

Diary--

Tuesday, June 1, 1943

1. From Tule Lake to Reno

I said goodbye to Ruby, George and the neighbors in the block. Then I dropped in to tell the Yoshidas that I was leaving because I wanted the Planning Board to know that I was going. I didn't want to make a mystery of the whole affair. I then went over to Hattie's place because I wanted to see her before I left. She was surprised to see me, I think. Her dad went out to work and her mother hadn't come home from the messhall yet, and we had a few moments to ourselves.

There were so many people who came to see the 25 people who were leaving. I saw many faces that I knew. Although I was leaving for only a short time, I shook their hands. Michiko Jinguji was there. Kiku Tomita came up at the last moment to say goodbye. I didn't know what to say to Mike Imbe. I'm afraid that she's going to be gone when I come back.

I had to sit in the aisle on a chair, but it was not so very uncomfortable. The trip from Tule Lake to Reno was rather uneventful. I sat next to Dr. George Takahashi. Rev. Ozaki (?) sat close by, too, and I exchanged a few words with him. Most of the people were quiet on the bus, and Dr. Takahashi and I did the most talking. There was little evidence of thrill on getting away from the camp. Very few comments were made on seeing the sights as we rode along, or when we came to a town. There was an equal number of boys and girls and only one family--the Mitomas. The folks are going to work as domestics and see their son through school.

Several times the conversation around me reverted back to the registration. It seemed that those on the bus were pro-~~fe~~

registration individuals and we felt free to discuss the issue rather freely. Dr. Takahashi had gotten into trouble in his block (26) for suggesting that everyone register. The same thing happened to Rev. Ozaki, who was in a worse block (44). Both felt that those who did not register ~~wer~~ or registered no were going to get into trouble and that they deserved it.

George Takahashi From my talk with Dr. Takahashi I was able to get a fairly good picture of his attitudes. He was an optometrist in Sacramento, married, and with several children. His wife is college educated, and he is proud of her because she can maintain social contacts, which he believes to be rather important. He prides himself on his Caucasian contacts, and he believes that the future for the Japanese lies in making more Caucasian contacts and customers. He continually talked about the good restaurants he used to eat at, and where it was normal even before the war to pay \$2.50 for a good steak dinner. Through a contact with a member on the State Board in Illinois, he hopes to be able to get his practicing license in that state without passing an examination, since he's had a practice in California for a number of years. He says that he'll have to rely now on more Caucasian customers. He thinks that it may be hard for him to get started, but he feels that the fight is worth it.

2. Reno

We had a couple of hours in Reno before catching a train for Ogden. Yoshimi Shibata, Alice Abe, and I went to eat together. I knew that Yoshimi was at one time interested in Alice and that I constituted the undesirable third party,

but I had instructions from Yoshimi's mother to watch out for the two. Yoshimi had considered Alice a good possibility, and ~~his~~ mother had investigated her background. She found out that her mother was a rather hysterical sort of person, and she did not want to have her family associated with anyone like her. Yoshimi understood her mother's position and had agreed^{not}/to consider Alice a possible mate. We had time only for dinner, and I ordered chicken dinner.

3. Reno to Ogden

Alice and Dr. Takahashi had reservations on tourist sleepers, and Yoshimi and I got on the coach together. It was crowded, and more than half of the passengers were soldiers. We could not find a seat, and sat on our suitcases for a while. A traveling salesman offered us half of his seat in the corridor next to the door and in front of a washroom. He was very good natured, and later left his seat to look for another. Here Yoshimi and I settled down for the night. We sat up talking, discussing our future ambitions, our attitude toward girls. I learned that Yoshimi was a very lonesome type of fellow who ~~did~~ not associate very much with people in the past. He had taken part in very few group activities while in school or in Oakland, where his folks ran a rather prosperous greenhouse. He came to Tule Lake and determined that he should make a name for himself as a leader in political affairs, since he had never done it before. He feels that he succeeded at this. He had always thought that Walter Tsukamoto was unpopular because he did not know the psychology of the Japanese people, but he was cured of this thought when he himself was accused of being an inu during registration.

His ambition is to make enough money to be able to strike out for himself in the Orient on a large scale. He is confident that he could make a neat sum of money in the nursery business, for which he was setting out. He wanted a girl who would understand his ambitions and help him attain them. In other words, he was following the footsteps of many Isseis, who pursued a dream of some day amassing a great fortune. Love, Yoshimi felt, was non-existent or unimportant. The rest of the night was spent in trying to get snatches of sleep as the train creaked, the door banged and a gush of cold air came rushing in each time someone passed through the nearby door.

Wednesday, June 2, 1943

1. Dining car

I was a bit afraid that we would not be able to eat in the dining car because the train was crowded and we had heard that only soldiers would be able to eat there. But Yoshimi and I were among the earliest to get there, and were able to get a seat. It did not seem so crowded. A Negro soldier sat with us, but we failed to strike up a conversation with him, and only exchanged a few words.

We went to see Dr. Takahashi, although we weren't suppose to. We thought that he was certainly fortunate in having a sleeper. Yoshimi talked to the conductor to see if he could get a sleeper from Ogden, and found out that there was a sleeper empty which he might be able to get.

2. Japanese colony

In walking through the coach, we found that the others from our party from Tule Lake had managed to sit together

in pairs or in groups of about four. The pair was all right, but the latter seemed a little conspicuous to me. Yet it was so easy to join them and start talking to people you really didn't know, something you wouldn't have been able to do with other than Japanese. To one girl I talked of Loomis, Penryn, and Newcastle, since I was interested in making a comparisons of those towns.

3. Ogden

At Ogden I parted company with the others, except the Ashizawa sisters from Sacramento, who were going to Salt Lake City to work. The younger sister planned to go on to a nursing school. I learned that they had no parents, and had worked in homes before. They didn't mix in with other Niseis, and all through the journey kept apart from the other Niseis. They said that they felt more secure when they were not with Niseis.

Finished eating my lunch in Ogden. Then tramped around town to buy a trench coat. I didn't bring along a coat, and it had started to hail.

The journey from Ogden to Salt Lake City was uneventful.

4. Salt Lake City

At Salt Lake City I was met by Kazuye Tanabe and Reiko Urabe. Reiko had tried to get reservations for me, but couldn't. She suggested several hotels which we might try. First we tried the Temple Square Hotel. The girls lead me to the hotel, and then watched me go up to the desk, and then turn around, being told that all of the rooms were taken. We tried five or six places before trying some of the Japanese places, but in none of the places could we find a vacancy.

We went to the JACL office, but they could not do anything for me, but call a few hotels and be told that there were no rooms. Kazuye finally decided that I could stay in her room, and she would sleep upstairs in the maid's room. She called up her employer, and this was decided upon. Kazuye had to go home to prepare dinner, and left Reiko and me alone.

Reiko said that she would treat me to a chop suey dinner because I had mentioned it. We talked mostly of her attitude toward boys, her insistence on avoiding them, and her trust in a career. She admitted that she didn't have very many friends, but at the same time insisted that she was happy in her own ~~own~~ way. After we ate, we walked to the Mormon Temple and walked once around the beautiful garden. It seemed especially beautiful to me because I hadn't seen trees, lawns and flowers beautifully arranged. We talked of religion, and Reiko said that for her it was a way of living, and I defined it as a devotion to an ideal.

As we walked down the street, we ran into James Sugihara. He gave me cool "Hello, how are you," looking just as smug as usual. He was teaching chemistry to soldiers in the University of Utah, and was evidently feeling proud of himself. He said that he didn't think much of the rest of the Niseis because all they did was to complain about things and not do anything about it.

Kazuye joined us in the evening, and we walked out to the Capitol ground and sat on the lawn and talked. Both girls seemed preoccupied about love, and that was about all we discussed. Kazuye was worried because she didn't know how it really felt to be in love, and knew that she wanted to

get married. She seems to have changed since coming to Salt Lake City. She's earned a reputation for being a flirt with boys, and she has taken to being unconventional. She admitted that she drank and smoke when she was with certain fellows.

Rēikō insisted on her concept of the one and only, and thought that if the right one came along, there would be no need for artificiality of any kind. She thought that any sort of effort on her own part was unnecessary if the right one came along. She did not deny herself the possibility that such an individual existed for her, although she kept saying that she would not get married.

Kazuye took me home to her room in the basement. It was a spacious and comfortable room. We sat up till late talking, and she went upstairs to sleep.

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Thursday, June 3, 1943

Woke up a little late. Kazuye made a breakfast of bacon and eggs for me. We walked out to the campus which was close by, and met Reiko there. I learned that there were 125 Japanese students in the University of Utah now, where formerly there were only 25. There were complaints that there were too many of them and that they clustered together too much.

We ran into Helen Miyoshi. She had gotten her certificate in social work, but after running up and down the city, she could not get a job in Salt Lake City. She was thinking of going on to school to get her masters, which she thought might help her in getting a job. She also thought of going east to find a job. In the meantime she was contemplating working in a cannery to earn enough money to carry her on further. Marriage was still a possibility to her, but evidently not one for which she would strive hard. Helen seemed rather discouraged.

In fact, the whole college atmosphere, at least for the graduates, seemed somewhat discouraging. An engineer graduate, Japanese, had failed to land a job, which he probably could have gotten if he could have used the facilities of the WRA. Jane Endo, according to one of the girls, was a rather repressed sort of a girl. She had graduated ~~in~~ as an English major, but could not get a job in her field. She was thinking of going on to business college to get necessary training to land a job. She wanted to get married, but was not popular with boys.

Kazuye had graduated as a psychology major, and was not sure whether she should go on to do graduate work. She was offered

a job doing clerical work in college, and she was thinking of accepting this for the summer. She knew that she wanted to get married, but she was also toying with the idea of going into social welfare work.

Reiko graduated as a math major, and wanted to teach very badly. She had applied for jobs in the state, but so far had no luck. She applied as a language teacher at Yale, teaching Japanese, which was far out of her field. If these fields were closed to her, she intended to go on to get her masters at the University of Texas. In the meantime she intended to go out to the country to do housework or cannery work.

Kazuye took me up to see Elmer Smith, professor of anthropology, who was interested in Niseis. He was making a study of the attitudes of Japanese and Caucasians in Salt Lake City. He said that the attitude of the Caucasians toward Japanese had become a little worse than it was before. He was anxious to collaborate with Dr. Thomas, and was exasperated with the lack of collaboration between social scientists. He asked me to drop in again and write to him.

Met Walter Wada on the campus. I ~~had~~ knew him at Pasadena J. C. He seemed to be very cheerful, and said that he was going to the University of Texas to work for his Ph.D. in physics.

Salt Lake City to Phoenix

In the evening got on a bus to Phoenix. A Japanese fellow, Henry Morikawa, got on the bus and sat with me. Luther Ogawa, from the University of California, got on late, and had to sit in the aisle on his suitcase. The three of us kept together

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all through the journey. Henry was a very lively fellow, who liked to sing. He had come from Monterey, California, and had been evacuated to Poston. From there he had come out to work on a farm. He had to work long hours, but the pay was fairly good. What was remarkable was the fact that he was happy. He had a girl in camp who had promised to marry him, and he was taking a gold bracelet home to her on this visit. He presented a rather healthy contrast to the college graduates that I had met, who seemed so frustrated.

Luther seemed more depressed, although he was friendly. He offered to let me sleep in his hotel room because one of the fellows was always out on night work. He had volunteered for ^{the combat unit} ~~Camp 34746/177~~ and was waiting to be called. He said that wherever the Japanese went they would have to stay together--they couldn't be expected to scatter. He said that the natives were backward about farming, and that Japanese from California were bringing in tractors and doing farming on a large scale. He predicted that there would be some antagonism against Japanese pretty soon because they would earn money and the natives wouldn't have any.

The Caucasian passengers did not bother me throughout the trip. One old man was saying that the war would surely end soon, and I smiled because I heard old men in camp say that, too. In one of the little towns a little boy pointed out and said, "Look, a Chinese." From Wickenburg I sat with a young lady from the foot of the Ozark Mountains. We talked about various things, and got along splendidly. I learned that all of the things one reads in the funnies about people from the Ozark Mountains are not true at all. She even asked me to

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look her up when I went out that way.

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Phoenix to Sacaton

Arrived in Phoenix in the evening. Made sure of the time that the bus to Sacaton would leave. Bought some candy and a straw hat. Then scouted around for a decent show to see, but could find nothing better than "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The picture was sentimental, but enjoyable. Came out and ate a steak dinner in a Mexican restaurant, before waiting for the bus. I did not notice any sign of discrimination. At the bus station I met Mary Eto, who was going to a Christian conference with a group of others from Gila. The bus did not leave Phoenix till 11 p.m., and it was past 12 when it dropped me off at Sacaton. Since no one was there to wait for me, I sat down under a tree, prepared to spend the night there if necessary. The air was warm, and I had a trench coat along. But pretty soon a truck came to pick me up and take me to the Gila Center. After checking in at the Ad Building, I was driven out to Block 42, where Bob Spencer met me. He had made arrangements for me to stay in an empty room close by.

I had met Bob before, and he was very friendly.

Diary--

Saturday, June 5, 1943

Gila

Slept till 10 a.m. Got up and shaved. Woke Bob up and both of us went to the nearby canteen to drink a cup of diluted grape-juice, which constituted our breakfast. Bob took~~y~~ me to the Ad. Building, where I had some business to attend to. The barracks were white, and between the barracks lawns were planted, while arround the barracks there were flowers and shrubs and even trees planted. The ~~guy~~ outside appearance of the camp was much prettier than Tule Lake.

Dropped in at the Social Welfare office, which turned out to be ~~typ~~ four exceedingly small rooms in which hardly any work could be done. Kimi Sakanashi and Amy Muraoka were working there. Kimi looked as quiet as ever, and Spencer described her as being "typically Kibeish." I would have said that she was the quiet and Japanesy type of Nis ei.

Amy invited me to eat in ner messhall, and so I went home with ner. It seemed rather silly to have to stand in line to get one's plate just as we used to do in the assembly center because it was so hot. There were fans in the mess-hall, however, which made it tolerable. I was told that it was still not very hot, and it must have been about a hundred or so. Amy's place was provided with a cooler, which made it quite tolerable within the apartment. It was also kept fairly neat. Both Amy and her sister were planning to go out to work.

Went to see the Matsuuras. Mrs. Matsuura greeted me pleasantly, and Jane came out to see. Jane was thin, but seemed happy enough. George was planning to leave for New York,

where he planned to work for Dr. Lowie. Rev. Imamura came home later, and looked rather exhausted. He was carrying on the work of the Nishi-Hongwanji sect alone, and said that he was kept busy. He complained that the Buddhist church was not as well organized here as it was in Tulare.

Toward evening went to see Toshi Haramoto. She was still as thin as ever. She said that she was about engaged to a Nisei soldier, and seemed ~~and~~ calm and satisfied, rather than restless and dissatisfied as she used to be. Toshi kept insisting that Gila was the best center of all, in spite of the heat and the dust.

Mrs. Nakagawa, who lived next door, spoke to me, and wanted me to come to talk to her about Tule Lake and about the Takasugis. The Sierra Madre people whom I knew only for a month in Tulare all seemed very friendly to me. When I explained that I came to a conference or was interested in research work, they did not seem suspicious at all.

Ate with Toshi in her messhall. Ran into Jessica Hoshino and Mary Nishiyama and her folks. Mary was tall and shy as usual, and said very little. Jessica seemed restless and erratic. She seemed to find difficulty getting along with boys, and said that she wasn't going to the graduation dance that was being held that evening. Her parents wanted her to join their father in the internment camp, but she didn't want to. Still ~~she~~ she is bothered by a feeling that it is her duty to join her father. She wondered whether it were safe to go out. She thought that Tulare Assembly Center was a lot of fun, but she found Gila a "dead place." Aiko Okazaki lived across the way, and I called to her.

She seemed as same as usual. She wanted to know too whether it was safe on the outside. I told her that it was more natural to live on the outside, and the lesser of two evils. She said that she'd go out if she could be assured of a decent job and safety.

Ran into Masaji Goto and exchanged a few words with him. People are still saying that he is snooty.

James Nakamura came by and invited me to a farewell party given for George Matsuura by the Gila News Courier. We talked about the registration issue because he seemed to be interested. I didn't know anyone in the group, and ran out on them to see the sumo. Spencer said that he was taking part tonight, and I wanted to see at least a part of it. I saw Spencer take a fellow down quite easily in practice, and the audience seemed amused and applauded. Later Spencer wanted to know what the people were saying about him.

I left the sumo crowd, which was rather small, to visit Mrs. Tana. She was bathing a baby, looking satisfied. She thought that young people should go out, but did not want to join her husband in the internement camp. Evidently, she has become accustomed to the security of camp life.

Came home and got into a conversation with Ken Noshino, the block manager. He was a Nisei from Terminal Island, who was bitter because of the treatment the Japanese in Terminal Island received. He was resentful of any talk of going outside. Bob later said that it was because he had answered "no" during registration. But he was easy to talk to, in spite of his belligerent attitude, and there was really no need to be afraid of him. This ease of talking to people

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was something that distinguished Gila from Tule Lake.

Wrote a letter to Hattie, and went to sleep relatively early.

Diary--

Sunday, June 6, 1943

Woke up at ten, and found that the water had been stopped. Talked a little while with Bob, and then went to Matsuuras. The Reverend was home, and we talked of various things. He seemed rather tired with too much work, and was as thin as Jane was. He said that there were no leaders left among the Busseis, and it seemed that the only leaders that he did have were those from Tulare. The various reverends couldn't get together because too many of them were old fashioned. At first there was much opposition to the "Tulare style" of holding services, which was very Americanized, but it was gradually accepted. There was difficulty also because of the fact that the reverends were ~~from~~ of different sects. He thought that there was a lack of interest in Buddhism. Ate ~~dinner~~ lunch with them in the messhall. Later they served watermelon, which had been bought in Phoenix. Bob came and picked me up.

We went to see the Okunos. Only Mrs. Okuno was home. We talked for a little while. People all seem to what to know whether Tule Lake isn't a terribly cold place, and feel that Gila is just perfect. Stopped in at Mr. Miura's place, but he was out. Bob took me to Mr. Tuttle's place, where he made cheese sandwich for us. Bob and Mr. Tuttle played chess, while I took a nap. On the way home we met the Liebermans, who were supposed to be Jews, sympathetic to evacuees, and being fired for saying that loyalty was not the only issue during the registration. Returned to Okuno's place and ate dinner there. Both Mr. and Mrs. Okuno like to speak English and maintain good Japanese social standards. They are the

type of people who would not feel inferior among Caucasians.

In the evening went to see Mr. Miura alone. He was glad to see me. He complained that there was no scholarly person in the whole camp. He showed me his books. He said that the Caucasians here were all unfriendly and that only two persons had invited him to their homes. He thought the Japanese people here unfriendly, too. When asked why leaders like Harry Miyake, Ken Utsunomiya, Taki Asakura, Butch Tamura were unpopular, he said that all leaders were unpopular--even he was. He recalled how good Tulare had been and how everybody had fun there. He said that Charlie Kikuchi was unpopular because he had been "two-faced." As a JACL man he had advised people to volunteer, and didn't volunteer himself, giving as an excuse that he had to look after his family, but nevertheless slipping off to Chicago himself.

Bob and I also went to see Mrs. Kikuchi. She seemed tired and said, "I'll stay here as long as they let us." Miwako was very cute. Bob thought that Mrs. Kikuchi was upset about Alice's marriage.

Diary--

Monday, June 7, 1943

Woke up at eight. Swept the room because it was so dusty. Woke up Bob. ^I ~~Y~~^I started to write up my diary, but didn't get far, and decided that I would be satisfied with sketchy notes. Began a discussion with Bob on Nisei personality. Discussed my three-fold classification, which Bob thought was difficult to apply to individuals. I explained my diagram of cultural conflict situation and resulting differences in adjustment. We were going to work on this together, but Bob had to work on block analyses, and he thought that I had better go on by myself. This was about the only constructive work we did together.

For lunch I went to Messhall 74, and met Bob at the Ad. Bldg. We went to see Bob's secretary, but she was out. We met Mr. Hikida and talked with him for a little while. Mr. Hikida shows definite earmarks of having lived in a city, being somewhat refined, and having leadership ability. Bob and I dropped in at the Social Welfare Department office before we caught the bus to Canal.

At Canal I went to see Mrs. Yagi's sister, Mrs. Yokoyama, as I had been requested to do. She seemed so happy to see me, I imagined that she was rather lonely. She didn't have many friends in Gila, and seemed rather lonely staying at home with a mother-in-law. According to the latter, whom I could not help picturing as a step-mother, Canal was a lot better than Butte, marriages are on the increase.

Met Joe Omachi, and we discussed the news about the new Arizona law requiring announcement in the paper in order to sell to Japanese, which was rather disturbing. Bob believed that it would be better if we had our conference

in the center than in Phoenix.

Bob received a letter from DS, asking him to stay till fall, and ~~another~~ a telegram which expected him to be on his new job by June 14. DS had asked him to drop everyone but Hikida.

Went to Sameshima's place before dinner. Talked to Kenji, who was back from University of Utah. He left me, and wandered off to some place, probably to see his girl. Fujiko, his sister, is growing up into a pretty girl. She had a little lipstick and fingernail polish on. She asked me to stay longer, and then to come again. She is maturing sexually. Her mother disapproved of Kenji's going out with a girl, but was unable to do anything about it. Kenji was brought up like a "good" boy too long, and seems to have kicked the traces recently. The family unit seems somehow disrupted. I hope it doesn't have a bad effect on Fujiko. Borrowed a towel and took a shower and ate in their messhall. I asked about the Sugimachis, but Mrs. Sameshima had no news, except that they might be together in Texas. They're the oldest family friends we have, and if there is going to be a marriage in the family, we should have their address.

Left at eight. Toshi Haramoto called me, and I spoke to her for a little while. Came back to my apartment, took out my mattress and slept in the shade till ten. Came in and wrote up brief notes in my diary. Bob came in and we talked of a lot of things, but especially of love affairs. Bob is very broadminded about those things. At 12 started to write a letter to Hattie. Received 2 letters from her today.

Diary--

Tuesday, June 8, 1943

Up at eight. Went to see George Matsuura off. Met ~~Jim~~ Fumiko Takeshige and Hiroko Matsumoto. Both were planning to leave for work without any definite job in mind. They seemed uncomfortable talking to me, and drifted away.

Came home and discussed status and Kibeis with Bob. Ate lunch with James Nakamura. Ran into Mrs. Nishimura, who used to work in the Welfare Office in Tulare. Her husband was considering teaching at Boulder.

At the Social Welfare office I discussed wedding rings with Mrs. Minami. Bob came along, and said that he paid only ten dollars for an engagement ring, and was making a turquoise wedding ring for about \$18. That's all the wife asked for, Bob said. He seems to be flat broke, anyway. But I couldn't help reflect that colonists who were paying about a hundred dollars for their rings were being a little too extravagant.

Bob, Kimi Sakanashi and I met with Mr. Hikida to make a block analysis. Went to the Yokoyamas for the Kishiyamas. They had asked me to look up their baishakunin. Didn't have much to talk about and stayed only for a little while.

In the evening I was invited to James Nakamura's place by his mother. I suspect that she wanted me to get acquainted with Carrie. They had quite an elaborate dinner ready for me. After we ate, James, Carrie, and I sat on the lawn outside and talked--about girls mostly. James said that even when I discussed girls I did not make it sound trivial as other fellows around here did. I learned that Gila was rather a dead place, as far as activities went. Carrie has begun to

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break away from her shyness, and to be more sociable. She attributes this fact to her job in the Community Activities Division, where she is working as the coordinator of activities. I was going to come home at nine, when Maxime, the senior in high school, came home and asked me to tell her something about evacuees. She was writing a term paper for a class. So I stayed till past eleven telling her what I could. ~~2/2/43/10/4/4/~~

Came home with a load of food for Bob. Took a shower. Wrote a letter to Hattie before going to sleep.

Diary--

Wednesday, June 9, 1943

Washed in the morning. Then discussed the resettlement problem as formulated in Chicago with Bob. Looked up James Nakamura to eat lunch with, but couldn't locate him, and had to eat alone.

Went to see Mr. Miura to kill time. He said that he was seeking a job with the WRA, claiming that he could resettle 100 families within 3 months. Bob says that the WRA does not trust him.

He took me to see his block manager, Frank Ninokawa. Frank was evidently trained as an engineer. He had a wife and a baby. He said that he intended to wait for a job before going out. He said that Wolters had announced that segregation would definitely take place. All those who took out repatriation papers and who answered "no" would be given a chance to reconsider before segregation actually took place.

In the afternoon I went with Bob to Camp I, where he was to see O. O was afraid of being seen by anyone else, and I could not go along with Bob to see him. We spent some time with Mr. Hutchinson, the principal of the elementary school, however. He believes in democracy through education and practice, and showed that he practised it in school. He didn't see how evacuees in some divisions could learn democracy and be enthusiastic about their work when some staff members treated them as they did. He said that everyone of his evacuee teachers put in a full eight hours of work and did not complain about it.

On the way back on the bus I sat next to Seichi Kariya, whom I used to know in junior high school. He hardly recognized me, but seemed glad to see me. I talked to him for a

little while. He gave me a note of introduction to Rev. Yamasaki, when I told him that I was doing research work.

Came home and dampened my shirts and brought in the rest of the washing. Bob came home, and we took a shower together. I went to Toshi Haramoto's place to borrow her iron. Ate first, and then ironed my shirts as I talked to Toshi. She said that she didn't like Charlie, and that Mariko struck her as having come out of a night club. She was surprised that I could iron as well as I did. Fixed a zipper on her dress for her.

Ran into Mr. Sakamoto from Sierra Madre, who encouraged me to get all of the material for my research work that I could. Funny how people are so cooperative here. I don't think we used the right technique in Tule Lake.

Came home and rested on a mattress in the shade and took a nap. It's just cool enough to make me feel good and lazy.

Diary--

Thursday, June 10, 1943

Woke up and swept the room. Typed up the notes of the conversation that Bob and I had ~~yesterday~~ the other day. Bob and I walked down to the Ad Bldg, and found a wire from D.S. saying that she was coming to the Project. Looked up Seiichi Kariya and ate lunch with him. Was introduced to parts of the Co-op staff. It seems that the Turlock people in Camp II find it very difficult to break into other circles. Most of the Turlock people are in Camp I. As one fellow put it, "They're so cliquish. At Turlock we got to know everyone." Parents are opposed to dances in Gila, and even to movies in the dark.

At one met Bob at the Ad. Bldg. Hewent to get a haircut, and I took a nap inside the room, because it was relatively cool, today. Got up and took a shower and was going to get some work done on my personal adjustment section, when Bob came in to say that D.S. wanted us to come out to Phoenix. He called up D.S. and learned that she still wanted us to come out. I had to pack my things and leave without seeing most of my friends. Caught the truck driving Caucasian workers to Tempe with Bob. Bob says that the workers are not receptive to evacuees, and that I was probably the first evacuee to ride on that bus. No one paid any attention to me, and I nodded off to sleep.

In Phoenix met D.S. on the streets. Came to the San Carlos Hotel, registered and was shown to my room. I tipped the who carried my suitcase 25 cents. I'm very careful to do the right thing, if possible. I show all the earmarks of a social climber. I even have a copy of Margery Wilson's Etiquette with me, which I mean to consult when I'm in a fix.

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I felt that the hotel was really too good for me--it was a contrast with the barrack I had been living in. But it didn't scare me.

In the evening W.I., D.S. Bob, Tamie Tsuchiyama and I talked about things in general and about the future of Gila in particular.

Friday, June 11, 1943

Breakfast at 9. Discussion on outline on resettlement project till noon. Joe Omachi dropped in for a few moments. After lunch I went with Tamie on her shopping trip. Came home and took a nap till 4.30. I discussed status till dinner time, knocked off to eat chop suey. Came back and I talked about status some more. Quit at 11. Wrote a letter to Hattie and to Ruby and George. 12.50 p.m. Have to take a bath yet.

On her shopping trip Tamie couldn't find the store that she wanted to go to. She could have stopped any number of persons, but asked a fat Negro lady. I think she's just as race conscious as I am.

Diary--

Saturday, June 12, 1943

Conference on Tamie's work. Talked/ about things in general. ~~Sent~~ Lunch. Sent off 2 boxes of candies, one to Hattie and the other to Seiko Akahoshi. Rested. Took a taxi to the station with Tamie. The taxi driver sympathized with the treatment the Japanese were getting. Checked our baggages and ate tacos and hamburger in a dirty Mexican restaurant. In the evening we caught the train to Parker and found it not crowded at all. Talked to Tamie all the way. Her broadminded views interested me. Justice of peace marriage and no wedding ring. She was considering marrying a Caucasian, but in such a case thought children undesirable. She hopes to write up her material after marriage. Several other Japanese were on the same car. We were sitting toward the middle of the car. A couple of fellows sat across from us, while an Issei sat behind us. Several others were sitting at one end of the car, singing away.

At Poston the MP felt through a few of the baggages. Tamie was shivering in her shoes because she had two pints of whisky in her suitcase. Stayed with Jimmy Yamada ~~from~~ from Santa Ana. I didn't know him at all, but he came to know Kenny, Charlie, Shanghai, and others at Tanforan, where he worked on the Totalizer. I remember that he was staying at Barrington Hall, not knowing hardly any Japanese, and Kenny once dropped in to see him. He's another person adjusted largely to Caucasians whom Kenny befriended.

Diary--

Sunday, June 13, 1943

Went over to Tamie's place for breakfast. We sat around and talked. In the afternoon Tami, Jim, and I went to the Colorado River, four miles away. The walk was a long and dusty one, but the river was a pleasant resort. Jim was in his swimming trunks and swam. I waded at first, but later swam in my shorts. I figured that Tamie, being broad-minded, wouldn't mind. We spent a pleasant afternoon, and caught the life guard boat back. But it had engine trouble, and we walked back. Ate dinner at Tami's apartment and got into an argument about Niseis.

Tamie was angry at Niseis because she thought they cluttered up the library steps at Cal. I told her that I never noticed them in that way, and accused her of being hypersensitive. She also accused them of not trying hard enough to mix in with Caucasians. She said that she somehow felt insecure among Niseis, and at the same time felt superior to them. When she was among Caucasians, however, she didn't feel anything. Tamie had never really stopped to analyze this situation, and I asked her whether she knew why she felt uncomfortable among Niseis. She said that she didn't. I asked her whether she could change this attitude, and she admitted that she hasn't been able to so far. I pointed out that Niseis felt among Caucasians ^{as} and she did among Niseis --neither were able to control their own reactions to the situation. I think Tamie saw the predicament that both she and Niseis were in, and cooled down considerably.

Jim Yamada thought that he himself was fairly well adjusted in Poston. He didn't associate with Niseis very much--didn't go to their dances, for instance. He didn't find them very interesting. He had his work, his recreation, such as

swimming, writing. He himself does not feel disturbed.

But it was interesting that Tamie had picked upon Jim as one of the few she could really rely upon.

On the way home Jim and I walked through Wade Head Park, but we came across nothing interesting. Jim then suggested that we look up Kenny's friend, Hisaye Yamamoto, who wrote a column for the Poston magazine. We went to the hospital, where we found her filling the lonely task of night receptionist. Jim made the introductions, even though ~~none of~~ neither of us knew her. Hisaye's face was plain, ~~her~~ but her hair was parted in the middle and dangled on both sides hardly combed at all, giving her a decided sloppy look. She didn't seem to use any makeup, either. We talked to her till one about Kenny and books and things in general. I gathered that she kept largely to herself and that she preferred the loneliness of her present job to a former one she had in the newspaper office.

Diary--

June 14, 1943

Went to leave office in the morning and met Ichiro Nakajima. Same as ever. Learned from him that Mrs. Endo and the Kagiwada's were in Camp 3. Ichiro intends to go out in a month or two. Doesn't go to shows, but to Adult Ed. classes. Also works evenings sometimes. Still conscientious.

Also met Chieko. Seems happier here. Gets along with two other girls in the office and gets into trouble with the Caucasians. She says that she's happier because she's with her parents.

Jim took me to see Mr. Powell. He wanted to know what sort of person Coverley was. We discussed the camp in general.

Also met Mr. Balderston of the American Friend's Service Committee. Also met Mr. Carrie from Hawaii, so enthusiastic but so impractical, according to Tami.

Ate lunch with Tami. Took a nap. Met X. Quite a shrewd fellow. Also met Endo from Camp 2, very jumpy, a development since coming here. They convinced me that in Poston the tension caused by suspicion is greater than in Tule Lake. No wonder Tami is so careful.

Washed my clothes in the evening. Then went to see the Nakajima's. They had their room well-furnished. Very broad-minded--hate parents. Believe in young people's going out but want to stay till something good crops up. Thinks that others who expect indemnities and a welcome in Japan are foolish. (Result of high social standard) Ichi did not. He avoids the common herd, too. Why?

Diary--

June 15, 1943

Took the Employment Division car to Camp 3 in the morning. Went to Kagiwada's place. Mrs. K was home and kept up a constant chatter for me. Mr. Kagiwada came home later. They are worried about education of Tamotsu and Georte. They moved to Needley just prior to evacuation to avoid being sent to Poston, and went through some hardships living in a dilapidated house. Mrs. Kagiwada is working as an Insurance Advisor in the Legal Aid Department. He is a leader in the block, having about six positions, including Co-op, PTA, Red Cross, Judicial, Planning Board. This is spite of the fact that he is a relative stranger in the block. He wants to go out, but does not want to do manual labor of work under someone else. He does not want to teach Japanese because he intends to return to Japan after the war. He is going out to see how things are on the outside.

After lunch, went to the Social Welfare Department and met Mrs. Endo. She seemed somewhat tired but seemed glad enough to see me. Mr. Endo intends to return to Japan alone. Mrs. Endo is supposed to remain behind to take care of the school. I suggested that she put the stored articles in the government storage and sell the school. She seemed somewhat bewildered. She believed that young people should go out. She was worried because she thought I might have answered "no". She regretted the fact that education here in the center was not flourishing. We talked about people.

Mrs. Shimano was in Camp 1. Mr. Shimano, interned, was planning to return to Japan, and leave Mrs. Shimano to come later.

Mrs. Yamada had gone back before the others, but the rest of the family could not follow because of the war. Now,

Diary--

June 15, 1943 2

the parents intend to return to Japan, leaving the two in the Army. Kazuhiko volunteered for Camp Savage. His younger brother was in the Army and did not want to volunteer for Camp Savage until the recruiting office pinned him down into admitting that his knowledge of Japanese was good. Split loyalty and consequent split in family.

Came back to Camp 1 in the afternoon and took a nap at Tami's place. In the evening Jim, Tami and I went to the Leave Office since Jin had some business there. I read Powell's speech which contained some good insights. Also read Shanghai's memoirs, which was too objective. I felt that it wasn't personal enough. I have an increasing desire to write up the history of Tami's friends.--how they got together.

Diary--

June 16, 1943

Woke up at three to catch the bus at four. Only eight passengers. Waited till almost ten at Parker for the train. Was going to go across the street for a bite to eat when I was told that Japanese could not buy anything in Parker. Rowdies who stole things were given as the cause of the discrimination. Very hot on the train to Phoenix--103 degrees. At Phoenix, went into a show and saw just one feature.

Got a seat on the bus to Salt Lake City. An issei man came and sat by me, but I didn't talk to him very much because I didn't want to speak Japanese in public. Here we find pressure against using Japanese or ever appearing to seem a Japanese. He's lived in Salt Lake City and says that the feeling against the Japanese is not so bad. Hardly spoke to anyone else. No incidents.

Diary--

June 17, 1943

Reached Salt Lake City in the evening. Reiko met me at the station. We walked around till eight, when Kazuye came down to join us for a dinner. Afterwards we walked out to the Capitol Building, and sat on the lawn talking, of all things, about love. Both Reiko and Kazuye were interested in finding out what true love was. They both had a feeling that when it came along, they would be swept off their feet. Reiko, especially, is insistent on this point. She believes that there is a one and only for her and that if there is, she need make no effort to find him. When I said that love was usually selfish and that a love that considered the other party's welfare was superior to true love, she jumped on it immediately and said, "Then I've experienced love. I'm happy now." Her explanation was that there had been a person who she was fond of, but whom she discouraged because she felt that she herself was not the person for him.

Toshi Miyazaki made arrangements for me to stay at the Student Fellowship House. The house is being rented by the Japanese Fellowship group and run by the fellows. They have made it a policy to have half Japanese and half Caucasians~~g~~ boarders, and this arrangement is still kept. At Carpenter's the whole top floor is reputed to be occupied by Japanese, an arrangement which George Uchida, Reiko and others feel is not so good from the standpoint of race relations.

I was given an upper cot in a room occupied by Dale Pratt and Noboru Endow from Portland, Oregon. George Uchida has been the nicest to me, however. He noticed that Japanese tended to make themselves conspicuous on the campus by clustering together, and studying in the library together.

Diary--

June 17, 1943 2

He chose to avoid large crowd and study at home. I asked him whether the others resented such an attitude of stand-offishness, and he said that he hadn't notice it. Everyone, he felt, encouraged such relationships.

It was slightly warm but I slept well enough.

Diary--

June 18, 1943

Woke up late. Wrote a letter to Hattie. Made out a list of things to do and to get. Then called up Reiko and made arrangements to meet her in front of the library. We ate lunch together downtown. She cashed a check for me at the bank and pointed out the stores at which I might shop. At Z.L.M.I., the best department store in town, I bought a dark suit for \$50, two Palm Beach slacks, and a sweater. I also bought candies for Jim Yamada, and had them packed and sent off. The rest of the afternoon I spent in trying to find what else I wanted, and ending up in tiring myself out.

Toshi Miyazaki came over in the evening, and we went to the College Inn for a hamburger. We met Helen Miyoshi there, and the three of us sat and talked. We discussed Reiko in particular. Both Toshi and Helen felt that Reiko was in need of better adjustment and of help. We walked Helen home. She's attractive, but somehow she doesn't seem so vivacious or happy. Toshi said that she was his type.

Toshi, Reiko, Kazuye and I got together in the evening, and went to the Chine Tea Gardens to eat. We all ordered a \$1 dinner. I sat with Reiko and Toshi with Kazuye, and we maintained this relationship all evening. Afterwards we decided to walk out to the park to go boat-riding, which we did. As the walk was a long one, I had the opportunity to argue with Reiko about her peculiar attitude on marriage and also to tell her my life story. Reiko and I took turns rowing around, and so did Toshi and Kazuye. But later we saw the other two lying back with their arms casually around each other's shoulders. Reiko said that she wouldn't think of doing such a thing except with her one and only.

We ate a hamburger, and when we started our trek home, it was already twelve. We became tired, and sat on the grass for some time and talked. Toshi and Reiko began to argue because Toshi accused Reiko of being stubborn. The rest of the way home I explained, and I got to the point where Reiko conceded that there were possibilities of her changing her attitude. But she still doesn't want to, and it's going to take a lot of work to make her. Perhaps it's all not worth the trouble. She wants to be left alone.

It was two when we got to Reiko's place. We went in, and she made us some lemonade. The three of us had to walk some more, and it was not till three that I got in. Kazuye acted rather silly.

Diary--

June 19, 1943

Woke up late. Took a shower, and wrote a letter to Hattie and made an entry in my diary. Got a haircut because I was starting to look like a scarecrow. Set me back sixty-five cents. Then went to the University bookstore, but found nothing that I wanted to buy. Rested a while under a tree because I was still sleepy. Ate lunch and then went downtown.

First I went to the WRA office to find out which route I should take to get home. Mrs. Hanson was nice, but she didn't know which route I should take. But I learned that there was a bus from Boise to Klamath Falls, which would not take me through Portland.

Then went to the JACL office to talk to Larry Tajiri. Larry wasn't doing anything in particular at the moment, and obliged me by talking to me for about an hour. One thing that he said which struck me was that he felt that Niseis should not be drafted unless their full rights are returned, including the right to return to California. He showed me copies of P.M., and I felt that Larry was different from other JACL leaders. Both Dike and Bob Tsuda, who are also on the Pacific Citizen staff are newcomers and unlike other JACL leaders. I read the article in P.M. by Cary McWilliams, explaining the Zootsuit affair as a race riot directed against Mexicans, which impressed me as being the true explanation. Met Saburo Kido, but he didn't talk to me and kept puffing at his cigar.

I asked Larry for the brief that the JACL was filing to fight the cases up before the Supreme Court, and he said that they were being printed and distributed and would cost me

something. He seemed willing, however, to cooperate with the Study. On the way out, Teiko Ishida got hold of me and suggested that I take out my membership. I couldn't very well refuse, and so I let myself become a member. I would have preferred not to be connected directly in order to preserve a position of neutrality, but that didn't seem so important. I ended up by getting \$4.50 worth of literature.

Larry also introduced me to Hito Okada. I was interested to learn that he was starting a credit union.

Mike Masaoka and George Inagaki were drafted. Larry asked me if I knew of anyone who might be willing to work for the League. I understand that Larry has turned down several good offers of jobs on newspapers in order to carry on the work of the JACL. His comments were, "Well, someone has to carry on the work." The League, for instance, is spending several thousand dollars on a test case to fight the new Arizona law. While there is a possibility of change in the JACL structure, the Old Guards still seem to be holding firm. Mike is said to have appointed Yatabe as his successor. Kido is credited with the statement that the Pacific Citizen is left entirely in the hands of Larry Tajiri, but the JACL is not responsible for what he prints. The JACL only asks that certain articles they want printed appear in the paper. The local JACL president also seems unreceptive to liberal ideas.

Met Walter Wada on the street, and walked about with him. As I was to meet Reiko Urabe for dinner and to see a show, I asked him to come with us. We ate at Beau Brummel, and then went to see "This Above All" since Walter had already seen "Random Harvest" three times. "This Above All" was an

enjoyable picture and portrayed the dilemma of the lower class indignant against the upper class for their advantageous position even during wartime. Tyrone Power deserts for feeling like this, but is finally persuaded to fight the war to a finish before beginning the war against the upper crust. The same sort of dilemma is probably faced by many members of the minority and underprivileged groups. The indignation of the Negro and the Japanese leads to just such a dilemma.

After the show we took a streetcar home. I went with Walter to his room and talked to him till almost two in the morning. I was surprised to find Walter so Americanized. He was indignant at the other Niseis for not dressing up properly and not making an attempt to associate with Americans. Much more surprising was the fact that he believed that Japan would lose the war, and consequently it was better to become adjusted to Caucasians right now. He was fond of his girl because she was Americanized. He did not think that she would want to return to Japan. He wanted to work for his Ph.D. and go into research work.

Diary--

June 20, 1943

Woke up late. Wrote a letter to Hattie and took a bath. Then went downtown to eat. Sent a telegram for Kazuye Tanabe. "Random Harvest" didn't start for half an hour, and so walked up and down the street, just waiting. And who should come along the street but Yuki Kimura. She was going to a shower, and I made arrangements to meet her on her way back. The show was very enjoyable because suspense was maintained till the very end, and the picture did not get too sentimental. It portrayed love as a matter of the mysterious uniting of two souls, and you can't blame people for clinging to that concept of love and marriage.

After the show I went to the bus depot to get tickets for Klamath Falls, but was told that tickets were to be sold when the bus left. I think there's a way of getting a ticket in advance, and I intend to find out.

Met Yuki and walked around for a while because she said she was too full to eat right away. We went to the Mormon Temple grounds and sat and talked. She said that her affair with Tom Sakiyama had been a mistake, and she was glad that evacuation had come when it did. She enjoyed her life in the center because she was able to meet people and learn things. She got in with a group of science students with whom she played bridge almost every night. She came out to work four months ago because she did not see any future staying in the center. She wanted to save enough money to go to college, but she discovered that she was getting no where. So she has changed her mind and has decided to go to Chicago to attend the Vogue Drafting School. But she's afraid to go alone, and wants to find someone to go with.

Diary--

June 20, 1943

2

One of her greatest desires is to get away from the drab existence to which she was subjected. It's for that reason an A.B. seems so desirable to her. At the same time she wants to marry too. if it does not mean struggling along.

We ate dinner at the China Tea Garden. Then we went to the discussion group to which Kazuye had invited me. The meeting was being held in Kazuye's room. There were only about fourteen or fifteen present in all. Shiz Matsuda acted as chairman, while those present included Martha Utsunomiya and Jane Endo. The rest I did not know except Toshi Miyazaki, who came late. The poll tax was discussed rather intelligently. Shiz then wanted to discuss action which might be taken on the matter. Writing to congressmen and bringing the question up at a local JACL meeting was suggested. I suggested that they go to the JACL headquarters and talk the thing over or get an article in the P.C. but Shiz was not willing to discuss this. There was a great deal of misgiving on the part of the group whether the local president would be willing to discuss such an issue. Shiz explained that the group was meeting to gain experience in discussing matters and was a sort of an underground movement. There was a definite anti-JACL feeling within the group. Shiz was definitely the ringleader trying to swing the group toward the left. For the next topic she suggested discussing the possibility of concerted action with the labor unions. She constantly smoked, the only girl smoking.

Several questions of interest were raised. One was whether it wasn't better to stick to Nisei problems instead

of taking up the problems of other people. Another was whether identifying oneself with Negroes wasn't detrimental for the Japanese. "If you put yourself on the side of the Negroes, then the Caucasians won't do anything for you," one boy said. Another was that making an issue of the poll tax might anger the southern states and cause dissension.

The group is rather reminiscent of the Oakland YD. It would be interesting to trace the forces which make these people band together and discuss the things they do.

Yuki wanted to go home early enough so that the Japanese she is staying with won't kick her out as they did several other girls. We caught the streetcar back and walked to her dirty looking rooming house. She put her arms through mine, but took them out again when we passed a group of Japanese on the street corner. We ran into James Sugihara and his girl and he looked at us in his smug sort of way and said we were both dumb to attend a discussion group. At the front door she said that she wouldn't kiss anyone until she was engaged, and so we shook hands and parted.

Diary--

June 21, 1943

Met Reiko at one-thirty at Wilson Hotel, where her brother, George, and his pal, Soshiro Baba, were staying. We went shopping together. I had George buy me five two-pound boxes of chocolate, because civilians were limited to two pounds. Reiko was surprised because I spent so much. Spent the rest of the afternoon shopping. Bought "Philosophy of Nietzsche" for Reiko and "Studs Lonigan" for Kazuye as graduation presents. But I want Reiko to read the latter because she is so old-fashioned in many ways. Finally bought the two suitcases.

Reiko and Kazuye asked me to get Yuki Kimura to come out again tonight, but she refused on the grounds that she didn't want to stay out till late so very often. She thought eleven o'clock was too late. Reiko got Martha Utsunomiya instead and the six of us ate sukiyaki at a Japanese place. Met Ted Honda there and made arrangements to see him the following night. Then we walked out to Liberty Park and rowed about. We took a bus back, but Kazuye insisted on walking from the transfer point. At her door I just said "good night."

Diary--

June 22, 1945

2

Went to the campus to find Toshi Miyazaki, and found him. Talked to him for a little while and was going to catch a street car downtown, but went back to talk to Toshi some more. He said that most of the girls on the campus were considered to be poor choices for dates by the boys. On the other hand, he thought that girls should not be discouraged from going on to college for that reason. Most of the boys, he felt, took out girls on dates, whereas, it was Kazuye's contention that many of them did not. Other boys felt that Toshi was just doing Kazuye and Reiko a favor by taking them out, although Toshi himself resented this. He thought that the boys were not mature enough to appreciate what the girls had to offer in the way of conversation, and instead they were satisfied with mere looks.

There has been some antagonism between natives and Californians, but it has flared up only occasionally. On the other hand, the two groups do not seem to intermingle intimately, and they generally keep to their own little clique.

In the afternoon completed most of my shopping. Went to the JACL office and talked to Harry Tajiri again. I asked him what would happen when there is a clash between the editorial policy of the P.C. of which he is in full charge, and the policy of the JACL. He said that nothing like that has occurred in the past, but he thought that the JACL policy would most likely be changed. He said that he was getting Bill Hosokawa to come up and work for the League. He said that if the Progressives didn't get in and help formulate the policy there was very little they could do

from the outside.

The JACL had accumulated a shelf of new books to loan to different chapters. The idea originated with Mike Masaoka, but Larry and his staff seemed to have selected the books. Among the books were several of those by Gary McWilliams, showing liberal tendency in the selection.

I asked Larry about the poll tax question, and he said that they had written an editorial on it in October, and showed it to me.

In regard to the return to the coast, Larry said that the right to return should be demanded if the Niseis were to serve in the Armed Forces. He knew that return to the Coast would cause antagonism, but he said that we couldn't take a policy of appeasement all of the time. Larry is all right.

Met Ted Honda at the Dawn Cafe. I thought he was down and out because he was serving the night before, but it seems that he was doing it because he was a friend there, I was going to do the treating, but he seemed to have some money so I let him go ahead and do what he wanted. We went to the China Tea Gardens, and he ordered four dishes, enough for four people. We conversed, but he talked most of the time, and I listened. His story borders on the sensational. On the boat he knocked his head against the railing, and ever since he has found it difficult to concentrate. In Los Angeles he went to many doctors and used up his money. Finally he was told by a Hakujin doctors that he could only be cured by time. He had overworked his mind,

and it would take six or seven years to recover completely. If he could walk into a library, pick up a difficult book and concentrate on it, then he could consider himself cured.

He worked as a waiter and began to play the horses. He had luck at first and made seven or eight hundred dollars, but after that his luck did not hold, and he was always pawning his suit till payday. He went to work out in the country in San Fernando and in Guadalupe. Then he got into a Chinese gambling house. He made seven or eight hundred dollars at a time by being the middle man, transferring dope from Japanese to Chinese. He also lived in the gambling house, watching the gambling joint. He made a great deal of money, but spent it, too. He would go out and get drunk, pick up a bad woman, but in the morning would wake up, feeling very lonely. He was ashamed of himself, and he didn't want to write to anyone. It made him dizzy to write, anyway. His mother heard about him and came back from Japan, and lectured to him. He left the Chinese people. He learned that the Chinese were very nice people, and he would trust a Chinese more than he would a Japanese. He also thought that the so-called bad people were very understanding and actually more sympathetic than the so-called good people.

He came out to Los Angeles but he found that noone would hire him because of his appearance. Finally he found a gardener by the name of Utsumi who had run up a debt and for whom noone would work. He began to work for him, and between the two they were beginning to do very well in the

camellia business. Utsumi paid off a great deal of his debt.

When evacuation became imminent, he returned to Pocatello, his hometown. His relatives would have nothing to do with him because they considered him a hoto-musuko. He came to Salt Lake City to go into the "shoyu" business. He started out with \$80, and built up a trade. He was going to open up a store in Salt Lake City, but he lost his power of concentration. He now finds himself unable to carry through with his plans. Evidently he has ups and downs in mood. He has a gambling urge, which enables him to undertake risks. He has always been lucky at cards. He could have made a great deal of money on shoyu, and also on an Ajinomoto substitute, if his mental health had held. He has embarked upon an enterprise making "hana fuda" in which he sees money. He predicts a rice shortage this fall. Because of his health, however, he is going up to Oregon where a friend is distributing his shoyu. He feels that the country air will be good for him.

He says that America is really a land of opportunity, in spite of some discrimination that exist. He is thankful for being able to live here.

He believes that most Kibei in America are greatly unhappy. Their being sent to Japan when they were unable to think for themselves was a mistake, he thinks. Many of them have taken up vices, such as drinking, gambling, and visiting prostitutes.

He offered me some shoyu. We went to the place he would have made his store. He was mixing two types of shoyu, one

Diary--

June 22, 1943

5

of which tasted good and the old which smelled like Japanese shoyu. He also had some Ajinomoto substitute. I was going to take the street car home, but he called a taxi for me. We walked around and talked about things in general. He said that he wished he could be going to school because there would be a future in foreign trade. About eleven he took a taxi home.

Diary--

June 23, 1943

I had most of my things packed away in the two new suitcases that I had bought, and so didn't have much packing to do. The kids didn't know how much to charge me for my staying there. One fellow thought that for the six nights I should be charged not more than \$1.50. I settled the matter by leaving \$5.

I went to see Kazuye at the University to give her a couple of books. Then I ate lunch at the College Inn, where Nobu Mori invited me to sit and eat with Larry Tajiri's sister and another fellow. I went to the bus depot and sent a telegram to Coverley saying that I was arriving on Friday. Tickets weren't sold until the bus came in around 1:30, and then only a few were able to get passage on the bus. I had to send another telegram saying that I would arrive Saturday. I was thinking of catching the escort at Reno, but I gave up because I didn't have much time to inquire about it.

Reiko Urabe and Mary Sakaguchi came by on their way to the cannery. Ken Yasuda, Shuji Kimura and May Ouye were on their way back from the SCA conference and were going to visit Minidoka. Also met Mr. J. Sakamoto from Block 25, who was on his way to work.

To kill time went to see "The Human Comedy". The picture was on the sentimental side, but it gave a good portrayal of American life during wartime. A picture like that would be swell to show to people in camp. Came out of the show and went to the Dawn Cafe to see if Ted Hondo were there. He wasn't. Called up Kazuye Tanabe and found out that she had received a telegram saying that she can visit Tule Lake.

She was all upset because she still had the house to put in order and wanted to catch the bus tomorrow night. I had originally planned to leave with her on the bus, Thursday, but said that I was leaving on the train because it was a surer way of gettin to Boise. She asked me to help her with the housework, and I asked her to fix up something to eat.

She made me bacon and eggs and salad, which we ate together. Then I moved some things into the basement, and then set up two pasteboard closets for her. Sam came along, but ran off to catch a bus, but came back after a while. Sam is reputed to be rich, and rather spoiled, and likes Kazuye because they get along together, both having lived among Caucasians. Jane Endo dropped in, too. She has acquired a sort of sophisticated air, although it's still not sufficient to make her highly attractive.

Caught the train out of Salt Lake City and got a fairly good coach seat. A marine sat right next to me, but we didn't speak to each other tonight. I was tired and dropped off to sleep.

Diary--

June 24, 1943

Woke up about 8:30. Washed up and shaved, and then sat in my seat. I didn't know where the diner was, and I didn't bother to find out. I had bought half a dozen doughnuts on the way, and I munched on these. When the marine woke up and washed up, he asked me what time the train would get in- to Boise. I was sort of waiting for that go signal, and carried on a conversation after that. He told me some- thing of his life in the South Pacific, where he was stationed for nineteen months. He didn't like the region at all, except perhaps for Fiji, where there were white women, decent roads, shows, and bars. He didn't ~~like~~ find the native women attractive at all, and the only use he had for them was to have them wash his clothes. I, in turn, told him a little about the relocation centers. He must have felt a little guilty about them, because he said that in the end it will all somehow come out right. When I asked him about ~~the~~ those Jap soldiers, he said that their strength was underestimated. They held Guadalcanal for six or seven months without reinforcement when the commanding officer thought it would take only about a month to wipe them out. He thought that the war was going to be over in about two years, but that if it were over tomorrow, it wasn't too soon. I slept a great deal of the trip, and so did the others.

Reached Boise at two. The town and countryside seemed pretty far from the station, which was perched on a high level and overlooked the city. Had to wait for my baggages, caught a taxi with another party, and went into town. Checked my bags at the bus depot, and then began my search

for a hotel room. I had asked the taxi-driver and had learned that Hotel Boise charged about \$4 for a room. I didn't want to stay at the best place because it was too pretentious and also too expensive. I walked around a little bit, and saw Hotel Idan-ha, which seemed like a fairly good hotel. I walked in and asked for a room. One of the two clerks asked the other whether there were any vacancies. The other seemed kindly disposed, said that he might, and began to look up his record. The first clerk, probably the manager, went over to him and whispered something. Then he came back to me and told me that there weren't any rooms because there was a long waiting list. I don't know whether I was more scared, or hurt or angry. It made me rather conscious of myself. I was carrying somethings in a "furoshiki" (a square cloth) and decided that I should do something about it because it looked too odd. I went into Penny's and Montgomery Ward's to buy a canvas bag, but couldn't find what I wanted. Finally I solved the problem by taking out my trench coat from the "furoshiki" and carrying the "furoshiki" under my trench coat. I didn't want to tackle Mibner hotel which advertised rooms for \$1 and \$1.50 a night, because it seemed just cheap enough to discriminate against a Japanese. I was going to try another fairly good hotel and then perhaps try Hotel Boise. I walked into Hotel Owyhee. When I went into the lobby, it seemed better than I thought it would be. A Japanese boy was polishing the door, and for a second I wished there weren't any more of them around because they would feel cheap serving another Japanese. I calmly asked

Diary--

June 24, 1943

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for a room, and was told that the only single rooms they had were without baths. I was glad to get the room and said that it would be all right. The bell-hop took me up to my room, and I fumbled around in my wallet to find a dime to tip him with. Alone in the room I felt relieved.

Caught up a little bit on my diary, and then went out to get something to eat. I decided that I wouldn't see any more shows. Walked into a ice cream fountain and tried to order a sundae or milk shake, but all I could get was ice cream. Then I got an urge to eat a hot dog. I passed one joint near the Capitol Building where they advertised hamburgers for a nickel, but it seemed too cheap to be a decent place to eat in. After circling around the town, I went into a lunch counter and ordered hot dogs and milk. It cost me only fifteen cents, and goes to show that the cost of living here is relatively low. Also bought a nickel candy bar at the drug store. If I were with someone else I would probably be eating a regular dinner at a decent place just to impress the other party. Came back to the hotel and took a nap. Then got up and caught up on my diary. I'm going to eat a regular dinner tonight.

Hesitated a little before walking into the hotel dining room. After I walked in I didn't know where to sit, but a Caucasian waiter came up and pleasantly directed me to a table. I ordered the \$1.25 chicken dinner. I felt a little awkward because I was all alone and didn't have anything else to do while I waited and ate. Two Negroes were working as waiters, while ~~two~~ two Japanese boys were doing odd jobs as bus-boys. I wondered whether they received any

Diary--

June 24, 1943

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of the tips and pitied them. The waiter was very pleasant, and I left him twenty-five cents tip, which I knew was too much for a person of my means.

Went back to the hotel and wrote a letter to D.S. and some post cards. Since there was no bath in the room, I had to clean my body the best I could. I asked the management to wake me up at 4:45, and jumped into bed. But I tossed about and didn't fall asleep till late.

Diary--

June 25, 1943

A phone call woke me up at 4:45 sharp. I got up and shaved, and got ready to leave. At the desk a young clerk was waking another person up on the phone, and I surmised that he was the one who had awakened me. He came and stood by me for a little while, and I sensed that he wanted a tip. Somehow I got it into my head that I didn't have to tip anyone else in the hotel, and I ignored him. I realized that I should have thanked him for waking me up and given him some tip. The room cost me \$2.00 which I felt was reasonable enough.

We had two hours to wait in Bend. I walked about town. It seems to be a town frequented by rural workers, and I peered into the beer halls and poolhalls as I walked. I avoided eating in places that seemed too cheap because I thought there might be the possibility of some drunk causing trouble because of me. I chose a respectable looking restaurant and ordered rib steak, and got a large steak with only toast and potatoes.

As we approached Klamath Falls, trees became thicker. I would imagine that a ride through this wooded region would be very pleasant during the daytime. Arrived in Klamath Falls without any mishap. Waited at the bus depot for a little while and was told that I was supposed to stay at the Elk Hotel. I had intended to wait till morning. I asked for a room at the hotel and the man at the desk wanted to know whether I wanted a room with a bath. I said that I didn't have to have a bath. He said the only thing he had was a room with a shower, which cost \$2.25. He was very cold toward me, as if he were ~~dealing~~ dealing with me

Diary--

June 25, 1943

2

only out of duty. Read till two , and then went to sleep soundly, till I was awakened in the morning.

Diary

Saturday,

June 26, 1943

1. Back to Tule Lake

The hotel clerk woke me up at seven as I had requested him to. Went down and ate in the hotel cafe. I wanted to see what the town of Klamath Falls was like, but did not want to leave the hotel for fear of missing the escort. I had to wait from eight till past nine before the escort came. He was a very polite man--called himself Anderson. I talked to him, and I gathered from him that there had been little change in the Tule Lake Project lately. I was relieved to be approaching what is to me home, and was really glad to see the administrative section. The M.P.'s at the gate were nonchalant as they went through my suitcase mechanically, and since one of them mentioned that he liked to use shoyu, I left two bottles for him and his partner.

When I went into the Ad Bldg to report to Mr. Smith, I was bubbling over with enthusiasm. I greeted Hannah Uyeno and Frank Nakamura in the Housing Division. I went in to see Mr. Smith, and he greeted me cordially. The first thing that he asked me was how it was on the outside. I said that it was swell. Then he lowered his voice a trifle and wanted to know when I was going out. I said that I would probably be going out pretty soon, as he seemed so anxious to see people going out. He said; "That's what you've got to tell them--that it's good on the outside. Why, I receive letters from people who have gone out, and they all say the same thing." I got the impression from Mr. Smith that he couldn't understand why more evacuees were not leaving camp.

Diary -

June 26, 1943

2

Said "hello" to Mr. Carter, Marianne Robinson and Dorothy Montgomery. The only significant piece of news I got from them was that Mrs. Ogi had her baby. Also exchanged a few words with Minnie Nakano and May Sato. I was anxious to get home to see how things were like. I heard that my sister, Ruby, had gone out to teach at the University of Minnesota while I was gone. But I stopped in to say "hello" to Mrs. Francis, who seemed sorry to have seen Ruby leave and glad to see me back. I told her that I would like to be put back on the payroll and that I would come in to see her about it soon.

One of the M.P.'s called a taxi for me, and I was driven into the colonist section. I didn't realize how drab the barracks were until I got off the car and approached Raven Roost, which used to house George, Ruby and myself. The drabness of the barrack itself could not be helped, but the Tule weed outside were a dirty brown, while the porch that we had put up also looked weather-beaten and dirty. Somehow, the whole block seemed somewhat strange, as if I had never seen it before. I noticed that the pile of coal in between the showerrooms seemed ugly. Then I peaked into the apartment, and was shocked with the darkness and drabness inside, the lack of light and color. This feeling was enhanced by the fact that Ruby had left in a hurry, and George had not bothered to mop the floor. George and I did not make much fuss over each other, and only greeted each other casually. He told me what a wonderful send-off Ruby had received from her Issei pupils.

Diary -

June 26, 1943

3

The neighbors in our barrack were all glad to see me back. The women were more expressive in their greetings. Mr. Kaya remained somewhat glum, while I didn't say anything to Mr. Ishizuka at all because he kept so quiet. Most of the people in the block seem to have known that I was gone to another center, and many of those with whom I was on speaking terms before asked me how things were over there. Nancy Yagi, Grace Matsune, Jimmy Nishida, Bill Sugiyama, John Itoda, George Ike and Clara Sakamoto were among those with whom I exchanged words. I kept a lookout for any note of suspicion as to my movements, but I discovered none. It was possibly due to the fact that to those I spoke I was on a friendly relationship. As far as I could see, the people in the block had no major problem on their hands, and was welcoming back a block member who had been fortunate enough to be able to travel for a little while. One or two asked me how my trip had been financed, and I told them that the University of California had paid for the trip. I came home bubbling with some enthusiasm, and also free from the restraint and suspicion under which I had always lived here in Tule Lake, and the change helped to put myself on a more friendly basis with my neighbors. The block manager and his wife greeted me cordially. We've always had much in common, but I had never approached them on more than a casual basis. Now I feel that I can talk to them a little more freely. I also talked to Mr. and Mrs. Egi, who live in the same barrack as ourselves, and felt that I was on a friendly footing with them now. Mr. Kishiyama greeted me, and during the conversation I let it slip that I didn't intend to remain in the

Diary -

June 26, 1943

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Center for very long, and he came out ^{and} sympathized with me, and also explained his own position. I was glad that he was being frank with me. As a gift I gave Funyu (fermented bean cake) ^{and shoyu} to the Ishizukas, Kayas and Kishiyamas, and a bottle of shoyu to the Egis. The two suitcases that I had bought did not cause much comment because Ruby had ordered a suitcase for herself and I was expected to bring home one.

2. Kazuko, Hattie. Yaye

Kazuko Tanabe came over in the afternoon to find out when her sister was going to come home, since she had heard that she was coming home with me. I explained to her that Kazuye had probably missed the bus, and that she would be returning to the Project the beginning of the following weekend. To get a visiting permit for Kazuye, Kazuko had gone to Mr. Smith directly because Mr. Huycke wouldn't do anything for her. Smith sent a wire to San Francisco and got the permit for her. The lesson is that if you want to get anything done you should work it through someone on top. Of course, a great many Isseis wouldn't want to stoop to anything like that. I gave Kazuko a box of chocolates for the work she had done for me.

Took a box of chocolates and went to see Hattie. She was ironing away. She had had a quarrel with her mother recently, and was still pouting over it. She was still talking about going out to school next month, since her clearance had come. Mrs. Sato came in. Since I couldn't talk to Hattie alone, I told her that I would come in the evening and left.

I took a box of chocolates to Yaye's place, too. We started to talk of all things, about sex. She said that she had ~~en-~~

Diary—

June 26, 1943

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embarrassed George by bringing up that topic. She said that she had lately found out why boys liked to pet and what marriage really meant. She said that she had heard of a couple of young girls who were carrying on sexual relations with their boyfriends within their barracks in the dark. She said that the girl carried rubbers in her brassiere. When she was young she had thought that she wouldn't let any boy kiss her until she was engaged. She's relaxed her standards somewhat, but she says that she wouldn't allow herself "to do that" before marriage. I talked to her parents while I carried on the conversation with Yaye. It worked out all right because neither of them understand English.

3. Hattie

Went to Hattie's place in the evening. I asked her to go out on a walk, to which she consented. We went out by the high school and along the edge of the colonist section. I asked her if she had made up her mind to go to school, and she said that she had told her parents that she was going. Her parents had consented to her going if she insisted, but her mother seemed to disapprove of it. One reason that Hattie wanted to go out was because the father of a boy who liked her came over and accused her of playing with his son's feelings. She had gone to a dance with him about two times, and now insisted to his parents that he was not going to marry anyone else but Hattie. She told the father that she was not thinking of marriage because she was going on to school, which was only an excuse. I asked her if it would make any difference if I asked her to stay, and she didn't want to say. She said that if she went out she alone would suffer the consequences,

Davin-

June 26, 1943

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while if she stayed on my account I might have to suffer, too. Evidently she was somewhat fearful of attaching herself to me. I told her that I liked her and that I was sure that we could get along well. But she had to make up her own mind as to whether she liked me enough to be willing to take the chance. She said that I really didn't know her, that she hadn't done anything in her life. I asked her if she would wait till fall before going out to school, and ~~she said that~~ after a long silence she said that she would. I stopped her under the light over a high school ~~sch~~ barrack and showed her the locket that I had bought for her. She said very little. She wanted to know why I had gotten it, and I told her simply that I had gotten it because I liked her. I told her that ~~it~~ it wasn't worth very much, and that if she didn't like me she could return the locket to me. I kissed her in the shadow of the school barrack. We went back to her place and she made tea and brought out pastry to eat. When I left, she wouldn't come out to the porch with me because she was afraid of what her mother would think. She told me later that her mother was afraid of her getting a bad reputation about being free with boys.

Diary -

Sunday, June 27, 1943

1. Morning

Spent the morning trying to get the room in order. Also trimmed the lawn, which had grown beautiful and green, thanks to Ruby's watering. Also trimmed the Tule weed close to the barrack, and found that it improved the looks of the weed. Mr. Kaya thought it was a good idea and started to do the same thing in front of his door.

2. Afternoon

Was going to wash in the morning, but found that I was too late and that there was no hot water. Washed the pile of dirty clothes and sheets that I had accumulated during my trip. Now that Ruby's away, George and I have to do everything for ourselves. George always used to do his own washing, but I used to let Ruby do it for me.

Went to Hattie's place. Together we went to Shimasaki's place because Mary was going to Chicago School of Vogue. Mary thought that Hattie ought to be going out pretty soon because all of her friends had already gone. On the home Hattie and I walked around the edge of the Project, and watched children playing in the irrigation ditch, and women diligently digging for shells. We also passed young people of all ages playing baseball. Everything and everyone seemed so peaceful that I felt sorry for these people because they did not seem to be aware that their stay in the Project was making their future adjustment difficult.

When we got back to Hattie's place, her mother had already gone to work. Her father was home, but he was thoughtful to make work for himself outside and leave us two alone.

Only when there is no one around does Hattie feel willing to

Diary-

June 27, 1943

2

let me put my arms around her. I discussed it with her, and I said that we would have to keep up an appearance of good behavior in front of Isseis and others, too, and show our affections only when we were absolutely alone. Hattie did not say anything, so I imagine she agreed with me.

3. Evening

I figured up roughly the account I am to send in to the University for the amount I spent on the trip, and it totalled about \$140. I don't think that it's too much, considering that half of that was spent on fare alone.

Mike Imbe and her sister dropped in for a short while. Mike had quit work in order to sew some dresses in readiness to go out. She's been ill the last week. She's anxious to go out, but somehow doesn't seem to be able to make the right contacts with jobs on the outside.

John Mashihara came to see George and asked him to go out for a walk. George said that they'd go out to Block 71 to see Yaye or Hattie, and I told him to leave Hattie alone and said that Yaye' was almost engaged. George thought of girls he could visit, and could think of only one. I told him to give some girl a break if he were to go out walking, and he said, "Give the girls a break. You mean, give myself a break." But John didn't want to face any girl, and they ~~did~~ went to hear a concert together.

Went to Hattie's place, and found Harry and Florence Iida there. Harry was back on a furlough from Camp Savage. I learned some interesting facts about the setup there. There are 20 units and up to about 20 in each unit. In other words, the capacity is around 400, or a little less than that. Those

Diary-

June 27, 1943 3

in the higher units are largely Kibeis, while those in the lower units have to struggle along with their Japanese. At ten I suggested that we go out to see the Ondo practice which I had noticed on the way. Hattie was at first reluctant to go, but came along. But it was already over, and Hattie and I saw Harry and Florence home. When we went back to Hattie's place, she didn't want to linger on the porch because she was afraid that her mother might get wrong ideas. When I went home, she wouldn't see me to the door, either. I asked her whether she wanted to go visiting tomorrow night, and she said that she didn't want to. She said that she had to stay in because she was going out on Tuesday and Thursday night.

When I came home John Mashihara was still talking to George. I talked to them till twelve, although I couldn't help feeling that my time was being wasted. John's read quite widely, but he keeps getting off the point during a conversation. He stutters, and it probably bothers him.

Diary-

Monday, June 28, 1943

1

1. Morning

Spent two hours in the morning trying to get my shelves and desk in order. arranged copies of the Pacific Citizen and Tulean Dispatch in order, and also glanced through the copies that had accumulated during my absence. From ten I spent the rest of the morning typing up my diary for Saturday.

2. Afternoon

In the afternoon typed out my expense account for the trip. Continued to straighten out the room, and swept and mopped it. I had some ironing to do, but I got Mrs. Kaya to volunteer her services for me.

Late in the afternoon I went to the post office to get a registered mail. Met Dorothy Antoku, whom I consider a marginal personality, who said that she was interested in attending more of my psychology classes. The registered mail turned out to be a money order for \$50 from May.

Dropped in at Hattie's place on the way back, but she was not home. Came home and read the Pacific Citizen, Dispatch and Newsweek. There was also a letter from Dr. Gundlach, wanting to know where Tom, Frank and I had gone to.

After dinner I eat in the shade in front of our barrack for a little while. The Kishiyamas, Kayas and Sakodas were eating together at the same table, but the chief cook recently announced that positions would be rearranged to fill each table with eight persons. We didn't want to be separated, and there was some grumbling going on about how bad it would be if we were separated. Mr. Kaya contended that things

could be left as they were, or they could bring two other persons to our table. Mr. Kaya thinks that for prisoners of war the food is still too good for us. I pointed out to him that there was too much starch in the diet and not enough vegetable.

3. Evening, Ondo practice

Took a nap and then a shower. Ondo practice was going on in front of the outdoor stage, and I dropped by to see how it was coming along. It was fairly well organized, and a large number of people formed a big circle to take part in the practice. I remember that last summer the practice was rather disorganized, and there was some hesitance on the part of many evacuees whether it was ~~the~~ acceptable to the administration to have anything so Oriental. Most of the participants were girls of school age, but there were a few older boys and girls.

4. Yoshiye Kato

~~Yoshiye Kato~~ was watching the practice from her doorstep. I asked her why she didn't take part, and she only smiled and wanted to know why I didn't join in. She's one of my best example of a conforming and Japanese type of girl. She seems to be so happy in her own way. I'd like to talk to her, but I'm afraid that she'd get me wrong.

5. Minnie Nakano

Minnie called out to me, and I stopped to exchange a few words with her. I guessed that she was out watching the odori because she had nothing else to do. I can't figure out why she doesn't go out to work because she's never been very happy in here, since she did not know many Japanese before coming here.

6. Don Elberson

Went to Don's place about nine. I wanted to take Hattie along with me to get her used to my associates, but she said that she was afraid of meeting the Caucasians. It was starting to get dark when I was crossing the firebreak, and I was conscious of crossing a barrier, which I would rather not be seen crossing. It's all right now because there's nothing happening, but I know from my experience during registration that acts like these are remembered when trouble arise between the administration and the people. Both Don and Ruth greeted me cordially. Ruth brought out cherries for me to eat. Don asked me about conditions in Gila and Poston and on the outside, and I asked him about recent changes in the administration. When I left around ten, Ruth asked me to come again and keep them informed about what was going on. I asked, "Going on where," because I was not sure what she meant. And she said, "Among the colonists." I know she meant that she was interested in the welfare of the colonists, but she had very few means of finding out what was happening to them. She did not suspect that people might construe her question as asking me to be an informer.

7. Hattie

Hattie was nodding off to sleep when I got there. Both of her parents were home, and we found it rather awkward, trying to talk about something for public consumption. The trouble is that both can understand enough English to know just about what we are talking about. Hattie is afraid to show any affection in front of her parents, and we spent the half hour just talking about trifles. Hattie heard from

Diary--

June 28, 1943

4

Dr. Kuki that regulations were changed to make it possible for anyone who had lived in the Project before to visit it for three months. This makes it possible for her brother, George, to visit the Project. Hattie is very devoted to her brother.

Came home a little after 10.30. Jumped into bed and started to read Tess of the Durbervilles, but only finished a few chapters.

1. Morning

Wrote a letter to D.S. Went to the Recreation Center to see if I could get a bid to a dance, but learned that they were all sold out. Made plans for the future, but I'll have to clear my desk of paper work first.

2. With Kazuye Tanabe

Kazuye came over in the morning to see how I was. I was surprised to see her arrive so early. She asked me to go to the canteen with her, which I did. I bought some ice-cream cones for her. Then I suggested that we go to see Mr. Opler, because both of us were interested in meeting him. Kazuye seemed very much interested in Mr. Opler's work, and offered her help. I had asked Kazuye to do some typing for me which Ruby was unable to complete, and she had told me that she would do it, but that she wouldn't have much time. It irritated me to hear Kazuye offer her services to Opler so willingly.

3. Opler

Opler seemed to be a good man, although he was a little slow in his speech. He seemed interested in seeing some of the material that I had, and wanted to know whether he couldn't see it without D.S. knowing. I didn't commit myself because I didn't want to antagonize him and I want to see on what basis we could work out a system of cooperation satisfactory to both of us. While Opler talked of his staff, I couldn't help feeling a sense of rivalry. Thinking it over later, however, I felt confident that I could get more material than his staff because of my background of a year's experience.

Diary--

Tues.

June 29, 1943 2

4. Afternoon

In the afternoon took a nap. Then wrote up my diary. George brought home ~~1/2~~ chickens ~~1/2~~ for Matsuda, Hattie, and ourselves. Warren had brought 24 chickens and the hog boys had bought them all for \$1.65 apiece. They were spring chicken and rather light, but we were all glad to get hold of one; as they are very hard to get hold of.

5. Hattie

About 4.30 I took Hattie her chicken, since I was not going to see her tonight. She was home sewing, and her mother was home, too. Hattie kept on sewing, while her mother waited till five before starting off to work. Before she left her husband came home, and she asked him to clean the clean before she left. I didn't have much to say to Hattie, and kept still a large part of the time. While her father busied himself cleaning the chicken, thoughtfully looking the other way, I asked Hattie if she wouldn't like to go visiting tomorrow evening. I have to spend my evenings in looking people up or I'll never be able to get it done, and I wanted Hattie to come along because I could then be with her and she could also learn more about my friends, my work, and myself. It would also mean an adjustment for Hattie, which would show whether she would really care for a routine of that sort. She bluntly said that she didn't want to go see anybody she didn't know, explaining that she was scared of people. She said that she didn't used to be that way in college, but she was scared since coming to camp and seeing so many Japanese. I suggested that we go see Caucasians, but she seemed to be afraid of that, too. She said that Kay

Nakamura was like that, too. She also said that she was going out on Tuesday and Thursday, and wanted to stay home on Wednesday. I felt rather miserable and sulked, and showed it all over my face. She finally said that she'd be willing to come along on Saturday, and I was foolish enough not to snap out of it, and instead asked what was the matter with Friday. When her father stepped out for a few moments, I asked her for a kiss, and she refused me. I knew that the occasion wasn't proper, but I took it as meaning that she didn't care for me so very much. I said that she was trying to be mean to me, and she said that she wasn't--she was afraid of what people would say, that's all. When I finally left because it was approaching dinnertime, she came out to the door with me and walked part ways down the block with me, to cheer me up, I suppose.

I expect too much from her, I think. I want attention from her, and feel miserable because she doesn't give it to me. She in turn is afraid to show it for one thing, and anyway she is not the demonstrative sort. I felt better after I came home because I felt that eventually everything will work out and I'll marry her. Was a little late for dinner.

6. Evening

Got behind on my journal because I went to see Hattie, and tried to catch up on it right after dinner before going out for a walk. Art Morimitsu came, however, and I stopped my work to give him my full attention. I've always had a bad habit of paying too much attention to my work and ignoring people.

7. Art Morimitsu

Art has volunteered for Camp Savage, and is waiting to be called some time early in July. He said that there had been very few changes here in Tule Lake. I asked him whether May Ohmura were still here, and he said that she was but that he was no longer interested in her. I asked if he cared to go to her place, and he asked, "What would you talk about?" I then suggested Mrs. Murayama, and he was willing to see her. First we went to Kiku's place together. I wanted him to come along with me because I was afraid to tackle her alone, since she had funny ideas about me and I just had to take her the box of chocolate that I brought home. Fortunately she was out teaching, and I left the box of candy with her mother.

We passed Block 48, and stopped in at Noboru Honda's place, since his place was piled up with baggages. Patsy said that they were leaving on the fifth, and I said that I would come back to see Nobie another time.

We dropped in at Kazuye and Kazuko Tanabe's place, and found Kazuko and Joy Kikugawa practising shorthand. Kazuko seemed to be getting all right with her health, and I bantered her about how bad Slattery was. She had brought home a rattlesnake with its head cut off, and Joy and Kazuye wouldn't get near it when I opened the can. Kazuko said that she knew why Hayes was going to quit, but wouldn't tell me why. I persuaded Kazuye to join us.

We went to Mrs. Murayama's place, but she was out. Then I suggested that we go to Dr. Jacoby's place, but he was out, too. Then we went to Ed Ritter's place, where Kazuye ran into Portia Billings, just the person she wanted to see. Both

~~Journal~~
Diary--

June 29, 1943 5

were pacifists, and were sympathetic to evacuees. I thought
that their stand as C.O.'s ^{was} ~~was~~ rather pitiful, but it's
probably because I don't know the religious conviction be-
hind their stand. We stayed till ten, and then left. I
promised to give both Ed and Portia a copy of A Tule Lake
Interlude, of which I had ordered ten copies.

On the way home Art and Kazuye continued to ~~wanter~~ each
other about their broadmindedness. Kazuye was saying that
she could uphold her end, but was disappointed with Nisei
men because they could not measure up to her expectations.
Art kept up a good talk about liking girls to be lax in
their morals. I left them by the warden's office, walking
toward Block 47.

Came home and took a shower. By that time it was eleven,
and I didn't feel like doing anything else. I jumped into
bed and started to read the Tule/Lake Interlude and Tees. I fell
asleep right away.

Diary--

Wednesday, June 30, 1943

1. Morning

Cleaned the chicken that George had brought home. I had never cleaned one before, but I managed to pull out all of the inside of the chicken. I was thinking of borrowing Elberson or Jacoby's icebox, but George went and asked the boys in the kitchen if he could keep the chicken in the mess icebox, and they said that he could. I mopped the floor, and now it looks cleaner than it has for a long time. Talked to Ray Mizuno and Kiyomi for a little while in the morning. Kiyomi was curious about knowing why I went on the recent trip, and I told him that I went ^{to} ~~for~~ a conference, and he seemed to be satisfied enough with the answer. Both of them talked to me rather freely of their stands on registration and resettlement, showing that we as a family are not under too great suspicion. Matsuda dropped in during the morning, and I talked to him for a little while. He comes around quite often now. While we were talking, I noticed Hattie going down the road, and I called to her to be sociable.

2. Hattie

The three of us stood talking for a little while. Hattie said that she was going to the post office, and I offered to go along with her. After Matsuda left I asked her to wait for a little while. She came into the apartment, and I got my hat. As we walked to the post office, I asked her why she hadn't dropped in. She said that she didn't want to start gossip by coming to a bachelor's quarters. I said that she didn't even look this way as she was ~~passing~~ by, and she said that she didn't mean to do that. She seemed somewhat

relieved to find that I wasn't angry at her at all after the way I acted toward her yesterday. She admitted that she was a little worried about how I felt toward her. She said that she was really lovey-dovey but that I really didn't know her. She received a pair of shoes from Fumi Sato, and I followed her home. Her mother was home, and both of them tried on the shoes, bickering all of the time. I accompanied her to the grammar school office. As I left her she wanted to know whether I was coming tonight, and I said that I was.

Earlier in the morning I had written a note to Hattie telling her what a fool I had made of myself ~~the~~ yesterday. I am gaining more confidence that I like her and she likes me, and that everything is going to turn out all right. We have to find out how to adjust ourselves to each other, to her parents, to the neighborhood mostly by trial and error, and I decided that if much of it turned out to be errors, it didn't make much difference as long as we were able to achieve a satisfactory solution.

3. Matsuda, Sex talk

When I came home, I was aware of the fact that I was getting behind on my work schedule. Matsuda, however, was talking to George, and I listened to them while I wrote up my journal. They got into the ever-popular topic of sex, and I showed Matsuda Modern Marriage, and my pamphlets on sex and contraception. He said that he took a course in his freshman year in college and knew all about it, but was interested in the literature, nonetheless. He said he didn't mind taking the book home to read because his younger brother wasn't around anymore. He was still afraid that his Kibei sister would

pick up the pamphlets, and read them before he left. He thought that it was a good thing for people to have a knowledge of these things before they were married. He mentioned that during the fire at Canteen #3 a quantity of rubbers were stolen from the shelves.

4. Afternoon

Took an hour's nap in the afternoon. Wrote up my diary. Then talked to the block manager about Frank Tsukamoto going to Edgewater Beach Hotel at \$85 a month. Mrs. Yoshida and Mr. Ikeda came along, and I called out to them. They seemed glad to see me, and asked me a little about my trip. Mr. Ikeda asked me to come to the office to tell him more about it. Art dropped around, and wanted to know what sort of a girl Kazuye was. I told him that she was brought up among Caucasians, and didn't have as many inhibitions as Niseis did. He wanted to know how far she would go, and I said that a fellow could at least hold her hands and put his arms around her. Art didn't think holding hands was much fun. I asked him whether he didn't find out how far she would go, and he said he had kissed her good night and banged against the door in the process. He said he was only interested in her as a character. Since she didn't have a copy of the Tule Lake Interlude, I let him take one of my extra copies to her.

5. Evening

After dinner I sat in the shade in front of Mr. Kaya's place. Some people were talking about the possibilities of getting young turnips to pickle. Straightened out the material Ruby was typing. I find that she left some typing

still undone. I also have over 300 pages of typed material to read through and correct. I also have the diary I kept on the trip to type up. What I need is a first rate secretary.

6. Mrs. Izumi

Took a shower, where I got an opportunity to talk to Kiyomi, the Kibei working in the messhall. Then went to see Mrs. Izumi. On the way I noticed that there was a ~~movie~~ movie in Block 26. In front of the outdoor stage Japanese music was being blurted out, and little children were waiting for the ondo practice to begin. In Block 24 preparations were being made for the naniwabushi performance. As I stood by the flagpole, I could see baseball games being played in almost every diamond. I saw a crowd at the sumo ring, and passed by and saw some youngsters taking part, while people, mostly Issei men, watched. There's also a concert being given by the high school band. One doesn't find this array of activities in either Gila or Poston.

Mrs. Izumi was home, and was just putting Nobuko to bed. She said that she was getting ready to join her husband at any moment now. He had been transferred from Camp Savage to doing translation work in Cleveland, which was the easier work. The teachers received \$200 a month, and had to buy at \$3.75 worth of bonds every month. She was willing to go and take in washing or something to help the family budget. Setsuko Hayashi was engaged. May Sato was engaged to a Dr. Suzuki.

7. Hattie

I left about nine to see Hattie. Since she doesn't like to

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visit people she doesn't know, I have to do my visiting before I go to see her. Her mother was home, but her father had gone to hear the naniwabushi. Hattie and I sat together and thumbed through some song sheets belonging to Tak Matsui, for whom she had to play the accompaniment this Sunday in church. Her mother went out to take a shower, and she let me put my arms about her. After a while I kissed her. By the time her mother came back I had gotten her to start typing for practice. Then she wanted me to start learning German, and we went through the first several pages of the book that I had bought in Salt Lake City. Her mother seemed to be very pleased with us, and made tea and brought out cake and plums for us to eat. When I went home, I did not expect her to see me to the door since she didn't want to. I asked her whether she would go visiting with me on Friday, and she said that she would. I got along with her splendidly, and I felt extremely happy all the way home. We find it difficult to get privacy, and Hattie is afraid of any gossip that might be started if we don't watch out. She doesn't want to come to my place because it's a bachelor's quarter, ~~no~~ and she has to teach many of the little kids around here. The only time we can get the sort of privacy we want is when her parents are supposed to be home and they go out for a little while.