

Research Group Jim S. came over this morning while I was working on some parts of our paper. He wanted to ask me about certain of my material bearing on topics which he is to write up. We exchanged notes and discussed the problem of how to write up the material.

Jim was somewhat critical of Tom's having taken the job in social welfare. Said Jim, "The trouble is that he gets only one kind of data in that office taken from the point of view of welfare work. Of course, as long as Tom's interested in the problems of maladjustment, I suppose it's all right to get some of that data, but it doesn't give a well rounded picture of the camp. I think the block manager's office is much better. I think it's the pulse of the community, because there you get all the reports of the various block managers as well as reports on the coop. The coop is going to be one of the most important things around here. Tom will get a distorted picture of the community since the sample he deals with is biased."

I pointed out that Tom's data would be no less important than the kind of material available in Elberson's office, and in fact, that some of the material would be even more important than Elberson's for the reason that it would be a more intimate picture of the problems in the community. Records in the block manager's office, after all, ~~is~~ superficial in many respects and one can't get deep enough into the lives of people here from them to really call it the pulse of the community. I mentioned that in our division of labor in this research, both types of data would have significance, and that while admitting the bias in Tom's data, ~~that~~ placed in conjunction with the other material which we would gather, that it should take on its proper significance. I sense a fundamental disagreement between Tom and Jim over many issues. Jim is rather critical of what Tom does, and the ~~contrary~~ ^{opposite} is true of Tom's view of Jim.

Since Tom and Harno had become quite provoked about Jim's approach in this research, particularly of going out and telling people that he is doing this study and wishes all kinds of information, I broached the question to Jim of how he was handling his interviews. Tom and Harno are loathe to reveal the fact of research and feel that much more can be gained merely by silent participant observation. Especially do they feel this here, where tension runs high among the people, and anything may cause mass repercussion against what we are trying to do. In this respect, I am inclined to disagree with Tom and Harno, for while it's true that certain things can be had best by merely observing and participating, there are other information which one can't wait to get through that method. On the other hand, it is probably the case that Jim is extremely aggressive in his pursuit of information, and sometimes arouses antagonism or resentment of those from whom he seeks information. It was the indirect reverberations from these to which Tom objects. In our discussion today, Jim naturally defended his approach declaring that he thought it better to be open about a matter which people will sooner or later learn about anyway. I could not directly point out that Jim is too abrupt in his approach to other persons, so we left it at the point that the matter should be discussed with Dorothy Thomas when she arrives next.

Beet Field Workers Since the arrival of letters from many who have already gone to the beet fields, all reporting poor conditions of livelihood and work, there was a stoppage of recruiting here until the WRA inspectors could check on the actual conditions out on the fields. Many of the complaints, however, have apparently been corrected in the meantime, and today the recruiting proceeded again. It is clear, on the other hand, that the initial rush to get out of this community is now past, and until further news appears of favorable conditions in the fields, there probably will not be any further large heging of workers such as took place a week ago.

May's New Job My sister, May, who had been working in the time-keeping dept. ever since her arrival here in the latter part of May, started her new work in the welfare dept. today. May is not in the habit of changing jobs very frequently---at least that was the case in Seattle where she held various positions for periods of at least three or four years each---, but she had been expressing dissatisfaction with her position here for the past several weeks. The chief source of her dissatisfaction was the Japanese supervisor of her timekeeping division, Joe Imai, who lives next door to us. Joe apparently has harbored bars from the first that May might one day supersede him in his \$19 position, and he made it particularly uncomfortable for her by blaming her excessively for certain errors. Under these circumstances, May came to feel that she would like to get into some other kind of work and expressed her wish as follows: "I've always done bookkeeping jobs, and I'd like to get into something different." I had suggested welfare work.

Harno, Tom and Tomi They dropped in suddenly late in the evening. ~~Knevin~~ Tom and Tomi was on their way back from the Cal Club meeting, and had picked up Harno and invited us all down to their place for an evening snack. Tom explained what had taken place at the Cal Club. Hayashi had suggested at the meeting that the Cal Club get behind some kind of Nisei movement to fight the political forces forming against them, as in the bills now pending before Congress. Hayashi's suggestion was to have a conference of all university students to discuss the problems. But Shibutani objected, just as the matter was to go to vote, especially since he had been designated chairman of the meet, and he rather suggested the desirability of an all Nisei mass meeting. Ted Tokuno, thereupon amended the original motion and Tom's idea was passed. Now there will be a speaker from JACL, Tom, and perhaps some other speaker to discuss the various kinds of movements behind which the Nisei might get behind to promote their interests.

There is a long row to hoe between what exists now and the expected full-blown Nisei movement, but this may be the beginning of a new era in Nisei life. The time seems ripe for a united Nisei movement for never before have they been threatened with a loss of their citizenship right. There are many liberals on the outside who, as a matter of principle, would defend the Nisei position. There exists leadership, perhaps not in this community, but elsewhere, for such a movement. On the other side are the barriers of Issei opposition, the lethargy of Nisei political life, and the restricting circumstances of relocation centers.

Blue Monday I still felt depressed today about the failure of our group to go over at the mass meeting for citizens yesterday. I suppose I was particularly irritated with the fact that I had failed to speak up in Tom's defense, for now that I think of it, there were any number of criticisms that might have been offered of ~~xxx~~ Tsukamoto's talk. I felt that I'd let Tom down for he'd done a noble job of fighting the inefficiency of the JACL and of pointing out some of the needed changes, all by himself.

Seattle JACL We met Mae Natori at lunch, as we usually do now that here office group eats at our messhall during the lunchhour. She visited us for a while right after lunch, and during the course of discussion with us, went into an account of what had happened to her brother, Tom Masuda, her married sister, Merry Minbu, and others whohertefore had been with the Seattle group at Puyallup and at Eden, Idaho.

Mae said, "Tom and his wife are now down at Poston, and Bill and Merry were sent from Puyallup to Stockton." We remarked how unfortunate it was that everyone in their family had been so scattered that no two members were together. Tears welled up in her eyes, and she said, "I'm pretty sure I know who sent them away from the Seattle group. I've talked to Kenji Ito since he was sent down here, and he says he has a pretty good idea of who got him out of the Seattle group. How could the Army know anything; it was because some of the people objected to the dictatorial control of the JACL there." Others whom the Army, G-2, had sent away to various centers were Kenji Ito, Kenji Okuda, Bill Hosokawa. These were a nucleus of a group who were perhaps objecting to JACL control, and there was just enough background to cast suspicion on them on with regards to un-American activity such thatthese persons might be sent away.

I later quizzed Mae alittle further regarding this question, and though tears kept coming into her gyes as she talked, she seemed willing and happy to unburden herself. She continued: "I talked to Kenji one day, and although he didn't ~~xxxx~~ give me any definite evidence of why he thought he had been removed, I think he has a pretty good idea. I didn't say earlier who it was I was referring to about the persons who were behind this whole thing, but, of course, you know who I meant. They're Jim Sakamoto and Clarence Arai. Clarence Arai has been working against Tom (Mae's elder brother who was a lawyer in Seattle) for a long time. When Tom was indited for alleged action as an agent of the Japanese government, without having reported to the U.S. government for permission to act as agent, I'm pretty sure that Clarence was the one who gave the FBI the information that got him into the mess. Clarence never was a successful lawyer among the Japanese. He was only a cheap politician. When Tom started out as a lawyer, he talked to Clarence because Clarence was in the field before him, and Clarence told him, "There's no use for a Japanese to go before the law courts. Better to restrict the law practice to office work."

"Tom, of course, built up quite a practice while Clarence never did get anywhere and I'm sure that used to irk Clarence. When the war broke out, Clarence one day came to the International Branch of the First National (where Mae was working) and put up a large sign

~~which~~ without even asking permission. It was in Japanese and none of us could read it, but we later learned that it said, 'Bring Your Business to Clarence Arai.' At first, when people used to ask us where to get their things notarized, we used to refer them to the office at 600 Main St. because there were at least four notaries there. The main office of the First National, however, later instructed us not to tell anyone to take their papers to any particular place so we stopped telling anyone anything. Apparently someone had complained to the main office. One day, later, Lillian Ogawa (Clarence's sister married to Tom Ogawa) came down to the bank. I've known Lillian for a long time because Ed (Mae's husband) and Tom (Lillian's brother) worked in the same office at Mitsubishi. But this day she didn't come to my window as one might have expected but rather went over to George Brent's (Caucasian working in the bank.) She asked Mr. Brent for a certain form, and then asked him where she could get the thing notarized. Mr. Brent told her to go to any notary, because Brent remembered the instructions from the main office not to direct the bank patrons to any specific notary. But Lillian insisted upon some certain person as a notary, so Mr. Brent said, 'Well, a lot of people ~~having~~ have been taking their papers up to 600 Main St.' Lillian immediately snapped back, 'What's the matter with my brother?' and Mr. Brent replied, 'Well, I don't know your brother. Take it to him if he's a notary. Don't ask me about it.' Half an hour later ~~she~~ the main office called us again and cautioned us further not to recommend any notaries."

"After Kenji had been jailed on the same charge that Tom had been charged with, Kenji Ito's wife met Clarence on the street. Clarence didn't even say he was sorry that Kenji had been jailed, or anything of the kind. He says to her, 'He had it coming to him.' Imagine his saying a thing like that to a woman who was really terribly worried about the whole thing. And Clarence would never say a word to Kikuye (Tom's wife), not even a word of sympathy, after Tom had been indicted." (Both Kenji Ito and Thomas Masuda were found not guilty by a grand jury after several months of waiting.)

"I think the whole affair was mean and unfair. Yesterday when I listened to all those JACL fellows talking about the virtues of their organization, I thought that it would be too bad if the JACL got into control here just as they have up at Eden. People haven't heard all the dirty work that lies behind the organization."

Michi and I accompanied Mae down to the office.

Student Relocation Mae told us, on the way down, that Dave Okada and his wife have finally received their permit to travel from the student relocation. They're to leave on next Thursday morning. Dave and Mae had been waiting for some time for this permit, by which they shall now be able to go to Oberlin. They have been anxious for the past month about their permit, but especially in the past week have they been concerned because others have been leaving and school already has begun in many places.

Michi's Reaction to JACL Michi was bursting with indignation against the JACL and as soon as we left Mae she ~~starting~~ started expressing her resentment. Said Michi, "I've always felt that the JACL leaders in Seattle were dopes. We (her family) have never liked Jimmie Sakamoto for a long time, ever since we've come to know him at all. Shig has always said that the JACL is full of unintelligent and irresponsible people, and he's never liked them. And Clarence was always a big bag of wind. I can imagine his being jealous of Tom's success as a lawyer. I feel so sorry for Mae. I don't see how they could have done such things to them." She then related to me the reaction expressed around the music building this morning against the JACL.

"All the Sacramento kids were around the music building this morning and they were boiling mad against Walter Tsukamoto's speech of yesterday. Mae Yoshimura, "our darling", was there too, and for the first time we agreed with her, because she had plenty to say about the JACL especially down in the White River Valley. I guess Alice wasn't sure what I thought of Tsukamoto's speech yesterday. But I started telling them that I thought his speech was just full of holes which any intelligent persons could see through, but because the people there were too stupid, they just accepted what he had to say. Alice and Sumiko were pleased to know that I thought that of him and the JACL. Sumiko told us that Koso came home last night boiling mad because of the dirty manner in which Tsukamoto used his speech. I told them I didn't think it mattered much whether the JACL sewed a flag so big that it took several people to hold it, and I told them what I thought of Nisei festivals which didn't help keep us out of this present difficulty. Alice told us more about those Nisei festivals which she said were nothing but social gatherings for the Nisei to have a good time. According to them all the Sacramento people are pretty mad about Tsukamoto and the way he's used the people there to his own advantage."

"I wish I had asked a question at the forum Sunday. Gee, it makes me mad to think of how dirty Walter was against Tom."

Art Morimitsu's Invitation Art came over to invite us to his place for ~~tonight~~ tomorrow night when he's giving a farewell party for Dave. Art says that several persons, like Howard Imaseki, Harry Mayeda, Kodo Takemoto, and Tom Shibutani and Tomi are to be invited. We mentioned the possibility of the Billigmeiers returning tomorrow evening and of the Council meeting which might keep us busy, but we did express our wish to see the Okadas before they left. Art asked us to come over even if for a short time, and we promised we would try to do so.

Evening at Home Harno came over right after supper to pick up his radio-phonograph. We stopped to try out our new Tschaiskowsky 4th which came a little over a week ago. It sounded very well, and Michi was exceedingly pleased with it, for she's wanted the symphony for a long time. This is the first album we've invested in since arriving here, and we hope to add to it.

The Committee on Advanced Education sent me a notice that there was to be a meeting tonight since Blaisdell and a small committee had arrived here. The meeting is scheduled for 6600 block and it

seemed a long way off from us. I wasn't particularly interested in attending and I was even afraid of getting drafted into further work if I should attend, but I started on the way, and then decided later that I wouldn't go. I heard from Tom later that the meetings here this time were a complete flop, and that Blaisdell was quite disgusted with the whole affair. Apparently, there was nothing like the original enthusiasm for the thing. At the first meeting of the same committee, there had been considerable planning and interest in getting something under way, but now the orientation seems so much toward student relocation that the idea of developing any kind of school here seems to draw little interest. Blaisdell must have been put out to find that his work, of which he must have done a lot, had all gone to naught. His view now is that if the administration here doesn't want to do anything, that he'd let the matter drop. It would be up to them.

Michi told Harno the story of the JACL, piecemeal, as she'd heard it from Mae Natori. Harno expressed his regret at having let Tom down without asking questions at the forum and giving Tom some moral support. Harno had felt depressed all day Saturday and was barely out of it today. He said that he just didn't feel like doing anything on Saturday, no interest in his job or anything else, so he ditched his own work and went out on the hog farm to do some physical work. He was taking the advice of one of his former professors, now dead, who suggested to him that whenever he felt depressed in that way, the best thing is to take it out in hard physical labor. Harno described ~~apt~~ sleepless nights when he used to think about just such problems, of the absolute, etc., which Constance had brought up a few nights ago in a discussion. He must have been struggling to understand his world intellectually. This professor apparently had had similar experience as a youth, and he seemed to have captured Harno's trust, so Harno would frequently go out into the professor's back yard and chop wood for him. What it is that brings on these periods of moodiness for Harno is hard to say, but perhaps it is that Harno feels so strongly his idealism that a failure to get anywhere near the accomplishments he desires leaves him hopelessly in a doldrum.

Rose and Tom Leave Rose and Tom Okabe, who were married only two or three weeks ago, finally left for the apple orchards of Idaho this morning. Tom began to get the urge to leave about the time the recruiting started a month or more ago, but his wedding was then pending and we hardly conceived that he really meant what he said about going out. Shortly before his wedding he received word from the ARATA Fruit Co. in Idaho that they wanted him as chemical analyst in their plant, and he started a brief period of negotiation during which he seemed pretty well set to leave. All he was asking for was that they give him a chance to get married, get his affairs straightened out here within the next week or two, and then to leave. Rose seemed reconciled to the idea of leaving even from before their wedding. The Wednesday before their wedding, however, Tom received a wire from the company telling him of the salary at which he would be paid and the expenses to be deducted. He was to receive \$125 out of which he would have to pay all living expenses, including \$2 a day for meals for both of them. Tom announced this telegram to a group of us giving him a party, and despite what seems now to us an excessively small sum for the work he was to do, Tom seemed inclined to take the offer. However, Kaz, Mutsuo and the rest of us strongly advised him not to accept such an offer, ~~he~~ even insisted that he shouldn't take the offer, for we said that it was an insult to his ability and training (M.A. in chem. engineering) to accept such a lowly paid position. We indicated to him that it would scarcely keep Rose and ~~he~~ alive, especially with the present high cost of living. Tom seemed unconvinced with our arguments, even when we told him there would be plenty of other and better offers coming his way, and it was evident that his inclination was to accept. His background was such that he'd never yet had a position that had paid him any sum beyond that figure, and to him it must have seemed a fair price for his work. However, Tom finally rejected the offer; Rose, as far as I know, said nothing concerning the whole matter.

Very recently, a new offer came to Tom from another company asking for his services as a chem. engineer at \$150 a month with rent free and other living conditions much better than the previous offer. Tom immediately accepted, and Rose and he had been waiting for some time until a crew of workers could be gotten together so that they could leave with them for the Idaho fields. It is necessary that a fairly sizeable group get together to go out before anyone is sent out, for the expenses of sending attendants (Caucasian) along would otherwise be prohibitive. Such a group was finally assembled, and Tom and Rose finally left this morning at about eightv ten oclock.

Right after breakfast, about 7:30, a truck came by to pick up their belongings. There were a couple of large sea-bags, and several handbags, as well as cartons and other miscellaneous articles. Most of their gifts from the wedding are to be left with Rose's parents, who live just around the corner from them. They seemed to regret ~~the~~ leaving the small accumulation of property which they had gotten since their wedding, especially of the neat home-made furniture which Tom had made or which they had received as gifts. Ladies of the block dropped by to offer their best wishes.

They came up quietly, smiling and bowing, excusing themselves with a smile and a bow for walking in front of those of us who had been standing in the Okabe's doorway. To Rose and Tom they said, "My, it is good that you have found a very good job and that you are able to go out. Do take good care of yourselves and see that you do not become ill." From these essential formalities they went into social conversations of semi-formal character. I assume that Tom and Rose did not know these women, perhaps did not even know their names, though the women probably knew Mrs. Soyejima, Rose's mother. But that is ground enough to require that the formalities be performed.

Kaz had left the breakfast table early to help Tom pack his stuff on the truck. I dashed out right after breakfast hoping that I might help too, but it was all on by the time I got there. Another party was leaving our block, a young girl to join her husband, and Kaz went to help load her baggage. The Naitos are acquainted with her, and it was the appropriate gesture to help, especially since she is alone here. Tom and Rose weren't to leave until about ten in the morning, but since it's necessary for them to be at 1608 early, we said good-bye and wished them good luck.

Dave and Mae Okada Dave and Mae, too, are on the way out today to school at Oberlin. They dropped in about 10:30 on their way to the administration bldg. to say good-bye. Dave was a little concerned about the tips he would have to pay on the train, travelling at tourist rate, because as he said they had never before been on a train for any distance. I had always travelled coach whenever I'd gone anywhere and couldn't enlighten them on the tips to pay. Dave had studied an etiquette book to brush up on the point, but it had only to say about pullman travelers and he felt he couldn't pay what they required. Now that the time had come for the Okadas to leave, they are no longer quite as anxious about it as they once felt, for they hate to see all their friends left behind. They feel some anxieties too about the kind of people they will encounter on the outside, but they are hopeful about the future with regard, especially, to schooling. Michi and I hate to see them go too for while we haven't got to know the Okadas very well, they are a charming couple whose friendship we hate to lose at this point.

Michi's Desire to Leave Shortly after the Okadas left, Michi began expressing the wish that we could go too. At first she played, as of a little girl who teases in order to get what she wants, and I responded accordingly, but it gradually became apparent that behind her play was a seriousness about the whole thing. She kept insisting that I give a promise as to when we should be leaving, something I was hard put ~~at~~ to say! One does come to feel that all others are going out when so many leave at the same time. It may become increasingly difficult to stay in a place like this if Shirrell's policy of relocation is followed through.

Getting a Secretary I went to look up one of the two girls recommended as stenographer to us by Dorothy Thomas. Eva Tanimoto lives out in the 4200 block, and after some inquiring about, discovered her watching a volley ball game going on in an open space in the block. She was a small girl, perhaps too young to have

responsibility for the kind of work we're doing. I told her of the recommendation we'd received about her from Miss Bawman, and of our desire to have her work on some research we are doing. She expressed delight in the matter, but said that she already has a position as secretary to the block manager and that she can't quit at present for the block manager wouldn't know what to do if she left. It happened that the block manager's wife was standing near by which perhaps accounted for her immediate negative, and I later heard that she is the block manager's niece.

Council Meeting. The Council meeting tonight was at 1500 instead of the usual 1720. I picked up Tom at his home. Tom still seemed affected by the failure of the campaign last Sunday; and his attitude now is that he's not going to buck this thing any further. Better to concentrate on the research, we can't change things anyway, with people as unwilling to change as they are.

The council meeting was much as usual, at least as far as the external ~~appearance~~ appearance went, but there is apparently a new tone creeping in of the councilmen taking greater responsibility in the operation of the community. The main tendency is towards greater centralized control over the community by the council and greater independence of decision from the Issei. The matter first came up in regard to the theater question, when Fukuyama moved that the council recommend the building of the theater. Koso stood up to defend a point of principle, that issues of this kind should be taken back to the blocks for the people's decision. Tsukamoto headed the opposition to Koso's view, supported by Fukuyama, Yego, Yoshinari, and virtually the rest of the council. Koso's ~~main~~ support came from Suzuki and Sugiyama.

recall Tsukamoto and Yego expressed the views that we don't want to be just messenger boys for the people of the blocks, rather are councilmen supposed to represent the people and therefore to vote on important issues at their own discretion. Koso expressed the view, on the other hand, that a primitive form of democracy, in which reference is constantly brought to the people of the block would work better here due to the unusual circumstances of this community, in which there is radical division between Issei and Nisei. Tsukamoto put the final touch to his argument by declaring that in no democratic society is it necessary for the representatives to constantly return to the people for advice on every issue, and that the people's recourse when things were not as they like it is the referendum. Shirrell supported this view, especially since the drag on his policies have come largely from the Issei. What was not brought out in discussion was the fact that representation here cannot be democratic for a large portion of the population, the Issei, are not permitted the right to hold office in the council. Hence, the fundamental disagreement between Issei and Nisei does not get its proper representation in the city council, for only the Nisei view gets expressed. The only alternative is to change the WRA ruling on not permitting non-citizens to serve on the council, or to establish some kind of assembly for the Issei as well as the Nisei.

The implication of this discussion is that the council will hereafter take a much more independent view in their discussions and will not refer constantly to the blocks for advice. This serves to bring out in the open the split between the Issei and Nisei which has heretofore been implicitly present. No doubt, many difficulties will be encountered if this policy is followed especially on issues on which the Nisei and Issei vary widely.

Another point of interest was the increasing signs of JACL control over the council. Tsukamoto, Yego, and Taketa, are unquestionably the outstanding voices in the council, and they are likewise the outstanding elements of the JACL group here. Members of the Sacramento group are less willing to support the JACL than are others, but Pinedale members are still unaware of the problems encountered by the Walerga camp under JACL control and support the JACL openly. Likewise, every other assembly center group ~~are~~ much more strongly in favor of the JACL than where the organization has gotten in wlosely with the central office in San Francisco and political interplay has become important. Signs of increasing control appear in the fact that Tsukamoto, Yego, and Taketa, who ~~are~~ form the committee to write up the constitution, all demand considerable control by the council over the people. The constitution will probably not be presented except at a special meeting, but some indications of its outlines were brought forth in today's discussion. The Council should, according to the proposed constitution, have the power of impeachment over any other committee in the cases of misdemeanor, improper conduct, etc., and shall have the power of approval over every personnell newly appointed or elected. Such constitutional powers of the council may cause the JACL to have overwhelming strength in this community if the leadership of the council remains what it is.

Michi had remained at home to work on her pedagogy notes, and she apparently got a lot done tonight in my absence. It's rare around here that one finds any sustained period of privacy in which to work.

I worked frantically this morning in the hope of getting enough work in so that I might add to the rather meager reports which I had to turn in to Thomas. Jim came over shortly before 10:00 inquiring whether I intended going to the adm. bldg. to meet the Thomases, but not expecting them this early in the morning, I suggested that I would join him later. Due to my feelings about Jim's competitiveness, which has been growing in the past weeks, I thought to myself, "Jim certainly never misses a chance to be on hand when the Thomases are here; I wonder if he's afraid of missing out on something?" But that was a malicious thought. I later wandered down to the administration building to find the Thomases still absent, and found Jim conversing with Jacoby, presumably about his work as juvenile delinquency officer.

Merit System Comm. Jobu Yasumura, whom I hadn't seen for some time ever since working with him on the recreation staff, was standing by the stove and greeted me. "Though you'd be gone from here by now. Aren't you going to school somewhere?" he inquired. I explained that I intended sticking around here for a time, but that I intended going out to Chicago later. Said Jobu, "Well, I'm staying here for the time, too. We expect to go out later, but I haven't anything definite on the outside at the moment, and I'm waiting to see how things develop. I'll be able to make contacts later perhaps. I'm not sure what I want to do yet."

Our conversation drifted into his work on the Merit System, of which he is one of the Executive Secretariat. "John Fukuyama, Kubo, and I form the Japanese group, and, of course, there are Joe Hayes, Fagan, and Waller on the committee also. We felt that the original questionnaire sent out didn't get at the answers wanted; the questions weren't sufficiently discriminating regarding differences in jobs, and not sufficiently specific with regard to the answers desired, to bring the right kind of response. You know what the thing is. I'd say the purpose of the Merit System is primarily to find out the relative merits of workers so that the WRA will have some criterion by which to single out those who deserve relocation first. I'm sure that's the primary reason the WRA has for setting up the committee. Of course, you're right, there are the other reasons, not so much to increase production in the community, as to give recognition to those who merit recognition, but I think these are but subsidiary reasons. The WRA has to have the best workers going out first so that a favorable impression may be made of evacuee workers and others may follow. Furthermore, the WRA will need some records of individual worker performance so that in post-war years they may have some basis for making recommendations. These are the fundamental reasons for having the committee."

I pointed out some difficulties of determining the merit of workers, especially those which Harno had mentioned to me. I raised the question as to whether the foremen would give an accurate reply of their estimates considering the tendency of foremen in the project not to assume too much responsibility for the dangers involved, whether different foremen's estimates could be considered comparable, whether the poverty of equipment in some work situations would not so handicap the workers that they could

not, or would not feel like, giving their fullest energy to the work. Jobu answered them in order. "We have to educate the foremen, and if necessary, the workers before this program can be successful. The foremen have to realize that much depends on their frankness. We'll go out and instruct each person on what to take into account. We're trying to make allowance for the difficulties of the work situation, for example, by inquiring into such factors as initiative, cooperativeness, industry, etc. Of course, even with these qualifications, we can't completely get around the difficulties of giving a true evaluation. One of our major problem is that of weighting so that we can take account of differences in different types of jobs. For example, promptness at work may be important for firemen, but it may not make much difference in the case of block managers. There are a lot of things that need to be taken into account, and this won't be a perfect method, but it's the best we can do. Since there is a need for some kind of rating system, we feel justified in going ahead with it."

Agitators In the course of conversation Jobu mentioned instances of agitation which has turned up in Shirrell's office. Jobu declared, "The other day a fellow turned up in Shirrell's office and said he wants to leave for a position on the outside, and he has something already lined up so that all he needs to do is get there. But he's afraid to leave because four men came to his place not so long ago and told him not to leave. They wanted him to stay and cause as much trouble to the WRA as possible, because that would be on¹ way in which the Japanese could interfere with the government and thus aid Japan in her war effort. If he left, they said, they could bring dire consequences upon his family remaining behind. The fellow was afraid to reveal the names of the persons involved for fear of bad consequences to himself."

"This isn't the only instance that has come to Shirrell's attention, and Shirrell says, 'If he ever finds out the names of the agitators in this community, he'll have them placed in internment camps as fast as he can give the orders. He's boiled down the persons to about six individuals, but he can't pin their names down. But, he says, he's going to find out sooner or later and he doesn't expect them to be here much longer.'"

"I told Shirrell though something which I heard from one of my friends who was released from an internment camp. Most of the Japanese have been let out by now, and there's only about thirty left at Missoula. But their having lots of trouble with the Italians. I heard from this fellow that the Japanese keep their places spick and span, and their messhalls so clean you could almost eat off the floor. The Italians, on the other hand, don't give a damn about what kind of place they live and eat in. Due to some misunderstanding, the Italians beat up one of the doctors on the staff there, and they caused all kinds of other trouble and even got to fighting among themselves. I told Shirrell all this and said, 'You're having your troubles with the Japanese here, but you ought to feel lucky that you don't have Italians in this pro-

ject.' Shirrell's reply was, 'Don't I know it. I wouldn't be here, or wouldn't have taken the job, if this were a project populated with Italians.' Shirrell believes that if he can get rid of a few trouble makers, things will go along pretty smoothly here."

Vocational Education Tom Karamoto, a fellow whom I hadn't seen for years, walked up and joined our conversation. I had known Tom when we roomed in the same house while going to school. He was then majoring in electrical engineering, a very conscientious good student, but he had dropped out due to anemia. Our conversation had reverted ~~the~~ to the question of jobs and Tom mentioned his difficulties.

Said Tom, "When we first arrived here, everyone told us that the policy in the work corp should be primarily to educate the workers for something which they could do on the outside, and the work itself was to be secondary. But that surely isn't the way the administration is handling things now. I went up to Fagan the other day to ask for a position that was being vacated by a friend of mine because I thought I'd like to learn something about the position. But he immediately asked me if I'd had any experience along that line, which I didn't have, and he wouldn't let me have the position when I told him I hadn't any experience even when everything could have been arranged very easily for the transfer. There's nothing here for an electrical engineer to do either. A friend of mine took mechanical engineering and knows something about refrigeration. He decided to work in the refrigeration dept. and do you know what he's doing? He's just another warehouse hand around there, and when the refrigeration plant breaks down, they won't let him touch the thing. They call some fellow in from the outside. I'm just a clerk in the transportation division." Jobu also remarked that all the girls around here were just doing routine work, not learning anything new.

Farm Probs. Tom remarked that he had been working out on the farm for a while but quit because he didn't like to loaf around as they were doing when he was out there. Most of the Nisei like to work, but just a few agitators hold the others back, and they never get down to real business.

D.S.T. AND W.I. Dorothy Thomas and W.I. arrived shortly after 11:00 and spent most of the hour thereafter with Shirrell. Tom Shib arrived in the meantime and we all waited for the Thomases outside. Spencer was along with them and he was introduced to us when they came out. Tom had been engaged in a conversation with Harry Mayeda discussing the workings of the JACL, but Harry seemed to take the attitude that things couldn't be pushed along against the JACL. Spencer seems a very nice sort of fellow; he reminds me of noone as much as Lloyd Warner in appearance, a queer coincidence considering that both are Lowie students.

The research group spent the rest of the day together at our place. It was pleasant and interesting, as it always is when the Thomases show up here. The time was spent, in the afternoon, exchanging news, recalling past incidents, and comparing notes on Tule Lake with Gila River where Spencer's located.

Medical Probs. Ted Watanabe came over in the evening, probably to find out how his records (ordered from Klamath by Michi) were coming, and stayed to discuss the medical staff after the others arrived. There are 12 doctors at present and accommodations of 150 beds, but the hospital is crowded and there is need for more space, especially of the tuberculosis wards. Nothing definite has come through yet about the transfer or exchange of doctors. About two or three psychiatric cases come to the hospital each month, but nothing can be done for them because there's no psychiatrist here. The cases are not advanced psychoses, but the hospital has committed a few cases to asylums. Most of them tend to be paranoid, or manic-depressives. There is, for instance, the cases of complete loss of interest in the world and a moody depression that indicates the lower cycle of manic-depressives. However, the number of cases that have turned up are fewer than had been anticipated by the doctors at first. Ted gave some rough estimates of vital statistics as, for instance, that there is about one birth per day roughly speaking, and a considerably lower death rate here than in a normal community.

Kibei W.I. made some a priori guesses as to what might be expected among the kibei, which were pretty fair guesses considering his claim of ignorance about the whole subject. W.I. thinks the kibei are among the most interesting of groups to study, a point on which I agree. In W.I.'s thinking, it probably raises the question of how attitudes and values change or fail to change in the frequent shunting back and forth between the U.S. and Japan.

Billigmeiers Bob turned up just before the Thomases were to leave. He was deeply chagrined that they had not returned sooner, and half seriously blamed Hanny for detaining them an extra day. The Bs brought the chow mein we had ordered, and a lot of other things which they had thoughtfully brought with them.

The question had turned up earlier in the day as to whether or not it was wise to have ~~have~~ our Caucasian friends up to the Japanese community. Tom was much less cautious about the question than last time. For ourselves, it doesn't matter. Our neighbors may have wondered at the number of Caucasians going in and out of our small place today, but they might as well know that we have such friends.

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Dorothy Thomas, et al. As per appointment, we all met again this morning for our further conference. Sakoda turned up first, then Billigmeier, and later the Thomases with Spencer, and Tomi and Tom. Our small room seems crowded with so many persons in it. The conversation turned to the question of stenographic help, payment for personal documents, and the possible impingements upon WRA rulings about outside employment. It was the latter which caused us the most concern, interestingly enough, a subject that could not come up as an issue in any other community in America. Nowhere else would the maximum wages be so determined that we should have to fear the repercussions from having to pay anything beyond the regular wage scale; or, at least, the question would not arise in the same way. Dorothy Thomas asks the questions and acts as arbiter of what's financially possible, though she gives us much leeway on the latter; Spencer gives us the WRA point of view, with Billigmeier adding comments; while Jim, Tom and I present the problems from the community angle. The need for secrecy about our research is likewise a contingent factor, something which would not equally enter into most other research. The discussion moves along well and we arrive at some definite conclusions about procedure.

*Oct 7th note
of Oct 8th date
of occurrence*
Post Office Problems Nobu came to lunch this noon to relate some of the problems that have been cropping up at the post office. This morning, for the first time in a month and more, Corporal Wilson, or rather, former corporal but now a private, came into the post office. Private Wilson is the same man who caused the censorship to be placed on the P.O. late in June by applying his personally determined censorship on all mail carrying Japanese writing. He had then been carrying the mail for the project, which had always been an excuse for him to stop off at Tulalake and see all his girl friends there, but he had gotten into trouble there with some girls, or in some way had not carried out his line of duty, and therefore he was demoted and then relieved of the task.

This morning he came in and all the girls were congratulating and kidding him about his recent marriage, which actually had been forced on him and from which he had tried to get out. Nobu's story follows: "Wilson was going out with a certain girl in Tulalake and somehow the parents of the girl nailed him so that he couldn't get out of marriage. He had played around with a lot of girls previously, and just at the point at which he had to marry them, he would sneak out. But this time, the parents of the girl sent out wedding invitations and made preparations before he was wise to what was up so that he couldn't back out, and he had to marry the girl. He'd wedded her about a week ago. We were standing around talking to him when trouble started."

"A girl came in for a package. Mrs. Wallace, who alone has the right to open packages and inspect them, was out just at the moment. But one of the girls there just dragged out the package and opened it. She's a young thing, barely eighteen or nineteen, with whom we've always had trouble. She has no sense of responsibility about her work, wants to open up every package to look into it just out of personal curiosity, and she won't obey orders when they're given her. The other day a man came in for a package which was full of bottles of cream, and this girl insisted on opening the package taking out the cream, opening the bottles, and

smelling each one. She wanted all the girls to smell it too. When the man got home, however, he discovered that one bottle was lacking, and he came back to blame the post office for having lost the bottle of cream. I've told the girl time and again not to do the sort of thing because we'd be held responsible in case anything was lost, but her answer in regard to the case was, 'Oh, we put everything back just as it was. If anything was lost, he must have misplaced it.' If she's going to inspect packages, the only right she has is just to look into the package and then close it again, but she shouldn't take things out and wave it around."

"Another trouble we've been having down there is that some of ~~the~~ the kids have been signing their names for other people when they come in for registered mail and packages. Frequently, people come down there without the identification slips we send them or any other means of identification. They ask some of their friends in the post office to sign the slips, and all these kids have been signing for all kinds of persons, even those they know only casually. I told them it was dangerous to put their signature on anything in that casual manner; I told them that signatures can be used for all kinds of purposes if irresponsible persons get hold of them; and not to sign for others except in unusual cases where their relatives or someone very close to them is involved. It happened that just as I got through telling them this, a fellow came over from the warehouse with some articles and wanted someone to endorse the bill of lading to show delivery. One young fellow jumped up to sign the slip, but the young girl mentioned before said, 'Let Mrs. Naito sign the slip. She says not to sign anything because it's dangerous.' That girl is just like that. She resents being told anything, and makes mean remarks to show her resentment."

"Well, today this Private Wilson was in the post office when this young girl opened the package for the girl customer that came inquiring about it. The girl opens the package, and then says, 'Oh, look,' and pulls out a fencing set. She started waving the thing around making all kinds of motions as if she were a fencer and shouting about it. I immediately noticed a scowl come over Wilson's face, and I knew we were headed for trouble. I wished the girl wouldn't keep up her act, and I could even see that the other girl, the one who had come for the package, was worried too. She was motioning the clerk not to wave the fencing sword around. The customer was standing on the other side of a tall set of cubbyholes from Private Wilson, and she probably thought Wilson couldn't see her motioning, but he could observe her through the cubbyholes. I was talking to Wilson in a blue streak by then, trying to distract his attention. I said all kinds of things, about how nice it was to have fencing, what fine recreation it would be, and all that sort of thing, trying to make the fencing sword look as innocent as possible. But he just kept scowling at the show this clerk was making, and then slipped out to the front office where the head post office man was. In the meantime the clerk rewrapped the package, and the girl customer hurried out of the place."

"Nobody else seemed to catch on to what was happening. Masaye

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hadn't caught on to why/had talked so much to Wilson about the virtues of fencing. When I explained to her, she realized for the first time what might happen, and she thought we should tell Mrs. Wallace about it right away. I told her, 'No, that wouldn't do at all because Mrs. Wallace is married to an army man here and she would take the army point of view about the matter, although she tries to take the community point of view as well.' I told Masaye that the best thing was just to keep quiet and pray that nothing would happen. Most of these girls are so young that they can't understand the implications of their actions. Masaye is the oldest of the other clerks and she's only twenty three. The others range anywhere from eighteen to twenty two. Most of them are really too young to work in the post office. The job has all kinds of responsibilities---we're constantly handling other people's property, and there are heavy penalties for the mishandling of mail---, and I feel that older girls should be placed in this position."

"Anyway, I saw Wilson talking in the front office, and pretty soon Mrs. Wallace came running into our office asking where the girl customer with the fencing outfit had gone. The girl had left by then, and we didn't know her name. It was a mess. They started checking up to see where she'd gone or where she'd come from and all that sort of thing. I guess Private Wilson will go to Captain Patterson with the story, anyway I'm just holding my breath to see what happens."

Nobu had been talking for the past week about quitting her position at the post office because the work is too hard for her, and she had turned in her resignation about a week ago. Her work terminates on Saturday, and now she's especially happy that she decided to quit because she sees trouble ahead. We all commented that there should have been better selection of the post office personnel, and decided that such a clerk as this girl who's always causing trouble should be fired. But Nobu's attitude is that that isn't any of her business since Mrs. Wallace is the head of her department, and Mrs. Wallace on her part is too soft hearted to fire anyone. Mrs. Wallace herself, incidentally, is only twenty three. Nobu's just glad she's getting out of the place.

Afternoon session with D.S.T. Michi went off to check in at 1808 and to get a few things more since our cupboard is bare. Ruby dropped in after the rest had arrived, but left early to teach. Our conversation was regarding the outline of our progress report. We are just getting over the initial stage of the research in which the trial and error of getting a general orientation is just being completed. In any case, we should start thinking in terms of more definite problems now. Especially is this the case with me, since there is not an eternity in which to work out the details of this problem.

The Thomases left about 3:30 with Spencer driving. Harno had been with us all afternoon though he had to get out to the farm before the farm closed, but he wouldn't have the Thomases drive

him out, because, as he said, they would get caught in the dust of the incoming farm trucks. I had forgotten to ~~send the Thomases~~ give D.S.T. the three dollars for repairing the typewriter, but I decided to send her a money order.

The Chinese Dinner The Billigmeier's according to promise had brought us chow mein and smoked pork. The research group had decided to have a party of it, excluding Jim who lives so far away that he hadn't got into the discussion of it. There were included in the party the Shibutanis, Hisatomis, ourselves, Harno, Billigmeiers, my sister and mother and the Naitos. The chow mein brought last night by the B's was left in the refrigerator of the kitchen at the chef's permission. We planned to have the affair at the Naitos. After the Thomases left, Michi and Tomi went to fix a salad, and I dashed around to the canteens for food.

The party was set for 6:30. About 5:15, Michi came in saying that Kaz wanted to ask Lily in on the party too. The reason was that the chef had given Kaz a lot of extra stuff when he went in to ask for some rice, and had even baked a couple of pies, thinking all along that the party was for Lily Uyeno who is leaving for the beet fields to rejoin her husband, and who sits at our dining table. Kaz felt they had to invite Lily under the circumstance of the chef's error, especially because Kaz is timekeeper ~~and~~ for the messhalls and has constant contact with the cooks, and because the affair was to be held at his place. Michi, on the other hand, felt this would be an injustice to Tomi and Hisatomis and others who are contributing to the dinner. Moreover, Tomi and Michi had wanted to invite Ted Watanabe last night when he was present at the time the chow mein was brought in by Bob, and to whom the matter of the party was specifically mentioned. Jim Sakoda, too, had been present during part of the discussion this afternoon about the party, and the only reason for excluding him was that the party was already pretty large. The matter was at an impasse, and Kaz undoubtedly got nasty toward Michi as is his tendency under such circumstances. Nobu and May finally came over and it was decided that two separate parties should be held, one for Lily and one for ourselves at the Shibs. Incidentally, one of Michi's primary objections was that according to Kaz's idea, the party would make Lily the honored guest and everything else would be incidental, while her idea had been that we were inviting the rest of our family (Miyamoto and Naitos) because we didn't want to exclude them on something as special as chinese dinner here. This she felt was an injustice to the others of our friends paying for the party. As it was, things turned out all right and we had a good time. May came over to help make the sudden transfer of the dinner to the Shibs, and the Naitos went ahead with their dinner party for Lily. May stayed with us, since my mother suggested that she do so. We enjoyed the refreshingly different dish, and there was a kind of gaiety about the whole party, despite the poor beginning we'd had.

Connie Murayama Leaves Connie has been waiting for a long time to get her travel permit. I guess she had almost become discouraged about it all. But today when I went around to the #3 canteen, I

saw her and asked about the permit. It had just come through and she's leaving tomorrow morning. She seemed quite happy about it, in her restrained way. But it was not to do this she referred so much in our brief conversation, but rather to the discussion of scientific method we had the other evening. Said Connie: "I'm going out there to learn a lot of philosophy, and the next time I see you, I'm going to beat you all to pieces in our discussion." I remarked that she hardly needed any philosophy to argue with me about anything, but thought to myself, she's certainly an intellectually competitive girl.

Keiko

Tonight the Shibs/and Harno went over to Connies in the middle of our party to say farewell. Harno seemed in high spirit by the time he returned. Tom remarked of how he had played drunk on the way back so that a warden almost stopped them. It seems, too, that Harno had been the spearhead of teasing Connie about her self revealing story (which appeared in the Tulean supplement) and of her romantic life, etc. On the way home, it was still apparent that Harno was caught up in his fancy about Connie. She had been all dressed up this evening in a black dress with a white lace collar, and red pumps. The others had remarked how well she looked, and Harno again mentioned it on his way home with us. It must have delighted Harno to see a well dressed girl again, and perhaps he indulged privately in romantic fancy about such a girl, for Connie undoubtedly is just the type to catch Harno's fancy, at least in his mental dream world. Harno's liveliness tonight especially after his return from the Murayamas was a little unlike his usual quiet self. Beauty, intellectual sharpness, human feelings deeply felt, are the kind of things that stimulate Harno, and when they are embodied in a responsive human person, I can imagine that Harno is virtually at the peak of happiness. What else can better draw out his despondent soul and remake him into the vivid character of which he's capable.

Waiting for Shibutani's Parents I got under way a little late this morning, but got in a slice of work before the Shibs came by accompanied by Keiko. The Shibs have been expecting Tomi's parents for the past three months, and only yesterday they got a wire indicating their arrival sometime today. The three of them went down to the administration bldg. where the bus comes in and leaves, to wait for Mr. and Mrs. Shibutani's arrival and at the same time bid Connie farewell. However, the parents did not arrive this morning, but they did see Connie off. According to Tom, Mrs. Murayama showed little sign of grief, and, in fact, she was quite the busy mother advising Connie about all kinds of things. The bus was very slow in departing. Michi mentioned to me that Tomi had told her of how Keiko had said to Connie, "I wish the bus would leave so that we can go, too." Tomi seemed to disapprove of such utter candidness.

Post Office Problem At lunch today Nobu mentioned that the difficulty she had feared following the exhibition of the other day by the girl clerk with the fencing sword, had now arrived. The M.P. are now back in the post office and every parcel post article must be examined by them. According to Capt. Patterson, the order came from DeWitt, but according to Nobu, the administration telephone girl claims no such telegram has come through to her. The post office is now a mess. Not only must every package be inspected, which nullifies the former practice of sending the packages out to the blocks directly, but the receiver must come all the way down to the post office and identify the package himself. This means that packages get piled up in the post office, people are constantly streaming in and out, and the post office staff have to contend with the number of M.P.'s in the place. Not only this, Capt. Patterson declared that he didn't want the soldiers scattered about inspecting in the warehouses as well as in the post-office, and it was decided by him that the warehouse goods should be sent over to the post office for inspection. The post office where Nobu does her work is only about 40' by 60', and now that it's congested with the warehouse baggage, she declares it's almost crowded to the point where no one can get around. The staff jumps around avoiding each other, and haven't even enough room to open the mail bags.

All the other kids are wondering how Nobu figured that the P.O. was in for such a bad time and had the foresight to quit the job before it got bad. They're all ready to quit too.

Keiko Michi and I discussed Keiko. The matter came up in connection with the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Shibutani's coming today. Michi remarked, "Keiko, I'm sure, sometimes gets on Tomi's nerves. Yesterday, for instance, Keiko says very bluntly to Tomi, 'You're going to have a hard time of it when Tom's mother gets here. I know because I had to fight with Kay's sister all the time when I lived with them.' Keiko shouldn't have said such a thing. Tomi was worried enough as it was." We then spoke of Keiko's outspoken manner and her lack of restraint. "I don't think Tomi likes to go to the store with Keiko. When Keiko complains about something she's about to buy, she talks so loud and says things in such a funny way that everyone turns around to look at us. And I think it bothers Tomi that Keiko tags around her as much as she does."

"Last night after Keiko had been talking about the difficulties of having other family members in the same house, she wanted to know if she could tag along this morning when they went to see the elder Shibutanis in. She kept insisting on the question and must have asked a half dozen times before Tomi finally said, 'Well, I guess it's all right.' The trouble is that Keiko says she knew the Shibutanis a half year before Tomi did, and she makes such a point of it that I think it often gets on Tomi's nerves." Again with reference to their farewell to Connie this morning, Tomi related to Michi of how Keiko began to complain of how slow the bus was in leaving, and very loudly began to proclaim how if this were Japan the buses would never delay so. Mrs. Murayama, and the Sakodas, who were all there, all began to speak very loudly of how the Japanese buses are always on schedule so that they're never a minute off schedule. The trouble was that there were several Caucasians in hearing distance, and Tomi probably felt that it must have sounded very badly to their ears. It seems that while Keiko frequently declares that she dislikes Japan, and much prefers America, she often mentions things about Japan.

Tom's Parents This evening we heard that Tom's parents had arrived so we went to bid them welcome and see if we could be of any help. We went there immediately after supper and found them trying to straighten out some of their baggage of which a large quantity was observable scattered about their room. Mrs. Shibutani seems a typically Japanese woman, quiet and reserved, and probably conservative. Even in spite of their rough trip of the last two days, she was neatly attired, though fatigue showed in her face. Michi and I described her as probably a "mutsukashii" person (difficult person, in the sense of being over-exacting about conventions and proprieties, etc.) Tom's father, on the other hand, struck me as typically the Japanese gentleman, a man of refined---almost over-refined---taste, a striking personality in his quiet way, and very cordial withal. I found it very easy to converse with him despite our language differences, primarily because of his interestedness in the life and problems about him.

Tom had to leave for his race relations class. It was quite apparent that Tomi was straining herself to make a favorable adjustment with her mother-in-law, and one noted by her rapidly shifting eyes which strove in to take in all details so as not to miss any point of thoughtfulness, her constant attention to her parents-in-law, that she was making quite an effort to accommodate herself to them. It was apparent that she was feeling her language handicap, for she would start to say things in Japanese and then break off and rather take action herself. Michi later explained to me that Tomi knows ordinary conversational Japanese but that it is so suffused with the Fukuoka dialect that friends laugh at her when she talks in Japanese and she's afraid to use it in her parents-in-law's presence. I felt sorry for Tomi because she was obviously uncomfortable in this situation, but I felt sure, that being the kind of jolly person she is, that she would get along in the long run.

In the meantime the army cots came, so Michi and I stayed to help set it up. I doubted that I alone could put it up, after

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the experience we'd had with our own cots, and Tomi went to call Hide Najima who lives in the opposite barrack. Hide wasn't home, but their roomer, Mr. Higashi, was there and we got the thing up in no time with perfect ease. We left shortly after because we didn't wish to disturb them while they prepared their beds.

Weather This is the second day of cold windy weather. The sun comes out now and then, but only from behind clouds that spot the sky. One saving grace, the ground is now sufficiently dampened so that dust no longer flies as it usually does on windy days. It's comparatively warmer than it was yesterday, but we kept a small fire going most of the day.

Tom Shib Dropped in about 10:30 inquiring if we wanted anything at the store. We wanted a Chronicle, but he found that ~~why~~ they wouldn't be at the store till afternoon. Tom stopped to talk for a while. He was happy that Tomi gets along well with his mother, at least so far. Tom's mother had knitted a sweater for Tomi in her spare time at Stockton, and she'd made other things for Tomi, such that any tension was quickly relieved. Tom's father has all kinds of ideas about fixing up their place. For one thing, his father had wanted to buy a lot of things at the Stockton center, such as food, and household articles, which they couldn't get down there due to restrictions against any kind of purchase except of fresh fruits. Now that he's seen how well the canteens are stocked here, he's going to put in a good stock of food, buy a linoleum for the floor, have some of his carpenter friends here build a decent settee and a porch, and in general contribute to the comforts of the home. Mrs. Shibutani also seems to have a few ideas about fixing up the place, though one wonders if they might cross with Tomi's ideas.

Tom's father found the breakfast this morning inferior to that at Stockton, but he likes the settled atmosphere of this project and the greater adequacy of facilities. Both his parents especially enjoy the quiet of the barracks by contrast with the noisiness of neighborhood life in Stockton. Tom has been concerned as to whether his mother would make a favorable adjustment here since she's been out of touch with the Japanese for a long time, but both of them seem to get along very well.

May My sister May, thanked us again for the pleasant time last evening and the presents she received. She's worried that we spent too much money on her for the party and the gifts, but she was pleased enough with the whole thing. Actually, it was very little.

Newsstand It was about two when I got over to the newstand to buy a Chronicle, and I was just lucky enough to get the last one on sale. One would think they'd put more Chronicles on sale, for it's gone long before the high pile of Examiners are, though I suspect there are more readers of the latter.

Touch Football Baseball is now relatively a thing of the past and football is coming in. Groups of young fellows are playing touch football in the firebreaks. But there is a hardball game going on between a Marysville team and the firemen and a fair crowd sits out in the cold to watch the game. Softball, however, is now past.

Report on Sugar Beet Workers Sumio Miyamoto and Mr. Takeda who went out to inspect the beet worker's conditions, at the request of one of the sugar companies, was to report today at 720 messhall at 2:00. I ran into the large crowd gathered outside the building awaiting the meeting, so I joined them.

(See the Miyamoto-Takeda Report on Sugar Beet Work)

I was surprised to learn that Sumio Miyamoto, Nisei accountant for Community Enterprises, spoke quite decent Japanese. He used relatively simple Japanese, but at least he could string the words together and had an essential vocabulary for making himself understood about the sugar beet conditions. The Issei listened to him with respect and interest as he outlined the advantages and disadvantages of the outside employment. Most of the audience were Issei, and perhaps only one-fifth were Nisei. Some women were at hand, probably to find out the conditions of the fields where their husbands had gone to work. The room was just one large vacant space with a PA. system at the front for the speakers, but the men, mostly farmers from appearances, sat around on the dusty floor.

Miyamoto's speech was designed to caution the workers against over-optimism about the possibilities on the outside, but also served to indicate the advantages of life on the outside. At the end, one Caucasian representative of a company put in a plea for workers to come out to Montana. Three or four of these representatives were in the room during the discussion, and one felt that they were really anxious to get the evacuees for their beet fields.

Sue Hayashi was standing against the wall and I spoke to her on the way out. She said she was here to hear the conditions out in the fields since her husband has gone out. "I wouldn't advise anyone to go out from what I've heard," she remarked. It was apparent that a great many had come just to hear what the conditions were like on the outside; but I would judge that a half of them were seriously interested in going out.

Record Concert We dressed up for winter weather and started for the Billigmeiers to borrow their radio-phono for the concert tonight. Because of the Young People's Christian Conf. on since last night, the P.A. systems are all in use and we had to borrow from elsewhere. The audience was slow in gathering, partly because of the extreme cold, at least of its kind so far this fall, and the competition of the YPOC, but in time an audience of about 150 gathered. We had forgotten an extension cord so we borrowed from the Mayedas. The people were quiet listening to operatic overtures and arias, which is quite unlike their behavior on difficult symphonies.

Messhall difficulties But the most significant thing in our mind today is the future development of the messhall trouble. The Kisanomis, Shibutanis, and ourselves gathered after the concert to discuss possible developments. The basis of their complaints seem to be that the July pay checks can't be cashed since there's no bank operative here until Nov. 3, and many of the workers are without any cash funds now. Also, the mess management is dissatisfied with the administration's decision on Pilcher, whom the cooks wanted out, seems unsatisfactory to them. The rumor is that Pilcher has been sick for the past several days, and ever since his illness the people have been provided with better food than previously. Also the workers are complaining about not getting their clothing allowance, that is, the worker's clothing allowance, which has been prom-

ised them for some time. In any case, there seem to be ~~many~~ several issues involved.

Tom Maekawa, our block manager, announced in the messhall today that breakfast tomorrow is to be at 8:30. This means that workers will be unable to go to work until 9:00 at the earliest. Since the messhall workers recognize that they cannot strike and not feed the people, they are taking this means of upsetting the routine to gain their ends. The conjecture is as to whether or not the farm and construction crews will join in a sympathetic strike, a very bad thing for the harvest must be completed with cold weather coming on rapidly. Tom and Harno speak in terms of a general strike, and they look with horror upon the possible developments. Perhaps the militia will have to come in, according to them. But I think this will wash over as many other past difficulties have been gotten over.

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Messhall Committee Report, by Kengo Nogaki

10:30 a.m. Mr. Shirrell called in the committee of mess workers who had been appointed to negotiate with him for settlement of the recent mess difficulties. Mr. Shirrell had been acquainted with the grievances of the mess crews as a result of an interview by Mr. Elbertson with Mr. Kintaro Takeda. He started the meeting by making it very clear to the committee that he was angry, "very, very angry with any group of people who would deliberately upset every plan and work schedule in the project with such a clever plan." He also made it clear that his upset in routine would cause him "to lose face with both the colonists and the personnel. And face is very important with the Japanese people." That the plan was very cleverly conceived by a man far smarter than Mr. Shirrell himself. However, the organization of this plan put the mess crews on a plane with the CIO or the IWW.

After a thorough discourse on his reasons for displeasure with the mess crews for this display of unreasonable impatience, Mr. Shirrell stated that the FBI would be called in on this case, that the FBI would be asked to check on the loyalty of each every Issei and Nisei citizens in the project; that any disloyal persons found in the project would be sent elsewhere "so fast that they won't have a chance to pick up a toothbrush."

He also brought up the point that all such strikes and unpleasant incidents such as this were played up prominently in the Tulean Weekly, and such publicity would reflect adversely upon the colonists here at Tule Lake and cause many outsiders to lose all sympathy with us who are confined at this and other projects of the WRA.

He next brought up the subject of the discharge of Mr. Pilcher which was indirectly brought about by a petition made up and signed by approximately 9,000 colonists at the Tule Lake project who had grievances against Mr. Pilcher in connection with his handling of the mess personnel and the distribution of food. In Mr. Shirrell's words, "Mr. Pilcher was the best steward ever in this camp. In violation of all laws of fair play, I was forced to allow Mr. Pilcher to hand in his resignation." Mr. Shirrell was highly incensed over Mr. Pilcher's resignation. However, when it was brought to his

attention that Mr. Pilcher was the center of trouble at the Walerga reception center, he stated that he "never would have allowed Mr. Pilcher to come here if he had known about Mr. Pilcher's trouble at Walerga." However, at the time of Mr. Pilcher's acceptance as project steward at Tule Lake, the personnel here was desperately in need of a steward and because Mr. Pilcher had been transferred to Salinas and his application had been made from there, he was accepted and commenced work here. If a petition can fire Mr. Pilcher, such a petition signed tomorrow could cause the discharge of Mr. Elbersen. He also added as a final statement that he "would not blame Mr. Pilcher if he travelled around the country making speeches against the Japanese evacuees. I hope he does."

In answer to the mess crew's first request, that the full WRA allotment of 45 cents would be expended in an effort to right the almost unbearable situation arising in the mess halls for lack of sufficient supplies, Mr. Cooke stated that menus were received from San Francisco and upon being checked, it was seen to be unsatisfactory because many items on the menu were not available on the market. However, he promised that the full 45 cents would be spent but that because of the nationwide food rationing program now going into effect, we would eat less meat. Mr. Shirrell stated that we would have only $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of meat per person per week, and that later it would be down to 2 pounds per week. He also stated that it would be necessary for us to eat more macaroni and pork and beans than we had ever eaten before. All food commodities now in the country would be commandeered on January first.

The second of the mess crew's requests was answered fully by Mr. Pilcher's resignation from his post as Project Steward.

The third issue to be settled by the committee was the matter of clothing issue for the mess hall workers. Mr. Shirrell stated that despite the WRA's many efforts to secure uniforms for mess workers, they were "met with a stone wall everywhere." Bids from manufacturers had been accepted and orders placed but the manufacturers would fail to fill such orders because the army had priority. However, 3 bids had been submitted,

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one each from Sears Roebuck and company, Montgomery Ward, and J. C. Penney of Klamath Falls and that immediately after the termination of the meeting, Mr. Cooke was to go to Klamath Falls to make certain whether the orders were being filled. Every effort was being made to secure the uniforms for the mess workers and 2,400 each of men's aprons, coats, and pants had been ordered. Also on the same order were 1,200 each of men's caps and shoes. 1,750 ladies uniforms are "on the rail now" and their arrival depended upon transportation.

Fourth on the list of requests was a discussion of delayed pay issues. Mr. Shirrell's answer was, "I have no influence with the treasury department" and due to the fact that the army, the navy, and 400,000 civilian workers had to be paid, the treasury department was unfortunately behind in their payments but that the checks were certain to come soon.

Asked about the mackinaws in the warehouse and possibility of their being issued to mess workers, Mr. Cooke explained that they were "surplus commodities from other governmental departments" and that it would be impossible to obtain any further supplies. Therefore, the 6,000 coats were to be saved for the use of outside workers.

After the discussion of the various subjects, Mr. Shirrell stated that this upset in mess schedules was the result of a dozen or so agitators within the confines of this camp whose loyalties would be checked upon by the FBI. He said that he wished that all such persons might be sent to Japan that "they might be drafted into the Japanese Army and shot with American bullets by American soldiers."

Upon being informed that a meeting of the mess hall representatives would be held to receive their decision, Mr. Shirrell asked that Mr. Cooke and Mr. Elberson be present at the meeting to explain his stand. He explained that he "was too mad" to be present. However, he made it clear that only one answer could come from the meeting and that was the decision of all the workers to return to work on schedule on the following morning. If such a decision was not made, all mess hall workers would be

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relieved of their duties and reassigned to other jobs. He closed by saying that this situation cast a "reflection on my ability as an administrator and upon my ability as a friend of the Japanese people." Troubles such as this would cause him to lose face with the staff and with himself.

3:30 p.m. Meeting was called to order by Mr. Kintaro Takeda and a brief review of Mr. Shirrell's meeting with the committee was made by Mr. Takeda. Before any further discussion was made, Mr. Cooke and Mr. Elberson arrived to represent the administration. Mr. Cooke was introduced by the chairman and proceeded to explain that the August clothing scrip issue would begin as soon as Mr. Connor's department and the community enterprises were in complete readiness to handle the community's demands. He also stated that bids had been received from Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck, and J. C. Penney and that orders had been placed for 2400 aprons, 2400 coats, and 2400 pants, 1200 hats and 1200 shoes for the use of mess workers. Also 1750 ladies uniforms and 1000 pairs of shoes were on order and actually on rail now and their arrival depended only upon the transportation. He stated that the mackinaws in the warehouse might be distributed to mess workers by that he could not commit himself by making any definite statement or promise, and that a meeting was to be held with Mr. Hayes and Mr. Shirrell to see if the mackinaws could be distributed immediately to all mess workers.

Mr. Cooke clarified the food situation by explaining that the quota would be increased to a full 45 cents per person per day but that as requisitions were made to the QM corps 50 days ahead in Oakland, it would take a little time until the situation was completely readjusted. However, 35 days ago, a request had been placed with the QM corps in Oakland to increase the meat rations over and above any in the past and such increase should be noticeable on or about November fifth.

Mr. Cooke explained that Mr. Pilcher was no longer a part of the personnel as a result of his resignation.

Mr. Cooke was then asked what would be the status of the farm and construction crews who had walked out on jobs in sympathy with the mess workers and he replied that

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there would be no hard feelings on the part of the administrations against any divisions or members of those divisions and would like to have everyone back to work in the morning.

Mr. Cooke was next questioned concerning Mr. Shirrell's threat to terminate mess workers who refused to go back to work in the morning. He answered that no threat had been made but that in the heat of the discussion, Mr. Shirrell said that he would like to terminate all mess crews who refused to be reasonable.

Upon again being questioned concerning pay checks, Mr. Cooke answered that the Treasury had to issue checks to the army, the navy, and 400,000 civilian workers. Despite the fact that the methods may be slow, they are very "definite and now being speeded up."

Mr. Cooke was then asked about a statement made by Mr. Shirrell in Mess 49 to the effect that checks for the month of August had already been made up and were at that time in Portland and should be here within a week. Mr. Cooke explained that this was probably a misunderstanding resulting from some talk of issuing checks from Portland to speed up work.

Mr. Elberson was then introduced and stated that he hoped that the much talked of planning board would soon be set up and that its first problem would be an investigation of the mess problems. The importance of harmony in the mess halls to the Japanese people, both the "eaters and the workers" was stressed.

He also encouraged and emphasized his suggestion that regular meetings be held between the people eating in the messhalls and the messhall personnel so that information and suggestions could be passed back and forth from both sides. He stressed the importance of appointing a person to meet with the mess supervisor concerning suggestions of improvements in the mess halls.

Mr. Elberson repeated the statement that the clothing allowance scrip would be handled here through the community enterprises. The office was preparing for the issue and when all was in readiness, the Block Managers would be informed that the clothing issue would go ahead.

Mr. Cooke was then questioned concerning the reason for the 39 cent food allowance

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for September when the WRA allotment was 45 cents. He stated that he had been under the impression that the food had been costing about 45 cents but that the final checkup had revealed that the cost had been only 39 cents. He reassured the representatives that they would receive a full 45 cents hereafter.

When questioned concerning Mr. Shirrell's refusal to let the farmers go to work this morning, Mr. Cooke stated that Mr. Callum, the farm superintendent, had reported that the farmers had refused to work. Therefore, Mr. Shirrell had ordered no trucks to take farmers to work and requested high school students to go to the farm. Concerning stories that Mr. Shirrell had threatened to terminate Issei farm workers, both Mr. Cooke and Mr. Elberson stated they knew nothing at all.

Mr. Takeda then asked what would be the status of the divisions which had suspended their work because of the change in mess hours and Mr. Cooke stated that no hard feelings would be shown these workers and requested that they all return to work on the morrow. Mr. Elberson and Mr. Cooke stated they would see that no troubles or terminations would result from the office as a result of the attitude of other divisions.

Mr. Cooke promised to investigate complaints that fruit were being allowed to spoil in the warehouse instead of being issued to mess halls. Also to be investigated by Mr. Cooke was the charge that turnips and other vegetables had been dumped time after time from the packing shed. An effort was to be made to deliver such vegetables to mess-halls. Also to be investigated was the lack of soap in certain messhalls. He assured the mess workers that two carloads of soap had been ordered and should be in the warehouse now.

Upon being asked why more variety of fish was not served, Mr. Cooke explained that because of wartime conditions, many fish could not be obtained but that because the administration understood the Japanese liking for fish, a sincere effort was being made thru Klamath Falls to get more kinds of fish.

Mr. Elberson stated that he felt that Mr. Takeda was doing a good job on the mess situation, that he was doing an honest job without trying to agitate the workers,

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or trying to crush the workers and was therefore a very valuable man in labor relations. Therefore, if any investigation from the FBI should be forthcoming, he would support Mr. Takeda.

Mr. Takeda then requested Mr. Elberson to ask Mr. Hoover to be a bit more diplomatic in his choice of words when speaking to the Japanese people. Mr. Elberson explained that he was charged with good labor relations and that 90 per cent of his work was to train the Caucasian staff here to work intelligently with the people.

Mr. Cooke and Mr. Elberson left the meeting and a discussion was held by the workers concerning their plans. It was finally decided that the committee should go to the office and inform the administration that if the coats were issued on the morrow, work would be resumed the morning after such issue was begun. .

Dangers of Informer Identification Jim came over this morning after Michi left for work at 2508. He wanted material on the coop and also wished to see D.S.T.'s letter which I'd mentioned to him. I learned that Jim had work for Jacoby, as he put it, "Because Jacoby is getting too inquisitive." Working for Jacoby, it is difficult not to inform him of anything he knows about agitators, for members of the administration personnel have been getting particularly pressing in this regard recently. He indicated two reasons for quitting, (a) to get more time to himself than was possible in the juvenile delinquency work, and (b) because Jacoby has been asking about agitators, perhaps not directly, but at least indirectly. Jim feels that although that's not his job, but the job of wardens, still as a member of Jacoby's staff it is difficult not to feel the obligation of not informing him of all he knows. That makes his position touchy.

Demoralization I asked Jim if he wasn't beginning to feel demoralized living in this community. Said he, "No, not particularly," although he admitted that the place could get him down if let it reach him more personally. I started to speak then of my state of mind, of feeling that the whole trend of present affairs is towards the transformation of this center into an internment camp. I expressed my pessimism and doubts about the situation. Jim at first didn't think so, for he felt that the doubts of the American public and their agitation against Japanese evacuees is now primarily near the relocation centers (as in Tulalake) and that people in other outside areas are probably indifferent or don't know anything about evacuees. However, I pointed out that one serious crisis in any one of the relocation centers which gets publicized widely in the American press could start a whole host of writings against the evacuees to discredit the work of the WRA thus far. Furthermore, I feel that demoralization is creeping into the administration staff, and this, I feel, is a bad sign. As long as the staff remains optimistic, even with considerable disorganization in the community, it is possible to continue the project, but as soon as the project administration begins to feel there's no use and gain a similar distrust of the evacuees as the people have of the administration, the trend appears to me serious. These have been my thoughts of recent date. Jim agreed with this in part.

Agitators Jim feels that the increasing public consciousness of the term "agitator" is having its effect in making hot-heads more careful in freely expressing themselves. We were agreed that many of the Issei are getting tired of people who interfere with the normal course of other people's lives. But I am inclined to disagree with the view that the agitators are getting any less bold, for the contrary seems to me the case. Things are getting to a point where a large part of the Issei group are taking over the distrust of the administration which, perhaps, a few had much to do in originating.

Tomi and Keiko Tomi came over in the afternoon to inquire if we would be coming to Tomi's birthday party tonight. Michi had felt a little ill and had gone to bed to rest, but she arose and chatted with Tomi. Both Tomi and Keiko, came by this afternoon with their new jacket issues. They were complaining about the enormous size of the jackets, for though they were clearly made of excellent

material, they were like great coats hanging on the small frames of these girls and the size 42 was obviously 10 sizes too big for them. They spoke of fixing the jackets over. Michi was wondering if the recreation dept. isn't going to get their issue, for she does a lot of walking in the cold weather.

Tom's birthday present Our gift for Tom which was ordered from Montgomery-Wards hasn't arrived yet, and we wondered whether to wait until later to get him a gift or to buy something over at the store. There were suggestions of the cheap edition books, but we finally decided upon food since Tom enjoys food so much. We felt it would be a good joke to get him a large can of olives, one of his specialties and something over which he and Michi have argued as to who could eat more of it.

Farm Problems Aki, who now eats at our table, told us that one of the farmers (Caucasian) who has several acres of onions that need harvesting immediately, came to the farm asking for help. The response of the Japanese farmers, mostly Issei, was, "Why should we work for the keto so that he can make money." They refused to work for him, although Aki felt that all the men could have harvested the crop for the man in one day and have received 3,000 sacks of onions in repayment. That would help the community a lot. Aki obviously can't see the thing as the Issei farmers can, for in their view, the 3,000 sacks would probably be deducted from the cost of daily food expenses and they wouldn't be getting anything from the WRA for their trouble, while helping the keto WRA by working. Aki, however, told the farmer that his maintenance crew, which is admittedly one of the hardest working gangs out there, would probably be willing to work for him on the onions next Sunday. Aki inquired of the boys (Nisei) and they agreed, and he will now see Shirrell about it to see if he can get clearance. He thinks it will improve public relations around here, and at the same time provide more food for the community. Aki also mentioned piling up some carrots, although they haven't been working in the carrot patches, so that the frost wouldn't get at it. It'll be food for the colony this winter, according to him.

under Aki

Farmer-Messhall Argument Last night the farm crew/got in about 7:30 in the evening and went to the 1820 messhall for food. This mess operates all night feeding the wardens and others who work late. The cooks refused to feed the boys right then, but told them to wait until 9:00 o'clock. They argued about it, and though the head cook seemed agreeable, the others who are mostly Kibei were "fresh" according to Aki. Aki got sore so he phoned Shirrell and told him of the situation, and Shirrell agreed to see that the boys were properly fed.

Issei View In the block manager's office, I encountered Mr. Tokuda who lives in our block. Mr. Tokuda is a very cheerful agreeable sort of gentleman with, I suspect, a pretty keen mind although he looks and acts very much the farmer. Our discussion turned to the matter of the movie theater. Said he: "Smith is smart, but he's too smart. The first time I saw Kendall Smith, I thought he was too smart. That man has all the answers; at one of the coop meetings

I listened to him answer questions, and there wasn't a question he couldn't answer, nor any difficulty he couldn't get out of."

"On the theater issue, they can't use our money and build a theater for us. They can't get away with anything like that. Mr. Shirrell promised us a theater; we shouldn't pay for it. They shouldn't try to put anything over us without consulting us; we're just as smart as they are. They may think we're dumb, but we're just as smart as they are." Mr. Tokuda is usually a very fair minded individual and from the kind of intelligent daughters he has, one would suspect that he must have something to have transmitted intelligence to them. His wife is a quiet retiring lady, as are most Issei women.

Public Health Lecture I was asked to be chairman of tonight's public health lectures on "Wartime Public Health and Safety". I acceded to Mr. Fujimura's request since I am on the committee and I should do something for him. Michi was put out because I'd overlooked the fact that this is Tom's birthday party evening also, but I promised to get back as soon as possible. The speakers were, Dr. Koki Kumamoto of the dental clinic on "Dental Health Problems", Dr. Harold Jacoby on "Relation of Internal Security to Public Welfare", and Chief Ernest Rhodes on "Fire Prevention". The evening was dark and cold, and people stood in the audience instead of seating themselves on the cold ground. There were perhaps two hundred persons in the audience, most of whom came, I suspect, to see the entertainment programs which were promised them. The talks had to do with the usual precautions necessary in the respective fields, and the majority Issei audience listened to the talks in English with patience. The entertainers, however, backed out on us due to the cold weather and the audience had to be disappointed at the very end by not having what they came to see. Fortunately, Chief Rhodes put on a visual exhibition of how readily such things as gasoline for spot cleaning, celluloid dolls, and shoe polish, will burn, and perhaps gave some satisfaction to the disappointed audience. Rev. Fujimura apologized profusely for the failure of the programs to go on.

Chickenpox Cases Young Bernice Himoto of the public health service, also on our committee, asked to make an announcement. She had previously told me that there were now some 100 cases of chickenpox, many cases of measles, and also of whooping cough going through the community. In her announcement, she cautioned parents not to permit their children to go to school if they show any signs of infection. The chickenpox has been spreading from the southeast corner of the community across firebreaks towards the 1900 block.

Tom's party Michi was surprised to see me back as soon as I was. The usual bunch, the Hisatomis, Miyamotos, Shibutanis, and Harno, were present again tonight. Mr. and Mrs. Shibutani the elder were

also present, but would take little part in the discussion which invariably shifted toward the use of English. They retired early to their little room on the side. We chatted for a while and in the meantime Momi and her mother-in-law prepared tea, sandwiches, and other things to eat. We had the usual jokes about paddling Tom, and all the presents were brought out.

Nobu's Report on Messhalls I felt somewhat glum all evening. Just before leaving for the Shibs, my sister, Nobu, had come over to tell me that there was some difficulty in the messhalls. Kengo Nogaki, whom she and Kaz had to work with at Puyallup on the farm, told Kaz of the committee which met this afternoon with Shirrell. They had "definite proof" that Pilcher had been grafting from the WRA and the people of the community. They had discovered two carloads of fruits that were not accounted for on the books, and asked Pilcher about them. He replied that the fruits were rotten and he had dumped them. They also found one carload of meat unaccounted and he replied that this too had been dumped. Thereupon, they ~~insisted that Pilcher show them~~ asked him where they had dumped the stuff, and he replied indicating a certain spot. The committee then insisted that Pilcher take them to the spot where the meat had been allegedly dumped, and though he refused at first, he finally took them, but there were no signs of the dumped meat. With this proof, the committee went to Shirrell to show that Pilcher, and probably Peck as well, had been in cahoots in cheating the people. The belief that Peck had something to do with it was merely inference on the basis of their association in the same dept.

Shirrell, it is said, became extremely angry. He declared that he was going to find the agitators in the community who are causing all this trouble and send them back to Japan as fast as he can get them out. He is also said to have expressed the hope that when they get back there, American bullets should get everyone of the agitators. Kengo is said to have copied down every word that Shirrell said, and there is now a rumor getting out that Shirrell himself must have been in on this thing. Otherwise he wouldn't have gotten so angry.

Distrust Harno and the rest of us are getting pretty fed up with the distrust which the Issei have for the administration. Admitted that the organization here is imperfect and there is much to be wanted in many other ways, considering the difficulties of the Relocation problem, the work they are doing is unquestionably of decent quality, and they are, on the whole, sincere in their effort.

Higher Education Bob came over about 10:00 to see about the question of higher education. Wandered down to Fleming's office to have our appointed discussion. Two men of our block were sitting and talking together, and I felt queer walking by them with Bob because they probably already feel that I'm pro-administration. One of the men was a person who spoke up against the theater, and since I spoke for it at the time, perhaps he feels he has reason to suspect me. I fear the theater question may yet blow up in our face.

We dropped over to Fleming's ~~office~~ apartment as we'd done before because no one can get any work done around the office. Too many interruptions. Fleming had the outline of proposed plans for the higher education center already for us. He wanted us to see the center at 3108, just another recreation hall but which will be partitioned off to make an office and three classrooms. Mae Sato is to act as registrar, and as soon as the partition for the office can be set up, she will start registration. In the meantime, it may be necessary to use the high school rooms for classrooms.

Courses have been outlined for both the college extension (U. of California) and the junior college. In the former list were two education courses especially designed for the Nisei who are teaching ~~the~~ in the public schools, along with a series of under graduate courses in English, history, economics, science, etc. The chief problem is to determine how many students would be interested in such courses, and whom we can find for teachers of the courses. We feel hopeful, however, that something may be done. We went through the catalogues of the Univ. of California and of the junior colleges to determine what courses might be offered here, but finally decided that Fleming should suggest a list and then we would pass upon it. Fleming is a good man on the educational program.

High School One young fellow who works in the messhalls and goes to high school inquired whether ~~Iv~~^{Iv} school was likely to start again next week. Apparently, he is discouraged with the fact that the classes are getting behind and wants the work to get under way again. I wasn't sure whether the high school students would return to school next week, though I offered the information that harvest was to last about two or three weeks after the students started their work.

Women Harvest Workers Tom Maekawa made an announcement at supper that the farm wants 100 women workers to come out and help. He made this request with urgency. I have heard that Shirrell's attitude about the farm is getting to be, "To hell with the farm." But he is still no doubt concerned with trying to get the products out.

Administration Attitude May was telling me of the discussion between Tom and Jacoby this afternoon. Tom was asking J about the rumor I'd heard from Nobu of Kengo going with a committee to see Shirrell about graft on the part of Pilcher. Jacoby mentioned that he'd heard something about it, whereupon Tom apparently ex-

pressed the view that Shirrell shouldn't have said anything about getting agitators and putting them where they belong. Jacoby doubted that Shirrell made any extreme statement about it, and anything which he said was probably said in the heat of anger. Shirrell is a pretty tired and discouraged man these days. May's reaction was that it's interesting to note that the administration personnel will defend their group when evacuees attack it, that their first impulse is such. Which is understandable enough since the evacuees themselves have caused the split between administration and people.

Gossip Mother told me of how Mrs. Saiki is looking askance upon the behavior of one of the "sugar-beet worker widows" in our block. It seems that many young fellows come to visit this Nisei girl, who has a child with her, and it is said that they play the radio late into the night and make much noise. The older women of the block are wondering what is taking place between this young mother and all these male visitors at her home.

Michi also told me of how she was washing in the laundry room one day and heard a group of women talking on the other side. Sheets and wash cloths hung on the line between them and they apparently were unaware of Michi's presense at first. Mr. Saiki was commenting on the fact that the WRA had not made their payments of wages to the poeple, that they weren't given clothing, and complaining about many things in general. Then Michi noticed out of the corner of her eyes that Mr. Saiki suddenly looked around the end of the row of sheets to take a look at Michi. After that the gossip went on in an undertone. One woman started to ask, "Is Mrs. Naito (my sister) working as a waitress in the messhall now?" Mrs. Saiki answered in an obviously loud voice, "Yes, I understand she found the work at the post office too strenuous for her." There was a long pause and a silence. The conversation then turned to an entirely different subject of an innocuous variety. Mrs. Saiki undoubtedly waved to them that Michi was on the other side.

Michi also heard Mrs. Saiki commenting that if people here wouldn't buy at the canttens, we might then get the things we need from the WRA. The inference is that people who buy at the canteen hurt the welfare of the community.

Sugar Beet Worker Widows Tom was telling us of a case of a woman whose husband left her with several children to go out to the sugar beet fields. But apparently all he wanted was to get away from the burden of his family, for he sends her back nothing and all indications are that this is a case of desertion. She came into the Welfare office asking for help. There may be other instances where men have gone out to the beet fields to get away from the bonds of family.

Low Morale Harno came over this morning and threw rocks at our door thinking that we were still in bed at 10:00 a.m. I went out and called him names. Harno explained that he didn't join us at Billigmeier's last night because he didn't feel particularly high in spirit. He had gone down to Joe Hayes' apartment to get the goose that had been promised him, but Joe didn't have the goose. However, Capt. Patterson was there and Hayes introduced Harno to him. Harno gave the usual greeting, but Patterson only looked at him without saying anything. At the time of leaving, Harno again said his farewell to Captain Patterson as well as to Hayes, but the former hardly gave a sign of hearing Harno and practically ignored him. "That sort of thing burns me up," Harno said.

According to Harno's report of his conversation with Hayes, the latter thinks the best thing for the Nisei is to get out of here as fast as they can. Hayes would like to see the Issei get out too, but it may take time to get any great number of them out. However, the Nisei, he feels, should go by all means. Shirrell can't call the Army in himself; the order would have to come from the outside. In any case, the conversation probably was not an optimistic one. Shirrell has received a letter from General DeWitt's office from people in the surrounding area declaring that the Japanese are being coddled and are running wild on the game preserves. This sort of thing, if it continues, may bring about an inevitable repercussion. Harno evidently felt low after this conversation.

Sunday Paper Right after lunch I went over to the newsstand for a Sunday Chronicle. There was the usual line-up for Sunday papers and I waited some half an hour before getting it. Tom and Tomi came by to get an Examiner, and by the time we were through going over the papers, it must have been around 4:00 in the afternoon. Sundays often go in that way. Tom and I decided we needed some exercise, especially is this true in my case, for my muscles get so out of tone that I can't sit still and concentrate. We threw a ball around for awhile, after failing to find a football in the neighborhood. We had talked of going up the hillside opposite our camp, but decided against it since Michi has a program to put on tonight.

Suzuki I've always been interested in Yoneo Suzuki, one of the Sacramento councilmen, because of his outspoken manner and his unwillingness to give in on a point in which he carries conviction. He is sharp in arguments; has the sharpness of a business man looking after his interest, but he does show a fairmindedness about points from the opposition with which he can half agree. Suzuki stopped to talk to us outside the newspaper store. Said he, "What do you think of the council, (and then answered for himself). You know, I think these Nisei councilmen are a pretty poor lot. I disagree with Walter Tsukamoto about a lot of things, but I have to agree with him when he says that the Nisei don't take enough interest in their own affairs. In the council, only a half dozen fellows do all the talking and thinking. I think that's too bad. Walter says he wants to hear more discussion from all the councilmen, and I think he's right. I don't know whether it's

because they don't think or whether they're not interested, but it seems to me that most of them wait for the other fellow to do all the thinking. As long as the majority votes in a given way, they all tend to vote the same way. They don't have any reasons for the way they vote. After the council vote on the theater, I asked one councilman why he voted as he did, and his reply was, 'I don't know; I just thought it a good idea.' He couldn't give the reasons for voting as he did. I think that's characteristic of the council. God, I can't understand people who vote for things without knowing why they're voting as they are."

"I'm thinking of bringing up at the next council meeting mention of the case of Gordon Hirabayashi. I was down at the office when his parents came down there to get a release to visit Gordon before he goes on trial in a couple of days. They told me that Gordon has received \$25,000 support from the Civil Liberties Union and \$10,000 from the Friends Service Society to carry the case, if necessary, to the Supreme Court. I think the council should know about something like this. Most of us think we'd like to stand up for our rights, but because of our parents or family, we're actually afraid to go ahead and buck a thing to the extent even of going to prison. I think it shows a lot of courage. If a few Nisei hear about this, they may awaken up a bit to the realization that there is something to fight for and that they can't leave it to the other fellow to do the fighting for him."

"You know, it was a matter of principle to have that phrase in my article on the theater changed. It didn't matter to me so much, but I wrote that article for the committee of 32 blocks who declared they didn't want the theater, and it made a difference in the statement as to whether I had it, "The WRA should not build a theater," or "The WRA cannot build a theater." The point really is that the WRA cannot build a theater because of wartime restrictions on materials, and not that they should not. It makes a difference especially when it's translated into Japanese; it sounds entirely different. I went down to see Cook and argued with him quite a while, and we then decided to see Shirrell about it. I took off my coat when I walked into his office because I expected to have a real fight on this issue (verbal fight), and I was going to see my point through. At first Shirrell didn't think it made any difference and didn't see any use in changing the thing, but I said, 'There must have been a reason for changing my statement. It couldn't have been just a typographical error.' Then Cook came out and admitted that he had changed it because he thought it should be the other way. That clinched the argument for me, because Shirrell then said, 'What did you want to change it for.' I'm glad I put the question as I did; Cook didn't admit it previously, but when he admitted that he'd changed it, that made all the difference. It was a minor point, but it had to be fought through."

"I think there's only one man on the administration who can be trusted, and that's Elberson. The trouble with Elberson is that he's too easy going, and hasn't the administrative ability to see how things should be handled. I don't know Jacoby or Fleming."

That Hoe Hayes is a son-of-a-bitch. (I countered that I thought Hayes was personally a pretty good guy, though he has made a lot of mistakes because of his lack of understanding of the Japanese.) Yah, Hayes is all right personally, but that's just his weak point. He's too good natured. He makes one promise at one time, and another at another time, all because he wants to be good to the people. But he never can keep his word. You can't trust what he says. Shirrell is another smooth operator. He's the smoothest of them all. He always knows how to get out of trouble; has an answer every time. Boy, you have to be careful with that guy. He got mad once, you remember, at the council, when Takeda said he got his information secretly, but you notice that Shirrell apologized immediately thereafter for getting angry. He knows how to keep us in agreement with him. Kendall Smith practically hypnotizes the council. He calculates every motion, knows exactly what he's doing."

In the evening

Record Concert Michi and I went up to 2420 about 8:15 to get ready for the record concert. The day had been warm, and the evening was remarkably pleasant for this time of the year. We held our breath wondering if the motor pool might have failed us again and that Bob Sawada would be waiting at his home, but he already had the rig set up and everything ready to go. The concert went off beautifully, without a hitch. The whole hall was packed tonight with listeners; almost every seat was taken. Listeners were extremely quiet perhaps because the music was not as difficult to listen to as have been some in the past. Both Oliver and Bob came up to ask Michi why she didn't charge a penny per person so that new records might be bought which everyone could enjoy. The question arose as to whether the disposal of the records after the duration might not present a problem. Numbers were played from Mozart's Don Giovanni and the full recording of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.

Sawada Our sound technician apparently had his training at the Hollywood Sound Institute, and was operating a movie projector in a theater in Isleton. He had been afraid of not getting a position even with his training, but he immediately found the place at Isleton and worked there fifteen months. A white assistant working for him seemed to object to his inferior status, but Bob apparently was well thought of by the company. He worked until two days before evacuation, while the company searched for another operator, but they had tried several and fired each of them after a short trial. Bob showed me letters of recommendation from both the school and the company for which he worked, and both seemed highly commendatory.

Keiko As usual Keiko wanted us to come down to her place. She probably feels that they visit us a lot but that we don't visit her and that she should act the hostess sometimes. We declined because of the lateness of the evening.

Theater Issue We've been conjecturing all morning as to how things would go on the theater issue. Our block is rather quiet again, the Issei aren't gathered around talking among themselves as they were last week, but one senses the tension in the situation. Nobu remarked, "Kaz says that a lot of blocks in the Sacramento block seem likely to go for the theater. Some people up there have a lot of money and can afford to support a theater owned by the people." But I doubted that Sacramento people were likely to vote favorably on the issue. I should rather suspect that the Pinedale group will show greater favor. It's in large part a question of the degree of assimilation of these people to the American movie.

Tom came over for a few minutes and we discussed the likely trend of votes. He told of spending his time this morning over at the 3400 block where applications for grant payments are being made. One old gentleman came in the block manager's office inquiring where the ballots were being cast. The manager replied that the votes weren't being taken until this afternoon, but the old fellow wanted to cast his vote at the time. He also wanted to put in the ballot for his son, whom he declared is ill and can't come to cast his ballot for himself. In the meantime, a hot discussion arose between the block manager, who was for the theater, and the old man, but during the heat of this discussion the son of this gentleman walked in and it transpired that he was for the movie. The old fellow walked out in a huff.

On the other hand, Tom found several bachelors Issei who are for the theater. Tom and his father had gone down to the clothing issue office to get their scrips, and got talking to a group of men who were waiting there. They were careful in their conversation at first since neither knew what the other thought of the theater problem, but it gradually appeared that they were all agreed as to the desirability of the theater. Said some of the fellows, "The winter's going to be long, and there won't be anything doing around here unless we have a theater or something to keep us occupied mentally."

The ballot casting started at 4:00 in the afternoon and was to end at 8:00. We had forgotten about casting our ballots before supper, but May had gone after she'd returned from work. At suppertime, May was quite peeved about the way the whole thing was being handled. She declared, "I went into the block manager's office and there were a row of Issei men sitting at a table in front of the ballot box. They asked me to sign my name on a sheet of paper and then gave me the ballot, but all the while looked on as if to see what I'd put down. I knew what they wanted me to put down, but I was so made I wasn't going to change my mind in any case. However, I asked them if I might go outside and sign my ballot, and they let me go out. I came back in and dropped my ballot in the box, and then asked them, 'I suppose I'll find myself in a ditch somewhere one of these evenings if I vote for the theater,' and walked out. They were laughing."

At suppertime, Tom Maekawa, our block manager, announced again that all of us should vote on the theater issue. Most of us at the

(for the theater)

table had forgotten to vote. Aki and his wife hurried out to cast their ballot. Ady Shinozaki wanted to know how we'd vote, and she also expressed the view that we ought to have the theater.

Right after supper when Michi and I went to the balloting office, there was a large crowd of persons present. To the right of the doorway on the inside, there was a table about eight feet long. Mr. Uyeno was sitting there as one of the representatives, and two young kids were likewise helping at the table. We were to sign our names on the sheet by which our registration as eligible voters would be verified, and then mimeographed ballots were handed us, but there really was no definite procedure for everyone flocked about to get their ballots and many cast their ballots (first before signing their names. About ten to fifteen persons) crowded around the ballot box, everyone could see what the other was voting. Mrs. Kawasaki walked in loudly asking for a ballot, or of what she's supposed to do in the balloting. She asked Mr. Uyeno to take care of her ballot, and when he inquired how she intended to vote, said she, 'Of course, against the theater.' Every Issei that came in was vehemently against the theater, and many were chattering among themselves of the nonsense of the whole thing. The Nisei seemed intimidated. We voted for the theater, and walked out wondering what people thought of us.

Mother refused to vote. She thinks the theater is a good thing, but it seems she's the only Issei in the block for the thing and she's in bad with the rest of them for having argued favorably on the issue. No use aggravating the differences, it would only make it impossible for her to get along with the rest of the ladies and give them cause for gossip.

Shower Trouble Tom M. announced tonight that the ladies shower at the end of our block, the one Michi uses, must be closed for a few days due to trouble with the kitchen boiler and the need to replace it with the boiler in the extra shower. That means that Michi and all the women in this end of the block must go up to the farther women's shower for their bathing. Michi took it in good spirit but wished they'd get the closer shower fixed soon since it is cold in the evenings hiking up to the other shower. And there's not enough hot water as a rule with only one shower-room operating.

Kay and Keiko They dropped by this evening to bring us some tomatoes which they'd received from their friends down at Brentwood, Kay's home town. The tomatoes were beautifully red and enormous. Kay said he didn't want to disturb us and wouldn't stay, but we forced them to come in for a while.

Michi cut up all the tomatoes and served them with crackers. It made a delicious dish. Kay in the meantime was in his usual cheerful mood and began telling us of his folks back home.

The whole discussion started with Keiko's comments that Kay's whole family is very independent of each other. Kay confirmed the view. Said he, "We've always tended to go about our own way. I

have two brothers younger than myself and one younger sister. The brother next to me is in the army now, but he was an auto mechanic back home and operated a garage. He was pretty goo, too, and worked like a son-of-a-gun, but he never made any money because he'd always charge less than anyone else. He said that he wanted to do a good job for them, and wasn't interested in making too much, but I kept telling him that he'd have to learn to save something out of his garage or he'd never get ahead. He always had more to do than he could handle himself, and sometimes I'd go down to his place and help him all afternoon, but we never could get caught up. My younger brother used to drive the farm trucks, and he'd work like hell if he were working for someone else, but he wasn't dependable when he worked for our own farm. Sometimes he'd drive the produce out to town, and then wouldn't show up until late at night because he'd spend his time with his friends, and ~~he~~ eat at their places if he wanted to. Keiko used to get mad because she'd never know when the fellows were going to be around for supper."

Keiko: "Yes, it was terrible working around their home. The boys were never home on time, and I couldn't depend on them to get home for supper. Sometimes I'd fix something nice for them and then they wouldn't turn up, and then again I'd have nothing because they wouldn't be home, and they'd turn up for supper. I was going crazy. Kay's sister is very hard to get along with too. She's too spoiled. She wouldn't like this, and she wouldn't like that. I guess she didn't like me from the first anyway."

Kay: "Well, my kid sister is kind of spoiled. She's the youngest in the family and she's had too much her own way. My dad rarely gets sore, except now and then he calls down my youngest brother because he wouldn't pay enough attention to his work. But he never did get angry at me. Sometimes I wished he would. I could do anything and he'd take it without complaining. He'd always respect me, and whenever he wanted to do something, he'd come to me for advice. Like one time, some guy wanted Dad to make a contribution to a church. Dad wouldn't come to me and ask for the money straight out, nor would he take any money that was lying around. He puts the proposition to me and then asks if there's any money around the house. He knew darn well there was some money in the drawer, and I told him, 'I guess there's enough in the drawer there,' but he wouldn't go and take it himself. He'd want me to hand it to him. He respected me so much it used to get me. I tried him out once or twice to see if he'd get mad at me. Couple of times, I came in late after drinking a little too much, but he didn't say a thing."

"Our family never went anywhere together. There was plenty of times when we could have done things together, but we never did. I guess we're different. Before Keiko and I got married, I used to work at this big farm I was telling you about, come home and rush off to the city after cleaning up. Everyone in our household was like that. Dad never asked where I was going. Then, I finally told him, I was going to get married. He wanted to know who the girl was. I don't know what he thought, but he didn't bat a lash.

Diary
Oct. 19, 1942

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Keiko apparently had had difficulties in living with the Hisatomi family, not that they didn't treat her well, but because their way of doing things independently was so foreign to her. The Hisatomis had bought a great deal of furniture after their marriage a year ago in June, and they talked at length about them as if they had been sorry to give it up at evacuation. There were the fine new refrigerator, gas range, bedroom furniture, and living room furniture. They compared it with the rather ordinary refrigerator and gas range they had found at the home of Col. McFreddy, at whose place they worked after voluntarily evacuating.

Sunday Considering the unchanging character of life here, it would seem that every day would be the same regardless of the day of the week. Yet, Sundays are different; one feels the holidayness of the day. The factors that make this feeling are intangible. Perhaps it is that all one's friends are at home not working; perhaps it is the leisureliness of the day; but all this cannot be immediately known by looking outside the door. Most persons are in their everyday garb, and they seem to go about their work as usual.

Newspaper Stand For the first time, the canteens did not open on Sunday. Kendall Smith announced in the DISPATCH the other day, after the theater issue had been settled negatively by the Issei's strong opposition, that "in view of the prevailing psychology that people here should save" the canteens will not be kept open on Sunday so that people will not spend and that canteen workers may have a day of rest. He suggested that if any object, he would be glad to hear their expressions. Apparently, no one objected, and the store was closed. We saw Tom going over after lunch to get the Sunday papers, so I joined him. The newsstand is to be open for a few hours this afternoon to sell the Sunday papers. The store was not yet open when we arrived, and there was a long line of perhaps a hundred people waiting outside the door to get their Sunday papers. About twice as many ~~Examiners~~ are sold than Chronicles, and, of course, there are the other papers like the Oregonian and Sacramento Bee. Perhaps it's the funny paper that makes the difference, for I can't see anything in the Examiner that is superior to the Chronicle. The wait seemed too long, however, so we returned thinking that Tom's father would pick up the Sunday papers for us later.

Sunday Dinner We had a beautiful lunch today, one of the best I've yet eaten here. The menu included veal cutlets, a very tasty fruit salad, sweet potatoes candied, celery on stock and pickles, milk, etc., and a fine sauce for the cutlets. I suppose the appearance of the table was as appealing as anything. Nobu, who now works in the messhall as a waitress told me that the chef was very anxious to have the people satisfied with the meal. He wouldn't give the waitresses and the cook's helps more than a small piece each of the meat and one helping of the salad, because he wanted to save the food for the people. Then, he came out to look over the tables before the dinner gong was rung, and said, "What do you think we're feedin---pigs? Set the table this way." So he rearranged the setting so that it would look better and was very particular about the whole matter. Nobu says that the chef worked in one of the best hotels in Spokane at one time. Anyway, all of us commented on the fine dinner and had our fill of the tasty food.

Mountain Trip Michi heard that the Shibs were thinking of hiking up the mountainside today, and wondered if we shouldn't go along. We hadn't taken the trip before because of fear that Michi wouldn't feel energetic enough after such a trip to give the record concert in the evening, but today we all were in the mood for going. The Shibs weren't intending to go at that late hour in the afternoon, 2:00 p.m., but when we announced that we'd like to go, Tomi, Mrs. Shibutani and Tom immediately agreed to go. Mr. Shibutani remained

behind because of corns on his feet and a bad heart which makes mountain climbing impossible for him. May decided to come along at the last minute, because she needs exercise to get rid of her bad stomach condition, she said.

We left about 2:30 and must have been at the top of the mountain (Lava Bed Mt. to the west of the camp) about an hour later. We took the hill at a leisurely pace, but even so it didn't take long to reach the top. As I stepped out of the gateway, I had strange sense of freedom such as I'd felt before in leaving the cantonment. I'm sure it was the highway stretching north and south far down as far as the eye could see, which most acutely brought this sense of release from bondage. It was good to have the hard asphalt under my feet again, and the cars speeding by ~~we~~ reminded us of destinations that we, for a time, may not see. We walked leisurely past the hog pens and the construction building, Michi talking all the while with Mrs. Shibutani who was in a very happy mood. As we climbed higher and higher up the hillside, we frequently stopped to look behind us at the camp and the surrounding countryside. Seen from the new perspective, I lost the sense of what the community has come to mean to me as I've lived my daily life within its bounds. It seemed more like an ugly industrial town that had suddenly been dropped in the midst of this peaceful valley; certainly, it was not a community of evacuees and, certainly, one could never sense at that distance the conflict of humans that disrupts its life from time to time. The row on row of all too regularly patterned barracks stretched in surprising breadth across the lake bed, but from this distance with all the distracting details of the camp reduced to imperceptibility, the scene was almost attractive. The galvanized steel chimneys glinted in the sunlight and gave the camp the appearance of something new and shiny. Southward were huge patterned fields of cut-over barley fields, a huge cross-patched blanket of golden yellow. Irrigation ditches and highways outlined the fields in straight black lines. Northward were houses, and more fields of yellow and green. To the eastward were black, and mottled brown hills, spewed up by ancient eruptions.

Now and then, as we climbed upward, we passed youngsters running down the hillside in a cloud of dust. Once we passed a train of Issei women picking their way through the sagebrush looking for plants with which to decorate their homes. We puffed and panted as the climb grew steeper, but as we reached the dome of the hill, the valley and lake on the other side suddenly loomed in sight to give us a pleasant sense of having bargained well for the sight. We sought out a promontory and enjoyed our snack of fruits and cake. Other parties of young girls and their fellows were lunching in cozy crannies or on flat ledges. We explored the hilltop, and Mrs. Shibutani cut branches for the home.

It took no more than twenty minutes to dash down the hillside. A strange feeling caught me of wanting to keep going, over the hills beyond, to freedom. The thought of living within the restricted confines of the camp, again seemed repulsive after having seen, once again, the grandeur of the country on the outside.

Supper Supper was a contrast to our lunch. We had Japanese noodles, rice, and tomato salad; a strange combination. We were tired, but Michi was so sore of muscles that she wasn't sure she'd even want to go to the record concert tonight.

Sugar Beet Widow A girl who eats at our table and has a son named ~~Max~~ Denny has been causing much comment in our block among the gossip mongers. Every mealtime, she is slow in getting to the table, and hardly pays sufficient attention to Denny who has trouble eating at a table for adults. All of us have been a little concerned that she doesn't give sufficient attention to the little boy, a very intelligent young fellow. Some of the gossip mongers have been objecting because, as they say, she has been entertaining fellows late at night since her husband left for the sugar beet fields. My sister Nobu commented on Kay, "I think she's playing around too much. She leaves little Denny at home, and goes jitterbugging at nights. Her husband really didn't want to go to the beet fields, but Kay insisted that he go, and kept nagging him about it. Now, because she doesn't have much to occupy her time, she plays around with young boys, and tells other people, 'I play now because I got married so young I dddn't have a chance to enjoy myself.' She thinks that's an excuse for not staying at home and tending to Denny."

Aki, who also eats at our table, remarked one day that he found little Denny out on the porch one dark cold night in his night clothes. Denny had been asleep but awake, and finding his mother out, had gone out on the porch to wait for her since he was afraid of the dark inside. Aki brought him inside and put him to sleep. Kay explained the next morning, "Denny usually stays quietly in bed by himself."

Record Concert. There was only a small audience tonight due to the party going on at the YPCC. One would judge from the number not attending tonight that about half the audience that usually turns up must be from the Christian group who meets just before the concert. The messhall was cold.

Research Group Tom, Tomi, Hisatomis, and Harno dropped in after the record concert. We drank tea and ate toast, while most of the gang buried themselves in the "intellectual" page of the Chronicle.

Suzuki Yoneo Suzuki, councilman from one of the Sacramento blocks, was at the concert tonight, as he usually is, and stopped to talk after the thing was over. He had brought up the case of Gordon Hirabayashi, up for trial in Seattle because of his objection to evacuation, at the last council meeting, and had received no response from the group. He was disgusted. "I was never more disgusted in my life," he said. "If the Nisei aren't interested enough in their citizenship to even help Gordon by giving him moral support, I think our case is hopeless. Of course, I know why noone would say anything. Part of the reason is that the JACL wouldn't support it up in Seattle. But I asked Mr. Shirrell what he thought of it when I couldn't get anything out of the councilmen, and he said that he thought it a worthy cause to support. Elbertson also told me he thought it was the most important thing that had been brought up at the council so far. But of course, all he would say was, 'Flabbergasted.'"

Diary
October 26, 1942

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Weather The day turned out cold and cloudy. We've had such a stretch of Indian summer that we've wondered how long the fair weather would last. It rained in the late afternoon and early evening, and remained drizzly all evening.

Work Worked all afternoon on the diary, I've gotten so far behind on the thing. I need to get on into the progress report but there seems never enough time to do all that I need to do here.

Canteen Michi and I went over to the canteen to get an appointment for her hair, get a newspaper, and buy a few cans of goods. There aren't any coffee on sale any longer, so we stocked up on tea to make sure they don't run out on that. The canteen looks somewhat different these days because the soda fountain isn't operating on the scale it always has, nor the ice cream counter.

Tom Shib Tom came over late in the afternoon to show me a letter from DST asking if we'd care to use her Sociology Book Plan account to get some books. I think I'll submit my own subscription so that I needn't bother Tom about getting it for me.

Tom mentioned the paying off of old age pensioners here. They had been told to come in the morning for their pensions, a pittance for them in any case, but the pay man failed to appear and the people had to come back again a second time this afternoon at two o'clock. Fleming was very angry, for it seems the man taking care of the funds had used the amount to take a week end trip for himself, and didn't have the amount ready. The WRA somehow made up the amount and paid off the people, but the pay man, according to Tom, was very slow and inattentive, making the old people wait some two hours to get their measly pence.

May was feeling sorry for them too. These old folks would get their small sum and then have to pay right back to the community center at the next desk on the credit they'd received at the store. Of course, the people were "kicking" about the situation. If it got generally noised about that the paymaster had misused the funds, there would be hell to pay. The people here are distrustful enough of the administration as it is, without such a thing turning up to disturb them more.

Messhall I dropped over to my sister's place for a few minutes this evening, and Kaz spoke of the situation in the messhalls. Everything is quiet right now. But actually the people are getting too good food in his estimation. "The iceboxes are piled up with meat," he said. "One of the hakujin who operates a large produce house on the outside was saying today that we're lucky in here. We get a lot of things that people on the outside don't get. And some people, especially owners of farms, are having one bad time of it. There isn't any farm labor, or it costs too much to get them. I'm afraid the people are getting too good food now. They'll kick when things stop coming in with all the rationing that's going on on the outside."

Personal Differences Yesterday evening, May asked Hana Uyeno if she wouldn't go to the young people's Christian fellowship with her. Hana said she thought she wouldn't go, though she might go to the music concert. May commented that it was funny Hana has suddenly decided not to go to church any longer. Mrs. Uyeno also had politely refused to go to the older women's service when mother invited her along. She didn't give a reason at first but later admitted that her husband didn't wish her to go---and we assumed that this too was holding Hana from going to the young people's service. There has been a strained relationship ever since mother disagreed with Mr. Soyejima on the theater issue, and we all voted for the movie. Mr. Uyeno probably thinks we're a bunch of ignoramouses and Un-Christian people. Perhaps he would prefer less association of his family members with us.

Women Farm Workers The block fujinkai (women's club) met this last evening for their usual meeting. Mother mentioned that the women of block 14 had requested our block's women to join with them in supporting the wider employment of women on the farm. If women would go out to work there, the high school youngsters could go back to work school. The request is for some 75 women workers. The reaction in the block seemed rather non-committal. Mother said that she asked Mr. Maekawa if it were not the case that the reason there is a shortage of labor on the farm is because the men are not putting forth their full effort. He admitted there were some 500 men out on the farm, and that they were not working particularly hard. Others brought out the fact some men have refused to work if women are brought out there.

Kay Tsuboi Keiko Tsuboi was late getting to breakfast this morning as usual, and sent Denny, her four year old son, ahead of her. Denny must have been sitting at the table some five or ten minutes before his mother arrived, and in the meantime Michi and I gave him some mush and Aki Kawamoto made a sandwich of scrambled eggs for him. We felt sorry for the young fellow sitting there watching us eat. Mrs. Kawasaki, an elderly motherly appearing woman, stopped at our table and said, "Where's Denny's mother? It's a shame to make you feed him every morning." This was directed to Aki. Just as Mrs. Kawasaki was on her way out, Keiko Tsuboi walked in, so Mrs. Kawasaki stopped to say, "Don't you think it a shame to let other people feed your child for you?" and would have continued her reprimand had Keiko not walked off. Keiko came to the table upset by Mrs. Kawasaki's words and rationalized, "Imagine that woman telling me that I shouldn't let others feed Denny. She would have told me more, but I walked off before she could say more." Keiko certainly hasn't learned to be a responsible mother yet, for she enjoys going out with other boys in her husband's absence at the sugar beet fields.

Miss Topping I worked until about 10:15, when Miss Topping knocked at the door. She's a weird looking woman. Bob described her as an "amazon", which she is, and she looked particularly misshapen this morning bundled up as she was for the cold. Her pallid features stares out from behind a severe hair line, and her earnest eyes have the glint of the reformer in them. As she talked, she hardly looked for a minute directly at me, but rather stared off into space as of one trying to reach for deeper conceptions in the distant heaven. Facial grimaces broke across her mouth now and then.

I was hard put to know exactly what she had come for, though she announced at the outset that she wished me to help her understand the Kūbei, but she talked at such great length herself expounding various theories of social ideals which were doubtlessly dear to her that I merely sat there a polite audience. She spoke of her interest in trying to promote a cross cultural understanding among the Nisei of their Oriental background as well as of the Western civilizational background. She and Dr. Ramey are working together to work out this synthesis of understanding, but one felt that she was here to promote her particular biases in the two culture rather than any fundamental understanding of them. Through the promotion of this synthesis, an universal culture might be derived taking the best of each culture which will bring about the universal understanding that is the basis of a lasting peace. If the Nisei can grasp this conception, they will at once have an appreciation of their background and hence possess self respect and as well have a mission to bridge the nations together.

She wishes above all to promote the message of Kagawa, his ideals of the cooperative and Christianity. Said she, "We need two things in this world, Ghandi's pacifism and Kagawa's organizational conception." The East will thus give to the West what the latter is at present lacking. She frankly admitted that what she most wanted to do with the Nisei was to make "Little Kagawas" out of them. God Forbid! Let them grow as they will.

I expressed the fears about this program which were uppermost in my mind, that there were no capable teachers here to inculcate the Nisei in the best features of Oriental culture as well as the Occidental, though I admitted that a person of well rounded education, and particularly the Nisei, should have an appreciation of many cultures. To this she replied that we have several teachers here who have had experience with the Orient before. There are missionaries from China, and two who have taught in Hawaii and undoubtedly "learned a good deal of Oriental culture." I gave up trying to dissuade her, her zeal blinds her to all the faults inherent in such form of instruction.

She spoke frequently of the "synergy" of cultures, a term which she admitted that she picked up from Bogardus. Likewise, she spoke again and again of the white man's imperialistic capitalism that has been the cause of the present war. The cooperative would save the world from all this in the future. As I answered questions about the Kibei, she wrote copiously taking down every word that I said. I thought to myself, maybe I am one of the Little Kagawas, so she takes notes as she must have taken notes at his feet. Before she left she showed me a book which she carries around with her since, "One can't have a library here, so I've selected out the one book that means most to me." The title read, "Man, Ruler of His Own Destiny" and was about the Christian Coop movement in Nova Scotia. Were I a psychoanalyst, I should have said, she wishes not only to rule her own destiny, but the destiny of all men.

Keiko Tsuboi Keiko was again quite late for lunch, but this time she brought Denny with her. She'd been fixing her hair, she said, and hadn't realized how late it was.

Music Dept. vs. Dance Michi was peeved with Pearl Mayeda. Some time ago, Alice Mayeda, coordinator of fine arts, had asked Michi if she would permit a ballet number in the music department program for the Harvest Festival. Pearl apparently had asked her older sister to approach Michi about it, since the dance department had already disagreed with the music dept. and the two had decided to have separate programs. Michi couldn't see the sense in one ballet number among all music, and she felt that it spoiled the unity of the music program, so she had said No. However, yesterday, Pearl Mayeda had gone to Mary Inouye, publicity reporter for the recreation department, and told her to add the ballet number. Mary asked Michi about it, for she had received no notice of such a number in Michi's submitted program. Michi was put out at Pearl's action.

Council Meeting In the evening I went to the council meeting but it was very short and unexciting. (SEE council meeting of Oct. 27)

Advanced Education About 4:15, Bob came over inquiring if I had received notice of a meeting for the afternoon on advanced education. I'd missed the notice. Bob, Mae Sato and I met with Mr. Fleming in his office. We talked today about some of the courses

that could be started immediately, but most of it was stymied until the advanced education center at 3108 could be built. Questions of partitions to make classrooms, and office space took the main portion of our discussion. The main problem of these rooms seems to be the placement of the stove, for there are only four chimneys in each barrack and rooms have to include one stove. Tables and chairs will be designed for seminar type of situation.

Billigmeiers Bob invited me over to his place after the meeting to look at a painting done by Inez Johnson, the B's artist friend. On the way, Bob told me of his recent trip to Reno with Mr. Cook to get some trucks. Hanny and Inez had gone along, as well as six fellows to drive back the trucks. Cook had been mighty decent to the fellows, giving them all kinds of freedom and watching to see that they encountered no ill feeling. The boys had a wonderful time at Reno, going around the town where the people were very friendly, and taking in a show. But Bob can't get over Cook's conservatism, his middle class notions about even such a thing as music and drama in which he's supposed to be a critic.

At Billigmeiers, Hanny and Inez were there chatting. I was introduced to Inez, a quiet but attractive sort of person. Bob played some of the Mozart records he'd bought at Reno, and we all expressed our enthusiasm of them.

This morning is cold but clear. Michi got up after breakfast but in time to get to her music class. Mother had reminded me to tell Michi to remove the washing she'd hung overnight in the laundry room, but I forgot to tell Michi and mother removed it herself in the meantime. There isn't much room for hanging clothes in there, and the kitchen wash takes up more than half the room. There are dish towels and aprons hanging all over the place. We've heard plenty of complaints of messhall diners about the dirty dishtowels, but there are always plenty of dish towels hanging on the lines in the laundry, and there've been enough squawks from the kitchen people about the lack of soap with which to do the washing. If one doesn't remove the laundry after having it left hung in the room all night, others are likely to push it aside to make room for their own hangings. As a matter of block courtesy, one does have to tend to these matters of social accommodation.

Harno I told him of the councilmen going out tomorrow to the farm to help harvest the crop. I don't know how much work they'll accomplish, but there has been a shortage of labor out there, and the idea is that if the councilmen start this business of contributing voluntary service to the farm, others may follow suit. Harno immediately remarked that he'd see that the councilmen get put out on the rutabagas, and he'd have the high school kids who've been working there put into the potato patch. The rutabaga work is much harder, for it requires topping the hard heads off the creature, whereas the potato work is merely picking up what the machines turn over and putting the potatoes in sacks. Harno's idea is that some of these outsiders who've been kicking about the slowness of the farmers ought to get a taste of the kind of job it is.

Pay checks The August pay is finally starting to come through. My sister, May, who's been trying to support mother and herself on \$16 a month has been complaining bitterly of the failure of the pay to come through. In her estimation, much of the trouble that's been caused on this project might have been avoided had the pay checks come through regularly. Her comment was, "I can't blame people for feeling that they should strike sometimes. It's bad enough trying to live on sixteen dollars a month, but it's even worse when you can't even get your monthly pay." Mother and May spent a considerable amount in the process of relocation, and they have to make it up some way before the war is over. But at the present rate, there's no hope of saving anything out of this period, and the future may not be a very happy one unless they do. I've tried to help, but it's difficult to keep one's own ends in mind and also support another family as well. But if our economic troubles are bad, I can imagine the deep feelings insecurity that must gnaw at people who have large families to support and have nothing saved with which to start at the end of the war.

Piano Pedagogy Class Michi seems happy about the progress which some of her pupils are making in the pedagogy class. To be sure, it's the ones who don't need the training quite as much that turn up. Pearl Mayeda, for instance, who is teaching piano is an atrocious pianist according to Michi and one of the worst pupils in the class. Yet, she skips class more frequently than most of the others. Kimi Kato never stays for lessons although Michi gets to 2508 every Saturday morning for her instruction. But she feels encouraged about Mrs. Machida, Helen Nitta, and especially Yeako Hoshide. The latter has less training than Helen, and doesn't catch on as rapidly as the latter, but she's an intense student and wants to learn badly. Moreover, she's intelligent enough to catch on when told once.

Yoshimura Yaeko Hoshide is one of those who came from Pinedale with Mrs. Yoshimura and Hattie Kurose, and at first when the Pinedale group was having their squabble with the incumbent music dept., she sided with Mrs. Yoshimura. Hattie had quickly come over to the incumbent music group's point of view about piano instruction, but Yaeko had not been accepted at first because of her poor training qualification. This caused her to be resentful of the music dept. and it seemed that she strongly sided with Mrs. Yoshimura. However, in her eagerness to gain a teaching position in the music dept., Yaeko entered the piano pedagogy class, and though Michi has found her background sadly inadequate, she has found Yaeko's persistent effort admirable. At first Yaeko was quite difficult for Michi to approach, perhaps because Yaeko feared her inadequate training, but since her weekly class sessions with Michi, she has lowered her defenses considerably and is much freer in conversation.

Today, she told Michi of her troubles with Mrs. Yoshimura. Said she, "Down at Pinedale, Hattie really worked more closely with Mrs. Yoshimura than I did. I always felt a little inferior because I hadn't had any college training as they did. (Mrs. Yoshimura's claim to university education has been proven false). In fact, Mrs. Yoshimura and I didn't get along very well. In the Issei entertainment at Pinedale, they had programs of Japanese singing for which they wanted an accompanist, but since they had no written music, the accompanist had to play by ear after listening to the singing. I was the only one there able to accompany in that way so at the tentertainments I did all the piano accompaniments. Mrs. Yoshimura came to me and asked why I didn't give others a chance to accompany, and I explained to her that it was necessary to play by ear. She then told me, 'You should listen to the music, then, and write it out for others.' I was so mad, I went home and cried. I cried more than once because of Mrs. Yoshimura." Yaeko had been heretofore impressed by Mrs. Yoshimura's claims, but Michi informed her that Mrs. Yoshimura isn't much of a musician which seemed to encourage Yaeko a lot.

When told that Mrs. Yoshimura was holding out on some of the music material that was to have come from Pinedale, Yaeko said she would see the former and get some off of her.

Sprained Ankle Michi sprained her ankle, or at least pulled a ligament in her leg when she fell through a loose board on the step of the recreation center. ~~On th~~ One of the boards on the step was broken, and she unwittingly stepped on it and went straight through. She says she could barely stand up for a while. A couple of wardens passing at the moment observed the accident and said, "That's dangerous. That'll never do." And hurried off to get a carpenter to repair the step. She was hobbling around all day, while all of us gave numerous advice as to how to repair the thing, but it turned out much less serious than I thought.

Mother's Handiwork Mother has been planning to give Michi one of the woven baskets she's been making out of grass which she gets in the hinterland. It makes a nice piece for putting in fruit. Tomi has been getting things which Tom's mother made down at Stockton, so it was a feather in Michi's hat to be able to show something mother made for her.

Hisatomi's party Keiko has been wanting us over for some time, especially since Kay fixed up their place with partitions. I understood from Michi that it looked very nice. Every time we'd have them over on the way home from the Sunday concerts, Keiko would urge us to go over to their place, but that's half mile down from us and too far to walk late at night. But we promised to come over tonight. We were hoping that Hanny might join us since Bob has gone to Berkeley, but she apparently didn't get back in time.

Porches On our way to Keiko's, we dropped in to call for Tomi and Tom. Tom hadn't returned from a meeting so we stopped to chat. From a discussion of the kind of makeshift awnings people had at Stockton to protect themselves from the hot sun, our discussion went on to the porches one finds on this project. Said Mrs. Shibutani, "We observe the porches all through this neighborhood everytime we walk around. Everyone in this ward seems to have a porch, but in other wards there aren't very many. It's interesting to note the different types of porches people have built. On the whole, I think they overdo the design; it would be better if they would leave them simpler in lines. It's very clever how some people have put in lattice work and made all kinds of devices but I think most of the porches would look better if they weren't quite so complicated by extra designs." Michi also commented on the variety of porches and the poor taste of some of them. They talked of one porch out in the Alaska district which is streamlined with horizontal lines running in broad curves around the front. The porch is painted all white and appears terrible in contrast to the black background and the triangular straight lined silhouette of the barrack.

Hisatomis We were so late in starting that Keiko came half way to meet us in the cold. Michi had pulled out her heavy fur coat for the first time this evening, and both Keiko and Tomi admired it enviously, for it was chilly outside. Some people from the north would have such warm clothing, but it's clear that the

Californians are unprepared for this type of thing.

It was quite clear that Kay had spent some time fixing up their home, for there was now a partition running the width of the room dividing the bedroom from the living room. The stove, standing as it did in the center of the room, was the chief problem for it had to be accommodated with proper spacing for clearance and ready flow of heat to all parts of both rooms. As Miss Smoyer remarked, one builds one's apartment here around the stove. Kay had early built a closet, but he now had added a kitchen cupboard; and Keiko had hung gay curtains in the connecting passage way. They had cut out a couple of very good paintings from the Life Mag. and thumbnailed them on the walls. The rooms were plain but neat.

One finds the steady influence of fellows like Harno and perhaps the rest of us in the research group in Kay's increased interest in reading books. He has received through the mails from his congressman, a set of agricultural department summaries of findings by the U.S. Bureau, and he intends to read it carefully. If he continues this type of thing, he may be able to reinforce his practical knowledge of farming with theoretical information that will be of considerable aid to him in future farming ventures.

A Rogue Our conversation this evening went swiftly from art pieces to art pieces observed at the S. F. Fair to the Fair, etc. But one interesting thing which Kay told us with his dramatic humor was about a rogue named Sakuma.

Sakuma, it seems, is about fifty odd years now, but in his youth lived a life of adventure and villainy. Most of this story Kay got from fellow workers out on the farm. Sakuma was once a member of a Chinese guerrilla bandit group, and his body is covered with long wounds which he received in sword battles while with this band. On one occasion, it is said, he found himself confronted by fifteen enemies, but he expertly warded them off while he inched himself toward the top of a cliff, from where he jumped off into the river below and saved himself from his foe. The men here talk of these scars with awe.

This Sakuma is undoubtedly a highly intelligent individual but all his intelligence is directed toward doing things which are anti-social. He is too old now to do those things which are dangerous to society in a violent way, but he continues his little tricks. He came to work out on the farm for a few days, but after a week's work he refused to continue unless he received his work clothing issue. Finally, the foreman told him to go to the warehouse to get an issue, but since the warehouse was busy with other issues, they wouldn't attend to him immediately. However, he continuously pestered the workers there, until they gave him clothing to get rid of him. Two days later, he returned with a pair of shoes in a box, a pair which Sakuma declared the warehouse had handed out to him. The shoes were worn, and there were holes in the sole. Sakuma declared he couldn't wear any such thing and

asked to have the thing exchanged. Because of his smooth and innocent talk, the warehouse men were taken in, and they handed him a new pair of shoes. But what he had done was to take out of the box the new pair of shoes given him in his clothing allowance, borrowed another pair of the same type which was however worn and useless, and gone to get another pair. The boys asked to retain the original pair, but Sakuma argued them out of it saying the pair wouldn't be of any use to them and asked to keep it. The worn shoes he returned to the owner, and he kept the two pairs which he'd tricked out of the clothing dept. Once he received his clothing issue, he failed to return to work on the farm.

He has in his room in the 3500 block, more lumber than anyone else in that area. One of his favorite tricks for getting lumber is to wander down by the machine shop construction late in the evening with a long rope in his pocket. He wanders along the fringe of the area as if one just looking around. Then he suddenly drops to a squatting position when no one is looking and he ties the rope to several pieces of wood. He then walks away with the rope reeling out of his back pocket tied at the other end to the long pieces of lumber. Sitting down, he pulls up the full length of the rope with the lumber on its end, and then proceeds to walk again in the same manner as before. By the time he is some distance from the main lumber pile, darkness comes on and he picks up the pieces and runs for it.

One of his greatest exploits, it is said, is his trick of getting enormous piles of lumber at one time. As before, he ties a long rope around this big pile which no one would even think of moving in one lot, and starts pulling it across the fire break. When people come by, he just leans on the pile as if he were merely sitting on it, and everyone thinks the pile was placed there. Since Sakuma does no work and has all the time in the world, he spends hours at this sort of thing. Apparently the main objective is to best somebody else with his trickery.

One suspects that there are elements of truth in these stories about Sakuma. From the stories told to Kay by his fellow workers, Sakuma is a person with an extremely smooth tongue able to explain himself out of any situation where he cannot trick his way out in other ways. A certain mythical halo is developing about this man among those who have heard of him and his diabolical exploits.

October 30, 1942

Nothing much doing today. Michi went out to teach this morning as she usually does on Friday, and I stayed at home to work. She came home elated about getting her check, and this afternoon we immediately went out to cash the thing. It's almost two months since we've had a check and our cash on hand was running low, though we could always count on the checking account. But it was a good experience trying to run our abode within the amount in our pocket-book for it gave us some understanding of the feelings of those who are forced to operate within the limits of their monthly check. I can understand the anxiety of those who find their cash disappearing from day to day with nothing coming in; it pinches one in the extreme.

Harvest Day Festival Tomorrow being the Harvest Day Festival, everyone in the recreation department is terrifically busy getting ready for it and putting on last minute touches on their programs. Michi seems quite discouraged about the music department program for she feels the kids are not serious enough about their music and that some of the numbers are totally inadequate. She's peeved with Alice Mayeda's lack of musical understanding and her failure to teach her pupils, especially the ones performing tomorrow, as they should be taught, with more feeling for the phrasing, tempo, and quality of music.

Pay Check In the afternoon, Michi and I went to the canteen to get her check cashed. The announcement said to go to 351 to cash the checks, but Nobu remarked that she got her check cashed at the canteen so we took the chance. The store did cash it for us after Michi got the signature of the manager there, and we felt a little like celebrating. Michi went to get her hair done, and I bought a lot of canned stuff and fruits to stock in our cupboard. There's no coffee which perturbs us, for there soon will be none on the shelves if we don't get some soon.

Family Finances I've been worried about the finances of mother and May. It goes hard with them to have ~~her~~ them live on May's measly \$16.00, especially since they spent so much in the evacuation and they've got to save for the time when they leave the center. Mother came over in the afternoon while Michi was out, so I raised the question, and she admitted that May was having a hard time with only her pay and what little cash we'd given them. I suggested that we might increase our aid to them. If the clothing allowances start coming in, that will help enormously, but as things are now, the \$16 has to go for a lot of things that eat into the amount in no time.

Arkansas Rumor I ran into Mr. Kawasaki in the washroom. He's still waiting for his brother to come down from Eden, Idaho. It's over three months since he first submitted the application for their transfer to this center, but nothing has been done about it yet. However, his brother was informed that they might get their travel permit any day now, and that they would be given only half hour day notice before leaving. On the other hand, the project at Eden has a policy that jobs can be terminated only with four days notice, so to avoid confusion should the travel permit arrive suddenly, Mr. Kawasaki's brother has taken a job on the outside and commutes to the camp everyday. The community collects on every-

cent going beyond the prevailing rate in the project, but that's the only way in which his brother can resolve the contradiction.

Mr. Kawasaki again asked about the rumor of further evacuation from here to Arkansas. He asked me about the rumor once before almost two months ago. The rumor now is that people have written from Arkansas declaring that new barracks are being built, and these are presumably for the people of Tule Lake who are again to be evacuated, this time further inland since we are too close to the Pacific Coast. The rumor is getting quite prevalent again, and has the added feature of a confirmation from the Arkansas end. I suggested the doubtfulness of the whole idea, and Mr. Kawasaki agreed that he couldn't really believe it himself, but he was wondering since everyone talked about it.

Record Concert Preparation Michi wanted to pick up the records for the Sunday program today since she won't be able to do so tomorrow. We first went over to Ted Tokuno's home to ask permission for the use of his radio-phonograph. Luckily, Ted was in, which has not been the case in our past visits, and readily offered us the use of his machine. Ted is such a slow and easy-going fellow, one finds it hard to know whether he quite understands what we want.

From there we went to the Billigmeiers and Smoyers to return records we'd borrowed during the past week, and to borrow some others for the next concert. Bob, of course, had gone to Berkeley and was not home, but Hanny and Inez Johnson were there, and they insisted that we stop for a visit. I find it pleasant visiting with the Billigmeiers and their friends for they are interesting in a way that few Nisei are. Their interests are varied, and they talk with exuberance such that one doesn't feel any dullness with them. People are constantly dropping by the B's doorway. Mary Barbl suddenly dashed in and asked for help since the B's car had stalled as Mary was driving it to transfer her things to the new apartment. Mary was clearly upset and nervous. We all went to help and got the B's car off the road where it could stand without disturbance, but Mary was so erratic by then that I wasn't sure she'd hold together much longer.

When we returned to the B's, Evelyn Rose and Emily Dresser were sitting there having made themselves at home in the owner's absence. We excused ourselves forthwith, for it was increasingly apparent that we'd never get home if we didn't clear out soon. We stopped at the Ramey's home to convey a message for Tom to Jean McKay asking about Mr. Beale and Mesdames Rhodes and Scradigli who are to come tomorrow in connection with Student Relocation. The latter people had sent conflicting telegrams, three of them, asking for meetings at various times without specifying how long they would be here. Due to the short notice, Tom had been running around trying to make the proper contacts for publicity, but no one knew when to announce the meetings. Miss McKay suggested that since the San Francisco group had been so indefinite, that we shouldn't worry ourselves about it here, which seemed a reasonable answer. Within the Ramey home, a meeting headed by Miss Topping for the synergy of the Orient and Occident was going on, and as we stood

on the doorstep of the Ramey home, I could feel the powerful waves of the Topping philosophy emoting forth from within the room.

Thus, we went on to the last leg of our journey, to the Smoyer's where we hoped to return a record and pick up another. As we passed between the hospital buildings and the army barracks, we could see a lone sentry standing by a gate near a low burning fire, and we felt sorry for him to think that he had to spend hours in the cold dark night alone. Miss Durkin, Jeanette Smoyer's roommate, was to be in, but we were so late getting there that she must have stepped out. The room was lighted inside, but no one was there.

JACL Meeting Michi went home to do some preparation for tomorrow, but I went on to the JACL meeting for which I was already late. As I arrived, the discussion concerning Nisei induction to the Army was just reaching the end. The question was, should the Nisei ask to be inducted by the usual selective service method, or should they be permitted to volunteer. The discussion was, on the whole, extremely dull and few participated in the discussion. Takeda asked John T. who had been in the last war what he thought of the question. Said John, who seemed more Issei than Nisei, "We're ready to volunteer, sure, but the question is whether we can go into the combat forces or whether we're going to be stuck away in non-combat duty. If we're going to get into combat duty, I say we volunteer." Kumeo Yoshinari expressed his views in favor of volunteering. In essence, he remarked that an injustice has been done the Nisei, but nevertheless we owe it to our country and to ourselves to volunteer for the service. Takeda finally suggested that the matter be taken back to the individual blocks and to the respective chapters of the JACL league for their consideration.

The final question of the evening was, should the JACL OF Tule Lake be organized in one unified body, or should the local chapters congregated here be permitted to retain their local autonomy. Now again, there was relatively little of stimulating discussion, but rather were most inclined to agree that there should exist one unified body or were indifferent to the issue. The main reason suggested for the centralized body was the heterogeneity of population represented here and the unfairness to those who are not from large communities such as Sacramento Valley and Tacoma, Washington. Kumeo Yoshinari again expressed a view that was characteristically JACL, though with more sincerity than would be the case if it came from Tsukamoto or Takeda. We are American citizens, he declared, but in this community we've been constantly subordinated to the view of the Issei and have never been strong enough to oppose the Issei. What we need is a strong centralized organization that will become a powerful political force in this community, and afford leadership to the Nisei.

Munataka arose to inquire again about the problem of relocation since he had arrived late and had been unable to hear the earlier discussion. He suggested the need for the Nisei to write to organizations as the American Association of Electrical Engineers

to gain their support in finding positions. This led to a further question, of whether or not states such as Idaho which had at first refused the entrance of Japanese into their boundaries and later accepted the relocation centers within their state on the condition that the evacuees would be removed following the war, would be permitted to remain after the war is ended. ~~Tsukamoto~~ Tsukamoto voiced the view that Americans have traditionally been a peace loving people who forget the hard feelings developed under propaganda during the war very rapidly, and that he saw no reason why the Japanese would not be accepted if they made a place for themselves in the community where they relocate. Furthermore, the people of the Pacific Coast will by the end of the war probably be in a much better mood to re-accept the Japanese who had been evacuated. A group of fellows sitting in front of me who had been mulling among themselves all through the meeting expressing cynicism concerning the idealistic opinions expressed up to this point, apparently disagreed with Tsukamoto's last statement, and one of their group arose to ask, "How do you know that the mood of the people will be better in the post-war years?" Tsukamoto admitted that he didn't know, but the history of the U.S. in wars with foreign nations showed that they quickly forgot their differences and were frequently even more internationally minded than before. The answer seemed to satisfy the questioner.

I disagree with Tsukamoto on his optimism regarding the future of the Japanese in America. To become accepted in the community in which the Japanese relocate means to buy land and own property. If this were to take place in scattered parts of the country, no difficulties might arise, but if the question applies to areas such as Idaho, I cannot help but think that anti-alien land laws applicable to the Nisei would be the logical outcome. The acceptability of Japanese in the beet fields lies in the migratory and non-property owning character of these people. Should the Japanese attempt to control property in the mountain states, as has been their wont throughout their history in this country, the same type of vested interests which drove them out of California would appear in these latter states. Nor would the possibility of return to the Pacific Coast be particularly hopeful in post war years. There would be the hundreds of thousands of demobilized soldiers to take into account, the disorganized conditions of industry and agriculture in the readjustment years to take into account, and the people of Japanese ancestry may be crushed out of existence in these states by the pressure of these forces.

Record Concert Not having been able to get the record for Sunday's concert from Miss Smoyer last night, I went down this morning to her new home near the administration building. But she was out again and I couldn't find her anywhere around.

Student Relocation Comm. When I returned home, Michi told me that Tom and a Mr. Beale of ~~Student~~ Student Relocation Comm. had been in just a few minutes before to see me. I went down to Tom's home and was introduced to Mr. Beale and Mrs. Scardigli. Mr. Beale is national executive secretary of the Student Relocation Council, and hails from the U. of North Carolina where he started his work in trying to get the Nisei out here.

Mr. Beale apparently was interested in learning of the problems of student relocation on our end, and of the manner in which they might be handled. Tom mentioned that one of the difficult problems was that of selecting out the right kind of Nisei to go out. Too many Nisei, he feels, are uninterested in a college education, but only wish to sign with the committee to get out of the community. The worst of them are those who have never mixed much with Japanese and have no desire to do so. Tom's suggestion was that these students would probably best fit in colleges located in large cities where their unsocial attitude would not be so noticeable. Mr. Beale and Mrs. Scardigli both seemed to agree with Tom's view, though I wasn't sure what Tom meant by those who shouldn't be going out for in my experience at Washington, the type of students he was describing had been quite rare.

We had a further discussion of where and when the students might meet the executive secretary and Mrs. Scardigli. Tom suggested that announcements could be made over the P.A. system at the parade stands, and he went out to make the arrangements for these announcements. In the meantime, Mrs. Rhoades who is a member of the student relocation staff and a person who has spent some time in Japan, came by to find out about the time arrangements. We left Tom's place, Beale to come over to our home, and Mrs. Scardigli to watch the parade in which she was extremely interested.

Mr. Beale He talked a great deal, and it was difficult to get anything in edgewise, although he kept insisting that he wished to get my opinion and advice on various subjects concerning student relocation. One felt an effort on his part to be sincere, and this led him almost to overdo it. Said he: "After arriving in San Francisco, we suddenly found enough time this weekend to visit Tule Lake so we made this quick dash up here. Now, I want you to give me your opinion about our action in sending telegrams. I don't know the Japanese-American as you do or as Mrs. Rhoades does. But it was my feeling that we should send the telegram to Tom Shibutani rather than to Miss McKay, but Mrs. Rhoades thought it best to send the wire to Mr. Shirrell and Miss McKay. My feeling about this matter is, however, that we're coming up here to meet the Nisei; they're the ones we want to know and meet. We had heard from others what kind of person Tom is, and knew that he's perfectly capable. I saw no reason for sending the wire to Miss McKay instead of to Tom, but since Mrs. Rhoades felt as she did,

three telegrams were sent out to all these persons. But don't you think I was right in sending out the wire to Tom. (I agreed with him.)

"If I'd had the time to wire Miss McKay a week ago, or if I'd known someone here, I would have insisted upon having the opportunity of living and eating with the people of the community. I think it a great loss to us when we're forced to eat at the personnel mess, and spend our time with them. That's not my wish at all. I'm here to meet the Nisei and get to know them. I would much prefer to spend a night in the home of Japanese, even if I have to sleep on the floor, and I even threw in a couple of sleeping bags into the car just before we left for that purpose. I don't care how poor the food is, I want to share it with you and get to know the conditions under which you live. I want your frank opinion as to whether I'm right or wrong. (I pointed out certain considerations that enter into the Nisei inviting Caucasians to eat and live with him. I mentioned the difficulty of offering adequate accommodations, due to the lack of space in the barracks, which would almost make it impossible for the Japanese to invite anyone to stop over at their homes. Then there is of course, the question of the distrust of the Issei of all Caucasians and their tendency to think of anyone associating too closely with the ~~Issei~~ Caucasian as a possible bootlicker or informer.)"

There was something excessive about Mr. Beale's feelings about the whole affair. I felt that he wanted to sympathize and "love" the evacuees too much. Perhaps he was sincere in all he said he felt about the situation, yet there was something a bit unnatural in his whole approach to the question. O'Brien is a little like that, too, but his effort to help the Japanese seemed to ring much truer. On the other hand, Mr. Beale showed me a letter which he asked me to criticize because he felt that it wasn't quite right, that it sermonized too much. My feeling about the letter was that it could have been straightforward and got the point much better. It was to a girl in Salt Lake City who had been attending the Univ. of Utah but had dropped out due to illness. She was apparently discouraged, and had written as a last sentence that anyone desiring to go out on student relocation should consider very carefully the school to which she goes, and the kind of place she's likely to get into. Mr. Beale had replied that as a courtesy to the University which had accepted her, she should try to remain there at least one year, and that it would be bad faith with the Army and Navy departments were she to transfer from there to an unapproved school. These statements, I thought, were fair enough, but in saying as much, Mr. Beale wrote two and a half pages of rather school-marmish stuff scolding the girl for the attitude she held.

Harvest Day Parade While I was still down at Tom's with Beale and Scardigli, preparations for the beginning of the morning parade

was being made just outside Tom's door. There was more of the Japanese touch in today's parade by contrast with the one on Labor Day. The familiar Japanese fireman, for instance, was there, and I understood that there was one of those long dragons with a hideous mask for a head being dragged around by several men.

Michi reported on the parade to me afterward since I was entertaining Beale and couldn't see the thing. There were lion's head masks worn by men who danced around in a certain rhythm scaring the children. Some fellows painted themselves up as minstrel Negroes or as clowns. The UofC club had a kind of historical pageant of the university, with one fellow dressed up in rather ancient clothing and looking hoary with age carrying a sign, 1826, to represent the year the university was established. Others represented 1940, 1941, 1942, etc. and there were some children carrying 1950 etc. That latter part seemed to fade off into question marks and indefiniteness. Marching units vied for prizes, while little children from the nursery group dressed in various types of costumes representing Bo-Peep, etc.

Harvest Day Festival Today's affair was a gala one. From nine in the morning, concession stands lined the area bordering the outdoor stage and various programs were carried on in the messhalls. I first went to messhall 1920 where the music department was to put on their concert. When I arrived about 2:00 p.m. when the program was to start, the hall wasn't even half full, but neither were the preparations made as yet. The piano had not arrived, and the truck was at hand to get the piano. But by 2:20 or so, the audience packed the hall and lined the back wall.

Included on the program were numbers by a violin ensemble, a piano solo by one of Alice Mayeda's pupils, vocal solos by Fumiko Yabe (who had a cold) scheduled to sing but did not and by Mae Takasugi (Jim Sakoda's sister), and a choir. The audience was an extremely appreciative one and listened very quietly to the concert, a surprising thing considering the absence of atmosphere in the bare messhall. Mae Takasugi was particularly good and the audience showed their appreciation by much applause, while others were rather mediocre but filled out the program well. The music group remained behind to clean up the hall after, wiping the tables and mopping the floors. Sumiko Takemoto, secretary of the department, probably did two-thirds of the clean-up work, and I helped as much as I could.

Michi and I wandered over to the concession stands where a huge milling crowd gathered in the carnival-like area. The constant movement of people stirred up a terrific dust, and everyone's hair looked gray with dust. Huge groups of persons pressed about the three hamburger stands clamoring for the rare treat of a hamburger within this center, but the work moved too slowly and relatively few seemed to get what they wanted. We wandered from one stand to another hoping to get something to eat, and would have waited had we any assurance of getting a hamburger, but bread and meat seemed to disappear almost as rapidly as they were brought to

the cooks. Many who stood around for half an hour were disappointed by seeing the last hamburger go before they reached the waitress.

On the stage, a performance of Issei entertainment and some kind of Nisei farce was going on throughout this period. A large mob of persons gathered in front of the platform standing up to see the show. Others wandered from concession to concession, spending pennies and nickles in various games of chance or in buying paper flowers made by the crafts group. Except for those in front of the platform watching the Issei performance, or those buying paper flowers, it seemed that most of those in the area were Nisei. We were discouraged by the dust and crowd, and were hungry from watching others eating their hamburgers, so we decided to give up our efforts to see anything and wandered to the music department dance at 2620, just to see that things were going along all right. Boys crowded the doorway gaping in to see what went on, and a few dancers seemed to be on the floor.

Supper with the Family This afternoon, our block manager announced that there would be no supper served since this is a holiday, and asked us to pick up later the lunch which the fukinhai (women's aid) would fix up. There were only three nigirimeshi (rice balls) for each person, and some pickled vegetables. Michi and I decided to contribute a can of salmon, and our cabbage and lettuce for a salad. Our original notion was to have a can corned beef with the cabbage, but knowing that Kaz might not care for the corned beef, we decided on the salmon instead. It was pleasant eating at home in the family atmosphere. Mother had a bit of indigestion and asked to eat in her own place, but

After supper, all of us stayed and began to tell all manner of stories, mostly about haunted houses, ghosts, ouija boards, and mental telepathy. Hana Uyeno came over and joined us, sitting quietly listening most of the time, but nevertheless enjoying the weird discussion. The whole thing was a bit silly, and we realized it, but, as someone commented, it was appropriate for Halloween night and we joined in in good spirit. Later, Kaz suggested coffee, so we stayed longer again to finish the coffee and talk about various unrelated topics.

Halloween The whole community was inordinately quiet for a Halloween night. ~~For~~ For the past week, the canteen was sealing pumpkins and crepe papers for the Halloween events. But ~~xxx~~ this evening, there was little of the rowdiness that characterizes the usual Halloween on the outside. Even the gangs of youngsters one normally sees were relatively few in numbers, and there was certainly none of the elaborateness of costume one sometimes sees among them. Some kids were sheets over them, and covered their faces with masks, but there was nothing of the general currency of this type of activity which characterizes the outside on this evening. Somehow, the significance of Halloween seemed absent tonight---the significance of it as a night for children's wandering and boy's rowdiness.