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3 of 6

Sept. 1942

67/14
C

TALENT SHOW AT THE ADOBE PROJECT

A stage was set up west of the Adobe Project with a backdrip showing a Japanese house, wooded hills, and a river. The stage faced west so that the audience could get on the banks of the canal and see the stage easily from that vantage point. The talent show was scheduled to begin at 8:30 P. M. but didn't begin until after 9:00 P. M. Meanwhile a crowd of at least 3,000 gathered while current music came over the loud speaker. A dense crowd of at 2,000 people formed immediately in front of the stage while another thousand or so people were strung out along the bank of the canal. Shig Imamura (also member of the Judicial Commission) was introduced as Master of Ceremonies for the evening. He introduced the "talents" as they are called during the rest of the evening with quips and asides for each. The program consisted of the following:

Vocal solo--current song by a young woman

Teen-age boy with Ocarina--"Old Black Joe"

Young man with harmonica and guitar--"Red River Valley", "Red Wind" (very popular) (several encores)

Male trio including Fire Chief--"El Rancho Grande", "Spring Time in the Rockies" (Also very popular)

Male whistler--accompaniment to Bing Crosby's crooning

Young girl mandolin solo

Female duet--guitar accompaniment--popular song

Female vocal solo--"Trees" and "My Own" (very unpopular)

Male trumpet solo--current popular song

Male vocal solo with guitar accompaniment--"Jingle, Jangle, Jingle and others (This was very popular at first but steadily lost favor with the crowd)

The lights went out shortly after 10:00 P. M., but the crowd had begun to disperse before. Toward the close of the program thanks were extended by the Master of Ceremonies to the Music Department, to the men responsible for the setting up of the loudspeaker system, to Shig Imamura, and to the "talents".

Remarks: Young men in the crowd standing besides me explained that usually the talent shows weren't long enough; that they were ^{usually} very good, but that they didn't have enough good talent. Generally the crowd was interested and appreciative clapping heartily for what they liked and cat-calling at what they didn't like. The crowd was delighted each time the Master of Ceremonies whistled when a good looking young talent came up on the platform. The whistle would pass through the crowd in all directions. The crowd seemed to laugh most heartily at the Firemen's trio which simulated a drunken "Sweet Adeline" singing style. The final man on the program, guitarist and singer, made the crowd laugh heartily to several references to "the garbage crew". Actually he was referring to the noisy bull-dozer and tractors which were working on the open space to the south of the Adobe Project.

(EHS)

At the talent show given at the Adobe Project area one of the acts which brought a great deal of laughter consisted in a parody of a popular song "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle". The parody had to do with the "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle" of money in a man's pocket in Poston and described how a man was paid, had his pockets jingling with money and found himself being followed by a lot of girls. The girls were described as "she-wolves".

(EHS)

9.5

Behaviour:--Fear

About 10:00 P.M. Sunday night (Aug. #0th) someone yelled "fire"! And shortly afterwards the fire department located ^{across} only/the street from Block #30 came to the response. The fire was of a huge pile of rubbish that had been accumulated during the day by the residents of the block, and evidently very dry and highly combustible. An investigation afterwards seemed to attribute the origin of the fire to a cigarette butt that had either been carelessly or purposely tossed out. The rubbish pile in the vacant lot adjacent to block #30 on the south side.

No sooner had the fire siren sounded, but the residents of the block hurriedly rushed out of their barracks, for they could see the glowing red illumination and the sparks that were cast into the sky. For weeks they had been constantly aware of the possible dangers of a large fire, if fanned by a warm generous wind. Every Japanese Issei fully understood how readily these closely built barracks would burn down. It was a brush fire that was quickly disposed of but several Isseis commented on the combustibility of the village houses back in Japan. Many of the Issei women gathered about afterwards and used the incident to tell each other how they felt when they first saw the glaring red illumination near the recreation hall.

Some of the remarks of the Issei were as follows:

(1) "Watakushi wa tōtōmo tamagemashita yo."

(I was very much afraid.)

- (2) "Ma, do desho!"
(My, how could it be!)
- (3) "Ma, osoroshii mono desu ne"
(My, isn't it a fearful thing!)
- (4) "Moshimo okaji ni na-tara taihen desu ne"
(If it became a large fire, it would be a great calamity.)
- (5) "Moshimo barrack ni hi ga tsuitara do suru desu-
ka"
(What would you do if the barracks caught on fire)

(JNF)

The cooperative group have been causing a stir in the community. A number of people among the evacuees and among the administration feel that instead of teaching about cooperatives, the group is using high pressure, evangelical methods and are trying to railroad the program through with great speed and without giving the people an opportunity to think about it and mature. This impression is borne out by the one meeting which I attended, notes on which are in the meeting file. Mr. Haas and Mr. Fister appear somewhat antagonistic to the cooperative project. It is of interest to note that all the cooperative people make a very definite initial impression on everybody due to their physical appearance. Miss Arnold is well along in years, very tall and thin. She impresses the one who sees her for the first time as exceptionally gaunt and homely woman with very piercing eyes that have something of a fanatical gleam. Mr. Perkins who from his speech is probably a man from the northern part of England who has lived a long time in the United States. He is a healthy looking, somewhat over weight, with a sandy complexion and good muscular stature. One might very well take him for an athletic clergyman. His peculiarities are not striking at first but after a few moments of conversation, one discovers that he has a chronic and persistent nystagmus so that he is unable to look directly at any object. Mr. Linson is an enormous, fat man who must be a hundred pounds or more over weight. Mrs. Linson is an extremely small person, both in height and in built. The net effect of the odd appearance which the group make and their fervor for their subject matter has probably been to obscure the sense and real meaning of their cooperative ideas. This is probably further biased by the people in the present community enterprise feeling that the cooperative enterprise is a rival and by people feeling loyal to the community enterprise.

(AHL)

SHIBAI PERFORMANCE AT BLOCK III

Mr. Haas and I attended a shibai performance in Block III which began at 8:30 just after dark. The six feet high stage was arranged with a backdrop showing cherry trees in bloom and Japanese hills and houses. There was a microphone sitting in the middle of the platform; at the north end of the stage was the area in which the stage manager sat during performances. Here were the two pieces of wood which he clapped together to announce the beginning^{or} end of the scene and the other equipment which he had to make use of. The stage manager man hence appeared to be an old man who wore a red and white skull cap. The crowd consisted of probably 2500 people, more or less the greater part of these had brought their own camp stools and boxes and were seated directly in front of the stage. 500 or more stood in a semi-circle at the rear looking over the heads of the seated people. It appeared that nearly all those seated were older people, that is Issei and children up to possibly 14 years. The greater part of those standing at the rear were young men and young women probably in their twenties and thirties, in other words Nisei. There wasn't anything about printed in English, but there were several signs in Japanese and the stage curtain contained half-dozen large black Japanese "kanji". Across the top of the stage above the curtain was a red and white banner on which also were Japanese words, but in addition was written at one end "Block 22" and at the other "Block 3". These were the only English words anywhere in evidence. The

program was managed by a female Mistress of Ceremonies who dressed in American style, but spoke exclusively in Japanese. She made announcements between the various acts. The program was as follows:

- (1) A solo dance to phonograph music by a woman dressed in red.
- (2) A dance by 2 women in Japanese costume to phonograph music.
- (3) A dramatic reading by the first dancer clothed in the same red costume.
- (4) Dance by 2 more girls.
- (5) A short dramatic incident consisting mainly of ritual battle.
- (6) A dance by 4 men impersonating women.
- (7) Dramatization of an incident from the stories of the 47 Ronin.
- (8) Dance by 5 young girls.
- (9) A comedy with an interior scene.
- (10) Announcements by various actors.
- (11) A short tragedy.

Remarks: Except for the outer fringe of Nisei who kept coming and going the audience was attentive. The inner fringe of Nisei seemed as interested as the dense crowd of Issei in the front. The Issei frequently shouted a few words apparently in uncontrollable enthusiasm in the midst of the performance. These remarks the crowd seemed to expect as part of the show.

brought
They frequently/forth laughter from the rest of the audience.

My only source of information during the Japanese play was the blockmanager of Block III, who occasionally volunteered some explanations of what was happening. He spoke somewhat as follows: "I don't know what these are all about. I can't understand them. When they start to announce these things they used some different kind of Japanese and I can get only part of it. These are all Issei in front ^{of} us and they come and look at these things and they know every little thing that happens. They know what every move means, but not us. We don't get it. After number three on the program was over to which he had listened attentively, he said, "Now that was one of the stories they tell nearly always. It's about acts of loyalty and sacrifice. I know some old fellows who know all those stores by heart. They can go over them again and again and they know them all by heart, but I don't quite get them. I didn't quite get that story." After number five on the program, he said, "Now that was some kind of a great battle. I don't know just exactly what it was, but you saw the way they moved their sticks and got into different positions and everyone of those movements has a meaning and any of these Issei around here would be able to tell you what each one of those movements mean. These fights and stories always have something to do with sacrifice and noble acts. One of the things they always talk about is keeping up the family line. There's always this business of adoption if a family doesn't have a man to carry on the family line. Then they have to try

to adopt one and there used to be all kinds of things which would happen as the result of that adoption such as that a man who had been adopted by a family might have to kill his own father or some other close relative later on when his adopted family would get into conflict with his real family. Some of these stories and these fights show that sort of thing. These Issei show have little incidents that everybody is familiar with just as if we would have scenes from Hamlet or Macbeth or something like that that we are all familiar with." After number seven on the program he said, "One of the long stories ^{they} that/used to tell was about the Roniin. There were 47 of them and their Lord unjustly executed and these 47 had to avenge him. They went through all kinds of trouble in doing that. They had to degenerate themselves, maybe pretend to be beggars and go through all sorts of misery for ten years before they finally avenge him. It was prohibited in this scene you just saw for the Roniin to kill anyone before he avenged his Lord. I don't understand what happened right there but it looked like when the fellow came up behind to kill him that this other man who was little higher than he was gave him permission to kill his assailant so he killed him and then the other man who was higher wiped the blood off the sword. The fellow with the lantern was of a higher caste. I guess you would say that's way it always was over there in those days. The high caste and the low caste of people are fixed above and below each other. There are a whole lot of these stories of the 47 Roniin. I remember I used to hear discussion about some of the things

that these stories tell; about how a man always had to honor his children before his wife. There was a story I used to hear an old fellow tell about how an old man was faced to save his brother's son or his wife and according to the way they used to think it was decided that he should save his brother's son rather than his wife because that could result in continuing the family line. Now that's the way they used to think about those things, but to the western mind, to us people like the Nisei, we just can't understand that stuff. We don't know what it means." At the end of the comedy, number nine in the program cakes were thrown out to the children in the crowd by one of the comedians. During number 10 announcements were made to the effect that the previous performance had been a comedy, that the following would be a tragedy and apologies were made by the actors, the announcer saying that all were amateurs except one and that the audience should be, therefore, lenient in judging them. (EHS†)

There was a brief ceremony at the foundations of the new Press Club Building presided over by Mr. Norris James. The ceremony consisted in ^{the} laying of the corner stone with date of 1943 (to conform to federal fiscal year). Mr. James standing on the foundation of the south wall of the building spoke to an audience consisting of about 20 members of the Press Bulletin staff, Roy Anderson, Mr. Tolson of the Adobe Project, Mr. Head, Mr. Gelvin, and Mr. Haas. Mr. James thanked the members of the press staff and the Caucasian foreman who had lent his assistance in the making of the adobes. Mr. James then introduced Mr. Head who started to lay the corner stone. As he did so Mr. James produced a bottle which he said contained a dollar and a dime and the one-hundredth issue of the Press Bulletin together with some letters of congratulations. This bottle was to be deposited in the corner stone for posterity. As Mr. Head laid the stone, he said, "I have only one thing to say. That I hope we are laying the foundation of a permanent monument to your efforts here in Poston."

(EHS)

Mr. Haas and I at a dramatic performance at Block 3 were talking to the Block Manager of Block 3. Mr. Haas asked him what the Block Manager examination which he had taken this morning was like. He said, "Oh, it was nothing at all. Just a sort of a biography, you know. It really wasn't an examination. Mr. Evans merely told us that there was several points he would like to cover. First was: When we were born, where we were born, marital status, education, and so on, and then

finally he said the last point was for us to write out what we thought were our greatest achievements and then he said not to be afraid to brag, just let ourselves go and write what we thought. That's all there was to it and it took only about five or ten minutes. Mr. Haas said that he had heard that the block managers and the council were going to get together in some sort of a meeting. The block manager said he guessed that was true, that there had been a little bit of bad feeling. He said, "Yes, there has been some jealousy around some of them thinking that the block managers won't have anything to do now that council representatives are elected. There has been some hard feeling. I know one or two of them had some run-ins with each other already. I guess Mr. Evans figured it would be a good idea to have a little free contact; maybe first have a few of them. You know we are going to appoint a committee and the councils' going to appoint a committee. They are to get together and get straightened out on this business and maybe after that we will have a joint meeting of the council and the block-managers. But it is true, there's been some hard feeling and lot of the block managers are jealous and think that maybe now they won't have anything left to do.

(EHS)

New Folder
→ Santa Anita

9-3-42

The riot at Santa Anita Assembly Center

The following is an excerpt from a personal letter sent to me by my sister-in-law. In it is described vividly and rather at length the riot which took place on Aug. 4th at the Santa Anita Assembly Center. The excerpt is given here with the belief that it be used only as it is of value to the field of sociological research in the study of evacuee behavior and readjustment. (JNF)

August 18, 1942
Tuesday

* As for news here, I imagine the "riot" here will make good copy, or have you heard all about it from the various people down there who have friends up here? It happened way back on Aug. 4th. I never bothered to write, at first, because we heard rumors (they're forever popping up) that all mail was to be censored, and I was darned if I was going to write only for the benefit of the censors, so I desisted. It seems that the hakujin coppers here plus two hundred new ones were given orders to search the barracks for contraband, and they started out early in the morning all down the barracks across the street from us. Then soon rumors drifted down that some of the police were getting sort of cocky, and confiscating things left and right, many things unnecessarily such as scissors, needles, canned food, and even the stoves from those who had permits to keep them. Then one indignant friend would call another, until finally the cops were

getting a close packed audience watching every article they brought out. They were asked to move back, but the people only gave room enough for the cops to squeeze through, and they were just getting ominouser and ominouser, until the police began to fear for their hides and decided to call it a day. But then rumors drifted upward from the seventh district, that there the police were even more bold. They were ordering people out of their barracks during the inspection, and some people were finding money disappeared when they returned to their rooms. Well when that bit of news got around, the Recreation department and the Camouflage workers were given leave to come home to watch out for their valuables. Their hakujin bosses told them they could; so of course they did on the look out for some dirty work. Well in due time, one man who had gone back into his barrack after inspection to find some money gone, came running out and chased the cop that had been inspecting his room, and point-blankly asked for his money back. Of course, he had as large an audience as we did over on our side and each person went over to listen in. Soon the talking got pretty fiery, and people were telling each other what had been taken away. One young squirt said a cop had even taken his coupon book from him. Well all this while the cop had been rapidly walking away--some say there were three of them, I don't know, anyhow some started to throw rocks at the cop. And naturally this started practically an avalanche of them, so the cop started running for the orange mess hall. That didn't seem to daunt the boys any; they followed right on his heels, and

had
since they/no rocks at hand in the mess hall, they just picked up the porcelain cups and threw them. Of course they soon cornered the cop, and he whipped out his gun, which they naturally respected. But they still kept on closing in. Well, they saw the cops fingers were beginning to itch, so one boy said, "Go ahead and shoot; we'll kill you anyhow." At this the cop just turned dead white, but still keeping them at bay, until finally a cop, that the booches here like, came to his rescue and told the boys to be reasonable, I guess. Anyhow when we came on the scene, here was the mob coming up the street with the bad cop and a booch still arguing and the good cop firmly keeping his grasp on the bad one, smilingly trying to quiet the people. Golly, it gives you the funniest feeling, like your stomach did a full flip-flop, to see a swarm of people all bearing down the road towards you. You see we were late for this melee because Ken and I were at home worrying how thorough the cops would be. We'd heard that some cops even went through boxes of Kotex and Fibs besides dumping clothes and other personals upon the bed for inspection, and my fastidious soul was in a whirl, and I was arguing with Ken whether it'd be all right to request the cops to wash their hands first in Lysol water or not. He said sure--demand it. But I was afraid I might antagonize them and they would even trample on my sterilized goods. But Mits comes rushing home from work, to interrupt the argument, and says there must be a fire over by the orange mess, because there's a fire engine and a whole slew of people out that way, so of course our natural curiosity

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got the better of us and we rushed out to see, and came upon the above scene. Well, in time a car came around for the coppers, and they drove him out the gate. The people followed right behind the car but were stopped at the gate by a line of soldiers, bayonets up. Soldiers couldn't come in, until they received orders from Frisco. Arguments still continued at the gate, nor would the people disperse, because the cop stuck around and wouldn't go away--perhaps his car was parked inside --but he stuck around anyhow. And pretty soon some kids started throwing milk bottles. The gate is near the green mess. Well, Ken and I went around to the Anita Chiquita track and looked down on the scene where we could see on both sides of the gate. When the milk bottles started coming, the army put on a show for us. Even the yard birds were taken out of the hoosegow, to help in the show. An armored car would come rushing up to the gates, disgorge about three or four soldiers. Then back out and away, and then another armored car would come up. This kept up intermittently with jeeps rushing to the fore in between times. Couple of the cars had machine guns mounted ready for action--that wasn't. Now I bet three quarters of the people were just sticking around out of mere curiosity to see what the army would do next. Of course, three-quarters had formed the mob out of curiosity too, so they wouldn't have stuck around so long if the soldiers didn't put on such a delicious show; but it was rather funny watching the soldiers trying to keep up an appearance of fast action, and a lot of it when there was nothing they could do, and so few of them to do it. About

thirty would form a line, then they'd disperse, and a few would man the machine guns, another would run like heck back to the barracks, then another armored car would come shooting out, another one would back out and away. A truck would come up with a box of ammunition. Pretty soon half of us were grinning away wondering--what next. Some of the soldiers even started grinning sheepishly, because the people though they still remained at the gate, did nothing but watch, whereas the soldiers, except those forming a front line guard, had to run about like a chicken with nothing to do. Well this all got monotonous for Ken and me soon enough so since it was nearly four and time for Ken to check out from work we ambled away towards the grandstand. When we got there we found out that we couldn't get in because the soldiers had taken over and while we were gabbing away with those who had been driven out of the Recreation hall, we saw the mob coming back towards the police office. (It seems one of the soldiers coming in to take over the grandstand think that we smell, because he commented none too softly--"Whew, this place could stand some chlorine.") Well, to get back to the mob, after standing around some while for lack of anything better to do, someone started throwing rocks again and a window was broken, so soon various people got up to talk and one hakujin who is very well liked got cheered. This didn't promise any excitement however, and since we couldn't hear anyway, we left. Then on the way home coming by the government house, we heard somebody had been killed so we went to investigate, just in time to see a pick-up pulling away

with only a pair of jeans and two big feet visible. It was the Korean informer here that had made himself so obnoxious that a few had already decided to gang up on him and teach him a lesson, and had decided that that day proved to be a most opportune time. As we heard from a very "reliable source" --he was there--the Korean had been talking with a Mr. Wilkinson asking who had called him to the Govt. house, when pretty soon some boys came ankling up and told the Korean to come out, they started badgering then and told him if he didn't they'd come in. All this while the four locker-cns remained to see what would happen. They'd been there when the Korean had come in, and though they didn't participate they saw everything. Well, in time the boys got impatient and did come in. Though Mr. Wilkinson left immediately after he'd telephoned the office an S.O.S. A couple of the boys went at the Korean with chairs taking one right from under a spectator. Then someone picked up a typewriter and rammed it down square upon his head, with the poor battered Korean in an attitude of prayer. The typewriter naturally sent him out like a light. And soon it was--Jiggers, the soldiers--so they all went sailing out, though one guy was mean enough to step right onto the Korean's chest on his way out. It's a darned lucky thing for all of them that he didn't die, though they did make mince meat of him. When people heard of this episode they all started crowding around to hear all about this, and so another mob formed, but in a couple of hours this too was dispelled when a hakujin asked them to be kind enough to go home which they kindly did. Well,

the next day, the government house was still guarded by soldiers as was the grandstand. Oh yes, I forgot to mention that the orders for the soldiers to come into the camp finally came from Frisco and so the soldiers had to finally come marching in. According to the reports, they were scared stiff. Thirty soldiers coming into the midst of about fifteen thousand people with only their bayonets standing between them at such a close range--naturally scare anyone I guess, even with machine guns behind one. Anyhow, they were so shaky everyone could see they were scared so they started to laugh. And one smar-alec even reached over touching a bayonet and said, "Is it sharp, mister?" Evidently the soldiers were given orders not to shoot unless necessary, but I bet a lot had itchy fingers to be so laughed at. The soldiers stayed in until Saturday afternoon guarding besides the above two, all the post offices and the large boiler room. So Ken didn't get back to work that week. They had to live in the Grandstand and eat our same food, and they couldn't communicate with the outside, so by the end of the week I bet they were somewhat sympathetic with us cooped in here. The hakujin bosses had to stay in too, and one commented he didn't see how we could eat the stuff we get, and as for the coffee, he'd prefer dish water.

Then yesterday, thirty-four boy--many of the Exclusive twenty--were sent out to various camps. So it was said, to remove a bad influence from the camp. The manager had written Frisco to remove the boys, but when the Y.M.C.A. boys

like Mas Sato heard they were to be removed they went up and talked to the manager far into the night arguing that those boys weren't really bad only wild--they'd been getting into fights staged in some of the mess halls--Masao said that all boys go through a wild stage generally and they only need a guiding hand to steer them out, But if they were treated like incorrigibles, they might really go bad, especially when they were shipped away from family and home. Well, they convinced the manager and he telephoned the army to cancel his request but they said he was too late, the order must go through. So they've been shipped. Some for even the slightest misdemeanor. One boy, a Hawaiian, according to our bridge teacher, was only watching a fight not participating, and he got put into the jug for a week, and was sent yesterday to Gila. The poor Hawaiians only worry seems to be that he won't find any decent bridge players down there. Can you imagine he learned only at 6:00 that morning that he had to go, but at 1:00 that afternoon he showed up to play some bridge, when he was leaving at 5:30 that evening. Gee, I wished that Ken and I could throw our things together that quickly."

(JNF)

via John Evans:

"This police situation is getting pretty bad and that Chief, well, we are going to have to do something. He was up at Parker this morning investigating the warehouse situation antagonizing Wickersham and the other people and then I heard that a big Japanese, a big husky fellow, went to the drugstore and tried to buy a pint of whiskey. The proprietor was afraid that he was an Indian or a Japanese and refused to sell the whiskey to him. The man insisted that he was a Chinese, but the proprietor didn't sell the whiskey to him. You can draw your own conclusions. The Chief was in town this morning with a cigar jammed in the side of his mouth.

There is some kind of shady business going on I am beginning to be convinced in connection with the Police Department. There is this case of Lyle Kurisaki's son who is supposed to have been chased by some men in a truck and almost run over. I don't know what is in the story, but his mother swears to it and that he had to run into the latrine to save himself. Well, young Kurisaki is a member of the Fire Department and there's no doubt that relations between the fire and the police department have come to a pretty bad past. The firemen make unpleasant noises everytime they pass a policeman and visa-versa. It is a good deal of a mess. The new ruling is that the police will be directly responsible to the Project Director through each unit administrative.

(EHS)

9-7-42

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The reason that many of the Isseis might be more receptive to the cooperati
idea is that many of them have the idea that they will received cash of the pro-
fits of the enterprise and not with the idea that the profits will be spent for
the benefits of the community in general. (this is what one parent had in mind)

(FM)

Mr. Furuya said that in his Block 28 a petition had been circulated recently last Saturday demanding that a Consumer's Cooperative be set-up in Poston to replace the Community Store. He said that the petition he thought came from the Issei Information Bureau and that it had been the Issei of his block back of it. They did not bring it up in the block meeting, but brought it around family by family and asked that it be signed. It was the Issei who brought the petition. There was statements in the petition such as that large sums of money resulting from the profits of the store were deposited in a bank at Phoenix and simply held there not being used for the good of the community. There were other charges against the community store. When the petition came to Mr. Furuya and several other Nisei they felt that they did not know whether the statements were actually true. Therefore, they did not sign the petition, but called the councilman of the block and asked him what the facts were. He told him that he didn't know, but that he'd find out for them, and would tell them all Monday when they planned to see him again. Mr. Furuya also asked the Issei who were distributing the petition whether the facts stated were true or not and the Issei were unable to give any explanation. Mr. Furuya did not report asking the block manager concerning these matters.

(EHS)

I saw Norris James sitting in his room looking over the first issue of the Press Bulletin. He pointed out Wade Head's Memorial Day speech, the large size of the lost and found column, and how interested people were in a barber shop in the early days. Then he took out a bale of papers which turned out to be statements of first impression of some of the earliest arrivals in Poston. Mr. James said that he took new arrivals over to a typewriter as soon as they came in and had them give statements which were typed down in their presence. Mr. James read me a number of those statements which stressed the courtesy of soldiers and others. Then he turned to another batch of papers and said, "These are the first impression interview from the Salinas Assembly Center and believe me these are really bad. All of them are so bad that I have had to keep them out of sight."

(EHS)

Via John G. Evans:

No arrivals in Poston today.

(AHL)

Via John Evans:

One of the boys who have been driving a truck loaded up with some other fellows and girls and took them to Parker without passes or permission. No harm came of it and they got back safely. But when it was found out and he was questioned, he said that he did it because he was sore at the administration and wanted to get even.

(AHL)

Via Miss Findey:

The Employment office cannot stand Mr. Decker. Whenever he comes in there, they keep as far away from him as they can and find it very hard to persuade anybody to go out and work for him. The basis for this seems to be his attitude towards the Japanese.

(AHL)

Via Mr. John G. Evans:

No new arrivals to Poston

(AHL)

via Ward Sheppard:

At dinner Dr. Sheppard said to Dr. Leighton and myself, "We have just executed a coup d'etat on the coops. The petition that has been going around secured a large number of signatures and community sentiment seems to be wholly for them. We have just persuaded Mr. Head to announce in the paper and otherwise that the community enterprises was organized originally to meet an immediate need and was to be regarded, therefore, as a temporary institution which has now filled the needs for which it was created. It is now to be re-organized on a cooperative basis."

(EHS)

I asked Mr. Kunitani to come to my office this afternoon to see if he had any suggestions about getting an artist on our staff to make sketches of happenings in Poston. He stayed on to talk for about an hour and a half about the sociological problems, educational problems of the Americans. He said he thought that 80% of the people in this community were "rural minded". He said that Mr. Hopkins who is an economist from Stanford University and now working with the WRA is here for a few days to help with the improvement. Mr. Hopkins gave it as his opinion that the morale in this community is the lowest that he has seen in any relocation center. Mr. Kunitani attributes this to the heat and difficult physical conditions. He says that the administrative staff here is much better than any other locality. By "better" he means that here, they are working for the people while elsewhere they tend to be working against them.

(AHL)

Via Mr. John G. Evans:

No new arrivals to Poston

(AHL)

Via Mr. John G. Evans:

7 arrivals from Santa Anita Assembly Center

1 arrival from Lordsburg, New Mexico

(AHL)

via Nell Findley:

Today a Nisei soldier from a camp in Oklahoma came to Poston to see his mother. He didn't have a permit of the type which would allow him to stay in camp or apparently to even enter camp, but he got as far as the Administration Building and was told by Mr. Gelvin and Miss Findley that a concession would be made since he was here and that he would be allowed to see his mother, but that he could not stay over night in Poston. This made him bitter. He said that he wouldn't even stay to see his mother if he was to be treated so unjustly and that he would therefore go away immediately without seeing her. He protested that this no way to treat a soldier. He left without seeing his mother. His family lives in Block 53.

(EHS)

In the blockmanager supervisor's office I was talking with Elmer Suski, one of the blockmanagers. He came over to me and opened a conversation saying, "What do you think about this problem of the young people? They are going to have no place where they can have any privacy now that they talk about turning the Recreation Halls into schools. What they are doing now is going out into the woods around camp or into the parks or something like that because they don't want to stay around home because there isn't any privacy there. I am talking about the young people just passed high school age. There are all sorts of rumors going around about their morals now. Like last night over in our block there was a picnic over in the woods. A lot of old people didn't know anything about it and a young couple was seen coming back from the picnic coming across the bridge there and a rumor was spreading about them. Well, I think maybe the rumor wouldn't have been spread if the older people had known something about that picnic and that it was a regular organized young peoples affair. We figure that something ought to be done to stop the rumors of that kind that the old people are always spreading now. The only thing I can see is to set off part of the Recreation Halls for young peoples social rooms."

(EHS)

BLOCK - 26

Subject: Nisei reaction towards attending meetings--

George, 27 years, (just a resident) said, that it was impossible to attend the various meetings because--

1. He doesn't understand Japanese language very well, which he is very ashamed of, he also stated, that the meeting was conducted in Japanese because most of the Issei attended and very few Nisei or none at all were present. The Issei will bring up problems and suggestions, which is unimportant to the Nisei and the Issei would talk for hours on one problem, getting "nowhere fast," which is very boring and monotonous to the Nisei.

6
The Nisei of Block 26 suggested to the block manager and also to the municipal councilman to have Nisei meetings separately from the Issei. In this way a Nisei can bring problems which interest him the most. The Nisei are modernized instead of old fashioned. The ways of thinking are all together different. (J.F.)

Sept. 15, 1942. 0

This afternoon I played bridge with a group of friends under the recently built play-shed north of the men's latrine, and as I sat there playing bridge I could see many members of the block sitting in front of their respective apartments.

I asked five or six people at random who were nearby what percentage of the total residents of the block they thought remained within the block limits of a Sunday afternoon. The figures given me ranged from 95% to 97%, a surprisingly large percentage.....and they all agreed that there were less than fifteen people away from the block at that very moment (3:30 o'clock).

(JNF)

What block?

all

In Block 59 from the blockmanager's log comes the following note:

All women were asked to keep away from the "sume" ground which was being prepared because it was said that women and girls would bring bad luck to the "sume teri".

(EHS)

Wandering through town tonight Alden Jones and I encountered a crowd sitting at the door of barracks in Block 37. Inside sume was going on. The audience consisted of about fifty persons most of whom were sitting inside the building facing the doorway, but some 10 or fifteen of whom were standing outside in the darkness looking in. Among the crowd there were perhaps 5 women, all middle-aged. The men consisted almost entirely of individuals over 45 although there were one or two men who might have been in their thirties. The officials--the timekeeper, who had a watch in one hand and who struck a gong with the other, and a referee in full sume costume and with a black "ebi" were more probably in their late thirties or early forties.

The wrestlers were boys none of them probably over fifteen. There was a group on one side of the building and one facing them on the other side. Between them was a large rectangle of canvas on which they wrestled. The wrestling ritual was as follows: A boy stood up on each side of the hall; each dressed in ordinary pants--blue denim, khaki, or other; on the upper part of his body he wore a white coat with a white sash--the regular sume attire. They seemed to be careful to arrange the sash properly before starting and each bowed stiffly and briefly to the other and began to wrestle. The sume coat was used for hand holds constantly. Neither took hold of the

others body. They attempted to trip each other, swing each other off-balance and there was one boy who carried out all sorts of throws such as falling down on the floor himself and catapulting his opponents over his head with his feet. The down consists in one of the boys holding the other on his back for a certain length of time. The boy who won went on accepting challenges from the other side of the room until he was thrown or until one of the encounters ended in a tie. After each down both boys stood on the sides of the hall and after carefully arranging their sune coats and sashes, bowed stiffly to each other and then sat down among the others. The crowd watched in almost profound silence except for occasional laughs and the cause of which I did not understand. In one instance after an especially violent throw of one boy by another there was a slight pattering of hand clapping. The boys who did the wrestling seemed to utter little cries whenever they threw another down. Otherwise, they wrestled in silence.

The hall had a name only in Japanese which I was not able to read.

(EHS)

This morning I sat at breakfast between Mr. Fister and Mr. Hopkins. Mr. Fister appeared worried about the Japanese leaving the camp to go out and work in the harvest field. He felt that this would seriously cripple the community enterprises and other activities being carried on within the community and which are necessary to make the community run properly. Mr. Hopkins reassured Mr. Fister in a brief and breezy tone, saying that he doubted if more than a hundred workers would go out in a course of a year on any kind of a permanent basis.

(AHL)

Mr. John Furuya, Research worker, entered the Bureau of Sociological Research today.

(AHL)

SJ-

9-15-42

4

Miss Cushman

Dr. Leighton and I met one of the teacher supervisors in front of the little canteen near the Administration Building. She said, "Oh, have you seen the street of pools? It's just darling with little pools and little bridges and everything so carefully done. There's one with little figures cut out of wood lying on the beach and all sorts of little images like that." She went on to explain that in the region of Block 30 and 19 there seems to be almost a competition in regard to gardens and pools and everyone that has been built has always been just a little better than the one before suggesting a keen interest in different sort of construction. The supervisor said further, "I was watching this man work on his little bridges and it came up that he didn't have any paint to finish part of the job so I brought him out some paint and gave it to him. He was extremely grateful."

(EHS)

Mr. Potts, school principal at Camp III, was sitting in one of the benches in front of Barracks C after dinner. He said, "I saw something that looked pretty bad to me today. It was a Jeep running through the camp dragging something like a heavy chain making a very great deal of dust. I don't think they needed to do that. ^{There} must have been something vindictive about it."

(EHS)

9/15/42

A STUDY OF THE APPLICATIONS FOR SMALLER APARTMENTS.

With the limited number of available apartments to meet the needs of the applicants for a change of address, the Housing Registration Department has set aside a separate file for those wishing to be moved to smaller apartments if and when these smaller units are constructed. And to date there has been filed eighty some odd such applications.

In checking over the individual reasons given on the application form, I find that they can be classified into 5 groupings, namely:--

1. The fear of being doubled up with another family.
2. The two family situation and its resultant incompatibility.
3. The lack of privacy--especially for the newlyweds.
4. Overcrowding.
5. Employment, medical, and other reasons.

In direct contrast to the applications for transfer that were filed several months ago, the applications now pouring into the housing committee carry stronger and more definite reasons; *became* that is, the families requesting the changes are beginning to *misdirection* put into writing the actual grievances that they are bearing, and not trying to camouflage their motives for wanting to move. In a sense these applications are an admission on the part of the families of the failure to readjust themselves to the apartment as assigned to them originally, and in other words, the families are still trying to readjust themselves to the basic 20' x 25' in the 20' x 12' apartments.

BLOCK COUNCIL AND BLOCK MANAGER

BILL TANAKA--Block 46

FORM OF THE BLOCK COUNCIL

Up until the appointment of the permanent block manager the council was composed of one person from each barracks making fourteen in all. There were nine Issei and five Nisei. The block manager went from barracks to barracks telling the people to select one person as representative from each barrack. All the representatives were men. They formed no regular committees, but met to discuss complaints and proceedings were carried on in both Japanese and English. No decisions were ever reached on any matters and there was always a good deal of bickering after each council meeting. As Bill Tanaka says, "There was trouble between the Issei and the Nisei. They couldn't understand each others point of view and finally the Nisei got to saying that the Issei were trying to run the block and the Issei began to say that the Nisei were trying to run the block."

When Tanaka was appointed permanent block manager at the beginning of September, he made an effort to re-organize the block council. Talking it over with others in the block they decided that there ought to be five Issei and five Nisei on the council and these were not necessarily the heads of families within the barracks. A general meeting was held and candidates proposed. First, for the Issei group and secondly, for the Nisei group. One woman was proposed as candidate for the Issei, but the five who were elected were men. Of the Nisei candidates who were elected three were men and two women. These ten now meet with the

block manager who calls meetings and acts as chairman, but does not participate as a voter in the council meetings. The meetings are conducted in both Japanese and English and the Issei members speak and understand English to a certain extent just as the Nisei understand something of Japanese. No definite committees have been appointed yet and not much work has been done by the block council. Mr. Tanaka says, "Nothing important has come up yet. We still have to be put to the test." His plan is that when any matters come up that seem to him to concern Issei most, he will call the five Issei members as an advisory group. Similarly in matters concerning the Nisei more directly he will call the Nisei council members as an advisory group. In such cases the Nisei and the Issei "halves" will, therefore, meet with the block manager apart from each other. This system of a dual advisory board has not yet come to any important test.

BLOCK MANAGER

The block manager is a Nisei, in his twenties. A native of Boyle Heights, Los Angeles, he was in the fruit stand business before he came to Poston. His brother is the community councilman from Block 48. With some difficulty he finished high school having been left an orphan when he was about eight years old and having had to support himself since he was fourteen. He became interested, as he says, in social welfare and was almost persuaded by a "detective from Arcadia" to enter a police school. He didn't enter, however, telling himself that he was too small to make good, but he interested himself in questions of juvenile delinquency in his own

-3-

neighborhood. He says, "I have seen plenty living there where I did--knife fights, gang fights, girls going wrong, and all kinds of things. I always felt as if something ought to be done about it and one thing I tried to do was to break up some of the gangs that got started around. I know how it was with those gangs. They were plenty tough and they got to doing some pretty bad things. I tried to work with one of the gangs to make them go in for sports. I don't know whether I was on the right track, but I think they were better for a while.

We used to run a fruit stand and every morning I used to see a girl go by to school, every single morning and then one morning she didn't go by and the next morning her mother came by and was looking for her. She was gone for more than three days. Well, I was down in Main Street which is really tough, you know, the kind of places that are down there. Well, I say the girl and I knew what had happened. I knew she had gotten in with the wrong fellow. She had been going to school learning to be a secretary and maybe she got in with the wrong kind of employer. When she came back she was all dressed up in cheap clothes and looked pretty bad. Of course I knew what had happened and that experience set me to thinking. That made me to thinking that something ought to be done and maybe I could do something to keep things like that from happening. I thought a lot about that."

THE BLOCK

Just about all the people in the block are from Los Angeles, mostly from Boyle Heights. The Golden Bears baseball team of Poston lives for the most part in this block although a few live in other

blocks. This baseball team was organized as such and called the Golden Bears when it was in Los Angeles. "We try to stick together here just as we always tried to stick together in Los Angeles. People say a lot of things about us, like as if anything comes up at a baseball game, well, they always say, "It's that Boyle Heights gang." We had a couple of strikes at first in Poston and that sort of gave us a bad name and those Orange County people talked about us a great deal, but there's nothing bad about us and I figure we just have to show them that we are all right. It's the way with the people from Santa Anita. They are saying pretty bad things about them, but you know as well as I do that all the people who were at Santa Anita were not the same. They aren't the same. They aren't bad. That's the way it is with us. We are going to have a meeting tonight to organize all the young men and the Golden Bears group. We are going to have the girls in it too and call them the "Co-eds". We don't mean to have just a social group. We want to do more than that. There was one Golden Bear who lost his wife the other day when her baby was born. She had an internal hemorrhage and she died. I guess you heard about that. Well, we felt pretty strong about that and we think something could be done so we are going to organize ourselves for blood transfusions. We are the ones who made that proposal to the Council which they are taking to the hospital to have people ready to give blood transfusions whenever they are needed. We are all going to have our blood typed and be ready. We are organizing this Golden Bears Club to take in all the young men and women in our block. The other blocks, I guess, can work out their own organizations. This will be something like the way it was in Los Angeles and I guess you know what that is.

-5-

There were so many clubs; all the people of a certain age in the Golden Bears--they were fellows my age and little older and there would be others maybe not more than four years older who would have a different club. That was the way it was in Boyle Heights and that's one reason the Issei and the Nisei don't understand each other. They were always in different groups. It wasn't that way in some of the country places where the Nisei and the Issei are together a lot more and maybe work in the fields together all day long. They don't get so they misunderstand each other the way they would in the city. I guess it was because of the way we were in the city that made the misunderstanding between the Nisei and the Issei in the block before we changed the block council.

Block 45 next to us has young people organized into a group that are called the Scorpions. They were from a different part of Los Angeles. I don't know what they were called before. The people in 35 next to us call themselves the Indians, but in Los Angeles they used to be called the Cougars. I don't know what they have over in Block 36.

We haven't done much about social life. I have been letting that go. I don't think people ought to be pushed in there. They haven't been having their social life in the block very much, but it's sort of anywhere. For a while we had dancing classes in the Recreation Hall on Tuesday and Thursdays, but they got kind of stale; the same thing every night and people lost interest so we quit that. Maybe they may want to start that up again some time. People don't know much about dances in our block. Our Recreation Hall is going to have one of the three rooms fixed up for the Y.W.C.A. Sort of a study room and they will hold seminars there. Then the front room

will have a sculpture class with Mr. Evans' step-daughter. We got a plan that we are working on for the children in the block. (He proceeded to outline it on paper.) It includes a peak roofed ramada which will cover two areas--one for the smaller children to play in and one for slightly older children; a volley ball court in a different part of the block; a badminton court and perhaps croquet court. We have this plan worked out and I think the Issei will approve of it as well as the Nisei and sometimes soon will present it to the block council, but already some of the men are set to go and get the posts and the brush for the ramada.

We haven't done anything much about gardens in the block cause they are all city people and I guess there aren't many more then two of them who know anything about farming. Besides that there hasn't been any water until last week so we didn't work on that at all. The gardener tells me that things are going ahead now on that. Our idea is to have things for people to do in the block. We don't have any trouble now, but you know how it is when evening comes the people sit around and with nothing to do and maybe ten fellows get together and say, "Let's go look for something to do" and they start out and they could get into all kinds of bad things. I know how it is. I have been out with gangs that way. So if there is something that they can do in the block there won't be those gangs like that.

(EHS)

50
via Bill Tanaka: Manager of Block 46

"We had a meeting of the Golden Bears last night in Block 46 both men and women. There were about 70 who attended. What do you think about ^{letting} older people in?" I said that I thought it would be a good idea in this case. Bill said, "Well, that is what we did. There were 6 or 7 older Nisei who wanted to join with us and so we told them to come on in. We decided that things like dancing and social life would be at a minimum so far as the Golden Bears Club is concerned. The first thing we have done is to arrange about blood donors for the hospital. We got to make this into a sort of social service club. We want to show everybody that this gang from Los Angeles is all right. I think we will show the Issei too that we are all right and are doing things for the good of the community."

(EHS)

A report came to me several weeks ago that a group of people had prevented a young mother of three children from committing suicide. Her three children are all minors, and unable to work under the W.R.A. provision that no one under 16 years of age can receive compensation for work. Her husband had been interned in an alien detention camp since the outbreak of the war, and she had been hard put to support her family of three children since the husband's internment and up to the time of evacuation.

Evacuation, however, did not solve her troubles completely. Her financial condition was nil, and, according to the report, her chief anxiety and worry seemed to be that she could not purchase "the little things" that meant so much to her minor children, i.e. ice cream, soda pop, and candies. The mother could not stand any longer seeing her children go without "these little things" while the neighboring children were enjoying an occasional ice cream, soda or candy purchased for them by their parents. Hers indeed was a problem for she herself could not enlist for work because of the children whom she had to care for.

According to the report, she watched her children, many a day, sucking their fingers and watching other children consuming such niceties as ice cream and candy and feeling that she could no longer bear to watch her children, she cracked under the strain, and attempted suicide.

For two weeks I tried to follow up this report, but no one has been able to point the finger to the actual family in this plight. Several persons admitted hearing this report, but none knew exactly to whom it applied.

The important thing in this report of attempted suicide is the situation that led to such an attempt. There must be many families in this

community under just such financial condition due to the internment of
the working member of the families.

(JNF)

VIA COLORADO PRESS:

WHAT IS MORALE?

Now-a-days we hear so much about "morale." In fact, we think too much is being said or taken advantage of this stuff "morale."

People often use the word to alibi for doing something they know should not be done. This-----good for morale-----bad for morale.

What is it, anyway.--this MORALE?

The terse definition of one scholar is that "morale is tenacity in the face of adversity."

Another definition that extends this immeasurably is that of G. Stanley Hall:

"Morale is health. It means wholeness, the flower of every kind of hygiene. It is found whenever the universal hunger for more life is best getting its fill. When we face reality gladly and with a stout heart, even it is be grim and painful--and never doubt it is good at the core, and all evil is subordinate to good, that even if we are defeated and overwhelmed in a good cause, all is not lost; when we feel that we live for something that we would die for, if need be--that is morale."

(AHL)

S.J.

9-18-42

4

via Ted Haas:

Ted showed me the regulations for election of representatives for the Issei Advisory Board. He chatted as follows: "Last night I went to a picnic with the police department they were giving three of the boys ~~40~~ a send-off who are going to pick beets. That leaves only 19 in the department. I was the only Caucasian there. They sent an invitation to John Evans also, but he did not come. It is an interesting thing, the Chief talking about Mr. Evans, he feels that Mr. Evans is a very fine man, but as he says he is too fine. He is nice to everybody and that sort of makes things difficult for the police department.

We just lost a member of the Council, Roy Kaita, who is going off to pick beets today. I arranged for his place on the Council to be held open for him since he will return to Poston. Of course it wasn't entirely done by me, that is, it wasn't wholly an order from above. It happened that Dr. Ishimaru was here at my desk when this thing came up and together we arranged for temporary filling of the office.

But I suppose I shouldn't be bothering you with these things after all I have just been told that I am ^{too} tired to do any good here. That's what Mr. Head feels and I learned of it through John Evans. I am too tired and unable to carry on my work of real benefit to the project. It's a very definite reaction and perhaps I shouldn't bother you with what I am doing since it is all useless.

I am sure you are interested in this Wickersham thing aren't you? I spoke with Mr. Townsend about the thing and found a fine attitude and very fine indeed. He went up and investigated the

thing himself. He found out that the men were carrying steel without gloves, steel that was too hot to handle. He said that it was apparent to him that there were too many Caucasian foremen; that what the warehouse crews wanted were more Japanese foremen. He has taken a very fine attitude in this trouble and I believe that he is strongly influencing Mr. Wickersham's point of view. Of course he spoke to me about Mr. Wickersham saying that it was clear that Wickersham is a very conscientious man and one of the ablest warehouseman we have. He is up at 7:15 and hard at work at that hour. Mr. Townsend explained that Mr. Wickersham had misunderstood the matter in connection with the crew which was supposed to meet him for discussion of the difficulties and that perhaps the whole trouble with Mr. Wickersham was the result of some simple misunderstanding. I think with the fine attitude that Mr. Townsend is taking that this thing can be cleared up. I suggested myself that some of the men be changed around from day crew to night crew and that would help the situation out.

I asked Ted whether Mr. Kato and Mr. Sugimoto of the Council Works Projects Committee had ever been able to have a hearing of the case with the Caucasian supervisors just as they had had a meeting with the Japanese workmen. Ted said that that had ^{not} been done and that it was probable that it would not be necessary since it is Mr. Townsend's idea to get rid of most of the Caucasian supervisors. (EHS)

5 J

Amidst the cloud of dust were gathered approximately two hundred people awaiting the time for the departure of the first contingent of approximately 60 people to help harvest the sugar beet and tomato crop near Leighton, Utah. Among the people departing were several families. One couple consisted of a husband and his white wife. The head of the group was a man, his wife and children. Mr. Sayano was his name, and according to one fellow of the Factory Planning Department, this was an opportunity for Mr. Sayano to meet his partner in the noodle factory in Leighton. There were an almost equal number of girls and boys, present to send on their friends. There were very few Niseis; one said to a young fellow, "Shikari shite, ka ette kon yo ni tanomu yo" which translated would mean, "Be steadfast and as a favor, don't come back."

There were among the group about 25 boys ranging from 20 years of age to 35 years of age from the Imperial Valley. These boys had been in the fruit game before evacuation having had experience in the fruit and vegetable sheds and also as laborers in the field. One fellow, who was about 30 years of age said that he wanted to look around and see if it would be safe to have his family follow. There was another small group of Isseis talking and smoking. These were the bachelors from the central California area who had been laboring in the fruit and vegetable camps prior to evacuation. There was a group of city boys, boys from Santa Anita, a group of about five "Kanakas", or boys from Hawaii.

Conversation ran in a lighter vein, with mostly good-bye and good-lucks being given to the departing people. Although ten of the fellows that I talked to expressed that they just wanted to see how things were on the outside, three fellows said that they would stay out if they found something good. One boy was concerned about the curfew regulations, say-

ing that it might be better in camp since they would be working all day, they would not have any opportunity to go into town.

In summarizing, the following conclusions can be drawn from my observation:

1. The majority of the boys leaving were Niseis, in the twenties.
2. Most of the boys wanted a taste of the world outside again.
3. To some, this was a means for them to relocate themselves inland with a minimum of red tape, and with a minimum of expense to themselves.
4. All of them knew that they were going to a colder climate.
5. Most of the people leaving are from the rural district.
6. Majority of the people are bachelors. (TS)

via John G. Evans:

1 Parolee arrived from Tujunga Detention Home. (AHL)

Mr. Roy Takahashi, Artist, entered the Bureau of Sociological Research today. (AHL)

On Monday night, Sept. 14, I accompanied Miss Yo Nagamatsu to Parker City as she was leaving on the train that night for Las Vegas, Nevada. Another friend accompanied us and we left Poston on a army truck which was driven by a Caucasian. Two other friends wanted to go along very much but Miss Findley, who saw the truck out, felt it was not desirable to allow these two others to go. The three of us, with the driver, left Poston about nine o'clock that night and arrived in Parker City at about an half an hour ride. We were taken to the train depot where Miss N. purchased her train fair to Las Vegas. As the train was leaving about eleven o'clock that night, we had to wait for about an hour and a half. We waited in the waiting room in the depot and after about 45 minutes of waiting, two husky-looking Caucasian men dressed in plain civilian clothes came up and questioned us as to where we were going. After learning that Miss N. was leaving for Las Vegas, he went over to Miss N. and questioned her rather thoroughly for about 20 minutes. His manner of questioning was very ruff in the beginning but this calmed down in the end. We never learned whether these two men represented the F.B.I. or the police force of Parker City as they did not identify themselves to us. After learning that we had the proper permits to be in Parker that night, they left us. I related the experience to Miss Findley and she said from now on she is planning to personally accompany all persons leaving Poston to catch the train in Parker City.

(T. Y.)

I talked to a young nisei minister a few days ago and he had some interesting comments to make ^{about} / the Bureau of Socialological Research. He was gravely concerned about some immediate and acute needs of the people in Poston, and felt that the Bureau was the only channel through which some of these needs could be properly met. He felt that the administration here in Poston is powerless to do the things that the people would like to see done, and that if the W.R.A. officials in Washington were properly contacted about some of these immediate needs in Poston, quicker and more efficient action would be the result. He pointed out ~~as~~ one of the immediate needs as being the problem of housing, that is ^{par} / partitioning some of the apartments to accommodate young couples and small families. He felt that Dr. Leighton in his official capacity as a naval officer, would be in a better position than any of the administration here to notify the proper W.R.A. officials in Washinton. He hoped that the Bureau would become a much more powerful and effective channel through which many of the immediate problems could be quickly and satisfactorily fulfilled. He said although you should think in terms of "long term planning", some of the immediate problems should be given immediate attention at the present. He felt that the people should be idealistic but they should be realistic. I explained to the minister that the Bureau is gradually becoming better organized and that it would undoubtedly do research into the various problems in Poston, and make the administration and proper authorities conscience of the various needs.

(T. Y.)

I have talked with some of the 66 evacuee workers who are leaving Poston tonight to go to Utah and work on the various farms there as sugar beet, tomato and other farms. Many, ^{if} not all of them, were thrilled and greatly excited over the idea of leaving Poston after having lived here for some three or four months. Some of them, in all probability, are more concerned about the financial angle of the trip to Utah. However, from the expressions heard quite a few of the people who are leaving to work in Utah are going mainly because they believe this is a great opportunity to get out of Poston and enjoy a greater degree of freedom. Few of them said this was going to be a great vacation for them and they didn't care whether they earned any money from the work experience.

(T. Y.)

During the past two weeks, I have noticed an increased amount of interest in the co-op movement that is being organized by the Co-op Education Department and the five co-op experts from the East. I have noticed several small groups in heated discussions about the advantages and disadvantages of the co-op system and whether it would be wise and appropriate for Poston or not. In fact, some days ago there were several people in the different blocks circulating petitions among the people, which would favor the co-op system being established here in Poston. I signed one of the petition which was being circulated by a leader in Block 30. It was very interesting to note that there has been quite an amount of disfavor of the co-op system. Some of the criticism expressed was that the co-op would not become successful here in Poston as the Japanese people as a whole are very individualistic. Others have stated that the present economic system under the management of the administration is running as smoothly as possible and that there is no need for any change. My impression of the various criticism expressed is that many of the people express an intense ^{due to} disfavor of the co-op system /s a deep-rooted fear that the U.S. Government has an ulterior motive of encouraging the co-op system in the various Relocation Centers. Some of them seem to feel that this is an under-handed way in which the government is attempting to rid itself of the expense of maintaining the various Relocation Centers by placing the burden upon the people themselves. Some of them feel that the co-op would

be an utter failure as the people are not educated enough along this line.

It was interesting to note that the co-op movement was acclaimed by a large majority of the people in Poston as indicated by the signing of the petition favoring the establishment of the co-op system.

(T. Y.)

VIA SEIDO
SEIDO HASHIMURA
Via Seido Hashimura:
9-18-42

13

There has been some trouble in Block 12 in connection with the kitchen crew. It came to a head this evening when Mr. Evans went over to settle it. The background of the trouble is as follows: Bob Nishimura is chef in the Block 12 kitchen. Tomo Ito, blockmanagers supervisor, is reported to have reserved apartments in Block 12 for his friends and when Mr. Nishimura asked for an apartment in that block since he was working in that kitchen, there was none which he could get. This and other incidents have resulted in a personal feud between Ito and Nishimura. In addition Mrs. Ito has been active in complaining about affairs in the kitchen. A few days ago she openly complained and abused the chef for not furnishing milk to some children who needed it. This angered the chef and ill-feeling spread through the block. Some of this feeling was directed toward Tomo Ito and one night he was threatened by a group of men who knocked at his door and stood outside apparently ready to beat him up. Mrs. Ito, however, answered the door and when she saw the men stood there and screamed. Mr. Ito was not harmed. Some people blame the kitchen crew for this incident, but others say that they had nothing to do with it. At first, neither Mr. Ito nor the blockmanager of Block 12 nor the councilman, Mr. Kate wanted to bring anyone from the administration into the matter. It was the opinion that it was a block affair and should be settled by the people in the block. However, after the near-beating Mr. Evans came to the block for the purpose of settling the trouble. The block council had also taken the matter up and had elected three Issei as its representatives. These representatives insisted that the chef not be allowed to continue to work in the kitchen

and ordered him off. Then the rest of the kitchen crew quit saying that they would not work if the chef was being treated unjustly. Consequently today the kitchen was run by volunteers. When Mr. Evans came he insisted that the Itos make an apology to the kitchen crew for the words Mrs. Ito had used to the chef. He brought them into the mess hall and also the kitchen crew and arranged for an interpreter, Mr. Hashima to interpret the apology since some of the kitchen crew were older people and did not understand English well. The Itos, however, refused to make use of an interpreter and Mr. Hashima was asked to leave. The apologies were made, but the three representatives of the block council refused to permit the chef to come back to work and so the kitchen crew has remained on strike. Mr. Stults, the Chief Steward, went out to the block and suggested that they allow the chef and his crew to come back to work for a month's trial. This, however, was not agreed to by the block council representatives. The result is that the kitchen still has a volunteer crew.

"I don't think this has been handled right because the kitchen crew was not to blame for what happened. The chef should not have been forced out as he was. It looks to me as if the Christians in this block are sort of trying to take the kitchen over. The Itos belong to the Christian group. The three men from the block council who were chosen as representatives don't represent any more than half the people really. They were just the ones who could talk the loudest in this matter. We have always been satisfied with the kitchen crew. The chef organized them quite well at the start and we have had a good kitchen. This trouble was not over his ability to manage the kitchen, but it was all a personal matter and should not be settled the way it was. I think the

councilman is sort of mad at Tomo Ito too. They are good friends, but they had agreed along with the blockmanager that no one should be brought in from the outside to settle this thing. But the councilman had to go to Parker this afternoon and when he got back Mr. Evans had already been called in. I think he thought that this wasn't acting in accordance with friendship, but then he agreed to having the matter settled through an apology from the Itoes."

(EHS)

Via Morris Burge:

The old man, who wandered off and got lost in Camp II a few days ago was found sitting under a tree. The people who first saw him thought he was asleep, but when they tried to wake him up they found that he was dead. There was no evidence of suicide and it was thought that he died from exposure. He was an invalid having had a stroke some time ago and not very strong. He was evidently trying to secure help because he had hocked his hat high on a misty tree. (AHL)

had been found in one of the flush bowls, and this time also there was no money, only identification cards. George had some currency in his wallet.

In both cases it is an interesting coincidence that the wallet was found in the latrine of the block immediately adjacent to the block where the owner resided, and what is of further interest is that in both instances the bowl that was put out of commission by the placing of the wallet in the bowl was always the furthestmost seat in the latrine.

(JNF)

via John G. Evans:

one new arrival to Poston September 20th.

(AHL)

a. Evacuee teachers

1. Have been attending six weeks' summer training at Parker Valley School under direction of Homer Howard.
2. Those not having college degrees will do assistant teaching.
3. Starting September 14 for two weeks conferences are being held with different department heads contributing.

b. Caucasian teachers

1. Mr. Potts - Principal, Camp 3

Mr. McLaren - Principal, Camp 2

Dr. Harris - Principal, Camp 1

Miss Morrison - Elementary Supervisor

Miss Cushman - Guidance supervisor, Vice Principal Camp 1

Mr. Nelson - Head of Science Department

Mrs. Nelson - Head of Commercial Department

Above have arrived. Department heads are expected to arrive September 14. Teachers are expected to arrive September 26.

3. School Buildings

- a. Recreation Halls will be partitioned - some into three rooms others left as they are and some into two partitions. Partitions and shelves will be moveable. All recreation halls will be used.

time.

The stoves are cabin type, oil burning stove equipped to hook on to a main service tank. It has a three gallon tank and is non-explosive, so will not be dangerous for children.

3. QUESTION: Will we have screens for the windows?

ANSWER: Yes. Screen wire is here but it was sent in sizes that cannot be readily installed and the installation will be delayed until we can get the additional material required but that they maybe sure that screen wire will be installed as early as possible on all windows in the communities.

4. QUESTION: Will there be any ironing pads put on the boards in the ironing room?

ANSWER: Nothing has been furnished to us for pads for the ironing boards and we have no available material for that purpose and do not know when we will ever get any.

5. QUESTION: Will linoleum be laid on the floors of the barracks?

ANSWER: No. We are not qualified to have them.

6. QUESTION: Will school definitely start in October?

ANSWER: Yes.

Please inform us regarding-

1. Textbooks

a. Some have been donated from different schools in California.

b. Main source will be from education Division of W.R.A. who is urging a pooling of textbooks.

2. Teachers - See circular

I got to the mess hall of Block 6 that evening at 8:30 and found a group of about forty women and one old man present. I found that I was half an hour late having been under the impression that the time was 8:30 instead of 8:00 o'clock. Mrs. Sugino looked very relieved to see me and said that the others had been asking her whether or not I was really coming this time. She said that some entertainment had been planned but that the entertainer had not shown up. A group of women then stood up and sang "God Bless America". These had been trained to do this by Mrs. Sugino in her English class. After this was over which was done rather shyly, without very much volume, the meeting was turned over to me. Miss Tsukawa acted as my interpreter.

I took up the questions they asked me one by one and gave them the answers which had been provided to ~~my~~^{me} by Mr. Popkins, Mr. Townsend, and Mr. Cary. This took about half an hour and at the end I threw the meeting open to discussion and questions on these separate items. I was told that since they had sent the questions in to me about a week ago, that the electric lights had been installed in front of the latrine.

1. QUESTION: Will electric lights be installed in front of the latrines?

ANSWER: Yes, eventually. We have the material on hand with which to do that work and that the work order has been issued but the electrical crew have so much to do that it may be sometime before we can get to it.

2. QUESTION: When will stoves be installed in the barracks and of what type will they be?

ANSWER: Stoves have been ordered already and will be installed before the cold weather comes in. Cannot state exact

via Mr. Nakasuji, Mgr. B1. #30

One of the latrine bowls in the men's division in Block #30 had been out of commission for several days, since Wednesday to be exact. Yesterday the block manager called into the maintenance department and a plumber was sent immediately to fix the de-commissioned unit. Several minutes later after the bowl was placed into working order again, the plumber appeared in the block manager's office and presented a heavily soaked wallet saying that it was found in the bowl. The wallet was empty, save for a few business cards and a chauffeur's license which established the owner of the wallet as a Mr. Yamada of Block #19.

Mr. Yamada was informed of the discovery, and today he came into the office to claim his wallet. After an anxious glance into the currency compartment of the wallet, he looked up and said he had had \$165.00 in currency in the wallet. Mr. Yamada had been alternating trousers, and was quite certain that he had not dropped the wallet on the grounds of the camp for he had not worn the trousers holding the wallet for several days. He had not missed the wallet until notified of the discovery of same. Furthermore, he said that he has never made use of the latrine of Block #30.

The same sort of report was given by a Mr. George Korenaga of Block #30. He had either dropped his wallet someplace or had had it "lifted" while taking a shower in Block #30. This happened several weeks ago, but after he had missed his wallet, a report came from the adjacent Block #35 that a wallet belonging to George

via Nell Findley:

Mrs. Ushijima, 14-4-D

Henry Chuman, Block Manager of \$14, reported that Mrs. Ushijima was in need of financial assistance, due to the fact that her husband was taken by the F.B.I. last Wednesday, September 16th. He was taken because he had a short-wave radio set. Previous to his arrest Mr. Ushijima was foreman of the landscaping crew. His payday was September 16th, the day he was arrested, and he was unable to get his cash advance. Mrs. Ushijima would like to have this money.

I consulted Mr. Taylor, the paymaster. He thought it would be impossible to get this money because that payroll was closed. The only way we could get the money is to have a check drawn for him. The red tape that would be incurred in this procedure would be great. I explained the same to Mr. Chuman, who stated that Mrs. Ushijima had a small amount of money, but she would be in need of assistance in the near future.

I promised that I would have one of our workers call to see him about the case.

(AHL)

At Ted Haas's desk this morning Chairman Ishimaru of the Community Council said, "We are going to have a new election of Issei. Those Issei block representatives who came to the last meeting won't do. Some of those fellows, believe me, are really radical. I have heard them get up and say things in block council meetings about the rights of Issei here and I told them myself I wouldn't even discuss it with them. Those fellows are really radical. I think maybe with the new election they won't be elected. In the new election there will be one from the block, won't be elected. In the new election there will be one from the block, 36 Issei. But according to our system there will only be 9 who will meet as an advisory board with the council. The others along with the alternates will be distributed among the existing council committees. Otherwise they wouldn't have anything to do, but if they are on the committee they will be satisfied because they can work with them.

(EHS)

Rec

Mrs. Sugino came into the office this morning, sat about five minutes talking again in a very enthusiastic tone how well the speech last night had been received and how glad they were to get all the information. Both the specific and concrete stuff in regard to the questions and the more general stuff I had given about the Sociological Research Bureau. She said that they liked to have the questions answered definitely yes and no and not in a vague manner. Then she proposed that she would like to join the Bureau of Sociological Research. She talked on and it was not necessary for me to answer this definitely, but I let her feel that I hoped we could remain in close touch. She then wanted to know definitely whether or not I would be prepared to make a similar speech to a larger group and I said that I would do this when I came back from Washington before the end of October. I let her feel that I would be glad in any way to do whatever was within my field to help the community. She said again as she left that she wanted to join the research organization.

Dr. Pressman said at supper tonight that there was a dance being given in the hospital. Dr. Spicer and I went over there about 8:30 and found the empty ward where we have the research office had been decorated with yellow and ^{empty} green paper and an electric radio phonograph was playing a lively dance record and that Mr. James and Miss Vickers were dancing in the middle of the floor while about thirty or forty people sat the wall watching them. At first we thought they were too shy to dance, but we soon found out that they were only dancing to the slow music and did not care for the lively type which was then being played. As soon as the slow music was put on they all got up to dance. We heard several arguing about it telling Mr. James and Dr. Pressman that they were way

out of date in preferring the lively music. The people present were kitchen help and I think a number of nurses aides and I recognized a number of the medical secretaries. None of the technicians or medical staff itself were present. They had been invited and we wondered if the staff line was withdrawn.

(AHL)

via John G. Evans:

1 parolee from Tujunga Detention Home.

(AHL)

During the past four or five days in my travel around camp and in listening in on conversations occurring with different groups, one topic, "Are you going to Nebraska, or Utah?" was the common bond that joined each of these groups. Immediately following the first group that left for Utah, mention had been made of contracts on hand at the employment office for sugar beet workers in Nebraska, and a steady stream of young and older men were going to the office for further information and for the purpose of signing up for one of the jobs offered. A group of young boys around the age of 19-22 who make as their headquarters, the weight-lifting department, talked about the contracts, and approximately ten had gone to sign up. After a lapse of several days, mention was made of several of the boys who had had their plans changed for them by their parents, or friends. The canteens, the main one, on the branch store, as well as the engineering department were gathering places for the discussion on outside employment. One young fellow, C. Tanaki, age 20, who is the supervisor of the draftsmen in the Engineering Department said, "I'm going out now to find out how things are on the outside, then enroll in one of the mid-western university the first chance I get."

Although there were groups looking forward to getting out, other single individuals were rather skeptic of the situation at these various sugar beet camps. An interview of the Employment Department, age 28. College graduate, who has had much experience in the fruit and vegetable shipping business said, "The contracts will be lived up to the letter, but no more, and I don't think living conditions will be very pleasant. I would not advise any one going out at this time." He cited several

cases where the sugar beet contractor gave stories of people topping 20 tons in one day, but actually, the best beet topper was only able to do 4 tons. Frank Misuzawa of the agriculture department said that they had lost very few fellows from their staff, but that many available agricultural workers were leaving. The head of the factory Planning Department said that hereafter, they were going to be more careful in selecting their personnel.

Shig Imamura, Head Watermaster said, "I'm going out on a couple of weeks vacation, and if I don't like the job, I'll be back." This same view is perhaps the most common of all the reasons for boys going out to work.

(TS)

9-23-42

TERMS

Via Mrs. Yoshida:

"It seems that Camp II is known as the "black sheep" of Poston. When I visited my friends in Poston I, they said, "Here comes the black sheep".

(KE)

via Nell Findley:

Somebody has planted a lot of morning glories down at Camp II which has come out in a very beautiful manner. To the wall, near these morning glories a large number of poems have been pinned by the people who have admired them. One of these was translated to Miss Findley as meaning that the morning glories were crowing in the morning and that the beholder had in his soul a no strip when he looked upon them.

(AHL)

via John Evans:

The block manager of 45, Jack Nakagawa, is getting letters from people who have gone outside to work in the harvest fields.

(AHL)

via Mr. Gelvin:

This afternoon I heard that Mr. Crawford has caught a man in Camp II who has confessed that he was a member of the group that made the attack on Mr. Saburo Kido and who clipped the hair off another man. He said that he was not the part of the group that attacked the man who was asleep in bed in his apartment.

*How
+
order*

The reason that this man gave to these attacks was that the police department had been complaining that they did not have enough to do and he and a few others thought that they would give them something to do. The young man in question is only twenty-two years of age, is the member of the fire department and has an excellent record here and elsewhere. He says the other members of the group who made these attacks are now out in the beet fields.

They are also the people who had been promoting to rumors of threat of attack in telling people that their names were on certain lists. He was caught through a man that Mr. Crawford has working with him in Camp II, a young Japanese who wishes to get into FBI work and who did a little private snooping in this case put the finger on the man who has now confessed. It has not yet been decided what to do about this affair, but Mr. Gelvin suggested to Mr. Crawford that he call his council together and get them to come to a decision.

(AHL)

via Mr. Barrett, Head of Transportation:

For the last week there have been no picnics. No trucks will be allowed to carry people on picnics. Up to that time there has been growing and growing so that every night there were hundreds and hundreds of people going on various picnics, particularly to the sleepy lagoon. Starting next week there will be a radical cut on the number of cars allotted individuals privately. There will be an increase in the taxi service and the general rationing of gas.

(AHL)

This morning at the invitation of Miss Tamie Tsuchiyama, Dr. Spicer and I went to a za zen Buddhist ceremony. We got to the Buddhist temple at Block 45 when it was still dark night about a quarter past five. Mr. Yamaguchi, one of our research workers, was there and invited us inside. We found a couple of priests there and Edward Ouchi sitting in a corner smoking a cigarette and read-

ing a book. This was in the ante room of the temple. Closely following us were several elderly Issei women. In a short time Miss Tsuchiyama came in too. One of the clergymen showed us a little book with diagrams telling how we should walk and sit and how we should hold our hands. Next another man requested us to stand up and be proceeded and demonstrate the same thing. When it came to the question of how we should hold our hands while taking little half steps around the temple. This caused an argument between him and three of the priests who said that the hand should be held just the opposite way to that which he was telling us. Everyone appeared very friendly toward us and anxious to show us what we should do in order to conform properly. The ante room had a number of black tables and there were four priests present. Mr. George Yamaguchi took us into the temple room itself where we saw the altar with the door closed. Saw brown paper placed all around the room on the floor which he explained was for people to sit on and all around the walls there was pinned through crinkled paper that had a hole cut in it that was perfectly round revealing the backing of white paper. These he said were moon and we were to contemplate these during the service. It was about five thirty when we all filed in the temple having taken off our shoes. Mr. Ouchi motioned to me to sit next to him, which I did. I had one cushion and he lent me another. We sat with our legs tailor fashion. It was explained that we should sit with our feet folded up in a true Buddhist style. But they advised us not to try this or we probably never will be able to get up afterwards. Mr. Ouchi explained to me that we were going to have objective contemplation. We were

to look at the moon in front of us try and bring that close to the moon that was inside of us and when we had made the two merge we would have something that was real with the moon outside. He said he got this explanation from Max Muller["]. He said Buddhism contained the great truth of the world and was not opposed to Christianity that covered the same ground. He said that it did not even assert that there was a God, but on the other hand it did not deny that there was a God. It was a science and a philosophy as well as a religion. Some chanting and singing was carried out in Japanese and then we all sat silently contemplating our moon for twenty minutes. Mr. Ouchi explained that I should sit up straight and draw my abdomen in and have my breath go deep down right into the abdomen. It would produce he said not only mental but a physical effect, and I would feel very much better afterwards. It would be a kind of a miracle, he said, which would come in time so nobody could explain to you exactly how to make it come.

About every five minutes during this period of silent contemplation the preacher would strike up objects that made a hollow sound after a few words in a low tone. This, I was told afterwards by Miss Tsuchiyama, consisted in his giving the group some suggestions concerning what they should think about. My own thoughts were taken up very largely with the discomfort of the position that I was sitting in and wondering whether I could hold out. My muscle began to twitch. My feet went so completely to sleep that I couldn't even wiggle the toes. I began to shake violently at one time and broke into a cold sweat. I wondered whether or not those next to me could feel the floor boards shaking. However, after this crisis

things seemed to get better and I was able to think a good deal about the moon and I tried to recollect all the moon that I had experienced with in my life. After the service was over we each took our moon away with us as a "souvenir". Dr. Spicer and I walked around the community with the dawn and came back at 7:00 o'clock and ate a very large and hearty breakfast just as Mr. Ouchi had predicted.

(AHL)

via John G. Evans:

1 releasee from Bismarck, North Dakota.

(AHL)

I am sitting on the dirt covered culvert that is located on the firebreak between Block 53 and the warehouse. I lit my pipe which is to be my source of pleasure for the next half hour. There is a group of lower teen-age girls indulging in a community sing at the Recreation Hall of Block 43. As I listened to their youthful soprano voices singing lustily the verse of "God Bless America", I heard in the distance a vain attempt of a group of musicians trying to harmonize the latest current hit "He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings". This was being given forth from the Block 6C Recreation Hall which is the locale of the "Jam Session" three nights weekly of a nucleus of three saxophones, a trumpet, and drums. Couples walk by now and then along the street; laughter is heard from Block 53. Now the children are leaving Block 43 Recreation Hall singing "Goodnight Ladies", little groups of from 6 to 12 girls walking back to their respective homes still filled with enthusiasm strike up with other tunes familiar to most people. Their voices are mingled with laughter and echoes from the "Jam Jivers". The water truck passes by and groans in its second gear. My pipe goes out and I strike another match. There is a lull now, and I can hear the soft trickle of water that is leaking out of a crack in the side of this culvert. Thoughts run through my mind--Is this the same thing that is happening in the other Relocation camps? Are people dreaming of pleasant past as I am doing? Are people preparing for the post-war readjustment? Are there others who are sitting, just as I am, having these random thoughts passing through their minds? My tobacco is now burnt down to the bottom and I must go home and face the "little woman" who so strenuously objects
pleasurable
to my/indulgence.

VIA COLORADO PRESS (MANZANAR FREE PRESS)

FURLOUGH FEVER

Furlough Fever, a disease indigenous to assembly and relocation centers, now reaches epidemic proportions as every other able-bodied male talks in terms of beet topping and Idaho.

Many are anxious to go to try their hand at making a little money with which to buy some small luxuries. Most are thinking of a barricade against post-war depression. But other hundreds are eager to go, solely to escape the palling boredom and confinement of center life. Anything to get by the sentry towers, anything to ride along the open country, to guzzle down a nice cool draught of beer. Today liberty has a thrilling glitter that only the imprisoned can appreciate.

Although it may mean a serious disruption of center life, we are happy to see the men go. It means not only that they will be taking an active part in the total war effort but, that there will be increased income for the Japanese as a whole. It means that wherever they go they will be preparing the ground for others to follow, one step towards the permanent relocation and reassimilation of Japanese in the American scene.

Considering the significance and implications of this furlough movement utmost caution must be used in weeding out slackers and irresponsible boys who might be going just for a lark. Enough of these may discourage farmers from ever again asking for the Japanese boys.

Good, experienced workers, organized and disciplined, will not only produce effective work but will impress the farmer and the community to which they go.

(AHL)

Note:

One of the women in a beginning English class handed me these letters to correct. Evidently they are to her husband in an internment camp. Some of the phrases and sentences are from our lessons which accounts for the spotty English.

Sept. 18, 1942

Dear my husband:
my family is well. Takuya, Isamu are very well.
He goes to school every morning.
He come back at 11 o'clock.
He like to sings songs.
He now God Bless America, Pledge of Allegiance, and Row,
row, row your boat and other songs.*
He like to sing with me.
Mr. Seto and father are pol fishing long way down the
stream.
my father sometime was near the canal with Isamu sure to
go.
I am going school every other morning.
I made the flowers in the school, one time a week.
I give to you. Please save for your room.
Please do not laugh this letter.
Please taker (take care) your body.
Goodbye,

Sept. 21, 1942.

Dear my husband:
I am sorry long time not send to letter. My family is
well. Takuya, Isamu are very well. are you liveing new
place do you like Louisana you went the North Dakota about
eight months now. I think see you children (probably, I
think you want to see your children.) T. and Isamu love
you. Takuya say I want see papa when come back to see
me. No stadio here. (probably, There is no photograph
studio here.) somebody derow (drew) the children. I sent
to yesterday. Takuya weight 40 pounds his brother is 33
pounds. T. hight 46½ inches Isamu 36 inches. I forgot
write his old (I forget to write their ages.) please you
write under the picture. T. is four years and seven months.

brother is two years and six months. please them keep for
your room. please tacare your body.
goodbye,

* Mrs. Sugino who has the class for one day a week to teach
writing and give other drills has been teaching these. At
first some of the women felt that being aliens they should
not join in reciting them but when she explained that they
would be used at school functions where their children would
be they were glad to know them so they can take part.

Alice Cheney

(AHL)

Miss Kazue Uyeno, Research worker, Poston III, entered the
Bureau of Sociological Research today.

(AHL)

via Ted Haas:

The rule in regard to mingling of Japanese and Caucasians in the Personnel Mess has finally been established. It is settled that any member of the Administration may bring any Japanese in to eat in the mess if he announces his intention of bringing a guest for a day in advance and of course pay for the meal. I asked Ted what had forced the issue and brought about a ruling suggesting that perhaps it was the argument which Dr. Carey and Mr. Hannah had in this connection with Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Empe the other day when Mr. Noguchi was brought into the dining room. Ted said that that incident had not brought the matter to a head, but that rather it was the incident several weeks ago when Ted brought Saburo Kido into the dining room.

(EHS)

9-27-42 1

At the lunch table today, Ted Haas and Ward Shepard were busy in an argument over cooperatives. When I became conscious of it, Ted Haas was repeating over and over in different ways, the thought that since Mr. Shepard considered his judgment in regard to cooperatives as biased, then he, that is Ted Haas, should not be used as a consultant in regard to cooperatives. Mr. Fister has been coming to him for help and so have members of the other people and thought that from now on, they shouldn't do this if he were so biased, it would be better for them to go to the other lawyers when they needed strictly legal opinions and for things other than this, they should settle them themselves and not come to him.

(AHL)

THE ADMINISTRATOR'S NIGHTMARE OR TOO MUCH TEA

Give him the works, the Police Chief said
And rolled his cigar to a dangerous angle
"No quarter for him," the memo read,
Till he clears up this very peculiar tangle."

The dust blows by like snow in a blizzard
The screens for the barracks are ten miles short
The sloughs they will sully a fish's gizzard
And the bees buzz on through staff meeting report.

They are chanting the sutras in Personnel Mess
In order to hearten the homesick guayule,
And this you can see is the reason no less
Why the Japanese chefs have become so unruly.

The Judicial Commission is posing the question
And sincerely hopes for an answer next week;
Now just what is a felon? They welcome suggestion,
Will admit to the bars any man who will speak.

Far out in the West there is sadness and sorrow
Where the poor orphan blocks have been asking of God
Who will tend them and rear them today and tomorrow,
For each has been sired by a different quad.

The Bureau of Rumors has taken a post
In each of the blocks, where it strongly appears
That whiteness is blackness and hope is a ghost,
That partitions and stoves are platonic ideas.

Now here is the answer, Police Chief said,
Although there is little around we can boast on,
Just give me a badge and a cap for my head
And I'll clear up the name of the city of Poston.

(EHS)

Rumor

9-27-42

S₂

NISEI INFORMER

Via J.S., C.Y.:

"According to the story which had been circulated and which has come to my attention, it seems that one of the fellows in this block is working as a under-cover agent for Mr. Crawford. He was formerly working for the Press Bulletin. I don't know if he is still working for it or whether he has quit that job. I guess you know who I mean, it's T.T. That kid better look out if he values his hide."

Note to Dr. Leighton:

(K.E.: "Will you find out if this rumor is true whether Mr.

Crawford is using such a person in his employ?"

(KE)

I asked Mr. Ward Shepard what he objected to in Anne Kunitani's article and he said he thought that some of the Niseis wouldn't like such statements, that they sided on pulp magazines. He feels that the Nisei teachers will strongly resent this and if it is circulated outside the camp, it could easily be misunderstood by outsiders and strongly resented by the Japanese in the community. He thought it might have been alright if it had been signed to show that it had been written by a Nisei, but as it was, he felt strongly that it should be withdrawn and that he has persuaded Mr. Cary to do so.

(AHL)

As we were walking to supper this evening, Mr. Townsend said that Mr. Ellis Georgia of the U. S. Engineers had been raising hell this afternoon and abused the W R A and the administration here of being uncooperative because he had difficulty in getting the material for making camouflage nets unloaded. There had been several large semi-trailers full waiting a number of days to be unloaded but that due to people going out to work in the harvesting fields, it had been impossible to get a crew together to unload it. This afternoon, Mr. Kennedy, Ted Haas and a number of others had mustered up an emergency crew largely made up of personnel of different divisions to go and do the unloading. Mr. Georgia thought that the camouflage work should come before outside employment and that if necessary, the administration should stop people from going outside to work.

(AHL)

MEMORANDUM TO: Mr. Gelvin

FROM: T. H. Haas

I note in the Press Bulletin of September 27 that Dr. Cary last Friday, September 25, released to the press the school budget for this Project. He also had previously released the information to the education committee of the Community Council.

While I had nothing whatsoever to do with either action, I believe that Dr. Cary is to be commended. I regret to say that some of the other members of the administrative staff have taken a different view on this subject.

As you know, Section 476, Title 25 of the U. S. Code Annotated provides in part:

"The Secretary of the Interior shall advise such tribe or its tribal council of all appropriation estimates or Federal projects for the benefit of the tribe prior to the submission of such estimates to the Bureau of the Budget and the Congress."

No similar provision was adopted in regard to the community government of the relocation centers.

You will be interested to know that the chairman of the Community Council in Poston 1 showed me a typewritten copy of the budget hearings in relation to the War Relocation Authority, which he had secured and studied.

These are a matter of public record. However, so far as I know, the budget for individual projects are not a matter of public record. It is, therefore, within the discretion of the administrative officers whether they are to be kept confidential or to be disclosed to the duly-elected officials of the residents.

I have been asked to secure these figures. Without commenting on whether they should be given or not, I merely pass on this request to you and attach a copy of the form handed to me for your convenience, if you decide that these figures should be given to the chairman of the Community Council, Poston 1.

T. H. Haas

(AHL)

This afternoon, Isamu Noguchi came in and spent about a half hour talking to Mrs. Spicer and myself in the office. He wanted to get our agreement to the idea that fostering the Japanese art and culture in the community would be very important as part of the world's struggle for freedom. It would show to all people and all cultures that democracy really meant business when they said that people should have freedom to pursue their own values in some artistic expression. He seemed to consider this as important as freedom of religion and freedom of speech. He believed that the dictator governments, including the Japanese, were against culture and flatly disagreed with the opinion of Mich and Ann Kunitani that Japanese cultural forms tend to promote political loyalty to Japan. I countered with the suggestion that both the Japanese and Germans had used culture as a means of fostering their military ideas. He wiped this aside with the statement that this was not real culture.

(AHL)

Several days ago, Mr. Head told me that the FBI had taken a man out of the camp under the following circumstances. The man had looked up a radio in the Montgomery Ward catalog and ordered it. It happened that as well as having a long-wave receiving section, the radio also had a short-wave hook up. Montgomery Ward sent him the radio, but at the same time notified the FBI and as soon as he received it, they grabbed him. Mr. Head looked up the advertisement in the catalog and felt that it was very easy for anybody, especially one who didn't have a good command of English to make a mistake and not realize that there was a short-wave attachment in the set, and he felt that this move had been unnecessarily cruel on the part of both the Montgomery Ward and FBI.

(AHL)

Mrs. Spicer was in Tucson for a few days and reports that there is a great deal of feeling against the Japanese in the relocation centers, both at Poston and Gila. It is focused at present largely on the question of milk. No milk can be had now by the Arizonians and they think that the Japanese evacuees take it all. In the last day or so, it has come out in the paper that the amount of milk which the evacuees are getting doesn't amount to much and that most of it comes from California and that actually it is the army that has caused Arizona's milk wells to run dry.

(AHL)

via Dick Nishimoto:

After staff meeting on political structure Mr. Nishimoto said to me: "I have heard an opinion expressed by a Council member just the opposite of that expressed to you by the Chairman. Mr. Nomura of the Law and Order Committee told me that he believes the Issei Advisory Council is a mistake. He says that it will work just the opposite of what the Chairman thinks it will. The Issei will bring matters up at the Council meeting which the Nisei Councilmembers will not want to act on, will not even want to consider. They will not act on these matters and consequently the Issei will go back to their blocks and say to the people, "These Councilmen are just young punks and are not doing anything worthwhile". He thinks this will lead to a wider and wider breach between the Nisei and the Issei."

(EHS)

via George Ohi, Teacher of Poston School System:

Yesterday, at the first mass assembly of the prospective Japanese evacuee teachers and of the imported Caucasian teachers one Japanese teacher-to-be was sitting alongside another fellow evacuee teacher-to-be and commented, in Japanese, to this fellow evacuee: "Kono basan wa jama ni naru no." (Translated:--This old lady is in our way.) Evidently the Caucasian lady of whom this remark was directed understood every word spoken, and much to the amazement and embarrassment of the evacuee teacher she replied in Japanese and very politely too, "Watakushi wa onote no he ga tsukaete iru kara cho-to koko ni tata sete kudasai." (Translation:--Please allow me to stand here for just a short time because the path in the front of me is congested.)

(JNF)

The attached letter was written for the incoming teachers by Mr.

John Evans.

(AHL)

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

Colorado River War Relocation Project
Poston, Arizona

September 28, 1942

(teacher's name)
c/o Dr. Miles E. Cary, Director of Education
Poston, Arizona

Dear _____:

Dr. Cary has told me that you have arrived in Poston to become a member of the teaching staff at this Relocation Center.

I am writing you this letter to welcome you in behalf of the entire administrative staff and to let you know that I look forward to greeting you personally at the first opportunity.

The work that you have come here to do is of extreme importance. The children you have come to teach, and their parents are here under circumstances over which they had no control and they are as deserving of your finest efforts as any other group of American citizens would be under similar circumstances and conditions. The circumstances, of course, you are fully aware of, and the conditions to which I refer, both physically and spiritually, are in the same class which pioneers of other generations have faced and overcome. You will share the temporary discomfort, the temporary obstacles, and temporary discouragements, with the members of the administrative staff who are working here for the good of the community in their various fields under the same conditions and determination of purpose will overcome these obstacles and create here at Poston a community and a life which we can all be proud.

It is our joint responsibility to do our full share towards assisting the evacuees at Poston to build for themselves a community which in every sense will be in the very best tradition of American democracy. The children of this community are your particular care and responsibility. Jointly we must see to it that when the proper time comes for both parents and children to return to their rightful place as members of the American community at large, they will do so as well equipped to face all the implications of the post-war period as their contemporaries all over the land.

We welcome you and want you to know that we look forward to working together with you, in this, our share of the total war effort.

Very truly yours,

W. WADE HEAD
Project Director

Mr. Noguchi paid another visit this afternoon and left with me a copy of the attached article. He wanted me to criticize it from the point of view of what effect it would have on Mr. Jones of Oskosh if he read it. I told him that I thought it was very worth while and and yet provoking to others who are attempting to work in the situation here, but I thought Mr. Jones would not read more than the first paragraph before turning to something else. I then said that the criticism which he makes about the administrative staff and the Nisei was probably quite true but very dangerous when it comes to wide publication because people with other motives can take these things out of their context and use them in ways that would bring harm to the evacuees. Mr. Noguchi was not particularly impressed with this thought and his feeling is that he wants to plunge in and tell everybody what is what, both what is wrong and what is right.

(AHL)

I visited the Agricultural Department, Recreation Hall 37, this morning at 8:30 and found the back entrance a confusion of men and boys. Some seemed to be in conference, while others were preparing to leave the building on a truck. After inquiring of Mrs. Mizusawa, Secretary of the department, I found that the Agriculture Department boys had volunteered to unload the camoflage material at the new factory site. Mrs. Mizusawa informed me that the Factory Division had passed the buck on to them.

There were several boys commenting on the treatment received the day before. There was no water at the factory site for drinking purposes except for a can located within one of the frameworks. When several of the boys went for a drink, the soldier ordered them off the place, saying that it was a "military zone".

Another source of comment was the pay that the workers are to receive. "Sixteen dollars a month for a job that can be done on the outside. It ought to be worth at least \$5.00 a day," said a male steno.

"Several of the boys are already misinformed about the work, simply because they are asked to unload the material. They feel that they are drafted for the work." So said Mrs. Mizusawa. So today, the Agriculture Department is deserted and probably will be for the next few days.

(TS)

On my way home from the Canteen at 10:30 this morning I dropped in at the judo club to see the boys toss each other around. At the far end of the barrack were men playing cards and "go". On the west end of the barrack was a mat which was spread on the floor on which were 6 "black belted" "shodans" talking quietly and looking over some diagrams. Upon inquiring as to what they they were looking at I found that they were studying diagrams of attacks and defenses that were currently used in modern warfare. They were preparing for the Red Cross show which is to be held this coming Saturday. Two of the boys, one about 32 and the other 30 went to the opposite corner of the mat bowed to the east knelt down and bowed to each other, stood and bowed again and then approached each other. The older man lay on his back very ceremoniously and then awaited his fate. The man on his back was playing the victim while the other participant went through a series of simple and the more complicated holds. When the aggressor had pinned his victim the victim would slap his hands on the mat or on his body twice as signifying that he had been pinned. After the repertoire of the holds had been completed the participants again bowed to each other and retired to the side of the mat.

Two more participants then took their places and after the formalities were through a series of very advanced attacks and defenses such as the use of a short-knife, long swords, fists, kicking, and other attacks.

All of these six were apparently Kibeis and spoke in Japanese. One of them said that in their demonstrations this coming Saturday

if someone would care to use a real weapon on them they would
be glad to demonstrate their abilities against these.

(TS)

Soon I found myself among a group of young writers. We called ourselves The Nisei Writers and Artists Mobilization for Democracy. We wrote letters and articles on the meaning of democracy for the Japanese newspapers. I remember that fateful night when Shuji Fujii brought us Governor Olsen's recommendation for voluntary evacuation. Then it was all in the hands of the army, and mass evacuation became a shocking reality.

We drew up a plan whereby we hoped even out of evacuation good might result in furthering democracy and assimilation, in the lack of both of which we felt lay the root of the Nisei's predicament. I look back on our little group with gratitude for they taught me a phase of the Nisei I have not found elsewhere. They were the progressives.

The dust was blowing as I arrived in Poston, the new Japanese community on the floodlands of the lower Colorado River. Eye-burning dust, and the temperature seemed to stand at 120 for three solid months. Our food at 37 cents a day was no better than what inexperienced cooks could make it. And we all became sick.

How strange were my reactions on entering camp. Suddenly I became aware of a color line I had never known before. The administration staff, some of whom I had known previously, seemed to change character. In my mind they changed from the sensitive people I knew them to be into our keepers whose word was our law. Nothing further could be done without first asking them. Along with my freedom I seemed to have lost any possibility of equal friendship. I became embarrassed in their presence.

This is not to say that I came to identify myself with the Nisei. No, their background seemed too different, or does imprisonment make also a prison of one's mind? I have talked to a number of Nisei who feel the same way. They hate the Japs and also hate the whites; they are alone. "I am an American," they say. "not used to so many Japanese faces."

The average Nisei, however, seems to take race difference as a matter of course. They refer to the management as the Hakujin, the white ones, the Caucasians, or simply as the Americans. In contrast they call themselves the Japanese or more often as the Nisai. Their attitude toward the whites is one of diffidence. From them they accept that which they begrudge each other. Among themselves they are aggressive, outside they are timid. I am told that the fear of discrimination, real and imaginary, kept them from assimilation, this and their relative youth, an average 19.

Yet in spite of this the most obvious thing about the Nisei is his Americanism. People who visit these camps are immediately struck by the deep cleavage that exists between them and their parents, the immigrant Issei. They remark on attending Nisei talent shows or social events, "Howpathetically American they are." Their play, their songs and their speech are typically American. They know nothing of Japanese culture and customs. They are puzzled by the Shibai, or Japanese plays, put on by their parents. Indeed, the language barrier is such that only the most elementary conversation is carried on between them.

I begin to see the peculiar tragedy of the Nisei as that of a

generation of transition accepted neither by the Japanese nor by America. A middle people with no middle ground. His future looms uncertain. Where can he go? What can he do? How will he live? Where will he be accepted? Will he be permitted to remain? He fears to become like the Indians. Outside in Washington and California certain people are plotting against his citizenship.

And yet we know that the great heart of America sympathizes, that there is war, and that evacuation was perhaps even necessary. We know that our friends, good people, liberals and Christians, are working for our release. We know that our government itself is fighting against the sinister forces of bigotry.

One night there came to us out of the blinding dust a voice crying, "You will go out of here grateful for an experience in democracy. Out of not participating in the war you will preserve the arts of peace. While not fighting the fight for freedom you will contribute yet to the victory. We will build a seed reservoir for the future. You are the middle people who will help teach Asia the meaning of democracy. This is construction in a world of chaos."

We have moments of elation only to be defeated by the poverty of our actual condition; the lack of water and equipment for farming, of tools and materials, our barrack surroundings. Sixteen dollars a month seems hardly an incentive to some. Others cool their ardour in the interminable red tape of offices. We study Plato and look for nails. Some lose courage and think only of getting out. Many want only a chance to share in the war. They

are leaving by busloads for the sugar beet fields and to help harvest long staple cotton.

Still for many a Nisei, this is indeed opportunity. Here at least in camp he is free of discrimination. The engineer needs no longer tend to the flower shop, and he who will, may learn a new skill. While there is little we can do about the hearts of people on the outside, inside we may yet heal conflicts.

The way, the American way, is being sought by the War Relocation Authorities. Their objective is relocation, not just in camps, but out into the main stream of American life. Their plan is to foster every democratic participation and opportunity, to teach the Nisei to stand on their own two feet, not forever to hang together as members of a minority group. It is to be an education in democracy.

The directives to the other Centers are similar to this. Self-government is to be introduced gradually. The first step has been the election of a Temporary Community Council. As the ones to whom the experience will be of most use on the outside only the Nisei are eligible. They are to make recommendations. Soon, however, there is to be an Evacuee Community Government with somewhat wider powers. There is being established a fair employment practices committee.

Important also is the participation in the planning and the execution of the various work projects. Under the present setup each department, such as agriculture or industry, has a Caucasian head under whose direction are assistants and crews mostly Nisei. It is hoped that eventually these camps may be run by the evacuees

themselves as self-supporting enterprises in cooperation with the Government. We have been given courses in cooperative education. The community store, which up till now has been a camp service is being turned into a consumer's cooperative on the Rochdale plan. At present there is no provision for producer's cooperatives and private enterprises are prohibited.

We are finding, the hard way, that cooperative selfhelp is not only educational but, because of shortages, priorities, and our limited budget, the only way to get things done. For instance, here in Poston which is the largest of the centers, we are making one million adobe bricks with which to build our own school houses. We are trying to get a saw mill to make our own lumber. We must find kilns with which to supplement our fast-diminishing supply of china-ware by using the plentiful local clay. The toy department wants a bandsaw to make toys for Christmas together with a man who can make clogs. If the soapmaker and the noodlemaker cannot get what they want they will have to somehow manage without.

At times how wasteful of energy seems our existence!

The road to democracy is above all sought by the education department. They must right psychological wrongs, as well as assure normal scholastic development. As our whole community is in many ways a school, so also is our school to be a community school. Its curriculum will be based on community life, its method participation in work and growth. Its purpose is to develop the individual and prepare him for the future, so that he may face the world no longer as a Nisei but as self-reliant Americans. They ask, "How should we

teach democratic citizenship? How prepare children for post-war rehabilitation? Should our schools emphasize memorization or thinking? What knowledges, abilities, skills, attitudes should our schools stress?

Much of the answers to these questions are being supplied here in Poston with the aid of the invaluable services of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, because this particular project is on Indian land. Through their recent experiences in the rehabilitation of the American Indian they are aware that the total character of segregation must be counteracted by promoting individuality. They know the therapeutic value of the handicraft.

I observe how largely the Nisei have neglected the use of their hands, how lacking in poetry they seem. Not so the Issei who, old men for the most part with a lifetime of struggle intervening, now turn their free hours to the creative enjoyments they remember from childhood. Everywhere they are carving wood, making flower arrangements, making gardens, they put on plays and play the flute. I wonder whether the Nisei might not gain through the arts the self-confidence they so need. Perhaps by tapping the artistic resources of the Issei, to which the Niseis have been strangers, even a middle culture for a middle people might grow. Thus may the springs of their creative imaginations be released and themselves and America be enriched.

We who are artists know that any culture worthy of the name blossoms with the growth of the individual and dies under Fascism. Let it be said then that the democracies fight for the equality of

racess and the freedom of culture.

Should you ask what of my becoming a Nisei, I would answer,
"A nisei is a process of becoming a better American, a better
citizen of the world."

By Isamu Noguchi

(ANL)

Came to Block 54 where it had been announced a Junior Y.B.A. dance practice would be held in the Recreation Hall. A victrola was playing American jazz and about 2 couples were dancing. As I passed, one of the girls, apparently in charge, came to the door and asked some boys and girls who were in the dark outside if they wouldn't come in and dance. I didn't stay with this gathering but went on to the sumo on the block opposite. All during the sumo contest the jazz continued and couples could be seen dancing. About 11:00 o'clock on my way home I saw about 20 couples dancing in the group. They seemed to be having a very good time. (RBS)

On my way to Block 54 I passed by Block 35. I saw a group of people gathered in front of the stage and stopped to see what it was. A girl told me there was going to be a talent show. About 200 people were gathered waiting. They had a raised stage on the east side of the ironing room. There was a backdrop of very decoratively painted with waves. There was a table on the front of the stage with a drape. On it was a microphone and two loudspeakers on either side of the stage. About 4 footlights made of tin cans were lined on the front. They were using the ironing room for a dressing room. When I went through they were playing records of Japanese songs waiting for the show to begin. I went on to a sumo contest and came back about 11:00 o'clock. The show was just ending. An older man was giving some sort of recitation and the people were good-humoredly clapping him off. Then there were several singers, singing a semi-classical serenade with Japanese words. The rest seemed to be modern ballads (?). There was a stagemanager who made all the announcements in Japanese. There were at various times shouts from the crowd in Japanese. (RBS)

At supper tonight, Miss Cushman told me that she is already for a Ph. D. except for her thesis and she plans to write that of her experience here. She hasn't definitely decided on a subject yet but she is extremely interested on attitudes. I presume it will be on educational psychiatry. She has apparently done a good deal of clinical psychiatry in connection with guidance work in schools in Lake Forrest, Illinois which is just outside of Chicago. She went to the University of Chicago. She thinks that there are a number of other teachers who will also want to write their experiences here for their thesis. It will be important to the Bureau of Sociological Research to keep in touch with these people and perhaps have some joint meetings with them. Miss Cushman believes that she has "got under the surface" with the evacuee teachers who were trained this summer, and has found out some of their "real attitudes". I asked her what this meant and she said that during the time of evacuation and then during before and after the evacuation, their respect for democracy was considerably shaken. They all felt that they failed. Some of them are beginning to have a little hope again. Prior to arrival of the Caucasian teachers, the Japanese teachers felt very timid about undertaking their jobs, but after watching the buses unload, they have begun to think that they will be able to hold up their end. One of them had told her that he was glad there was limited space, limited school equipment because he felt that this would act as a sieve and cause the less capable to leave early and he felt that the evacuee teachers could give them a run for their money when it came to showing resourcefulness.

(AHL)