felt like a party. Oliver Nojū whom we'd known in Seattle for years, George Funai who used to live in Eatonville with Kaz and Nobu, Masaye Kawasaki, Nobu's co-worker down at the post-office, and all the friends living in our block with whom the Naitos associate were there. It made up a party of about ten.

Most of us were paired off. I have no doubt that Nobu had in mind that Masaye and George Funai should get to know each other, and that Oliver Noji and May should have a chance to further acquaint themselves with each other. Nobu is always concerned about finding some right man for my sister May though she often gives up in despair. We sat around chatting about various of our experience. George, who had been in the army and had his basic training before getting sick, was told of his experiences in Camp Roberts. Oliver, who is an artist, or rather an architect who likes to dealve in art, showed us some of his sketches of Camp Harmony, and told of his desire to do a series of sketches here. Said someone, "It's a good thing. Since we can't take photographs here, we should have something by which to picture exactly the kind of life we're living here." We sat around enjoying coffee and sandwiches, and some delicious cake which Kaz had bought through the commercial baker coming down from Klamath.

Tom Uyeno arrived late after having attended a council meeting. He enthusiastically told us of the new WRA policies, especially with reference to clothing allowance, a raise in the average wage, and new conditions for payment of wages, by check rather than by a bonded cashiers as had been the practice heretofore. Tom was quite enthusiastic, and we all felt elated that something tangible had resulted from the San Francisco conference. I immediately had the feeling that something like this should be presented to the people at large, not only because it should make a great many of the dissatisfied ones here less irritable, but also because it would stand as a means by which the community could get to know Mr. Shirrell and his work a little better.

Student Relocation Committee Spent half the day waiting for something to happen with reference to the student relocation and college education problems. No committee meeting was called until this evening.

We met again at 7:30 this evening. Mr. Shirrell was there tonight and remained until the end. Blaisdell, as chairman, inquired of the various people present as to what decisions they had arrived at following a day's stay here in the community. Reports started with Mr. Rakestraw, the registrar for ~~extension~~ extension course division at the University of California. He reported that he had met several of them men from the U of C who were taking courses by extension here and learned of their problems. First, was the lack of study and library facilities, and second, the difficulties of communication with the professors over the course. These persons already in the extension school, Rakestraw felt, could however easily complete their work. It was in reference to college work by extension for those to begin from now that seemed hopelessly complicated. Rakestraw himself appeared a very unenthusiastic person, committed to the past practices without any inclination to stretch any points for the needs of the situation. He outlined certain introductory survey courses that might be taught here, given the willingness of part of the personnel staff and others to give up some time in instruction. But for those desiring any advanced work beyond that, it appeared to him an impossible case.

The junior college group, however, showed considerable enthusiasm in their work. They outlined, in conjunction with suggestions from Mr. Shirrell, certain basic training courses that could be offered by them giving full credit to the students. Among these courses in the order of their immediate possibilities were: floriculture, cooking and baking on mass scale, shop work, as in heavy farm equipment, truck gardening, business administration courses, nursing, tea-room management, institutional management, police and fire instruction, and leadership training. There was considerable fire and enthusiasm among the men representing the junior colleges, and nothing seemed insupreable here for them.

Certain basic ideas were discussed and formed. In the first place, the administration expressed its desire to keep down the expenses of education as much as possible for the students here. Ways and means for keeping down the cost of tuition by using volunteer help from retired professors and others was discussed. Again, the need for getting credits to the students for their course work was likewise strongly emphasized. Problems of giving adequate facilities for study and library were likewise considered, and some of the representatives of various schools offered the use of their library for this purpose. Finally, Mr. Shirrell expressed his intent of getting a person of considerable training and experience to act as coordinator in a project wide training program. Said he, "I'm not looking for a \$2,500 man, which is all I'm allotted for the work by the regional office at the present, but I'm trying to get a \$4,600 man, a really high caliber individual."

The evening was cold, as had been the whole day, and by the time we were prepared to leave, we were having one of the heaviest rainfalls we'd experienced here thus far.

Mr. Shirrell Tom and I made an appointment to see Shirrell today. For some time we'd been discussing the need of communicating certain ideas we have about the administration, particularly their errors in estimating the trends of mass opinion here. About two weeks ago, before Shirrell left for San Francisco and before the farm strike occurred, Tom and Harno discussed with me the need to approach Shirrell on the whole question of personnel administration within this community. Harno, for instance, had been stressing the fact that a strike was pending unless something was done to alleviate the lack of equipment, slowness of pay, and general discontent with the management, if not by direct means, at least by some indirect method that would give greater satisfaction to the farm workers for what they are doing. Harno complained bitterly about the promises which the administration, or at least Hayes and Eastman, were making, most of which, he declared, could not possibly be fulfilled with the present slowness of transportation and procurement. Tom's feeling, on the other hand, was that a understanding propoganda is necessary to alter the fundamental views of the Issei population here. There isn't enough consideration given to the existing Issei attitudes in the comments and policies coming from the administration to the people.

Shirrell couldn't see us at 2:00 o'clock, when we went down there, because he had suddenly been called away to the farm to attend to some business. We later learned that it was to attend to a couple of Nisei who had been jailed in Tulalake for being in a beer tavern there. Tom bought some cheese crackers and we wandered around looking for Harno, but before we could find him Shirrell was back in his office.

After exchanging formalities, I started right in with my proposition. Said I, "We've been very much concerned about the lack of understanding between the people of the community, particularly of the Issei, and of the administration. Much of this difficulty we're inclined to attribute to the inadequacy of communication between the people and the administration, in both directions. Now, in your discussion of the new WRA policies at the last council mtg. it seems to me that you presented some material to which the people of the community would respond favorably. It presents the significance of the work you did in San Francisco. We were wondering if it would not be possible to have a mass meeting, especially with an interpreter at hand to address the Issei, to discuss the results of the San Francisco meeting with them. It would afford you an opportunity to meet the people, and the people would have a chance to get the right information directly from you. Much of the rumors hereabouts have been based on the fact that the Issei have not had adequate instruction in what's going on."

Shirrell replied, "I've been concerned for a long time by the fact that I lack contact with the people of the community. I've tried to get out there about once a day just to mix with them, but I don't have enough hours in the day to go all that I want to do and all that needs to be done. I've everything possible in order to make the people understand what we're trying to do, but I'm frankly up against a wall at the present time. I don't know what

to do about it. If you boys think this thing will work, I'm willing to try it. The information about the new policies are coming in everyday, and I have a pretty good idea of what might be said. When do you think it might be held?"

We suggested Saturday afternoon about 2:00 o'clock, since the evenings were already beginning to cool off rapidly and it would be unwise to have a mass meeting then. We discussed some of the intricacies of the program, and then Shirrell called in Mr. Fleming and Mr. Waller from their desks. Said he in a wry joking manner, "These boys want to take over your jobs, what do you think of that?" Then, he proceeded to outline the proposition we'd placed before him, and the necessary details were worked out. They were told to go ahead with the required announcements and then were dismissed. Mr. Shirrell again turned to us and inquired, "Well, do you have any other good ideas you want to suggest?" He had mentioned in the course of his conversation with Mr. Fleming that he would also have to make a Labor Day talk. Tom picked up on this point.

Tom declared, "One of the things that concerns me is that many things which the administration does goes directly counter to the basic attitudes and values of the Issei. There is need to do a great deal of propoganda work among the Issei to bring them around to a proper frame of mind where they're willing to accept the administration and its policies. But this propoganda needs to be subtle enough to catch the Issei mind. The OWI bulletins, for example, which have been coming out having been doing more harm than good. In fact, if they continue coming out, I'm afraid there may be trouble. Likewise, with reference to your 4th of July speech, I feel that your emphasis on the war efforts and support of American democracy didn't reach the people at all." (This is probably an accurate transcription of what Tom said, although it catches the gist of it, perhaps not in quite as strong language.)

Shirrell replied, "For the kind of thing you're asking, we'd need a propoganda expert, or a public opinion analyst, but we couldn't get a man like that here. It requires training and experience, and we don't have money enough to get such a man. As for my talks to the people, I have to assume that they are for America and its war effort. If the Japanese Issei don't believe in America, they have no business being here; they should be in Misscula where they have a camp for such people. My job is to run this relocation center, and as project director I'm committed to see that certain policies are followed out. As long as I'm here, I have to see to it that we run this place as an American institution."

"I know that the evacuees have suffered a great deal from the evacuation, and I sympathize with them. I can understand some of the hardships of a relocation center, and we're doing everything possible to relieve those difficulties. If the workers don't want to work, there's nothing to prevent them from quitting. But as for destruction of government property, I have to see that nothing

happens to government property for I'm bonded for every bit of it and I'm responsible for it. If workers want to interfere with production on the farm, for instance, I may have to call in the militia, "though that's the last thing I want to do."

"I not only have to contend with the people in the community, but I have to think of the relations with the communities on the outside. Today, a group of young fellows from the farm, three of them, were caught by the constable there. They were found in a beer tavern, somebody phoned the constable, and they were jailed until we went over to bail them out. Things like that create huge problems for us. Suppose someone had taken the notion to use force on them; there would have been the devil to pay. The other day, Mr. Slattery happened to be driving on the outside with his white secretary and one of his Japanese girls. They decided to drop into a soft drink place; and I later heard of it. I told Slattery that such a thing couldn't be repeated because of the regulations against it, and the difficulties that potentially exist if some trouble should start over having ~~an evacuee~~ an evacuee on the outside. Slatter told me that at the moment the thing didn't occur to him, that the Nisei girl seemed just like anyone else and he hadn't given the matter another thought. That's the way we come to be associating with the evacuees, but we can't afford to make mistakes like that for the potential ~~danger~~ harm it may do to the WRA program."

Tom was quite upset after our meeting with Shirrell that his basic idea, a need for greater caution by the administration in their treatment of the Issei, had not been seriously considered. In Tom's view, this failure to take account of the basic Issei attitude is going to lead only into further trouble. I agreed with him that the whole program was not sociologically sound, but it ~~was~~ also seemed to me that Shirrell, as a representative of the U.S., is not in a position to compromise certain basic programs of the WRA. Tom ~~entered~~ entered that in order to achieve these very programs, it is necessary that a more subtle program of propaganda and re-education of the Issei is necessary. In my mind, it still seems that the nature of Shirrell's position makes it extremely difficult to follow a strictly pragmatic approach to this thing, that his principles and convictions must necessarily be involved.

Dave and Student Relocation We had invited Dave Okada to visit us since he wished to talk to me about the problems of the Nisei student in the mid-west, and the possibilities offered by sociology for the Nisei. Dave and his wife are planning to go to Oberlin College and have long since sent in their application to Student Relocation. Dave is the oldest of the boys in his family, and although a very keen and studious type, he had to quit school after junior college because of a need to support his family. He had gone into civil service and had a position with the State Employment division until prior to evacuation. But now that they are here and there is little offered here, Dave feels that he'd like to get a little more schooling now that the chance is offered him. He confessed he doesn't have much funds, yet he hopes his wife and he can work to make up the difference. Dave's interest is in getting into some kind of personnel work, especially to learn enough of psycho-

logy to work with the Nisei in personal adjustment. He has especially in mind, the need for such a worker among the Nisei in the post-war years. His primary desire is to become a psychiatrist, but recognizing the impossibility of doing that in view of the long years of training required, he is seeking some substitute outlet that would give him some kind of basis for personell work.

Dave had talked to Rev. Tanabe and with one of his doctor friends here and both had advised him to major in psychology. I pointed out to him that in many depts. the psychology taught is strictly experimental and behavioristic, both of which are ill-suited to the kind of use he desires to make of psychology. He likewise is interested in sociology, but I pointed out the shortcomings of this field too, especially where the dept. is not strong. We looked over the Oberlin catalogue and finally decided that it might be desirable to tentatively select psychology for the major field with sociology as a minor, but to keep his mind open until after he had taken some courses in the depts. there.

We listened after to some of the records that Dave had brought with him. Dave loves music, especially of singers, for he himself sings, and he has a couple of volumes here which he'd had sent up by a friend who'd kept them in his care. The records were beautifully kept, as if Dave really loved the things, and tonight they sounded beautiful even with the small radio-phonograph combination which we have.

Harno had dropped in earleir, as did my cousin Mutsuo and his wife, and I had a hard time keeping the conversation in a train that would catch all these together. They are all so different.

Ted and Alice Michi and I went over to Dr. Ted Watanabe's place to return some records we'd borrowed from him for the Sunday record concerts. Alice was there, as she seems to be frequently these days, and we sat down to chat for a while. Ted declared that he probably could not get out even if he wanted to now, on the one hand because of his Japanese citizenship (he came over at the age of two or three) and on the other because he's a doctor and the relocation centers wouldn't want to release doctors, they're short-handed enough as it is. But it was apparent that Ted somewhat regretted his failure to take the other course which he might have followed at the time of evacuation, return to Chicago where he'd been studying X-Ray. He'd told us once that he had joined the evacuees because he felt that might conceivably do some good for the Japanese, a thought which many no doubt must have had, but now that he has experienced the conditions of these centers, he probably feels dubious as to the good that he can do. At least, the reality of the situation isn't as glorious as the dream of it might have been.

The Oratorical Contest Michi and I decided to take in the oratorical contests and hurried over to 1300 where it was being held. The messhall was crowded, there must have been some 400 persons to hear the contests. Every seat was crowded, and some were standing in the rear. We found a small place near my sister, May, and though it was far past the time for beginning, waited for the contest to start. A small platform had been rigged up in the little space at the head of the messhall, and the P.A. system was up for those speakers desiring to use it. This was to be for post-high school Nisei alone, and among the speakers were included many who had won some oratorical honor or another. The things had been pretty well publicized, and the room buzzed with anticipation. Most of the audience were young Nisei, anywhere from high school age to about twenty-five, but there was a very small scattering of older persons. The sponsors of the program, the forum committee, sat near the front directing the program. They looked rather auspicious with their Sunday suits on, a rare sight around here during week days. The judges were to be Mr. Harkness, Mrs. Shirrell, and Rev. Tanabe. They sat scattered about the room.

Entrants for the contest were as follows:

May Oye, Willamette U. and N.W. JACL finalist, "Let Freedom Ring"

Alice Sakai, Placer JACL and Internat. Relation winner, "Nisei Youth and Education."

Yoshie Shibata, U of California stdt., "Our American Heritage".

Roy Higashi, National Buddhist finalist, "Our Sacred Heritage."

Mas Yamasaki, Northern Cal. JACL champion, "Our Part in the War Effort."

Bill Marutani, Nat. Buddhist and N.W. JACL finalist, "We Who Carry the Torch."

Waichi Cyanagi, Coll. of Puget Sound, debater, "Our Heritage."

Entrants for the contest (contd.):

Kiyoshi Yumibe, Oregon State grad., "Price and Glory of Democracy."

Yoshimi Shibata, "Our Life in Camp", Ohio State stdt.

Certain themes characterized the talks given today. Undoubtedly, all the talks were directed by the fact that they were oratory and therefore tended to express the highest idealism of the speakers, or on the other side, the greatest depth of despair. The points emphasized were probably exaggerated beyond normal proportions. But each speaker was unquestionably attempting to express ideas fundamental in his thinking, and as well, to appeal to the fundamental thoughts of his audience, and in this sense the talks probably reflected Nisei thought on certain aspects of their thinking. Certain characteristics of these talks may therefore be listed:

1. The speakers exhorted for greater effort on the part of the Nisei to overcome the barriers set before us by evacuation, to make the most of opportunities offered by American democracy, or to make the most of the situation here.
2. Most of the speakers made direct or passing reference to the injustices of evacuation, but of the willingness with which the Nisei have participated in it.
3. Most speakers referred to the high qualities of American democracy and the advantages which it offers, along with its disadvantages.
4. Others ~~walk~~ express the desire to help reconstruct a greater democracy or preserve the best elements now existent.
5. There was a difference between the more naive and the mature in that the former accept the fact of democracy here already, while the latter wish to strive for a better one.
6. Only one speaker gave an outspoken statement of pessimism about the present and future situation of the Nisei.

Thus, some of the main characteristics of thought here appear as exhortations to duty and responsibility, seeking of some kind of rationalization for what has already happened, and general expressions of optimism about the future. It should be noted that the speakers were about nineteen to twenty-two years of age. Pronunciation was characteristically poor except in a few rare instances, most of the speakers seemed unnatural on the platform, and expression of thought seemed difficult for these Nisei by contrast with what might expect of Caucasian American students of this age. But these young people were probably among the best of this age group in regard to speaking ability.

Tom had been irritated from the beginning with the idea of oratorical contests. He doesn't believe in them; but he did coach one young fellow for tonight, Roy Higashi, and the consequence of his teaching did come through. However, in the final voting by the judges, Bill Marutani was first and Mas Yamasaki was second, whereas in Tom's estimate Roy gave the best all around performance and Marutani probably was second. Tom was disgusted with the judges for failing to even have a score sheet, such as Tom has been accustomed to in speech groups, and he was extremely critical of the judgements

based as they were on what he regarded "old-style oratorical" presentation. We gathered about him and his students and discussed the pros and cons of the judgement.

The awards were wooden plaques made by one of the wood carving artists in the recreation dept., fine pieces of work considering the lack of equipment with which to make such pieces.

The Shibutani, Hisatomis and we stopped over at our place for an evening snack and a post mortem on the whole oratorical contest.

Mrs. Wills of Asia Mag. I worked all morning at home. Late in the morning, Mrs. Wills who represented herself as a writer for the Asia Magazine came by to ask me various questions about the evacuation adjustments of the Japanese. She was a woman of about fifty who knew a little about Orientals from her contacts with them in Hawaii, and she had recently taken to writing for the Asia Magazine about the evacuation of Japanese. It was quite evident that she was extremely sincere in her desire to help the Japanese, and she apparently had a highly idealistic conception of the people here. At least, it would have shocked her had I given her a detailed picture of the intransigent character of some people here. But I saved her that disappointment, for I only pointed out some of the concrete facts of life and honeyed it over with the difficulties encountered by the people. Mrs. Wills builds her thought on humanism and Christian faith, and she expressed strong sympathy for the evacuees. Nor could I find anything that indicated this as merely a journalists pose. Her questions had largely to do with the hardships encountered, the adjustments made by evacuees to these difficulties, and some of the problems now facing the people. I was not sure that she had very definitely in mind exactly what she was looking for in her conversation with me, but I talked rather freely of the life of the people here. Waller undoubtedly was the one who sent her to me, and she was driven up by Miss Robinson's messenger driver, who sat around waiting for us.

Tom Shib Tom came over shortly before noon with a letter from Thomas requiring a progress report at the earliest date. Tom was much disturbed, saying, "We can't do all she asks for." It seemed characteristic of Tom to take the matter very much to heart, although I knew that when the time comes, he'll produce the goods. Mrs. Wills later caught up with Tom and cornered him for an interview. He said something about women of good will trying to write about the Japanese and then went out resignedly to the interview, as a martyr to a cause.

Truck Shortage My brother-in-law, Kaz, had been asking about seeing the farm, for having been a farmer for a while himself and having heard of the huge farm project with its remarkable crop, he was curious to see the thing. I inquired of Harno about the possibility of Kaz going out with the technical crew, to which Harno replied, "Well, I don't know if we will be going to the farm tomorrow afternoon. The C.C.C. want all their trucks back---we've borrowed them from the CCC you know. We may not have very many trucks here tomorrow. Another thing, Aki and two other fellows got caught in Tulelake, so we now have to have escorts in going out there. It's harder to get out to the farm than it has been. Perhaps if Kaz saw Eastman and got a permit, he could get out easily enough. Or, he might jump on with the farm crew in the morning." Harno talked at some length about the probably hardship that would appear with the removal of several trucks. There are few enough trucks at present to pick up the produce from the farm, deliver them as well as other foods to the mess-halls, and take care of the packing shed needs as well.

Shirrell's Mass Meeting The mass meeting that Tom and I had asked for came this afternoon at 2:00 as scheduled. It had been publicized in the newspaper, both in English and in Japanese, and an announcement had been made in our messhall. The day was fortunately

fair and warm though a trifle windy. A large audience of perhaps two thousand people were gathered closely packed together before the platform, but interestingly enough there were more Issei than Nisei in the audience. In fact, I should guess there were more than two-thirds Issei, mostly of the laboring crews, in the audience. The subject had been announced as the new WRA policies, and undoubtedly the men had gathered to hear of the new allotments they might receive. There were sparse gatherings of women throughout the audience.

Mr. Shirrell came on the platform with Fleming, who merely sat on the platform, perhaps to give moral support. Koso Takemoto was the interpreter for the afternoon. Koso, who interpreted from time to time, started his own discussion with the statement, "Please understand that I am only the interpreter today, and that I am not making a business of translating for the administration. I was only asked to do this work last night. I trust I shall not have reason to fear walking about in the dark after this speech."

Mr. Shirrel addressed his audience roughly as follows: "During our recent conference in San Francisco, many aspects of the WRA policy were clarified, and I wish to discuss them with you today. However, before going into that discussion, I wish to clear up certain points about the nature of the WRA which seems to have caused a great deal of misunderstanding in the community."

"It appears that you have not understood clearly the relations of the WCCA, the Army, the WRA and the government. The WCCA is an organization that was formed as a civilian branch of the Army to carry out the evacuation, but the WRA has nothing directly to do with the Army and is directly responsible only to the President of the United States, who by proclamation established this agency. At the head of all WRA projects is Mr. Dillon Meyer in Washington, D.C., who is responsible directly to the President. In San Francisco at the regional office of the WRA is Mr. Fryer, who is responsible to Mr. Dillon Meyer who in turn is responsible to the President. As project director of the Tule Lake Project, I am responsible to Mr. Fryer, who is responsible to Mr. Meyer, who in turn, as I have said, is responsible to the President. That is the line of authority in the WRA, and I take my orders from those above me."

"One of the most difficult problems we have been confronted with is that of procuring goods for all your needs. The Tule Lake Project has today a population 15,134 which makes this the largest city in Modoc County. It is an enormous problem to keep this population fed, and clothed and sheltered, and we realize that we have often been slow in getting your needs to you. You have been patient, remarkably so. We realize that you have undergone many hardships and we marvel at your patience. But you must also realize the difficulties of government procurement. In the first place, the WRA projects must be supported by the taxes on the American people, and at present with the United States waging a great struggle with the Axis nations, the income of the nation is being drained to its utmost. Moreover, because of the war, there are many things that are not available today which in normal times would be available, and the means of transporting those goods which we procure is limited. The paramount concern of the United States today is to win this war, and war industries must take

precedence over anything else in matters of transportation or of supplies."

"One of the major problems here has been that of getting and distributing food. Heretofore, we have had to requisition to San Francisco at the quartermaster office there for our food, and then wait for the train which was to arrive with our supplies. Because of the numerous channels through which these requisitions had to go, this method of food procurement has taken a great deal of time, and we have had to requisition several weeks ahead to be sure of getting food on time. This regulation has now been changed, however, and we are to have direct connection with the U.S. Treasury such that we are permitted to buy ourselves whatever we need here. We can now go to Klamath Falls, or anywhere else, if we suddenly find a shortage that must be overcome."

"I think you will understand what I mean when I speak of the difficulties of government procurement when I tell you that we are doing wonders when we go out and are able to buy 1,000 feet of lumber. Due to priorities, many things which were available in quantity before ~~now~~ are now almost impossible to get."

"Heretofore, in the payment of wages, we have had only one person bonded for \$15,000 who can act as cashier for this project. This meant that only \$15,000 could be paid out at a time, and once this was paid, the accounts had to be sent to San Francisco, checked through several offices, and then only could the cashier receive another \$15,000 to make further payments. This situation made for a great deal of difficulty in payment to you, as well as to our creditors in the surrounding area. Now we have arranged for two such bonded cashiers such that we shall be able to make \$30,000 worth of payment each time. Moreover, after October 1, we shall have a representative of the U.S. Treasury such that wage payments can be made by checks and it will no longer be necessary to line up. Wages should then come through steadily. The WRA will not intervene in payment, but the checks will come directly from the U.S. Treasury."

"Wages are to be at the same scale of \$12, \$16, and \$19. The bulk of workers shall probably get \$16, and only apprentices or college students working part-time will get only \$12 a month. \$19 wages are to go only to professionals or to persons whose positions are of such responsibility that they are indispensable to the community. I should add that cooks are included in this \$19 class."

Clothing is to be handed out to all workers; many of you no doubt have received some of it already. Clothing allowances have been determined, and people in the "arctic zone," the colder climatic regions, will get more than those in the warmer zones. Anyone who is a member of the WRA Work Corp, or is a dependent unable to work will receive this allowance. It is not much, but clothing is hard to get now due to war."

"The basic subsistence rate of \$20.00 a month is to go to everyone regardless of whether he works or not. No levies will be charged against anyone. Subsistence includes food, shelter, medical care and education. But cash advances and clothing are given only to those who work or are willing to work. No one cares whether you work or not,

and no basic subsistence rate will be charged; but production does help the war effort. Moreover, you will further help the war effort if you will leave the center to go out to work. Many contractors for sugar beet fields and fruit orchards want harvesters, and the WRA is here to help you find jobs. General De Witt's office has declared that no Japanese evacuees may work in the fields of California, but you are permitted to go anywhere in Montana, Idaho, Utah, and the non-restricted areas of Oregon and Washington. We shall see that you get proper food, medical attention, and work conditions, and your wages will be the prevailing wages of the area. A WRA inspector is to go out from time to time to see that these conditions are fulfilled. Another group is constituted by those who work outside but live in the relocation projects. These persons must pay their basic subsistence rates, but anything beyond that must be placed in a community trust fund, the disposition of which is to be determined by the community council. Then there is the group of Nisei who may go out to schools on the outside. Finally, there are the Nisei who will be permitted to find employment in the middle west and east, outside the western defense command. In none of these groups is it necessary to pay the subsistence costs of any dependents who are left behind. The WRA wants to carry out this relocation program as fast it can be accomplished; and once you leave we hope that you will not come back, not that we dislike you, but the project is too large anyway and we think it better for you out there."

"The community enterprises are to be in the people's control, and as soon as possible, we wish to see it transformed into a consumer's cooperative. Some form of consumer's cooperative will be established. As for a producer's cooperative, no definite policy was determined on this at the San Francisco conference. Mr. Meyers saw many legal problems in such an institution, for it has never had precedence here in this country, and it is necessary to seek further legal advice upon the matter. There still remains the question of how to pay off the cash advances which are in excess of the present wage scale.

You are to form a permanent local government, and the council is to be given the right to tax the people up to the amount of \$1,000. There may not be any levies beyond that amount.

Rost Mortems As the audience disbanded after the speeches were over, I mixed among them to hear what they said. Most of the Issei had stuck it out to the last, though the Nisei tended to wander off during the course of the discussion especially in the interchange between speaker and interpreter. One old man who looked like an uneducated farmer was remarking to a group of his friends, "It seems to me they would pick a better interpreter. That fellow spoke like a Chinese. One could hardly understand him." (The fact was that Koso had really done a good job of translating, but this speaker had failed to take into account the difficulties involved in his task. In the first

place, Koso had to translate several paragraphs at a time from brief notes taken as Shirrell spoke. Moreover, in his attempt to be accurate, Koso frequently followed the English words and structure as closely as possible, even where literal counterparts for the English word was hardly to be found in the Japanese.) Others were heard discussing the relative advantages and disadvantages which the Japanese would gain from these new policies. A man passing by who had not heard the address inquired of one who was on his way home, "What did Shirrell have to say?" The other replied, "Well, it wasn't much different from what we've heard already. There was clearly no overflow of happiness about the new policy, but there seemed no disgruntlement either.

On our return, I asked my mother what she had thought of the talk. My sister had advised her to go, although my mother wasn't sure she'd care to sit in the hot sun through a long talk. But my mother was enthusiastic about having gone. To her it seemed that these Japanese translations of speeches were a fine thing. Today, for the first time, she felt she had gained some solid information about the WRA. The translation, she thought, was clear and good. She was quite happy about the announcement of clothing allowances, and she inquired as to when the thing would start. It seems that men who have opportunity to mix with others in their work groups get quite a bit of information through conversation and hence are not quite so dependent on such a talk as today, though it was clear that they were interested and that they had received valuable information. Moreover, their disgruntlement with their present situation is such that they are not easily pleased with even considerable concessions from the WRA. Many, I judge, were pleased with today's announcements, but there were perhaps an equally large number who felt that the WRA was still holding out on them.