

October 1, 1942

Today was the first full day of work and I felt much better. I got up at 8 and rushed to work. Halle gave us all a lecture in which none of us learned a damn thing because she kept saying the same thing over and over again. A number of people came in to see Mrs. Murayama. Mae Miyamoto began working there today. I interviewed my first man for a P.A. grant. He was very cooperative and I had no difficulty in getting the necessary dope from him.

Lunch was very greasy. We got some things from Ward--a shaver and a book.

I went back to work. Nothing was left to be done and since Naoko and Halle were gone I spent the afternoon going through the records on grants. I found some very interesting cases on record although the information was very incomplete. I talked to Naoko and Mrs. Murayama about some of the cases. Mrs. Murayama told me of some of her 'interesting' cases involving sex difficulties. She seemed to realize that I was there for records and suggested ways and means of getting the dope under Halle's nose.

We had stew for supper again. I was reading Pearl Buck's The Good Earth when Kay and Keiko came in. They went with Tomi to the ULC. Club meeting. I went looking for Naj but couldn't find him.

At the meeting we discussed citizenship. I did quite a bit of yelling and many who had come intending to back up the J.A.C.L. merely muttered to themselves and didn't dare stand up and say what they partially believed. Hayashi suggested that we have a tri-state advance in which all college students in the camp would get together and plan things and asked me to be chairman. Shiro Tokuno and I tried hard and finally succeeded in amending Hayashi's motion to supporting a Cal Club sponsored open mass meeting for all citizens. The motion carried with no opposition and we started on the plans.

I was a bit apprehensive because it seemed that either the J.A.C.L. or our group was getting hooked into something. Walt Tsukamoto was to speak and so was I. I selected a committee and we ironed out all the details. Jobo was anxious to get some speaker to get up to demand that the Nisei overthrow the Issei and take over the camp.

After the meeting broke up I went to rouse Naj from his work and we all went over to the Miyamotos and discussed the whole thing. We argued and argued but Naj refused to do anything. Frank was very happy about the whole thing. We then talked about the welfare department and some of the cases until 12.

At home it was so cold that we had to build a fire. I thought of the uniform replies of all Tsukamoto cronies. When I said that there were rumors going about the camp, Mas Sakada and Sakae Hayashi had jumped up and said that the rumor had not been disproved since Besig's telegram said that the "Congress" had not passed the bill--and maybe the House did and the Senate didn't.



October 2, 1942

I got up at 8:30 and was late to work. I just got there in time for the lecture. Halle left about 10 so I went over to Elberson's office and talked to Fumi about the meeting. Koso dislikes the J.A.C.L. tremendously and wanted some other group to take over. Bob was there too. I went out with Bob and stood around talking to him until Elberson came back in his car. The grill of the car was mashed in and cuss words were written all over the hood. Elberson simply laughed and remarked at the Americanization of the person who had written the cuss words. He was more concerned about the lousy men in the administration than in the fact that someone had bashed in his grill--which was irreplaceable. He felt that the basic difficulty was that the stupid men in the administration were not letting the Japanese make enough of the decisions. He said that Peck was a son of a bitch and had said that the Japs had no right to haul him before the Council to talk. Elberson was mad as hell and called him a dirty fascist.

At 12, Bob took Mrs. Murayama and me home. We had fish for lunch. I read Good Earth for a while and then saw Frank and Michi. Bob and Hanny came over and said that they were going down to the Bay Region. The girls got together and ordered some chow mein. Frank gave me one of the copies he had of the article he had written on evacuation in the Annals.

I went over to the office and found no Halle. I read Park and Miller's Old World Traits Transplanted and then talked to Mrs. Murayama about inter-racial marriage. She was worried that Connie would marry a Caucasian. At that point Jim came in and dominated the conversation so I left.

We had fish for supper again. I palnned the lecture and then rushed to class. We talked about modern racialism. Miss Light talked up and we had a long discussion. I went over to the Hisatomis with Miss Light and we talked until about 11. Miss Light said that her mother was from the South and said that she herself had acquired her humanitarian attitudes in the church groups.

I walked to the firehouse with her. On the way home we stopped at the Miyamotos and talked for a while.



October 3, 1942

I had to get up this morning at 7:30 because of an upset stomach. In the latrine I saw Mr. Sato. He had seen the notice about Public Assistance grants in the paper. He said that he didn't need it but wanted to get anything that could be gotten. The man next to him disagreed. He said that Social Security grants were better.

I went to 1608 and found plenty of cases to interview since Mrs. Halle had announced in the paper that the office would take any and all applicants for grants. Before long, however, I got notice of a telegram. I took Mrs. Halle's car to the ad. building. It was a wire from Morton. He said that the rumor was not true because the State Department disapproved of the bill.

I found that because of a weak battery the car wouldn't start again. I went to the garage but found difficulty in getting anyone to help. Apparently the mechanic was willing enough but he was afraid to do anything without the foreman's O.K. but the big louie wasn't around as usual. Finally after much wrangling a truck came by and the kid agreed to give me a push. I finally got back to the office and worked until 12 writing up my cases.

Lunch was lousy. I prepared my speech for tomorrow. I went to see Frank and discussed what Tsukamoto might say. I felt a little apprehensive, somewhat like I felt before big debates--especially against Stanford and U.S.C.

After supper Hide gave me a haircut. I went home and built a big fire and read "good Earth." Connie, Mrs. Murayama, Keiko, Naj, and the Miyamotos came. We talked about the Nisei and then about scientific method. We got into a long involved argument in which Connie and Frank continued to take pot shots at each other. Frank maintained that there were certain demands that men have as members of society. Connie was arguing that his was an arbitrary standard from which he had no right to make an absolute judgment. We then talked about coops, and finally citizenship of the Nisei. We broke up at 12.

I worked on my speech more. This was the first time I had prepared a speech so carefully in years. It was the chance I had been waiting for. Tsukamoto had thus far refused to speak before an audience and had always talked behind my back, but now was my chance to get him in the open where we would have an equal chance. I could not afford to slip and I had every intention of making him look plenty sick tomorrow.



October 4, 1942

I got up atill and cleaned up. I put the final touches on my speech. Lunch was terrible. Naj came in after lunch and said that he would not help. Tom Okabe rushed over to say that O'Brien the new director of the National Student Relocation Council was here and wanted to speak to me. We went over there and the Hisatomis and Naj all gathered at the Miyamotos.

I 1:30, the appointed time, we all went over to the platform. It was hot as hell. Finally after a lot of delay we got started. Harry Mayeda, the moderator, made a mistake and put me before Tsukamoto when a lot of my speech was dependent on what he said. He thought that he could help me by putting me first, but he really made me mad as hell with his last minute change. I blasted away at the J.A.C.L. because I couldn't take any chances on what Tsukamoto would say. Tsukamoto came back with insinuations and personal comments because he could not answer my challenges. However, he did make a good impression with his personal remarks. Fergusson and Shirrell gave good speeches. I was griped because Tsukamoto had done nothing but rouse the rabble. Both Walt and I were disgusted with the small gathering since it was a good indication of the fact that most Nisei in the camp didn't give a damn what happened to their citizenship. Walt kept a smiling face, but he seemed plenty mad inside. He seemed more like a crucified leader who was out to make his final appeal to the people. I would have felt sorry for him if he had used more honorable means for persuading the people.

After the show, we went to the canteen and had pop. We then went to the Miyamotos and talked the whole thing over. Frank and Harno apologized for not bringing questions up which would have given me an even opportunity at getting back at Tsukamoto and sinking him for good, but their apologies didn't mean much because it was too late.

At supper the food was lousy. We went home without eating. I was very discourgged with the Nisei and especially the group that Naj had gathered. Everyone wanted to get something done and when the opportunity came they all sat back and dumped the burden on me. I wouldn't mind even taking a beating if I had some semblance of support but I didn't get any from people that I knew damn well agreed with what I had said.

Tomi came home and made some soup, salad, and sandwiches. We loafed around until 8:30 and then went to the concert. We came back with the Miyamotos and Hisatomis. We talked about farm life and learned about Kay's life on the farm before evacuation. He seemed to be quite a fellow because he got up from the bottom and was foreman after a few years of work.



October 5, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and rushed to the office. There was a big mixup there. Mrs. Halle had suddenly changed her mind after all the talking she had done and had decided that only those who were unemployable were eligible for grants. This was contrary to the WRA policy and there was much confusion. She said that unemployment compensation was not being paid yet but that was tough and not the worry of her department. A new guy--Morimune--came on today. He was a very nice Kibei fellow but not too impressive. I got a ride home at noon from Mrs. Halle.

Lunch was lousy again. I went back to work and saw Deki. She was utterly disgusted with the camp. I worked all afternoon typing up records. It was hot as hell and Koso and Shibata came in suggesting that we go to the canteen. We all got a soda and talked for a while on the Planning Board.

I got back and talked to Imazeki for a while in the shade by his office. I learned a little about his background. He was formerly working with the Hoku-bei Asahi and then went over to the Shin-Se Kai staff after the big Nichi Bei strike. He had also gone to school in Missouri to study journalism. I was just getting to some interesting points when Mae called me back saying that there was someone to see me.

Supper was terrible. After eating I wrote some letters. Naj came in to talk about Russian and about learning the language. We started talking about the camp life and I learned that there was a new construction crew strike on. He brought some coffee over. Tomi came back and we ate some sandwiches. Just when we finished eating there was a knock on the door.

Mr. Blaisdell came in with Miss Light and Miss Herwin. We talked about things in general and learned of the whereabouts and the doings of Mich and Anne and Charlie. We talked about the article in the Harpers by a Naval Intelligence office and he said that this man had probably done more for the fair treatment of Japanese in the centers than any other one man. Dr. Blaisdell also said that there were a number of Army men who were anxious to use very excuse to make this place a concentration camp. He also added that he suspected that Leighton in Poston was trying to prepare people to use for administration of conquered lands in Asia. He said that there were skunks in the WRA office who spoke in a tone that was not conducive to good relationships between colonists and the administration. He advised all of us to get out as soon as possible and stay out. He felt that we ought to get jobs--any job and stay out before the gates are closed on us.

They left at 11 and Naj stayed until 11:30. We talked over what Dr. Blaisdell had said and wondered what it was all about.



October 6, 1942

I got up at 11 and prepared my lecture. Lunch was fair.

I went to work in the afternoon. I interviewed for a while and then went over to talk to Koso and Fumi. I ran into a guy from the Student Relocation Council and had to go to teachers quarters with him. I saw his wife and Miss Jean McKay. I was very bored by the whole thing. These keto who come in act as though we had nothing interesting to do. I knew that they were swell people trying to help but in a way resented their horning in.

Before coming home I argued with Miss Kerwin about the camp. She tried to tell me that the people in the camp ought to be thankful that they are not outside because everyone on the outside is making a greater sacrifice than the people inside. I told her that everything that she said was true but that still didn't mean that the people here had to be thankful since they were forcibly moved and were forced to give up their living for no reason at all. Furthermore if we were outside we would understand the situation and would in all probability gladly produce what ever was necessary for defense.

Supper was terrible. I went to the Council meeting with Frank and couldn't help but smelling a dirty plot for control when Taketa read certain parts of the coming city charter. It looked dirty.

October 7, 1942

I got up to go to work at 8. It was routine work until 11. I then went to the ad. building and saw Jim and Frank there. D.S. and W.I. came in and we talked for a while before lunch. We agreed to discuss matters later.

W.I., D.S. and Spencer came over to the Miyamotos. I sat around at the bull session in which we didn't accomplish much until 4 and then went back to work. There wasn't much doing. I talked to Deki and Mrs. Murayama for a while and then went back to the Miyamotos.

After supper I had to go to class. I went to the Miyamotos with the Hisatomis. Everyone was still there. Bob Billigmeier came in with some chow mein and created a minor furor. At 9:40 everyone had to leave but we stayed with the Hisatomis and Miyamotos and talked for a while about the J.A.C.L.



October 8, 1942

I got up at 9:50 and went over to the Miyamotos. Bob was there already. D.S., W.I., and Spencer came later. We talked about stenographic help for some time--in fact, until lunch.

After lunch we talked about the study some more. Jim made me so damn mad that I felt like either socking him or resigning from the study. He said that the whole study was in the dog-house with the legal aid department which was controlled by Walter Tsukamoto. He said that "Tsukamoto doesn't like certain college graduates who go around talking as if they know everything." His remark reminded me of his psychoanalysis of me of several years back when he said that I was very snobbish and acted as though I knew everything. He apparently was trying to throw the whole blame for the split with certain councilmen entirely on me and he chose to do it at a time when Dr. Thomas was here and when I was defenselss. He entirely ignored the fact that he himself had irritated Tsukamoto by snooping around the legal aid office a couple of weeks ago. He ignored the fact that Walt and I were good friends personally and were at least on speaking terms with each other. Hell, Walt gave me hell just the other day for Jim's snooping around and asking questions in a blunt manner in his office. I knew that I was partly to fault for the mess, perhaps largely at fault, but I didn't like the dirty tactics that Jim used. I resented it very highly and was so mad that I shut up for a while.

I got a wire from pop saying that he would arrive tomorrow. We held another conference at which we discussed the outline. D.S. and W.I. were very pleased. I was glad that someone was happy, because I was getting pretty fed up with this whole thing. I wondered if I could resign and do something else. Perhaps I could go to some other center and work there instead of staying here. Then, on second thought, I would probably be discontented there too, but at least I wouldn't have to put up with Jim.

I went home for a while and found a note from Mrs. Murayama saying that Connie was leaving tomorrow. I rushed to the welfare office to find her but she wasn't there. I brought Blumenthal's Small Town Stuff down to Deki since she wanted to read it. I saw Koso, Fumi and Elberson and we discussed camp politics. I walked home with Don and we stopped to talk with Naj. Elberson kidded him and Naj went right back at him.

We then went over to the Miyamotos and found that conflict had broken out. Michi was made at Kaz for inviting others to chow mein, and it was finally decided to split the party. We went home and the Hisatomis, the Miyamotos, Naj, Mae and the Billigmeiers came over to eat chow mein. Tomi, Naj, Keiki, Kay and I dropped over to the Murayamas for a while to say good bye to Connie and then returned. We came back and found that the wine was there. We didn't worry about being caught with contraband and most of the people drank a little.

Everyone left at 11. We cleaned up and prepared the extra room for mom and pop.



October 9, 1942

I got up at 9. Keiko came over to help clean up the house. I went to work and handled a few cases. I then rushed to the ad. building and found Tomi and Keiko there and the bus parked but no mom and pop. We saw Connie off. Mrs. Murayama seemed very pleased now that the whole thing had been settled once and for all.

For lunch we ate the rest of the chow mein with the Miyamotos and Keiko. I had to go back to work. I came home at 3 and found Keiko sitting there alone. She said that my parents had arrived and were at the hospital for a check up.

We sat around for a while and they were brought home by Mr. Smith. Mother seemed to have lost a lot of weight and aged; pop seemed to be in good spirits although he too seemed to have lost plenty of weight. We ate and talked.

Judging from what they said Stockton Assembly Center must have been hell. They were very favorably impressed with this camp and said that it was roomy and quiet. They looked at the firtex walls, the double floors and the other items around the place and were very happy to be here.

Supper was terrible.

I prepared my lecture hurriedly and rushed to class. After a rather dull meeting the Hisatomis came home with me to pay their regards to mom and pop. We all took a shower, had some tea and went to bed early.



October 10, 1942

I got up at 10 and went over to the canteen with pop to order a chest of drawers for him and mother. We talked about Tule Lake when we got back. Both were very impressed by the immense size of the place. They said that the place was quiet compared with Stockton. It rained and was windy as hell today, but they didn't seem to mind.

At the very lousy lunch they were impressed by the "cleanliness" of the place, the plentiful food and the fresh vegetables. We wondered what kind of the mess they had to go through in Stockton because this place is just next to filthy.

When we got back, Michi and the Billigmeiers came in. Bob and Hanny brought over some cacti for Tomi. Tomi and Michi went to wash their hair with Keiko and I stayed home and wrote letters all afternoon.

We had to run to supper in pouring rain. We talked for a while and then I worked on a conceptual outline for the section on social disorganization. I filled out a Sears Roebuck order since mom and pop wanted so many new things and I ordered a brief case which they said they would give me for a present. Since my old one was falling apart I took them up on their offer.

Both were very happy over the fact that they didn't have to go through inspection again and because they didn't have any lights out. We talked until 11:20 while Tomi ironed. I looked over some of my notes for a while and then decided to call it a day.



October 11, 1942

I got up at 10 and went to wash up. In the can I met a fellow who worked in the mess hall and he told me that there was going to be a general strike and that breakfast would not be served until 9 tomorrow. He felt that the WRA could not be trusted and it was about time the Japanese showed them that they could not be cheated by a bunch of cheap keto grafters. "They think they got us by the balls, but we'll show 'em." He said that the food that we were getting was worth about \$.23 a day. He said that lately since Pilcher was sick and since Cooke took over temporarily the food has improved. He added that the farm, construction and other crews would go on a sympathetic strike.

I walked over to the canteen but no Sunday paper yet. I stopped on the way home at the Miyamotos and told them the news about the strike. They had just gotten up and were having breakfast and they gave me some. It was swell.

I got back in time for a terrible lunch. I walked over to the canteen to buy some cigarettes and then went to see the Miyamotos again. We talked about the camp until 3:30 and then went home. There were some visitors seeing mom and pop. I worked all afternoon on an outline on social disorganization and then tore the whole thing up. We had some soup because we were so hungry not having eaten the foul food.

At a lousy supper, a man announced the mess strike. He said that the colonists were finally to have it out with the keto. He said that to make sure that no one was going to work, breakfast would be served at 8:30 and lunch at an unannounced time. "Please come when the bell rings."

I worked on my outline for a while and then walked to the concert with Tomi in freezing cold weather. We came home with the Miyamotos and the Hisatomis. We ate some hash sandwiches and had tea that Michi made. We heard of more troubles on the farm from Kay. Apparently the men were still dissatisfied.



October 12, 1942

Breakfast was not served until 8:30 today but that didn't bother my routine much since I didn't get up until 10 anyway. I dashed off to work and had plenty to do. I had to work until 12:15 to finish up.

I talked to Koso for a while and learned of an Issei meeting last night. It was apparently over the theatre issue and the issei wanted to take up the matter of voice in the council. A few agitators showed up but Koso said that the level-headed men just quieted them down and took over the meeting. Kosos felt very encouraged and said that these were the men who could be counted on to keep the camp from going to the dogs.

I went home and we had to wait and wait. Lunch was not served until 1:30. I noticed that Jacoby's secretary didn't think the lousy lunch was worth waiting for and went back to work early without eating.

I couldn't get to the office until 2:30 and worked until 5:30. I got home only to find that supper was all over. They had served supper at 4:40 to punish the people who had gone to work. Tomi said the food was lousy anyway but the principle of the thing griped me. Naj came over. He was mad as hell too. Tomi made some soup and salad and wienies for us and we cooled off. Naj couldn't see why the strike was continuing since Pilcher had resigned last Saturday.

I read Time and the Good Earth for a while and then had a discussion with pop about the Japs in this camp. He said that the basic attitudes of the Issei were unchanged. He said that any changes were only camouflage for the real acquisitive attitudes that have always been present. He said that the Issei came here to make money and they still have a lust for money. He commented on the strikes here and said that he doubted if the beet-field workers in Idaho would strike. He felt that the kids who were brought in this camp would be at a handicap since they were learning that those who did not grab first would lose. He felt that that type of attitude would not be conducive to civilized living.



October 13, 1942

We had breakfast at 8:40 today. I went to work but since there wasn't much to do I read the Polish Peasant in the office. Naoko wanted to know about some cryptic term for evacuation sales. I didn't know of any and went to see Elbersen. I found him outside with Koso and learned from them what the strike was all about.

The mess hall workers were demanding (1) Pay, (2) clothes, (3) dismissal of Pilcher, and (4) \$.45 a day for food. While we were talking Elbersen said that Pilcher had resigned but Shirrell was reluctant to accept the resignation.

Halle came so I had to return. She said that ample food was being ~~buried~~ supplied but that the agitators and the Japanese cooks were burying it now that they knew that garbage cans were being inspected. She said that there were just a few individuals at fault and said that they would be removed. She asked me if I knew of any, I said No and she replied cynically, "Oh you won't talk either, huh? If some of our loyal Americans would cooperate a little more we could run this camp decently. As it is what more could we do?"

Lunch was served at 1:40. I walked over to the Post Office to get a package. It was a mess with the freight all over the room. Now that freight and parcel post headquarters were together the place was really a mess and I couldn't see how they could handle mail on time. Pop was disgusted at the stupidity of the clerk there. He claimed that she couldn't count.

I went over to 1608 and talked to Koso and Bob. I then went to my booth and read the Polish Peasant. I walked home with Mrs. Murayama and at home looked over the stuff I got from Tolan.

We had a decent supper for a change. Hamburger! We had formerly looked upon hamburger as slop, but now it was a feast. Tomi and I went over to the Miyamotos for a minute and I was planning to go home to work, but stayed. Frank went to the Council meeting. Naj took some things over to Bob. He came back before long and we all had coffee. Before long, Frank came back and told us what happened at the Council meeting. He said that Tsukamoto had threatened to resign because Suzuki had squealed on him to the Issei. He said that Shirrell had warned of the dangers of this turning into an internment camp.

Three people came at three different times to notify us that the mess strike was over and settled. We went home at 11.



October 14, 1942

I got up at 7:40 and went to work. Halle was sick and Miss Hoshino was not there. We all sat around. Everybody was griped as hell and many of thinking about quitting.

Lunch was lousy. After lunch I reported at 4407-D and handled four cases. I went back to the office in the rain. Bob and Jim came in and Bob invited both of us to his place at Saturday night. I didn't want to take a chance on clashing with Jim so I declined. I then wrote up my records on the cases until 14:30. I went home at five and worked on my lecture outline.

We had fish for supper. I worked on my lecture more and rushed to class. The band had taken over the room and we had to go to the laundry room. It was cold and stinky with tsukemono. After class, we went home and ordered some things from Ward and ate and talked.



October 15, 1942

I got up at 7:30 and rushed to work. Mrs. Halle was still sick. I read the Polish Peasant and was studying when news came to the office that we had to get our clothes at once--before noon or else no more would be issued. The stenos pounded out the requisitions and the girls floundered around while the taxi driver impatiently waited for them to make up their minds. They went ahead and Morimune and myself sat around. Some of them came back and told us to go to the warehouse and we went in the taxi about 11:15. The driver was mad as hell about something and just let us off without telling us anything. We went to 319 where they were issuing clothing and they kicked us out saying that there was no requisition for anybody. They told us to go to the office to see about our requisitions so we did. The office girl said that our requisitions should be at 319 so we went back. It was still 11:20 but the place was now padlocked and everyone had gone home. I was mad as hell and we walked back to the office together. When we got there we learned that only women's clothes were being issued today. I wrote up a few cases and went home.

Lunch was terrible. I had to rush over to 3407-D and had to take one case after another. The little secretary there got a jacket issued to her--size 42! The block manager there was a swell guy and he helped me interview the old men. After the massacre I went over to the shoe shop and got my shoes. They old charged me \$.85! I walked back to the office and learned that in all probability Mrs. Halle would leave the project to recover her health.

Since she was going, she might have let well enough alone, but Halle couldn't do that. She left orders with Naoko to fire a few of the workers--including Mrs. Murayama and myself. When Mrs. Murayama saw the note, she burned up and resigned. She had patiently stuck with social welfare in spite of everything and this was the last straw. Naoko and I talked over the thing for a while and we planned to see Mr. Fleming tomorrow to ask that no one else take over until we finish cleaning up the mess that Mrs. Halle left.

Supper was terrible again. What the hell was the strike for anyway? I sat around for a while and the Hisatomis, the Miyamotos, and Naj came in for a birthday party. After the exchange of gifts and the food, we started talking about the camp as usual. We discussed Shirrell's threat to make this place a concentration camp. We were all disgusted with the Japs on the farm and about all the strikes. Naj said that people were trying to tie Shirrell up with Pilcher and Peck in the graft. Kay said that rumors have it that Shirrell said that he hoped the agitators would go to Japan and be shot down by American bullets. After talking about the troubles in the camp, Frank and Michi revealed that they planned to leave early in February. Naj was saying that people just didn't realize how lousy it is to live here. Only Keiko seemed obliviously contented, but even Kay was concerned.



October 16, 1942

I got up at 9:30 and went to work. I went with Naoko, Mrs. Akamatsu and Mrs. Hashiguchi to the ad. building to see Fleming. He was out so we talked to Jacoby and explained our problems to him. We saw Mrs. Halle leave. She was in fairly good spirits. I left the girls with Jacoby and went over to Fleming's room for the conference on high education. I went home with Frank.

Lunch was lousy. I mailed all the library books I had back at the P.O. I went back to the office and found that Fleming was in conference. I saw Francis and asked her about the room that we had been deprived of. She suggested that we go to a mess hall and when I told her that Peck was not popular with the cooks, her reaction was that if the chief cook didn't follow Peck's orders, then all that had to be done was to get a new ~~chief~~ cook. She said that the people in the administration was getting sick and tired of the troubles and that the agitators were going to be punished. It seemed to me that the administration was trying to find a scapegoat for its own errors and the agitators were it.

I returned to 1608 and filled in a requisition for furniture. The files were all messed up and we started the long tedious task of straightening the whole damn thing out. Just then some guy came in to ask if his family and two other families could go together when they were moved to another center! After May explained to him that we knew of no movement to any other center, he very sheepishly said that his family was disturbed and wanted to make sure that they would be together with their friends when they moved. Of course, he didn't believe that we were to be moved.

Jacoby then came in and we talked about the disorganization in the center. He said that he didn't think that things were too bad. He said that Shirrell couldn't turn over the project to the Army even if he wanted to. He said that that was decided by men higher up.

Deki came in and when she saw me she demanded an explanation for the way that Jim pumped her for information at the hospital. She was mad as hell and said that she couldn't see what Jim wanted in useless statistics in the hospital. She said that such information would be available at any time anyway.

I went over to the Dispatch office and put a notice in the paper that we were to close our office next week. I went home with Mae and both of us were pretty griped at the Japs here.

We had fish for supper again. Hell! I prepared my lecture and rushed to class. We held class in 4508 and got Yamane's office for next week. He is really a swell block manager. When we got home, we heard a whistle and dashed out. There were a half dozen warden's searching with a flashlight and finally they caught a guy with lots of lumber in the firebreak and made him carry it back. I looked over Polish Peasant and read the Good Earth. As I read of their starvation, I wondered what we would go through after the war. Jacoby felt that if we suffer here, we would get good treatment later; but who could guarantee it?



October 17, 1942

I got up at 9:30 and went to the warehouse to get my clothes. I got a machinaw, breeches that didn't fit, a cap and a coat that was too small. I tried them on and found that the mackinaw was the only thing that fit. Tomi said that the coat was lousy.

Lunch was fair. I spent the afternoon typing my notes.

Supper was good for a change. I went to see Frank and when I saw a copy of the charter I got mad as hell. I gave the council the right to investigate any individual and examine all his records. I went home and typed my notes. Naj came in and said that he was disgusted with camp life and was planning to leave. He said that he wanted to leave but didn't want to ask a favor of Dr. Thomas because he didn't want to be obligated to her or anyone else. We broke up at 11 after talking about the fact that a swell novel could be written on this place.

October 18, 1942

Today was a beautiful Sunday. We got up late and loafed.

Lunch was swell for a change. I went to warehouse 351 to get our clothing script. I waited in line from 12:30 to 1:35 and finally got my \$7.50. We went to get the Sunday paper and stopped at the Miyamotos to read the funnies. Frank felt itchy to do something so we looked all over for a football. We couldn't find any so we borrowed a ball and two gloves and played catch.

Supper was fair. I read Good Earth until 8:30 and went to the concert. I helped Frank and Kay clean up afterwards and we all went home together. Tomi cooked and we all ate and shot the breeze.



October 19, 1942

I got up at 7:40 and rushed to work. Mae was mad because Mr. Yamazaki cussed at her about the mixup about clothes. We all worked like hell cleaning up the mess that Halle left until lunch. We found requisitions that hadn't been sent in; we found mental cases that hadn't been treated since July. Her neglect was simply criminal.

Lunch was fair. I went out to 4407-D and took some applications. I went back to the office and helped the girls until 4:30. I went home. There was plenty of mail today so I looked over the stuff until supper.

Supper was lousy. I saw Frank for a minute and then went home and worked on my records. I read Good Earth after 11, and then we had some soup and talked about the theatre voting mess. In block 44, I had noticed that Hasegawa was arguing with an Issei who was trying to cast his son's vote. In block 5, Michi said that a group of Issei had picketed the ballot to make sure the Nisei voted their way.

October 20, 1942

I got up at 9:30 and rushed to work. I walked with Mrs. Akamatsu to the Iwasaki case. Mrs. Akamatsu was afraid to go along because someone had threatened to kill someone else. We came back and looked through the files but couldn't find anything.

Lunch was only fair. I went out to 3407-D to take applications for grants. One guy came in. I walked over to the radio shop and the man there said that no tubes were available for the duration which were of a size to fit my radio--ergo my radio was out for the duration unless I could find one somewhere.

I walked to the P.O. to pick up a package and got our clock, a brief case and the books. I went back to work and copied stuff from the files until 5:40 and was late to supper.

After supper, I typed my records and worked on the documents until 11:30. I got tired and sleepy. I couldn't help but noticing how much happier I felt when I was working.



October 21, 1942

I got up at 7:30 and rushed to work. We spent the morning cleaning up everything in the files.

Lunch was only fair. I went over to see Fleming. I saw him about Student Relocation and about teaching in higher education. I got some requisitions Okeyed for welfare.

When I got back I copied records. About 4, I went over to see Frank and then went home to work on my lecture for tonight.

We had a terrible supper. I took a shower and then went to class. Aftern class we went over to the Hisatomis for a bull session. We learned about Kay and Keiko's feelings when they first came here. We broke up at 12 and as we were walking home in the freezing cold, Miss Light told me about kids singing, "Strumming on the old Banjo," thinking "banjo" meant toilet.

October 22, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and went after the mail. Tomi went after a package at the P.O. Lunch was fair.

I went to work at 1:15 and worked until 3:30. Koso and I then walked over to the canteen. We were bored with nothing to do so I went home. I read the American Journal of Sociology and the American Sociological Review whic h came recently. I then read the Good Earth until supper.

Supper was pretty good. I worked on documents for a while and at 10:30 decided to call it quits. We had some sandwiches and tea.



October 23, 1942

We got up at 9:30 and I had to go to work at 10. I copied records all morning.

Lunch was terrible. I saw Fleming and talked to Bob and a man from Manzanar coop. He said that they have passed the disorganization stage that we are undergoing here.

I went back to 1608 on a cab and loafed around. I talked to Naoko and learned that the P.A. grant money was finally in. I came home early and found that several books had arrived and looked over them.

We had fish for supper again. I prepared my lecture while Tomi prepared food. 23 people came to class. We talked about democracy and the Nisei and had a long session until 11:30. We were eating when the pyrex coffee pot broke. Tomi said she was going to demand another one.

October 24, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and got a letter from Embree asking permission to use my material. I went to the P.O. to send a note to D.S.T. I happened to see Bob who was going to Reno with some teachers. On the way home I talked to Frank. We agreed that gradually the screws were being tightend on the study by the WRA and by the people.

Lunch was lousy. When I got home, Mr. Sato came over and vociferously demanded to know why he didn't get a notice to get a grant like Mr. Kuroda did. He said that he would gladly quit work to get it if the fact that he was working was holding up his grant. I felt irked at him for his attitude and felt like bawling him out. I also felt irked over Morimune's failing to notify Mr. Sato of his status. Morimune works hard and means well but is awfully slow.

I typed records all afternoon. May Ouye came in to see Tomi about a meeting tonight. Jim came in to talk about things in general. He said that he didn't want to study the family because he couldn't get "as much" data-as he would if he covered a couple of meetings a week. He seemed very glad when I said that I might resign from the study. I was glad when he left.

Supper was lousy. I typed my records until 10:30. I finished reading the Good Earth and had some tea with Tomi.



October 25, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and cleaned up. Lunch was terrible. It was fried fish that stunk like hell. Fish on Sundays too! We went home without even looking at the stuff and cooked some corned beef and corn.

After eating we went to the canteen for the paper. It was still closed and a long line of people were still waiting. Kids were playing football in the firebreak. Frank came along and we decided to let the paper go for the time being. On the way home he decided to go on a hike and I went to get mother and Tomi who wanted to go anyway. Frank got Michi and Mae and we took food and got started a little before 3.

We left our prison for the first time when we left the project area. We felt very funny standing on the highway since it seemed so foreign after all this time. I was a long climb but not so hard. Tomi and I got to the top of the hill first. It was very nice. We saw the lake for the first time and the huge fields of hay all around the project. Mother held up quite well--better than Michi or Mae. There were plenty of people on the top--all eating. The camp looked big from there. We started back about 4 and got back to camp by 5.

Mom and Tomi went to take a shower as soon as they got back, but I had to clean my shoes. Supper was good but the Najimas grabbed too much and we didn't get very much. Tomi was mad at them for some time and almost told Mr. Higuchi off.

We came home and read the funnies and then took a shower. I read Polsih Peasant. Naj came in and we waited for the Nisatomis. Since they didn't come on time, we left for the concert. We found them already there. We all went back to the Miyamotos and read their funnies and ate and talked until 12.



October 26, 1942

I got up at 8:30 and rushed to work. A number of Issei who had grants coming to them were already waiting to be paid. No keto was there to pay them. 9:30--still no keto. That damn son of a bitch--making these old people stand in line in the cold. We called up the ad. building and found out that the bastard wasn't even there yet. We told the old people to come back at 2 in the afternoon. Pretty soon, Mr. Fleming came in and he was burning mad. He said that someone in the administration had taken a trip over the week-end and had used part of the money that was to go to the payment of public assistance grants and there wasn't enough. Now the man claimed that he had to have authorization to pay grants, but Fleming felt that he had no authorization to pay the Caucasians who wanted to take a trip. He was really mad and said that he would see to it that grants were paid that afternoon.

Lunch was terrible. It rained a little. I walked out to 44 but had very little business. Obayashi came in and we walked back to the office together. Some Issei were already waiting to be paid. The keto with the money finally came and paid. We had to go to the warehouse to get Sumio Miyamoto to come to collect the money that the canteen had advanced to the people in credit. The poor old people got their money for grants and had to pay it right back to the canteen.

I talked to Roy Higashi and Frank Hijikata. Roy wanted me to make a speech and Frank wanted to know about going to William Jewell College. Roy said that the YBA overthrew the reverends and were on their own feet with Americanized Buddhism.

I had to run home in the rain. I got a letter from D.S. with a list of books of the Chicago Book Plan. I saw Frank to ask him if he wanted any and he said that he would subscribe himself. I ordered three.

Supper was fair. It rained like hell as we ran home.

I worked on my records until 10:30 and then read "Native Son" until midnight. It was one of the best novels I have read in years.



October 27, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and got my mail and dashed to work. It was really cold today. There wasn't much to do so we took it easy in the morning.

Lunch was fair. We had slight amount of snow. I walked through the cold all the way out to 34 for grant cases. There wasn't much doing out there so I read the Plish Peasant until 3. No one came in so I walked back to the office. The wind had risen and it was icy cold. Even my machinaw could not keep me decently warm. I worked until 5 clearing up my cases, and then walked home with Mr. Obayashi.

Supper was pretty good but Hide grabbed all the meat. After supper I worked on my records until 9:30 and then took it easy. I read a chapter out of Kitty Foyle, which wasn't much and then read Native Son. It seems to be really something. I was impressed by Wright's ability to portray the feelings of his characters. The feelings of the Negro seem very much like those of the Nisei. Only recently I recall feeling the same way myself.

October 28, 1942

I got up at 10 and rushed to work. I read Native Son in the office since there wasn't much to do.

We had stew for lunch again. I then walked over to 44 but there was no business. I read until 2:30 and then went back to the office. We were pretty busy finishing up the cases and with students who came in with questions on student relocation. I was relaxing and reading when Jim came in. When Naoko learned of the meeting to be held in the office tonight she demanded that everything be cleaned up. When she learned that Jim was on the committee, she demanded that the files be locked. The office was cleaner than it had been for months. Just before we broke up, Morimune remarked that Nisei would be drafted. He said that Masao had wired to that effect. It seemed to me that the issue was: are we citizens or aren't we? If we are, we ought to be drafted and also be allowed to get out without red tape from this camp; if not, then we should do the opposite.

Supper was terrible--left-over fish. We went home and had some Kraft dinner. The thought of draft came to my mind and I determined to get my work for DST cleared up so that I could leave without a lot of work piled up for the last moment. I planned to study like hell here and in the Army since I couldn't be in combat duty anyway. At 7 I found that it was too late for me to go to the conference with Caleb Foote as I had promised Deki. At 7:30 I went to the Student Relocation Council meeting. Nine came and we settled (1) disposal of catalogs, (2) list of addresses, and (3) procedures. I went over to the Hisatomis at 9:30. Tomi and the Miyamotos were there. We talked about wardens and the queer ducks in camp.



October 30, 1942

I got up at 10:30 but stayed home because I was very tired. I read Native Son until lunch, which was lousy. I got a notice of telegram and rushed over to the administration building. It was from the Student Relocation Council and it said that Beale was coming and wants a meeting. It was all very indefinite.

I rushed back to the office and got the Dispatch to put the notice in even though they had to blot out something else. Bob Ota agreed to inform the block managers by phone if there was to be a meeting since tomorrow was a busy day and all communications would be out of order other than phone. I went down the ad. building to see Peck about a mess hall but he wasn't there. I then ran over to the school to look for Miss McKay. I looked all over hell and had several of the teachers helping me. Finally I gave up in disgust and phone in to the welfare office and found out that she was there waiting for me. The wire to her had been equally vague. We were both mad as hell. God, people must think this is a small community where things can be done overnight. I went over to see the chief cook at mess 13 and finally got his consent to let us use his mess hall for a meeting Sunday after talking to the Head Waitress. I went to see Harry Mayeda and he agreed to make the announcements tomorrow at the festival.

I got home and found a copy of a wire that Shirrell had received from Beale. That wire said that they wanted to meet with the Tule Lake committee and didn't say anything about a general meeting. What the hell is this anyway?

We ate at home since this was fish day and we knew damn well what was being served. Michi and Frank came over and said that they had to see Miss Smoyer about records before the JACL meeting so I asked them to see Miss McKay to see Beale to ask him definitely whether he wants a general meeting or not.

I then rushed over to see Naj but he wasn't home. I went over to 1920 to the JACL meeting. It was scheduled for 7:30 but it didn't start until almost 8. Most of the 100 people there were men and most of them were pretty old.

After a disgusting meeting I went home with Naj, Tomi, Frank, and the Hisatomis. I felt that civil liberties were not privileges to be begged for as Tsukamoto said, but were rights that belonged to us and ought to be demanded if they were taken away. I was griped about the whole thing.

At home we had some crackers, hot chocolate and read Time. I read about the Army and Navy contemplating taking over colleges now that 18 and 19-year olds were to be drafted and thought of the mess. How in the heck can the war be won without technicians in social sciences as well as in physical sciences. It seems that we are committing error after error and complacently cutting each others throats while the enemy was working to kill us all.



October 31, 1942

I got up at 7:30 and washed. By the time I got back, McKay, Beale, Rhoades, and Scardigli were over. We talked over the Student Relocation work. The main problem was keeping kids from giving a bad impression after they got out. Apparently some of them had pulled some stunts and had succeeded in getting some colleges closed. Frank came in and we discussed the Chicago test case situation. By this time the parade was forming and I had to leave them.

I went up to 1608 to finish up some work that I was supposed to do yesterday afternoon but couldn't because of the Relocation Council. Mae and her mother came in and they kept me occupied until the parade came by. It came by at 11 when it was supposed to have started at 9. I was surprised at the Japanese nature of it all. Dragons like those in Japanese parades and all sorts of odd things were presented by the Issei. I worked until noon.

We had stew for lunch again. They gave us sandwiches, rice cakes, and apples for supper, since today was Harvest Festival day and a camp holiday. I read Native Son for a while and then went to the music department concert with Mother and Tomi. I was really swell. Jim's sister and Michi were really first class.

We then went over to the carnival. They were selling ice cream, french fries, and hamburgers. The food stands were full of people and most of them had sold out. Booths had bingo, ball throwing (at pegs and at a man's head), wheels (one from block four with Shimbo hoarse from shouting), flowers, penny pitch, sketches, darts, fish ponds. An entertainment and the raffle drawing was going on on the stage all the time. The dust was terrific and all the performers looked aged with their white hair. We went over to see the greased pigs and watched a fellow catch it and collect 50 cents.

When we got home, the Hisatomis came over and we talked about the camp. I had to go to the ad. mess hall to eat with the Council members. Five of the Tule Lake committee members showed up--all except the Sacramento delegates. The Washington and Oregon delegates conducted themselves like ladies and gentlemen, but I was surprised at Jim. We had ice cream, potato salad, beef sandwiches. Jim grabbed a lot of sugar and got the glares and dirty remarks from the others. I guess he did it unconsciously but it certainly burned up the Caucasians who had to scripp on the outside.

We all went over to 1608. Jim took over the discussion and demanded to know which colleges were offering scholarships and he kept harping on it even though Beale was reluctant to say which colleges for fear that there would be a deluge. Finally Jim left for the dance. All the others stayed and we worked until 9:30. All separated and I walked back with Nakagiri. We were worried about those on the outside getting the rest of the Nisei in dutch.

When I got home I found the Hisatomis there. Keiko decided to go home and just got her coat. Bob had said he wanted to tell us something from DS so we left a message with Frank and told Naj. He came over and we ate the leftovers and talked about scientific method.



November 1, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and walked to the personnel recreation hall to see Beale. He was talking to a dozen Nisei. I excused myself and walked back just in time for lunch. It was a roast. After lunch Tomi gave me a haircut. Frank and Michi came over and we decided to go the Billigmeiers together.

Naj came along and we all walked over. He had said that he had an important message from DST so we were eager to hear something, but all he had was a revision of the outline of the structural report. All of us were mad and disgusted because Frank and I had both planned to type up some stuff this afternoon and Michi and Tomi were mad about some of the things that Jim had said about the concert. Naj seemed to be bored and mad on general principles. Michi said that the only bright spot in the afternoon was Naj's squelching of Jim when he made an off guard statement about stat, about which Jim knew very little and Naj quite a bit.

We had some fish for supper which didn't add to the merriment. We ate some sandwiches at home and then read the funnies. We took a shower and cleaned up and then went over to the concert. The motor pool didn't send a truck as they were supposed to and Kay and I had to carry Ted Tokuno's radio over to the block managers' office.

The Miyamotos, Naj, the Hisatomis, Tomi and I walked home together as we have for countless Sundays by now. We stopped there at the Miyamotos, read the funnies, drank and ate, and talked about all kinds of things. We talked about the sugar beet-widows who fooled around with all the available men--especially those of blocks 5 and 42. We then discussed music until 12:30.



November 2, 1942

I got up at 9:30 and went to the welfare office. I was pretty busy all morning with Student Relocation work. The interest in leaving center is apparently pretty high.

The day was windy as hell. The dust was so thick that one could hardly see one block ahead. Obayashi and I had a hell of a time getting home.

Lunch was lousy as usual.

I went out the the 44 office and had two interviews. I went back to the main office and cleaned up my work and came home early. I walked over to the P.O. to get the stat book that DS had sent and talked to Deki there for a while. She was anxious to do some work for Dr. Thomas. I had to walk hom in a terrific wind and slight rain.

Supper was terrible. Tomi and I had to go to 1608 to get our ballot notarized. We were suprised to see so many odl people there. There were about fifty people standing in the Civic Organizations office and Tsukamoto had to work like hell. Some of the late-comers, especially the older ones shoved ahead and got out soon. There were many who had to stand outside in the rain while those inside were milling around. A W.R.A. photographer came in and took some pictures and everyone ducked to avoid having his face in the picture. We asked him about his work and he said that Tul e Lake was one of the best projects. When we looked at him questioningly, he said that he could say that with all sincerity. It was hard to believe.

After one hour of milling around we finally got a business over with and got home. I typed a few letters and was relaxing when Mrs. Jacoby came in and invited us over to a goose dinner for tomorrow eveing.

I typed my notes until 11:15. It was still windy as hell.



November 3, 1942

I got up at 9:30 and rushed to work. Mae was mad because I came late and someone had come in to ask for me. I worked like a horse until noon.

We had stew for lunch again.

I learned when we got back to the office that a new guy named Carter was supposed to give us some training in welfare work. I knew that we all needed it but wondered how we were going to fit it in when we were so damn busy. He is from Tulare and seemed like a fairly decent guy, but he wasn't too impressive or didn't strike me as being too sharp or too intelligent.

We went out to 3407-D in a cab since it was such a cold and rainy day. I took two interviews. As I sat there gazing around the block manager's office I thought of the wonderful novel that could be written about the place. The cry of the bay, the sound of the kids running in the snow outside and the way the kids surrounded the block manager's pretty secretary and the things they talked about--all provided more material than Steinbeck ever had. It would seem a pity if at least some music, or novel, or some piece of art could not come out of this horrible experience.

My mind wandered to the slowness of the work that we were doing. It didn't bother my conscience, but it irritated me. I know that I loafed for a couple of months but I also knew that I had been working like hell about 10 hours a day or more lately--sometimes 15. Nonetheless the reports were coming very slowly and I had not written as much as I should. It seemed that one thing after another was coming up. I thought of all the stuff the Jim was turning in. I knew that some of it was just bulk but I also knew that DST was very pleased with what he turned in. Maybe that's what she wants, and I determined that I should add more quantity to my stuff.

I went back to the office and wrote up some of my cases. I talked to Kay Nakagiri and Ryoko Mafune for a while and then Bob came in. I then talked to Nacko for a while about reorganizing the department.

I cleaned up and changed and then went over to the Jacoby's. Roast goose! Bob and Hanny were there and we had a swell time. I almost felt civilized. We had a tablecloth, silverware, clean dishes with patterns in them, decent food, and decent and pleasant people to eat with. It was one of the very few enjoyable meals we had for a long time. Elbertson came in after a while and we talked about Lundberg's sociology and how bad it was. He blamed Stanford and its conservative tradition and then left. We talked until 10:45 and then left.

It was really cold. We stopped at the Miyamotos and talked about Chicago. We got home and found some chow mein that mother had gotten from the mess hall for us. We ate that and then worked for a while before turning in.



November 4, 1942

I got up at 11:30 and went to lunch. We had a roast! I went to work in the afternoon and everybody kidded me about 'bankers' hours'. There were plenty of questions on Student Relocation. I had to work like hell all afternoon to make up for the morning I missed. Naoko told me of the difficulties she had with Mrs. Halle to get me in. She said that Mrs. Halle refused to consider anyone with a sociology major in spite of the fact that she wanted someone with background in the field. She was so fearful of someone getting into the files that she always locked her desk and kept the key. Naoko said that she had herself tossed my application back into the list of applicants after Halle had tossed it out and had called me in herself. I knew that Halle didn't want me there but didn't realize how much I owed to Naoko and Deki for getting me in.

Jim came in to tell us about his course. It sounded pretty good. He told Obayashi that he should attend and I went on with my work. I got home about 5:30 and got mad because there was so little mail. Hell, the stuff was probably being held up at the P.O. because we sometimes got stuff that should have arrived weeks ago according to the postmark. It shouldn't take a letter two weeks to arrive from San Francisco.

We had fish for supper again and I wasn't feeling too happy so I decided to write my draft board a nasty letter about my 4-c classification. I asked them what the hell we were fighting this war for if we were not ourselves even considering democratic principles. If there were some impeding of the war effort by ~~the~~ democratic procedures then there might possibly be some justification, but when the undemocratic measures impeded the war effort there was no excuse under the sun. The whole thing made me mad as hell.

I typed letters until ten to clear up everything for some work on the study. I had some soup with Tomi and then relaxed and finished Native Son. I thought that it was one of the finest novels I have read in some time. Sometimes I feel exactly like Bigger felt. It seems that all this is a white man's world that we are living in and others don't have much of a chance unless they jump when the white man says the word. After the evacuation, I couldn't help but become more and more race conscious and antagonistic against keto. I couldn't help but feel some antagonism even toward the Christians workers that come in here. I know that they mean well but they seem to be so blind and so weak. I had never before thought of the race problem in the way that I see it now because I had never been discriminated against before in my life. I had heard about all kinds of dirty deals but had never been rooked like I was in this evacuation deal. It makes me feel very resentful that a couple of bastards like De Witt could have the power to make into reality what some fools with blind prejudices wanted. Of course, the whole thing is deeper than that, but the whole future looks so black. I can't see how some intelligent people could go on so blindly without raising a hand of protest other than a few learned articles. It often makes me wonder why I was born in such an era and in such a place.



November 5, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and went off to work. We had a light day as far as interviewing went so I wrote up some cases.

Lunch wasn't so good.

I went back and handled a few cases for P.A. Grants and then scheduled 30 interviews for next week for the recertification for next month's grants. It seemed silly to recertify for November when October had not yet been paid.

I went over to canteen #2 to talk to Margie Ito about Student Relocation. She cashed my check and I bought some ice cream for the gang. I went back to look over a few records of mental cases that had been assigned to me. I couldn't make heads or tails with them.

Supper was fair for a change. The Inouye kid raised a big howl there and amused everyone in the mess hall. Apparently his mother had done something that he didn't like and he took it out on her by yowling in the mess.

I read Time for a while and then typed my records all evening. I felt a little better because I was finally settling down to work. I didn't turn in until about 1.

November 6, 1942

I got up at 9:30 and went to work. I spent the morning filling out a questionnaire that I got from Washington--War Manpower Commission.

Lunch was lousy. I saw Frank for a while and learned that the Ouija board had predicted that we should have several children. Michi was disgusted because it revealed how pro-Japan the Nisei were. I heard the "Strumming on the old banjo" joke again in modified form; it seems that all the teachers are using it to amuse the colonists. I was busy as hell all afternoon taking interviews for grants. I got my September pay of \$19.

When I got home I saw that Tomi had her Sept. pay too and had collected \$10.50 from the laundryman for the lost sheets. She was jubilant. We mailed the checks to the bank.

Supper was terrible. I typed my records until 11 and then read Kitty Foyle. We ate some spaghetti and then went to wash. I noticed that the water was allowed to run to prevent the pipes from freezing.



November 7, 1942

I got up at 8:20 and rushed to the staff meeting. Carter was fair but not too impressive. He seemed like a nice guy. I spent the morning checking over my own cases for Public Assistance Grants so that I wouldn't miss anyone for November.

Tomi came over at 11 and we went to the no. 5 canteen to see if they had any decent clothes on which to spend some scripts. They didn't have much that we wanted although they did seem to have everything else from overcoats to gloves. We walked home in the wind and rain.

Lunch was good but we got there a little late and Naj's berther had eaten most of it. We went over to the Miyamotos and talked to them for a while. Frank and I then went over to the 1608 office together and he went through some of the records. He left early but I stayed there and copied some of the records until supper.

Supper was pretty good. Naj came over and we talked about the Army. He was griped about the guts of the bastards in asking for volunteers after shoving us in a place like this. We talked about some of our friends and then had tea and then discussed books.

November 8, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and cleaned my hair and took a shower. This was the first time in quite a while that I had a chance to do so. I almost froze in the shower room because there is no heat there.

Lunch was swell. I went over to 1608 and spent the afternoon typing up some stray records that I had missed yesterday. This, along with the stuff I had been copying for the past three weeks almost completed my survey of the files. Most of the stuff was lousy but a few good cases did come to light. I smelled fish being cooked in the adjoining mess hall so didn't bother to go home for supper. When I got home I found that Tomi was already cooking something.

At 6 I suddenly remembered that I had to give a speech tonight and prepared one frantically. I changed and rushed to 1420 for the Y.B.A. meeting. I was surprised at the tremendous crowd and the very beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Buddhists. In the sermon we learned of the meaning of "Gassho". I couldn't help but snickering at the Christianization of the Buddhists. The ritual was terrific.

Tomi and I left early to go to the concert. We went home with the Hisatomis and the Miyamotos but Keiko and Kay left early. The four of us talked until 12:30 of the sex problems of Tule Lake. We concluded that the Issei were worse than the Nisei.



November 9, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and took it easy for a while at home. I read Polish Peasant for a while and then went to clean up. Tomi came home with the mail and I read what I got and then looked at Life.

After lunch I went to the office and found several kids interested in Student Relocation waiting for me. They wanted to know when they could get out. I couldn't help but wondering about some of them. They had been dopes in school before but now they are willing to do almost anything to go to school. Some of the Kibei fellows seemed very sincere and I hoped that they could go, but I didn't have much sympathy for some of the others.

I had to take interview after interview all afternoon. About 4, a crisis hit the department. Mr. Carter suddenly walked in and announced that the ten typists who would do the clerical work for the issuance of clothing allowances would be brought to work in the welfare office. Naoko was furious and after she had left she was mad as hell. I suggested that she call Fleming and she did but Carter answered the phone and said that there was no alternative, but that Fleming was willing to change his mind if we could suggest some other place. The whole staff got together for a pow-wow since no clients were around. We agreed that we had to have privacy and it was bad enough to have Rev. Sasaki around to take repatriation. We also agreed that Carter was O.K. so long as he minded his own business and stuck to coaching but he was N.G. when he started meddling. Our office was just getting on its feet after Halle left it in a mess and bringing in ten typists would just create a commotion that we could not stand. We all agreed to go on a strike if this thing were insisted on. Naoko agreed to call Fleming at 8 tomorrow morning to tell him of our stand and I was elected to take up the matter with Elberson of Labor Relations and with Fleming first thing tomorrow. Everyone was pretty mad.

After supper I rushed over to Jim's to tell him that D.S. was coming tomorrow. He knew all about it already. On the way back I stopped at Frank's to tell him and he said that he was so damn busy that he hated to spend the whole day. It seemed that she had picked the wrong day because I would be busy tomorrow too. I wished that visitors could give us more notice. We are busy as hell around here and people seem to think we have oodles of time. I explained the strike situation to Frank and he felt that Fleming and Carter had made a stupid move. The issue was: where to put the ten typists? Mr. Smith of Housing felt that it was not his business anymore since Mr. Fleming had taken over clothing, but he thought that the Records Office was the proper place. The regional office workers want that.

When I got home I found Naj there. We talked for a while and had some soup. I then spent the evening typing records and caught up with all my diary. Now I can start working in earnest on my documents. I felt more at ease.