

June 1, 1942

At the house managers' meeting Estabrook said that only a small resident patrol would be used because the major disapproved. He said that the residents should demonstrate their willingness to cooperate by abiding by rules. He said some sort of law and order was necessary. He said he realized that the people have apprehensions about Caucasians on the beet but said he could use Japanese only for quaranteen officers and guides. He said his rules and regulations had not yet been approved by the Army. He revealed that curfew was in the list of regulations but was still pending and said that Tanforan was the only camp without curfew.

The maintenance crew man complained that there were 42 carpenters in camp working under some other division. He said fixing roofs was the major problem and that he wanted more men.

The fire chief came in and said that four fires had taken place already. He said the facilities were inadequate and said the extinguishers should always be full.

Asshole Takahashi announced that the advisory council was asking the administration to allow a council member to attend all administrative staff meetings; to define what the WCCA meant by self-government, and to ask for the minutes of all administration meetings. "Other camps have it." was Henry's statement. Ogawa read the letter that DeWitt had sent to Tolan concerning civil rights and self-government and asked that the WCCA toe the mark. Yamashita suggested that house managers ought to be elected if there is to be democracy. DeWitt's letter says that every 300 people would have a representative. Yamashita said that the house managers had become a body for airing complaints and had therefore become the 'pulse of the people' and therefore much like a legislative body. Speares said the house managers would have to serve as is until the elections take place.

The medical representative said that the medical staff was mad because Woelflen and Greene had refused to cooperate. The Doctors were resigning because they were working like heck and never getting anywhere because they got nothing but promises and no supplies. He said that they were all asking for transfers to other centers. Hirano got up and started moaning. He said he went in the "hospital" and saw babies in wooden boxes resembling coffins and lousy dental chairs. He said "We have a right to demand. We are citizens." He said that a baby had died over the week end. The child was just born and needed an oxygen tent, but it took so long getting through the red tape to get out of the center that the child died while they were looking for a driver. He said the doctors were of the opinion that the child could have been saved, for contrary to the WCCA report, the child was born alive. It took 3 hours to get him out. He said 43 more babies were coming in June and better facilities should be set up.

The representative from the hospital complained that there were no partitions and no telephones in the hospital. Hirano demanded that in the W.R.A. centers there be no repetition of these horrible conditions. He said that the house managers ought to write to the W.R.A. officials and get Mr. Friar in to speak to the Town Hall and prepare questions to ask him about the new centers.

He said it was too late to improve conditions anyway since the WCCA officials were so damn bull headed anyway. Speares sat through this long barrage very uncomfortably and said nothing.

Just then Ichi Imamura rushed into the room with a blue face. He said that he had sjust received a notice from a druggist in Berkeley saying that a bottle had been brought into the camp by a friend in Berkeley yesterday labelled "boric acid" which was full of deadly poison. The druggist only knew that the person had purchased it in Berkeley for "someone in Tanforan". The house managers were immediately in panic and ran out at once without bothering to listen to Hirano any more. Hirano was one of the first men running out to see whether the poison could be located before it was used.

I ran back with four of the house managers of the nearby houses. I went from house to house asking if they had received "hosan" yesterday but everyone was surprised. When they heard the story they all helped me and went ahead to ask other people that I had not yet reached. No one in my house. Thank god.

I went inside to work on my paper and found out that the lights were out. I had to go from door to door again to find out who in the hell blew out the fuse. The electrician came over and said the transformer was out temporarily.

After lunch some carpenters came over to fix hinges on to the windows. I couldn't see much sense in it since it was so damn windy anyway. I worked like hell on my paper for the rest of the day.

After supper I worked until the people started to go to bed.

June 2, 1942

I got up at 10 and rushed to the grandstand. Dr. Thomas, W.I. Thomas, Virginia and Morton came along. She said that we would be going to Tulelake soon--maybe tomorrow and told us to be prepared to go any time.

It was windy as hell. After lunch I got some letters from Barry and from pop. Tomi went out and did the wash. I went out to look for Charlie, Fred, Doris, Tally and Ben to tell them to come around to talk over the study.

Since the dinner hour was late I typed out some outlines for them. Doris, Charlie, Fred, Tally, and Ben then came over and I explained to them the objectives of the study and all of them said they would be glad to contribute whatever they could.

After the conference, Tally said that Hirano had gotten hell from Estabrook and had been put on the blacklist for agitators. Tally said that Estabrook had taken Jimmy aside and had told him to shut up or face the consequences. After they all left this one thing stayed in my mind. What is the status of the Nisei? Since we were evacuated we have been looked down upon by the Caucasians? I wondered what would happen after the war. I wonder if I was just scared because I knew I was at the mercy of some dirty Caucasian politicians.

June 3, 1942

I slept all morning. Sue came over and said that Mrs. Honda was being repatriated to Japan. I couldn't go over to learn the details but I tried to get a copy of the State Department letter or wire to her--without success.

I resigned my job as house manager and broke in Mr. Kanehara into the duties of a house manager.

After lunch I noticed that army men were inspecting the hospital. I saw Dr. Togasaki raising holy hell with one of the men. I wrote a letter to Dr. Thomas and then went over to see Mrs. Honda. She said she was glad she was finally going and was crying all the time.

I came home and Tomi gave me a haircut. I worked on my paper until supper.

I moderated at the Town Hall meeting on "What Should the Attitude of the Nisei Be?" and tossed a lot of bull. After the meeting, Tomi and I were invited over to Jimmy Hirano's place to talk over civil liberties. Hirano said that the WCCA was fascist just like all the other Americans. He said he could see no future in America if this is the way people are going to be treated. He said that young fellows with ability ought to go to Japan or Asia. We all moaned about the JACL and the flimsy policies until 11:30.

June 4, 1942

I got up at 10:45 and wrote a long letter to professor Aikin about the blacklisting of people in this camp and asking him what could be done about it. I then went over to housing headquarters and saw Hirano and Ogawa. I could tell by the way they shut up when Takahashi came around that they suspected Henry of kiss-assing the administration and squealing on Jimmy because of his openly anti-JACL feelings. Jimmy said, "Henry's a nice guy but he's too ambitious. He'll do anything to get ahead. He'll sell his best friend down the river. All the Takahashis are that way."

After lunch I got ready to go over to see Tally who was sick. A messenger came to say that Blaisdell was here and wanted to see me. We talked about education with him until Korematsu came dashing along to talk to him about his damn coops. Blaisdell was very cordial.

I went over to the canteen but they were selling nothing. I then went over to see Tally. He was laid up with a typhoid shot or something. We bulled until supper.

I worked on my paper until late and then had some sandwiches. I read the Classics book for a while before turning in.

June 5, 1942

We are still waiting for our moving orders to Tule Lake.

I got up at 9 and started working on my paper. I am getting tired and bored with this work, but plugged on until I got word that Dr. Thomas had phoned and said that she would be around at 2. I expected that maybe the transfer was coming and worked only my paper more merrily.

Dr. Thomas told us that we ought to expect our transfer soon because everything had been cleared up. I went home and typed until supper.

After supper I had a sad spell for a while because I thought about the post-war world and it made me very demoralized. I worked on the paper until 8 and then went to housing headquarters to meet with the study group. I found there a pleasant surprise.

I accidentally walked into a meeting being led by Henry Takahashi on the plans for the W.R.A. The so-called leaders were hashing things over under his leadership. I started to leave when Hirano and Ogawa asked me to stay over Takahashi's protest, so just to get him down I parked. They were talking about demands that they were going to make on the government. They were going to ask for (1) a center with a favorable climate, (2) a non-agricultural center, and (3) that everyone in the center be moved as a body. They were working on a questionnaire that they were going to pass around to collect data to show to the government that Tanform people were chiefly urban peoples. As if anybody didn't know that already. There were fifteen people there besides a secretary. Most of them were house managers and councilmen.

I then went to the main mess hall and saw the five people bulling. Freddie had already started organizing the work and the five were trying to decide who was going to cover what.

I went home and worked on my paper until 10. When I tried to get the Richfield reporter I discovered that all coast radio stations were off. I guess there was an air-raid alarm.

June 6, 1942

We are still waiting for moving orders. Tomi was up early to pack and eat breakfast. She said she wanted to make breakfast just once so that she can say that she had had the experience in Tanforan.

Pete and Sat came over and we bulled for a while. I went over to the housing office to get a copy of DeWitt's letter to Tolan and got it. I then went to the P.O. and cleared up the matter of change of address and that a package of supplies addressed to me from Cal was to be delivered to Freddie.

When I got home I found a note from Tally and rushed back to the grandstand to look for him. Hirano was yelling out there. He said that the accommodation under the Army were O.K. but that under the W.R.A. there would be no priorities. He was really worried about it.

Right after lunch I went on a spurt and finished my report on Tanforan. It was really a relief to get at least that out of the way before being transferred to do more work. I thought that I had loafed too much in here and that I'd have to get off the dime when I got to Tulalake.

Mine was worried about more bachelors coming in.

After supper I looked over the paper and read about a great U.S. naval victory in Midway. It sounded good.

Tally and Naj came in to see what we wanted in the survey. Naj said that since he was drawing up the schedule he could include anything that Dr. Thomas wanted. We got together and decided to put in the standard stuff since nothing else occurred to any of us. We talked about all kinds of things and had some salami and crackers and salad.

June 7, 1942

I was awakened at 10:45 by Naj. He said he was too late for me to be in bed and he wanted to know when he should pack and be ready to go. I went over to take a shower and really cleaned up. Washed my hair, shaved and changed my clothes and was all set for the move.

I watched the kids playing ball in the yard in front of the house. They were about 5 to 8 years of age and I noticed that all of them had a pretty good command of English slang.

I read the paper and then went to lunch. We had butter for the first time since coming here.

I was watching some kids making boats when Mr. Kanehara came by and said that there were big sumo matches going on near barrack 4 and 5. I went down there with Tomi and found a big crowd watching some huskies who were nearly naked grunting on the ground. I noted that the old rituals were still being preserved.

We watched the baseball games. Both men and women were playing in the center of the field. It was windy as hell so we went into the library. There were more books available now from the San Mateo library and from Mills College. I read several interesting and damning articles in the "Argonat" on the status of the Nisei. Argonaut was a queer magazine. It is published in S.F. By reading the articles I couldn't figure out what its political leanings were. They had a big picture of bastard DeWitt.

Now that the paper was over with, now that I didn't have to work as house manager I felt more like taking things easy and loafing. I read Time for a while and caught up with the world news. We went to bed early hoping for a permit to go tomorrow. We are all packed and ready to go.

June 8, 1942

We are still waiting for the moving orders. There is nothing to do. We got up early and went over to the post office. I sent the paper on Tanforan to Dr. Thomas by mail because I was afraid that they would search me if I took it out. I had to send it special delivery and fourth class because registered mail would cost me \$1.29--I didn't have a red sent to my name.

After lunch I noticed that Kurakake's vegetable garden was coming along quite well. He was saying that within a few days he could have some fresh vegetable for tsukemono. We packed again so that we could be ready to pull out on an hours notice. Tomi had a headache and went to bed. Jim Yamada came over and brought a lock for us to use when we left. He wanted to make sure that he could have the room when we left.

I got letters from Miss Knoles and from Gundlach. He sent me In Fact.

We were all packed up but no order. Hell.

I had to take the clothesline down after supper because we needed the rope to tied up our bedding. Tomi combed her hair for a long time. Tally then came over and all of us went over to Rosie's. Tally and I talked to Ichi about the J.A.C.L. and its policies. He was equally disgusted.

Tomi, Rosie, Tally and I ate all the food that we had left over. We thought we may as well finish it since we couldn't take it along. We had a can of pork and beans, salami and cheese and some crackers.

Tomi said that her father wanted us to pay up \$4.60 to Jim for paying for some stuff that we didn't even order. I didn't have a damn cent to my name and didn't have for a couple of weeks. I didn't know when I was going to be paid. It seemed unreasonable that he should demand it after telling me just before we were married that he didn't want to have anything to do with us and then making us pay for something we didn't order. I was pretty mad.

June 9, 1942

I got up early and shaved. I went over to see Greene but he had no news of our transfer. He said he would send out our name on the teletype and ask San Francisco.

At the reception hall, we saw Dr. Thomas, Dr. Mead, Virginia and the others. We talked about all sorts of things. Margaret Mead was quite an interesting woman. She told us all sorts of things and asked pertinent questions.

I was reading a magazine when Sat and Impie came over to say good bye. Then they went with Tomi to see Jimmy about the money. I was sitting around along when Toko and Mine got locked out and Tok had to climb in through our room to open the door.

One of the U.C. kids came in to ask me about student relocation. Apparently he had seen my name in the letterhead of the committee and he wanted to apply for a scholarship. I held my temper and was as cordial as possible to him and told him I didn't know anything about scholarships. He was an old son of a bitch. He was one of the wise Nisei boys who knew everything. In January when we were trying to get some sort of organization to meet the emergency on the campus he was one of the wise guys in the J.S.C. who felt that nothing was going to happen and said he never needed any help from Blaisdell or from any other Caucasian. He was the guy who told me that he hated Caucasians and that he wouldn't join the YMCA if his life depended on it. I noticed that he was now very meek and cooperative. I wondered how he got the guts to come see me. Even now, though, he had some odd ideas about getting along with Caucasians. I don't see how he could form opinions about Caucasians without knowing any. I hoped that he couldn't get out. I almost felt like writing Conrad about the bastard. He's not worth a scholarship.

I was reading Time when a man came around to collect some money for a party for kitchen workers. I asked him how much he wanted and who it was for. He didn't answer. When I asked him if it was for mess 8 he said yes; then I told him I didn't have a cent.

At supper, the political campaign began. Ernie Iiyama was introduced to the people by an Issei.

Ernie Takahashi came in to say that Friar had agreed to send a man in to talk to us. He asked me to draw up some questions to ask.

June 10, 1942

I got up late today. Tally came rushing in with the news that Bessie had seen our moving order on Greene's desk. I washed up and noticed a Caucasian worker in the washroom with a big bottle of whiskey. I filled in my draft board questionnaire. Harno came in and gave me a script book--what was left of his. Tomi burned herself ironing and there was a lot of excitement.

After lunch I finished filling in the questionnaire and got the P.O. man to notarize it for me. I got some cigarettes and Baby Ruth. I walked up to the Totalizer office. Taro and Sahanghai were there. Lil said she had heard from Jim. She said that Jim was writing to no one unless they wrote first. I recalled that I hadn't heard from him either. I didn't even know where he was, but Lillian said he was in Tulare and that he was expecting to go to Tulalake.

I noticed that some men were preparing the hall for a big party for mess hall workers. I learned that it was for the workers who had served in the main kitchen. Then I thought of the old Issei who came around collecting money and got mad. He tried to get money from me on false pretenses.

I talked to Tally and Toby for a while and then went over to Anne's. She was playing some Russian music and discussing recent books with Marii.

After supper I prepared a gift for Tally and then read the article by McWilliams and the recommendations of the Seattle Welfare workers committee that Charlie and Anne had given me.

We then went to the Town Hall meeting. The audience was there at 7, but the WRA man was not notified of the change of time so he wasn't there. Apparently some mess halls had announced that an interpretation would be made and many Issei came. While they were waiting for the WRA man to come, Ernie ran about wildly and finally found a man to speak Japanese and tell the Issei that no translation would be made. The meeting as a whole was dull. Mr. Fergusson an attorney and his assistant Mr. Throckmorton were very good but the questions were dumb--some of them were answered in the folders already.

We then went to the housing headquarters for the party for Tally's birthday. Mamie was gushing around but Tally was pretty sick and didn't look like he enjoyed it at all. There were ten of us there. We all ate and raised hell until 11:20.

At 10:30 we went to wash in the laundry room and saw an unsanctioned party going on there. It looked like the remnants of the mess hall party there. Young kids about fifteen were jiving to hot music. I wondered how high the illegitimacy rate would be when I noticed the look on the eyes of one of the Hawaiian boys.

June 11, 1942

Still no word from the Army. I was in bed until noon. I then took a shower and went to lunch.

I talked to Pete and Mine for a while and then Tomi went to the hospital to get her finger treated. The Yamazakis gave us some ice cream. We then went to the Totalizer office. I wanted to visit some of the school classes but they were not opened yet.

I walked over to the reception hall with nothing in particular in mind and ran into Bill Himel. He said he had to move to Colorado and said that he would probably drop in at Tulalake on his way out to see his "relative" there. Tomi met her prof Moise and got some candy and calendars from him.

At home I wrote Barry and Dr. Thomas and then read the Pacific Citizen for a while.

We then went to the Talent Show and saw Naj and Kiyo Miyake there in the crowd. They looked pretty chummy. The m.c. was lousy. An old man kept hopping around when the lousy Hawaiian music came on and attracted all the attention of the audience. He finally got kicked out by a cop. The grandstand was 2/3 full and little kids were running all around. Vulgarity was quite common and guys were yelling anytime regardless of the performance. Those leaving early showed no regard for the performers or the audience. Typically Jap show manners. The program was lousy and dominated by Hawaiian Nisei and their songs. Alice Mukai came out in a hula suit and got some whistles and dirty cracks.

Tomi and I finally decided to go because it was so lousy and left by a side entrance. We went over to Sue's but they were out. We then went over to Doris' place. The furniture there was swell. We talked about the evacuation and then about the transfer to Tulalake.

June 12, 1942

What the hell! No transfer yet.

I got up at 10. There was no water since the main line was shut again. God dammit. Tomi gave me a haircut and I shaved. As I finished, Sat came over and said, Not yet?

After lunch I went over to talk to Tally. Doris came running up and said that our transfer order was in. I went to see Mr. Gunder and he had my order and Tomi's but our names were horribly misspelled. He said he didn't know whether the order referred to me or not and that he could not release me unless Davis said it was O.K. We made the arrangements to leave Sunday with Estabrook. Naj's order wasn't there. I went home to tell Naj and Tomi. Naj then went up to see Davis but the dirty bastard refused to call S.F. or to teletype to find out. Davis told Naj that he had been left out purposely by the Army and that he was in no position to question the integrity of the Army. He said that he would just have to wait. Naj couldn't get it through his head that he couldn't wait because the office was closed Saturday afternoon and Sunday and Tomi and I were leaving Sunday afternoon. Even if his order came on Monday it would be too late. Davis is a real genuine son of a bitch.

I went to the Tatalizer office to wait for the results of Harno's conference with Davis. I looked at the bulletin from Tulalake and it sounded O.K. The list of things they were selling in the canteen really looked good.

The carpenters were putting barbed wire above the office. Naj still was gone. I went out and talked to Estabrook and Hirano and Miyake and Ogawa. Ogawa said he gave up trying to improve Tanforan because it was impossible. Estabrook told us that the man who was going to take us to Tule took others to Manzanar a few days ago and got in trouble with some drunken soldiers who wanted to kill all the Japs.

We had to eat supper cafeteria style because there was no water to wash the serving dishes. Mine was having a hell of a time because she had diarrhea and all the toilets were closed.

Ernie Takahashi came over to ask me about Tulalake. He said he was thinking of joining his brother there and thought he would take over the place. "I don't want to be an optometrist all my life. I figure my brother and I have enough pull so that one of us can get to be in optometry. I want to get a WRA job as educational supervisor. I've written to Aide, and others. Write and let me know about education in the relocation centers. If I don't get a job in education I can always fall back into optometry. I had to leave Fresno. I was getting in good with the politicians by selling them votes and got plenty of business. I was just beginning to make money when this had to come. I always hated this kind of work and I want to get into something new. The only good part about Fresno was the fun with the politicians. They gave plenty for votes."

A couple of girls came in to ask us to sign transfers to Tulalake. I went over to see Tally and found that he and Mamie had left to see us. We watched the twilight league games for a while and then went to the Yusas and bulled and ate.

June 13, 1942

We were awakened by Rosie. While we were talking to her, Naj came in and said he had no luck in his arguments with Davis. He was mad as hell.

At lunch we talked about leaving. Mine still had the bug and was still running. We went over to the Yamazakis. Mr. Y. gave us a pro-Japan talk, the first I'd heard since the evacuation. He said, "the only hope for the U.S. is to make peace. The American cabinet should resign."

I went over to Tally's to get some cigarettes and talked to Takahashi about the coming election. He said he wasn't afraid of Iiyama's block of 250 votes. I then got in a truck and rode around with Tally and Doris as they started to check up on the census. I read the new Totalizer and then went to supper.

After supper I talked to Anne for a while. She was plenty griped. She said the Catholics were trying to go together somewhere and that the teachers in the schools used horrible English.

I read Time for a while and then sat around waiting for Tally to come as he had promised. He didn't come so I went to the election rally in recreation hall 6. It was an empty barrack filled mostly by Issei. Speakers performed in both languages. There were boos and claps and kids ran in and out. Iyeki double-crossed Iiyama and spoke for Takahashi. I was mad when I learned that someone had red-baited Iiyama and turned Iyeki's influence over to Henry. I knew Henry was dirty enough to do it but I didn't think he would.

Tomi and I then went to Mrs. Harano's for a farewell party. At 8:30 no one was there but Sue and Tosh but the others came later. Each of the relatives brought some food and dishes and utensils. Tomi's mother and the girls cooked and the others helped clean up. The men played cards by themselves.

I thought of the move tomorrow. I couldn't help but feel apprehensive about the Manzanar drunken soldier incident, but let it go.

June 14, 1942

Today was moving day. After waiting for three weeks we finally got our orders from the Army to go to Tule Lake.

We got up at 10 when Harno came into the room to lend us eight bucks, since we were broke. We packed up hastily and joked with Mine Okubo and the Kurakakes. I couldn't help but thinking of losing such fine friends and neighbors.

I piled the beds on top of each other so that I could mop the floor. We didn't have any room in which to roll the bedding so we had to clean the dirty floor. I took a shower and then returned to pack. Everything was in a mess and I couldn't see how much junk could accumulate in a dump like Tanforan where there was nothing to buy.

We had our last Tanforan meal with Mich and Anne. They told us of the near-riot that occurred at the political rally last night. Apparently the Issei and the Kibei were not satisfied with the participation and demanded more speeches. When the chairman refused to comply with their wishes, they threatened him and his group--including friend Henry Takahashi.

What a hell of a lunch--just a wienie, potato salad, soup and lousy pudding. Just when we were part way through a man had an epileptic fit and rolled around the middle of the mess hall floor. Everyone was excited and many stopped eating. The nurses and nurses' aids all came to the rescue, but many refused to go on eating.

We went home and were busily packing and people--especially relatives--started visiting us at 2. What the hell! It's certainly nice of them to come see us off, but why in the hell do they have to stand in the way when we're busy packing. We couldn't lock up our things until 2:15 when Sullivan, the man to accompany us to Tule Lake, came in to search our baggage. The truck came right up to our door and hauled our things away. We walked over to the reception room with Tally, Harno and Kiyo Miyake (Kiyo and Harno were holding hands!!!!)

At 3:40 we walked over to the gate and stood around for 20 minutes talking to our friends and relatives until 4. Tomi's father actually shook hands with me when we said good bye, but he apparently still has a grudge against me. Sullivan took us into a room with a couple of ape-like hombres and search both of us to see whether or not we were armed. After saying good-bye, we left a little after 4 in the back of a baggage truck for San Francisco. Two other drivers were going to S.E. and they rode in the back with us. It was a little hot. We exchanged cigarettes and talked about the lousy conditions in Tanforan, war conditions outside, loyal and disloyal Japanese. The driver told us that when he was given the job he was told that he had to treat all the Japanese in the Center courteously. He felt that while there might be a few spies, most Japanese were good people and did not deserve to be confined in the camp. He was very indignant

when he learned that doctors and other professional men were getting only \$16 dollars a month. He felt that trained men should be paid what they were worth.

When we got to the Ferry building, Sullivan got the tickets and checked our baggage. As we walked over toward the waiting room, Virginia suddenly came dashing over at us. We were surprised to see her, but in a way expected to find someone in S.F. since we had written that we would be there about 5. W.I., D.S., Morton and his wife were there too. W.I. bought us the first carbonated drink that we had since April--boy, was it good? Virginia gave me the bill for the food we ordered and some cigarettes--the wrong kind, darn her. They all brought some candy for Tomi.

At 5:35 we got on the ferry. Apparently everyone who saw us thought we were Chinese. We saw a lot of sailors around, but they did not even look at us. One small girl stared at us as if to say, "What are these funny looking people doing here?" Sullivan was sitting away from us so that people would not get suspicious. I was still griped about his not helping Tomi carry some of her load. We read Kenny's letter (which D.S. gave me) and by the time we got through we were in Oakland.

We got on the train for Klamath Falls at 6:15. Sullivan left us and didn't come back until 8:30. We then ate supper on the train. Apparently everyone thought we were Chinese for they all stared at us but seemed to be definitely friendly. The supper we had was the only decent edible food we had for a long time. We had veal stew, mashed potatoes, rolls, milk, black tea, cake and ice cream. It was expensive but it was really worth it to us. This was the first time I paid a meal fare in the train without grumbling. As we were walking out of the diner, the headwaiter addressed Tomi in Chinese. When we looked at him surprised and not knowing what to say, he apparently interpreted our look of amazement as a sign that he had spoken poorly and apologized.

We sat at our place thinking about what Tule Lake was like. I noticed as the day came to an end that the war had brought about many changes in trains. There were no cokes for sale, sugar was in a small paper bag, shades were all down at 9, and all lights were turned out at 11. I noticed that even the pillows were getting expensive--ten cents when they used to be free.

Well, we are finally on our way to Tule Lake. I am glad that we are out of Tanforan. If there is anything I'll avoid or dislike when we get out after the war, it is race tracks. Perhaps the name--Davis--will arouse my temper too. What a hell of a place. No matter what Tule is like, it can't be worse. If there is any change, it has to be for the better, it can't possibly be worse.

We read papers and whiled our time until the lights went out.

June 15, 1942

We had a terrible night on the train. I had indigestion and it was so uncomfortable that I just couldn't sleep. Some soldiers, women and a little kid kept making noise. I think I slept for about three hours.

At 5:10 I was awakened by Tomi as we passed Mt. Shasta. I suppose it was pretty but I wasn't in an appreciative mood. I washed up and noted that Sullivan was already up.

We arrived at Klamath Falls at 6:45 and there at the station saw Sakoda and his brother and sister. Jim was wearing a hat that made him look like a Korean. We all went across the street and for the first time had ham and eggs.

What a jerk-water town! We got on the bus at 8 and wandered back and forth on the bus between the train station and the bus depot for 3/4 of an hour. Finally, at 9, the driver decided that he had too many passengers and told us to take the Cadillac they had in reserve and the guards drove us to Tule Lake.

We arrived at the project all bored at 11:15. It was a huge place with rows upon rows of barracks. We went to the administration building and were greeted as we got off the car by Dr. Jacoby. We went in and met Mr. Shirrell who seemed rather nice. Mr. Friedman then escorted us to the hospital and brought us to our apartment. We were given a huge room 20 x 25. The room was lined with brown material and cots were strewn over the place. It was dirty but not so bad. Our first impression of the place was that it was pretty good.

Since there was a huge wood-pile across the street, we went out right away to get some wood. Tomi managed to get better wood by talking to the truck drivers. We managed to gather quite a pile.

We are surrounded by a bunch of country hicks. They just come by quietly, peek into the room and then giggle. They are very curious and they seem to tell anything..

We walked over to the canteen to get a hammer and other supplies. What a place! The whole barrack with plenty of hardware, food, tobacco, soda, everything including clothes! This is really a place.

We walked over to the unfinished barracks to get some nails. The Caucasian carpenters apparently understood our plight and helped us steal nails by looking the other way when we stooped to take some out of the barrel.

We went over to the block manager's place and got a mop and broom. He was a rather gruff bastard but seemed O.K. Tomi then swept out the room.

About 4:30 we still didn't have any baggage so I walked over to the administration building. Jacoby noticed me standing there and he took me all over the camp looking for the truck that might possibly have the suitcases. No luck.

As we were sitting there moaning about the baggage and wondering what could have happened to it, one of the girls who lived around here came over to tell us the meal time. She told us to rush over to the mess hall right away since they did not serve late comers. We went to the wash room (which was very clean) and then to the mess hall. Just when we got there we noticed that the truck driver was looking for us. We went home together and selected out our baggage and told him Sakoda's address so that he could deliver it. Needless to say, we were late to supper.

Supper was pretty good. We had beans, lettuce salad, carrots, rice, milk, and apple cobbler. It was really swell. The waitresses seem to take pride in the kitchen and braggingly explained the procedure of eating to us. When we got home and man came over from the other end of the block to warn us that unless we showed up on time, we could not eat. He also asked us if we knew someone in Denver and when we asked why he asked such a question he replied that he heard that we were from Denver. Apparently people around here didn't know where Tanforan was and when we told them we came from there they started imagining where that must be. I couldn't help but noticing the predominance of the use of Japanese among these rural people from Clarksburg and Courtland. They are kind but their boorish curiosity is irritating.

I started work on a table. Jacoby came in to see if werwere settled comfortably. He has really been swell to us all day. He seems to be busy as hell.

I continued to work on the table until 9:30 when it started to get pretty dark. Tomi arranged the things and partially unpacked. We pounded nails all over the place and hung up some of our things. We took a shower and being very tired went to bed.

Our first impression of Tule Lake was that it was a pretty good place. The physical facilities are pretty good and the administrative men are just swell. The only set-back is the stupidity of the people we live with. We hope that Tanforan can come here to off-set the stupidity.

June 16, 1942

We didn't get up until 10. I shaved in the wash room. We then walked over to the canteen which isn't so far away and got some soda and cookies. There was no saw or sandpaper left. We browsed around and got home just in time to put a lock on our door and rush off to lunch.

We couldn't help but noting a competitive spirit between the blocks. The people insisted that block 4 was the best in all respects. We had the least number of thieves, the best cooks and the best everything. The superior attitude taken by the residents as they explained the strict regulations to newcomers was amusing. One man even went so far as to show me how to flush a toilet properly!

I worked hard all afternoon to make a wall. Since we expected mother and dad any day, we hurriedly drew up our floor plans and started making walls. We had plenty of wood since Tomi enticed the truck drivers to bring it over to our place. She also went out to get some more nails when we ran out. Jacoby came in late in the afternoon to tell us that the Miyamotos had arrived and that we ought to meet at his home for a discussion on the study.

We were late to supper again. This time our watch was off. We hurried to Sakodas to tell them about the meeting tonight. We then took a shower and rushed over to Jacoby's place.

Their barrack was very much like ours only they had partitions in already. Mrs. Jacoby was very sweet and they have a cute baby and two dogs. We were talking but a few moments when Jim and his brother and sister came in. Soon Miyamoto and his wife came. They really looked very young. Miyamoto looks like a college freshman. We talked over the nature of the study and discussed music. We had some iced tea and had a pleasant time. About 10 o'clock Mr. Jacoby had to leave to check up on some of his wardens and we all broke up and went home.

For a little while, we sat us and planned the room.

June 17, 1942

We got up at 8:30 this morning. Tomi went over to the canteen to get a saw and ordered a plane. I spent the morning working on the wall. Tomi went out after some nails and wood. We almost missed lunhh because she was so slow in getting back.

After lunch we walked over to the post office at the end of the project to get a package. After getting the package of food from Berkeley, we hurriedly walked over to the new wood-pile to get the wood that Tomi had reserved only to find the thing stolen. The people stole her idea of reserving wood and all over there were huge piles of wood with reserved written on it but all of Tomi's wood was stolen. She was really mad, so we just took four two by fours and walked home.

We saw Jimmy for a moment and then went home and worked on the walls. After supper we worked on the walls some more. I noticed that some kids were out in the firebreaks playing ball.

I worked on the walls until pretty late at night. We finally succeeded in putting up two walls, a double shelf, a table and a chair. As we went to take a shower I saw a swell pice of firtex to fill in a gap in our wall so we helped ourselves.

It seems very much as though a few improvements will make this place a swell place to live. I've been working on construction so much that I haven't seen the camp yet but it looks pretty encouraging.

June 18, 1942

We got up at 11:40 but I couldn't shave because I forgot to put a blade in my razor. Dammit! We rushed to lunch.

Tomi was a little sick today so I had to work by myself. I made another wall, a huge study desk and a book shelf.

At supper, the block manager (who gave out the mail in the mess halls) gave me a letter from Thomas. I completed work on the desk and laid some plans for building a closet.

We cleaned up and walked over to see Jimmy but he wasn't home. We dropped in at the Miyamoto's and talked for some time about sociology and music. I started getting sick and felt like vomiting and finally left for home without saying a word. I couldn't because if I opened my mouth it would have come out. On the way home I vomited and then had to run for the toilet. I felt sick as hell all night. I guess I should have taken Mrs. Jacoby's warning about bad water seriously.

June 19, 1942

I had to get out of bed at 4:45 to run to the toilet and get a drink of water. I felt better and slept until 11. I didn't feel like going to lunch so Tomi went and came back with some oranges and grapefruits from the canteen. She also succeeded in cashing a check for ten dollars.

I slept for a while after having some canned soup and an orange. Jim dropped in for a while and then left. Tomi went off to supper and later cooked some spaghetti for me. I just didn't feel like eating the slop they served in the mess halls while my stomach was upset. The very smell of that greasy food made me sick.

I wrote a few letters and went to bed early.

June 20, 1942

We got up at 10 and went over to the canteen. Just as we got back we noticed that Mrs. Jacoby had brought Miss Campbell of Berkeley over to see us. It was really swell to see them again. We sat among the lumber and just talked and talked.

After lunch Tomi got sick. She claimed that she had tonsillitis. She said to go ahead and work while she slept. I built a closet, a chair, two cabinets, and another table. I cleaned up the room and put out the excess lumber for Harno to use when he came.

After supper I cleaned up and took a shower. Since our construction work was over, I changed my clothes for the first time. I made some orange juice and compresses for Tomi who now had a fever. I read a magazine in the living room for a while and went to bed.

June 21, 1942

Tomi is still laid up with tonsillitis. I got up with intentions of working but walked to the canteen to get some soda, oranges and some paper. Since they had no aspirins, I walked over to the hospital to get some gargle. I found that the pharmacist knew that the people who lived at our address had come from Tanforan. Apparently the news of our arrival had travelled pretty far.

Lunch was lousy so I came home and cooked some soup for Tomi. I then walked over to the library but found it closed. I met Sugihama (formerly of Cal) and saw Toby Taira from Stockton. We talked over old times and then I went home to see how Tomi was coming along.

Tomi got up for supper. We had ham and cabbage. I noticed that the boy at our table used the soup bowl for a "chawan" and with tea ate "ochazuke" happily with the "tsukemono" that was on the table. Where he got his chopsticks I don't know.

Since it was very hot we sat in front of the house for a while. Then we walked over to the end of the project to see where the lake was. We went over to the other side of the hill and saw a small pond, but were stopped by the guard before we could go farther.

We got back and drank some pop and read the funny-papers. Tomi was well again so we ate some macaroni. Then I worked on my reports for a while.

June 22, 1942

Tomi got up early today to register for the stenographers' training course under adult education. She wanted to brush up on her typing and learn more shorthand. She says that she wants to be a good stenographer for the study.

We went over to the canteen and bought some cokes and a bucket. We left our laundry there too. On the way home we stopped at the Miyamotos and had a chat. They are really swell people. Frank seems to be more than intelligent and is very sharp. Michi is a very sweet woman. We are really lucky that we have such nice people to work with. Both of us were thinking that perhaps the stay here won't be so bad so long as they are around.

After lunch, Tomi was sick again. We drank some cokes and then sat around for a while resting because it was too hot to do anything.

I worked for a while to revise the preliminary report I had written out on Tule Lake. I was afraid that my first impression of this place was so good that it might be misleading. I was afraid that I might have to change my mind when I got to know this place better. On top of that, if I sent these reports to Tanforan without any doctoring I might start a riot around there to come up here.

I wrote a few letters and then we went to supper.

We attended the social welfare discussion group led by Jacoby. It was really a sad group. Mr. Jacoby was so patient and practically hinted at every answer but the people there were so dumb or so shy that they just didn't say anything. It was really disgusting. I didn't know that college students could be so damn dumb--especially Cal students.

Jim and George came along with us. We picked up the Miyamotos and came home to have coffee, cokes, and crackers. We had a very pleasant evening just chatting until 1 o'clock. We talked about the study, social theory, and other things about the camp.

June 23, 1942

I got up at 11:30 and shaved just in time for lunch. I worked for a while on letters. I went over to the administration building to see Dr. Francis but she wasn't in. I noticed that Nisei engineers and architects were drafting plans for other buildings to be constructed here. I met Henry Omachi and Jobo from Cal and we went over to the canteen. There I met Kit, Fumio Nishida and Eugene Okada. It looked as though Sacramento was coming in in force.

Apparently some conflict was already taking place between the people from the north and those who are just coming in from California. For one thing, the newspaper staff, being run by some dope from Seattle, was not very friendly to the Sacramentans. Apparently the Wallerger staff had brought a letter to Mr. Shirrell asking that they all be placed on the staff of the Tule Lake paper. The busy staff from Seattle seemed to resent the fact and seemed to be afraid that they were going to be replaced. The editor refused to shake hands or to speak to the Sacramentans.

I learned from the fellows that there had been some trouble at the dance Saturday night. The Washington people had wanted slow music while the Californians demanded jitterbug music. Since the music came from the jukeboxes an argument arose over who was to put in the nickel in and ~~make~~ the selection. Apparently some gangs of Sacramento fellows got a little rough because there seemed to be a fear on the part of the Washingtonians that they were going to be beaten up by some rough gangs.

We all went over to the Dispatch office to look around. It was really disgusting. The paper was being burned out in an empty recreation barrack and the noise there was terrific. The workers looked like a bunch of half-educated morons.

I took a walk over to the library over at the next recreation hall. It was nothing more than an empty barrack with fifteen desks. I was pleasantly surprised to see several good social science books although they didn't seem to have much else. I was told that a Mr. Elberson on the staff had turned over his private collection. Among the books were Mead's Coming of Age in Samoa and Sex and Temperament. Sorokin's Contemporary Sociological Theories and Social Mobility; MacIver's Society; Ogburn's Social Change; Veblen's Theory of the Leisure Class; McWilliam's Factories in the Fields; Radin's Social Anthropology; Parson's Structure of Social Action; Park and Burgess' Introduction to the Science of Sociology; Lichtenberger's History of Social Thought; Cooley's Social Theory and Research; Davis' World Immigration were among the many books they carried. There were books on population by Thompson, Carr-Saunders and several economic theory books including Keynes, Marshall, Robinson, Hicks, and Chamberlain.

I learned that besides Mr. Elberson's books the Modoc county library supplied some of their left-overs.

When I learned that the assistant librarian was one of the chairmen at the dance last Saturday, I started asking her questions. She didn't know I was from California and was quite free in telling me what she thought of Californians. She argued that Californians were barbarians and senseless. She felt that while jitterbugging was o.k. if there were space there just wasn't enough room to do it last Saturday. She felt that Californians were too fast because the men continually frequented whore houses and the girls gave too often. All Washingtonians must work hard to remain respectable.

I got home just in time to see Jacoby. He came with the news that Dr. Thomas would be here tomorrow.

After supper, we went over to the Miyamotos to leave the good news and talked for a while. We then went over to the Sakodas and talked there until 11:30.

June 24, 1942

We got up at 10 and went over to the canteen. There was no plane there yet so we just got some soda and came home.

Right after lunch Dr. Thomas, W.I. and a fellow from Washington. The Miyamoto's and the Sakoda's came over and we bulled all afternoon and didn't accomplish a damn thing except get acquainted again. I learned during the conversation that my money had not yet been deposited in the bank as yet and that the check that Tomi wrote last week was no good. We borrowed \$10 from W.I. to pay them back.

We had supper with the Thomases at our mess hall. The people around were very curious when they saw Caucasians and the head waiter came over to ask all kinds of questions. We had beans, which they claimed they liked, but which I thoroughly disliked. All eyes seemed to be focused at corner on the Caucasians.

After supper, Mrs. Thomas read Jimmy's report while W.I. went out. We waited and waited for Jacoby to arrive before starting our conference and finally got started at 8. We talked over the matter of objectivity and Jimmy was still worried about being taken for spies.

After everyone left, we were hungry so I went over to the latrine for some water. There I ran into an argument between Mr. Yuasa, the block delegate, and a Kibei. They were arguing over the matter of volunteering for work in the fields. There had been an appeal for ag. workers since there was much planting to be done.

The young Kibei was arguing influent Japanese before a crowd of nine Issei that the Kibei and Nisei were citizens but had been uprooted-- why should we volunteer to plant potatoes? Yuasa answered that the government was protecting us and we should cooperate to make this place the best we can. To this the Kibei answered that we are getting thrown around, "we farmed for thirty years and were uprooted. You city people don't understand. We are in a terrible situation and at the mercy of the dirty keto!" I tried to stand around but the men looked at me with disfavor so I left slowly. The argument was going on so heatedly that I could hear them cursing even when I was 50 feet away.

While having soup and crackers with cheese, I read in the Dispatch that people were required to work or pay \$20 per person room and board or else be transferred elsewhere. Where was this elsewhere Jacoby talked about? What kind of a prison was it? Apparently there is some resentment in this camp against Caucasians and this ruling might lead to some trouble. I thought about it for a while in bed.

June 25, 1942

We got up at 9:45 and washed up. By the time I got back the Thomases were already here waiting. Sakod and the Miyamotos came and we talked over the study and its problems. We talked at some length over what kind of release we were going give to the newspaper. Suddenly W.I. thought of a good announcement, a very simple one and the problem was settled.

W.I. posed a tentative outline: (1) the aspirations and goals, (2) conflicts, (3) adjustments after a period of strife and (4) deviations from the regular pattern. Then Bates and Goss from the W.R.A. Information division came in and promised to get some books for us. Bates seemed like an old windbag with a tremendous interest and little knowlege of geography. Goss seemed pretty sharp and more like a newspaper man. Both were very nice and cooperative.

At lunch we had to answer some questions about the Caucasians th at ate with us yesterday.

We went over to the canteen to stock up on sodas and ordered copies of 'Lost Horizon' and 'The Good Earth'. The laundry was not yet in.

We sat around for a while and listened to the radio and a man came in to check up on the linings of firtex in our room.

Soon Dr. Thomas came in. Jim came over and we talked about our Nisei friends, particularly Kenny, Charlie, and Wang.

Jacoby was supposed to come after the Thomases but he didn't come. We left them in the room and went out to supper and when we returned, they were gone.

We walked over to the newly inhabited parts of the camp to see if Koe had come to camp. Since Marysville was coming in, we thought that he might be there. We saw Kit and Harvey Itano but couldn't find Koe or Koso. Some of the Marysville people thought that perhaps the Hinokis and the Colusa people went to Merced. We stopped in at a meeting that Shirrell was having with newcomers but left early. We went over to the library and picked up some books. We noticed that the boys were just sitting around there reading newspapers and life magazines.

At home, I started reading Mead's Coming of Age in Samoa. Jacoby came in with his dog and told us how much work he had to do. He was very favorably impressed with the Thomases. I continued to read while Tomi made some soup, and hash.

June 26, 1942

Today is Tomi's birthday. We were yanked out of bed at 11:30 when Harno showed up with Sugiyama and some other guy. He had just arrived and he claimed that he didn't like the place.

We all had lunch at home. Tomi got some hash and salad from the dining hall and we had some soup to supplement it. We went over to see the Miyamotos and then went to the bank to settle the matter of the rubber check.

Since Harno had to live with some people he didn't know--a woman who was about to have a baby, we thought that we ought to have his room changed. We went over to the administration building to see Friedman. While he was talking to Friedman I talked to Dr. Francis about starting an orientation course for Nisei students who were planning to be relocated in the eastern colleges and she O.K.ed the plan.

We went over to the place where Harno was supposed to stay and found that the baggage had not arrived as yet. We saw Dr. Uyeyama and Dr. Ishizu with whom Naj had come. We then stopped at the ~~Laundry~~ and got our laundry and some pop.

We helped Harno carry his things to the bachelors' quarters on our block. The set up seemed pretty good. There was another Kibei fellow who used to teach at Washington, a couple of dopes and a former Stanford graduate. Another Issei used to cook for the Navy and he understood and spoke English quite well. While we were looking around a terrific dust and rain storm came up. The dust was so thick that we couldn't see the barrack across the street. Harno was really disgruntled and claimed that he preferred Tanforan to this place. He denied that he missed the women in Tanforan and said that the weather was justousy. We rushed home in the midst of rain and dust and hurriedly closed all our windows.. As I tried to get some wood and coal from the box outside Tomi was trying to hold an umbrella over me and it flew away in the storm. While Tomi closed the window and I started a fire, Harno was busy fixing up one of his lamps in our room.

At supper Naj had to sit by himself at a different table. He looked very unhappy. We then went over to Dr. Ishizu's to see about Harno's baggage. We went back to the Miyamotos and there met Dr. Watanabe.

We went home for Tomi's birthday party. Miyamotos, Watanabe, Naj and I served salami, cheese, hash and crackers. We talked with Naj until very late. He seemed very unhappy.

June 27, 1942

Tomi got up early today to help the women on the block clean up the women's latrine. Naji came in about 11 and we all went to lunch together.

I sat around reading Mead for a while and then went over to the canteen and bought a copy of Time. Then I took Naji around to see the library and the newspaper office. We went over to the Sakodas but Jim wasn't home. Ruby played her accordion for us and made me wonder what the difference was between Japanese and Western music. The same instruments could play them and the notes could be written in the same way and yet there were some characteristics that made the two obviously different.

We went over to the canteen and bought some sandpaper and then rushed home for supper. I sandpapered the table and then took a shower and changed my clothes. We walked over to the can to empty our barrel of waste into the can.

I read Mead for a while and Naji fell asleep on our couch. I walked with Tomi to the dance but we were too early. We walked over to Koso's but he wasn't home. We left a note for him and then went back to the dance in the event that there was any trouble there. We saw many of Tomi's former friends.

Apparently this time the dances were being held in two different mess halls. People were walking back and forth between the two. The music was both soft and jive. People were buying soda and yelling and many boys were hanging around outside and just watching and making nuisances of themselves.

We met Jobo and he told us that Pinedale and the white zone were coming in here.

We went home and Tomi was busy for a while whacking mosquitoes. Naji finally awoke and left for home. We had some soup and read Time until 1:30.

June 28, 1942

We got up just in time for lunch.

After lunch I helped Naj build his furniture. We got the wood we saved for him and built a closet, a cabinet and a combination book case and magazine holder. We also fixed up a protector for the wall behind the stove. W.I.'s nails came in very handy.

We couldn't help but noticing the newcomers across the firebreak. A woman was hauling wood ahead of a man like a beast of burden. It seemed that there was no more good wood left for the new people.

We learned that each barrack was to have a representative to the block meeting. We selected the man next door to be our man. They also began a survey of the ken from which we came. When I told the man I was born here and didn't know where in the hell my parents came from, he indignantly told me that I was no longer a good Japanese.

We cleaned up some before supper and then went to eat.

Naj came over again and then while he continued to work on his furniture I took a shower. Tomi worked on her curtains and asked me to fix wires for her just when I began working. I was a little griped because she loafed all afternoon when I could have helped her and now that I settled down to work she wanted me to help her.

I wrote some letters to clear the way for work tomorrow. I then worked seriously on an outline for the course for Dr. Francis.

June 29, 1942

We got up at 10:30 when Koso and Naj came in.

I worked on the course outline all morning and then had lunch.

I completed my course outline and then went to see Ted Shigeno about the forum. I saw Francis after a long wait with Naj and settled the matter of the orientation course. I got some time cards to turn in after a lot of red tape. We then went over to the canteen and got some soda and ice cream.

I got letters from home, Tanforan and Francis (a work order) At supper the announcement was made that Nisei soldiers could not visit their folks or friends in this camp. I recalled DeWitt's proclamation easing on Germans and Italians and felt pretty mad about this discrimination. What the hell, if they can't trust a Nisei to the extent of not letting him come into the Western Defense area, why did they draft them to begin with? If a fellow is good enough to fight in the United States Army why wasn't he given the rights of any ordinary citizen? What the hell! What kind of a fascist organization is the Army anyway? I wondered what kind of a rat or imbecile DeWitt or his advisors were. This certainly was not in agreement with the principles for which our Army is supposed to be fighting.

Tomi cleaned my ears for me and I thought of covering the rush that was supposed to be taking place at the wood piles. I heard that the people were not allowed to take wood until 8 o'clock but that the wardens were not strong enough to keep the people away that long. The people were told to wait all day so that the workers could dump wood in the piles and then when there was enough ready the people should all have an equal chance to grab their wood. Apparently some people were too damn greedy and they objected to waiting. I thought I should be there to cover the mob scene.

Naj brought over some of his books and I brought some of mine back to the library. We then went over to the Town Hall Forum organization group. Miyamotos were there and many ex-Cal men and women were there. The whole damn meeting ended in a useless squabble. There were endless complaints about the whole thing not being democratic and that it was being dictated. There was a squabble about the selection committee when a blackout of the camp stopped the meeting.

We walked home with the Miyamotos. The kids were yelling around. We stopped at the Miyamotos and sat there for a while when their block manager came by with candles. We ate some fruits and talked for a while.

The Miyamotos told us about the Army censorship of the mails. Frank's sister worked in the P.O. and told him everything. Apparently the captain in charge didn't like Japanese and supported a corporal who insisted on personally throwing out letters written in Japanese.

I was griped as hell and wondered where our great democracy was.

June 30, 1942

We got up at 11:30 and it was hot as hell. Naj came in a we listened to the news and discussed the army censorship. Both of us were pretty mad.

We went to lunch but didn't get much to eat because the kids we eat with grabbed all the food and there were no seconds. Tomi had the cramps and told us to leave her alone so we left.

We went to the Employment office and found a mob of people waiting for interviews. I got my assignment right away in spite of the protest of people who didn't know that I already had a job and just had to make it official.

We went over to the canteen which was very crowded and bought some sodas and candy. On our way home we talked to the Miyamotos. Tomi was still sick but we went to supper. Again all the food was taken by the kids.

The three of us then took a walk over to the prohibited construction zone to take a look at Mount Shasta. We then went over to the Miyamoto's and played some of Naj's records. We talked about our project and drew up some plans for research until 11:30. We tried to draw up some division of labor but didn't know how to do it. It was so damn hot that we just couldn't sleep for a while.

July 1, 1942

It is becoming apparent by now that the first favorable impression I had of Tule Lake was somewhat mistaken. The place is not too good. To begin with, it's hot as hell here. Furthermore, all the letters are being held up for an airmail note from Dr. Thomas indicates that no mail has reached her as yet. On top of that, Shimbo tells us that our room is too big and that we will have to move--this after Friendman's promise that we could go ahead and fix up the place because we will be here for the duration. Naj went out with a thermometer and found the temperature to be 108.

Tomi didn't feel too well either and refused to eat lunch. I read Mead for a while and then left with Naj rather than argue with her.

We went over to the post office to check upon the censorship.

We asked the postman and he first made out that nothing was wrong and when he saw that we knew more than he thought we knew about the matter he opened up and told us that the Army suddenly decided to censor all mail and that the post office department had nothing to do with it. We talked to some of the clerks and they told us that the whole thing began with a corporal Wilson. Wilson apparently had some grudge against the Japanese and began censoring mail personally. He was supported by the post-mistress (wife of one of the Army men here) who felt that it was dangerous to have maps of the community going out, since the maps showed the location of the soldier's barracks. Shirrell heard about Wilson's throwing out letters written in Japanese and finally battled the matter out with Captain Patterson and won the argument. The captain was not to be outdone and he appealed to higher authorities and started the censorship.

We went over to the Provost Marshall's office to ask one of the men there what to write and what we couldn't write. The man, who helped in the censorship--a corporal, didn't know what was O.K. and what wasn't.

We went over to see Jacoby and Shirrell and they were both hopping mad. Shirrell pointed out that Friar was coming tomorrow and that things might be settled soon. He said that in the meantime if we wanted anything sent to Dr. Thomas he would be glad to send it for us under government frank. "They won't dare open our mail."

Naj and I pooled our resources and called up Dr. Thomas in Berkeley. The call cost \$2.05 but more than that it was terribly hot in the booth. Naj and I both sweated and sweated for three-fourths of an hour before we got our connection. She said that the whole thing was terrible and asked me to tell Frank to hold his things.

Dr. Francis, Ted Shigeno, Perry Saito and myself then got together to select a steering committee for the forum. All sections and

Kibei in the audience. In the dancing group there were many young people who spoke predominantly Japanese. There were children eight or nine years of age to a few Issei in the dancing group. There was one humorous old man in the crowd. Fumio Nishida was dancing around disguised as a thief with a towel around his face. The whole thing reminded me of the Bon Odori that went on in central California before the war. The phonograph, the costumes and the dances were exactly the same. Apparently the war had not changed these tastes much.

Suddenly the whole show stopped and Shimbo announced the name of another song in terrible Japanese. Two attractive girls then went up to the platform to demonstrate the new steps. They were rhythmic, graceful and reminiscent of the real odori of Japan. They walked around in a circle, the movements of their hands and wrist synchronizing with their body movements. By this time (9:30) it was relatively cool.

It was quite apparent that the former religious significance in this dance was now gone. I recalled the former practice of exchanging bon teachers between Cortez and Lodi and the huge tournaments they used to have in Stockton when they stopped the entire traffic on Washington street. It was amusing to note that many of the Nisei girls in the ring of dancers were chewing gum--what a combination of cultural traits!

We went home and ate french fries and drank some soda. Naj was around until 11:30 talking about one thing or another. We resolved to keep accurate daily records.

religious and social groups were represented. Even political beliefs were taken into consideration.

Just as I started walking out Tom Okabe pointed out Mr. Schmoe of the Friends Service Committee and we had a little talk. He did not impress me as being particularly intelligent; in fact, he seemed a bit slow and rude.

I got home in the heat. Mrs. Jacoby dropped in for a moment to see Tomi. I then went over to Miyamoto's and discussed the matter of censorship still further. He had unfortunately already sent his program for his fellowship. We walked over to the canteen for some soda.

Supper was terrible. It was so hot in the mess halls that we could hardly sit there without being soaked wet. It was announced that Schmoe would address all students at 7:30. I took a shower with Hammo and then sat outside for a while reading Mead. We then all walked over to mess hall 1920 to hear Schmoe. We got a ride up from Jacoby.

The mess hall was hot as hell. There were about 150 people there-- mostly very young. Few of them were from California, most of them being from Sacramento J.C. Schmoe explained that the military knocked off to a handful 300 colleges that opened to the Nisei. He stated that the procedure of relocation would be slow. A few dumb questions were asked and then Schmoe proceeded to work out a camp committee to handle student relocation matters. He decided that he would take two representatives from Washington, Oregon, Sacramento and Cal, and asked the people there to select their representatives.

I recalled as they were selecting personnel an amusing incident of the afternoon and chuckled to myself. While selecting the steering committee for the forum, I wanted to get a liberal man in the bunch because they were predominantly terries and went around asking for the name of the block manager that was a former C.I.O. man. I went over to the housing division and asked some Nisei there if they knew of such a block manager and the two almost jumped out of their seats. "C.I.O.! What you want a C.I.O. in here for???" Boy the scary look on his face was amusing. These rural rustics are really a sad bunch.

We talked to Jacoby about economic planning in this dump and he was very vague about the whole thing. He laid down a series of alternatives which were not so clear cut but hinted that it might be impossible. He admitted that planning was necessary here but shied away from it.

As we walked back we saw an ondo. In block four the men had built a platform about 12 x 18 feet. A phonograph with a loudspeaker and lights were blaring. Shimbo (a former A.F.L. organizer) was playing the records. A ring of dancers, mostly amateurs were dancing around the platform. Hundreds were watching. There were Issei, Nisei and

July 2, 1942

I got up at 9:30 when a man came in to fix the ceiling near the stove. He claimed that the firtex was too near the chimney and that there was a great danger of fires. I talked to Naj for a while about the study and then went off to lunch. Boy, it was hot as an oven in the mess hall.

I came home and copied the outline for the orientation course I was preparing for Francis. At 3 I went out in the heat over to the canteen with Naj. We went over to 1808 to talk over relocation with Schmoe. I talked to Jobo and Imaseki about the camp. They were rather disgusted over the fact that they could make no headway against the Washington editor. When I asked them why they didn't improve the paper, they replied that they couldn't do a damn thing because they were just not heard when they spoke up. "The rest of these Washington guys are O.K.; it's just this dumb bastard Tanabe that gets us".

Frank and Jimmy came along and we talked to Schmoe some more. The more I listed to Schmoe the more I got the impression that he was a dope or a phony. He was really the first quaker I ever saw who talked about "us" helping "you." All the rest of them seem to say, "This is our problem."

I stopped at the canteen to buy some ice cream for Tomi and we had some soda outside. While we were sitting there, Shimbo came with an extra of the Dispatch and told us that there would be censorship.. He told us that only business letters and letters addressed to Army camps would go through. All other letters were to be left unsealed so that the censor could go through the contents and then seal them. We were not to put in any description of the camp; we were not to say anything about our treatment here. He said to emphasize the fact that we are guarded in order that public opinion will settle down. Hell. What was there to talk about? If we didn't seal letters then the censors wouldn't even have to mark the envelop sealed.

The mess hall was hot as hell. Once more the kids ate all the food before we got there. I sat around loafing until 8 because it was too hot. I sat on the porch in the twilight and noticed the trucks go by. As the glimmer of the sun gradually went down it seemed that the life in the camp was still buzzing at full blast. Kids were playing softball in the firebreaks, excitedly swearing at each other with a heavy Japanese accent. Music flowed from all directions--Japanese songs and modern jazz. Men in dirty shirts and open T-shirts; women voluptuously showing off in closefitting slacks and dresses, girls in paris and threes walking along the street. Seldom could one see a couple arm in arm. It was just cooling off and the people wanted to take walks. The whole scene was reminiscent of the description of Manzanar as boomtown in Life.

It's just like Manzanar. The place is a flat valley surrounded by hills. With rows upon rows of houses covered with black tar-paper, the smoke and the dust in the twilight blanketed the distant hills like fog. Up above the clouds seemed to have flat bottoms. As we looked ahead, we noticed young people congregated in the firebreaks--occasionally people went by. Across the way a kid darted by in stilts and one can see laundry hanging between the barracks.

We went for a walk to the library but were frustrated because of a funeral. The library was full of people and in the background we could see food and several Japanese ministers.

Across the way we noticed a game of horseshoes. In the center of a firebreak there was a sumo contest going on among a group of boys. We walked over to Koso's but he wasn't home. We saw Kit on the way home. He was surprised to hear that we had any mosquitoes. He thought life here would be better if we had better food.

As the sun went down the sky was beautiful, with golden streaks radiating through purple and magenta clouds. But the sun also exposed the dust in the camp which hung like low fog.

We saw Ted on the way home and he hurriedly told us that the topic for the first forum would be: How can we combat anti-Nisei agitation?

We were bitten by mosquitoes on the way home. We noticed that small kids were playing jintori. We ate and talked for a while and discussed the heat.

July 3, 1942

I was awakened at 10:30 by a girl who came to tell us of mail in the postoffice. I washed up to get the mail but just as I got back Kendall Smith was waiting for me in a car to take me to the bank about the rubber check. He told me that I should see the new barber shop that was being set up.

I settled the matter with the bank easy enough by telling the man that the money had now been deposited. He said O.K. I then went around to the barber shop behind. It was the empty part of the barrack behind the bank and magazine section of the canteen. Half of the place was being used for barbers and the other half was for women's beauty shops. I got some cokes and a paper.

We were reading when I noticed an editorial in the Examiner with a lot of red-baiting and got pretty mad about it. I was sore about the dodos among the Japanese and among the Caucasians who fell for the dirty slung out by bastards like Hearst.

It was a bit cooler today at lunch but not very much. After eating I started a letter to Joe Conard but was interrupted by a fellow who claimed that Imazeki sent him over to see me. His name was Hiroshi Sugawara and said that he had years of training in photography. He had an interesting proposition. He wanted to take documentary films of Tule Lake, something like 12,000,000 Black Voices. He said that he was one of the people who took the pictures of the trek to Manzanar and he felt that if he couldn't take the pictures he could set up everything and let some caucasians do the shooting. Naj, Frank and Ted came in and we all talked the matter over. While we were all skeptical over the possibilities of the project getting through, we all agreed that it would be highly constructive.

Naj took him to the ad. building but they came back soon with bad news. No luck. In the meantime I had been showing Frank Charlie's paper which Dr. Thomas had sent me.

After supper I worked on letters to Conard and Sproul. I washed and shaved and went to the Student Relocation meeting called by Okabe. I found that Schmoe had not made everything fair. Besides the two people per district he had added on two more Washingtonians whom he knew himself. I didn't object to the people he added because they were both swell kids, but I didn't like the guy himself. I presented my plan for an orientation course for students and they agreed to back it.

Frank and Michi came to the meeting and we all walked home together. We ate and talked for a while and found out that Frank was formerly in the C.I.O. while he worked with the Alaskan packers. Since he was on one of the advisory boards, Naj suspected that at one time he must have been in the C.P. too. We were pleasantly surprised.

After they left, I read Mead until the wee hours of the morning.

July 4, 1942

Today is independence day and apparently there was a very broad program being put on by the recreation department for celebration. Ted came in about 10 to tell me of a 2 o'clock forum meeting. I got out of bed at 11:40 and rushed over to lunch.

At lunch we were given sandwiches for supper. The cooks and waiters wanted to take the night off so they gave us sandwiches and fruits to eat at night. Furthermore, there were programs going on all the time during the day.

I was reading the Dispatch and listening to the radio when old man Sakurada came in to collect a donation for block expenses for the bon odori. He claimed that while it was not the camp policy to ask for donations, after all since the girls who were teaching the residents how to dance were not paid recreation leaders we ought to give them something. He asked for 10 cents or a nickel so I gave him that amount and he looked so shocked that I remembered that among the Japanese it was always polite to give more than one is asked for. I gave the bastard a quarter and he left grumbling about one thing or another.

At the forum meeting of Ted, Harry Mayeda, Walter Tsukamoto and Waller and Dave Okada, Tsukamoto really gave himself away! He carefully explained to Waller that there were some "Bolsheviks" around in camp who were just plotting to wreck everything. When I spoke up for some action in alleviating the Nisei's distress by getting Caucasian support rather than merely blindly tagging along with the J.A.C.L. he felt that such rash action would bring on further public disfavor. He felt that people should join the J.A.C.L., pay their dues, and sit tight and let them do the work. When Waller saw that there was a difference of opinion, he was jubilant and asked that we dispense with the argument until the night of the forum and then fight it out there. I was disappointed in the caliber of Tsukamoto's arguments but happy over the thought that now I would have a chance to tangle in public with a crook that I've disliked for years.

I went over to see Frank and he was happy to hear that I was going to fight it out with Tsukamoto. We then talked about social theory until 5:30 when Tomi, Naj, Franky Michi and myself pooled all our resources and had dinner together. It was our first decent meal in Tule Lake. We had fruit salad, sandwiches and coffee and tea.

We then went over to the sumo ring and saw the championship bouts. Some of the fellows were pretty good. The audience consisted primarily of old men. Very few women were present. Shirrell was speaking at the outdoor platform but before we got there he had finished and the crowd was breaking up. Tomi spotted a fellow walking around who looked exactly like a Filipino and we all talked about P.I.'s for some time.

Then Michi started talking about sociologists. Naj gladly joined the conversation. Michi suggested, "Suppose Frank and Tom were in that sumo contest opposing each other. They would grab a hold of the other and then say, 'look at the funny looking guy in the audience.' Then they would begin to study the reaction of the audience."

We noticed that many Issei were walking in one direction so we followed them. We ended up on our firebreak where apparently there was a shibai in the mess hall. There were so many people in there that we just couldn't get in. People were peeking in through all the windows. We met a Caucasian official with a Japanese sign on his lapel. He said that he was the chief engineer on the project and said he was extremely interested in everything that was going on. I noticed while we were talking that all advertising was in Japanese.

Near block four in the firebreak we noticed that the ground had be wet. The platform with the phonograph was now in the middle of the firebreak. In this crowd awaiting the beginning of the bon odori there were many women and young children. A large number of young girls were present. More English was used but broken by Japanese. The show didn't get started until 9:30. We all scattered and snoopied around to try to get reactions but didn't succeed. The girl leader seemed to be the only good dancer in the bunch. Wolves roamed around and girls with thick layers of cosmetics walked around goyly looking for company.

Most of the dancers wore Japanese kimonos. Some were comic with cowboy hats, ties, slacks, dresses, and towels. Bandanas were quite common and men were wearing women's dress and ukatas. One girl was dancing in an evening gown.

We went home and talked and danced to radio music. We were so dman tired of bon that we wanted good music for a change.

About 12 we went outside to wash and noticed that the people were still dancing around by themselves. There was no one in the audience left but the people were seriously dancing away.

July 5, 1942

I got up at noon today and read the Pacific Citizen for a while. We then wandered over to the canteen to interview the salesgirl there on what type of magazines were sold. I had noticed that the canteen carried a rather extensive list of lurid detective magazines which were full of stories of rape and prostitution. Koso had noticed that too and had been quite disturbed about it. He wanted to get the Council to outlaw its sales. The girls there said that they sold such magazines quite often to the oddest and most innocent looking people. They thought such people to be funny. They would never come up and buy the magazine alone but would always browse around for a long time and then suddenly pick out the magazine, cover it with another more respectable one and place the coins (already counted out) on the counter and leave in a great hurry.

I then went over to the library and picked up a couple of books on nineteenth century history in the hopes of getting some background to the problem of racialism.

I went over to the Sakodas. George was home but Jim had gone to a Buddhist meeting. I noticed that the woman next door, a fairly young woman, was suckling her baby outside. She spoke entirely Japanese. I concluded that she must be a recent arrival from Japan (rural Japan) for Nisei girls would never reveal their breasts in public. Apparently she had no inhibitions on the matter at all.

On the way home I dropped in at the no. 2 canteen and got some oranges and sodas for Tomi. I was hot as hell and we needed something.

At supper I was pretty griped at the tremendous heat and the lousy food. On top of that the sloppy way and the greediness of the kids in front of us irritated me.

I finished reading Mead and looked at the funny papers for a while. I returned several books to the library and noticed that at fellowship meeting of young people was going on. We went outside and watched a softball game going on in the firebreak. The spectators were mostly young. Girls were watching in groups of four or six.

At home I cleaned up and rearranged my desk. We listened to a program of Japanese atrocities, an anti-Yamamoto program and wondered if American propaganda was any better than that in the last war. I wondered if there would be a reaction to this kind of thing when it's all over. We ate some bread, spaghetti, and salami.

We danced for a while and then I read Time until rather late.

July 6, 1942

I got up at 11 o'clock. After lunch I walked over to the post office for two packages--one of raisins from Kenny and another of cookies from Keiko. We then went over to the canteen with the Miyamotos and talked about the study and a number of other things until five.

After supper, which was terrible, I looked through the catalog of the Campus Textbook Exchange.

We then went to the first meeting of the coop group under Mr. Elberson. Elberson is a swell guy but he's so damn slow in expressing himself that you wonder if he is all there. Elberson stated that it was the fear of the administration that too many groups would get excited about coops and he needed some kind of a training school. He stated that the group as it was would be the nucleus to teach the others later. Questions after the lecture centered on the question of what is going to happen to the profits now being made by the canteen. The argument was raised that people are now running out of money and that they must try to save for the post-war period. The main end apparently was to get goods at as low a cost as possible. No one seemed to care whether the principles of the cooperatives went into effect or not. Profit was the major worry and interest.

At home we all talked for a while and then went through the book catalog again. We concluded that there were really very few books there that were worth buying.

We felt a little guilty about not doing enough work for the study. We were not very happy here and seemed to be loafing although there was something to do all the time. Somehow, even though we were doing something all the time we did not seem to be getting anywhere. I resolved that hereafter I ought to try to get up earlier and do a little work. I have been so damn hot during the day that a person can't even think straight.

July 7, 1942

Tomi's snoring kept me awake for a while and about 1 in the morning I noticed a strong light in the room. I looked out and noticed that there was a fire in the firebreak. I jumped out of bed and dashed to the window and looked out. A group of men were very quietly and methodically burning the remnants of the woodpile. Apparently this was all under the control of the fire department.

I got up about 10 and Naj came in to heckle me while I was dressing. I went over to get the mail and got griped as hell at Shimbo. He was so damn blunt when he wanted something but he would hardly reply when we asked him for something.

At lunch Shimbo announced that there would be no more censorship. I finished writing some letters and went over to the post office. I got my copy of the Polish Peasant and some paper and notes from Dr. Thomas.

On the way back I stopped at the administration building to see Dr. Francis. While I was waiting I noticed Walter Tsukamoto in conference with administration men and wondered at the attitude that he showed before at the conference on Saturday. He felt that these damn keto didn't know what they were doing and the only reason they were nice was that they were paid to be so. I doubted if he were sincere in many of the things he says when bootlicking the keto.

In conference with Francis we decided what my work would be. I was to work on outlining the Orientation course for Nisei students leaving the camp. I was to teach public speaking since there were no other teachers with both experience and technical training. I was to continue working with the forum committee and finally was to prepare a course in race relations. This looked to me like a pretty heavy schedule but she was quite firm on the point that we had to work full time.

Tomi was out for a while and Naj came in with some prunes. He left a few and then took some over to Frank. I read Teggart for a while and then looked at Benedict's Race: Science and Politics.

After supper I sat down to do some work. I worked until 11 writing 18 letters all at once. I felt much clearer in conscience for if some of these people replied I would have some documents which might be used. I took a shower and then read for a while before going to bed.

July 8, 1942

I got up at nine. A man came over at 7 to tell us to put our front light out. Apparently the little bastard just couldn't mind his own business and it bothered him to see the light on after the sun came out. I wondered if he got up at 3:30 to put out his light on time. A bunch of rough-neck carpenters came in to fix our chimney and they left a mess. Tomi was mad as hell as they left all the dirt for her to clean up.

I walked over to the post office with Naj. On the way we saw Ted who wanted me to go to a meeting of the forum committee tonight. Naj and I walked out to the fence and watched a train go by. This was the first time I had seen the highway or the train since I came here. I noticed the guard walking up and back with a huge gun. It looked like a shotgun and a repeater.

I went over to the administration building and talked to Tsukamoto for a while. He told me confidentially that he didn't trust the damn keto here. They were a bunch of college men, nice guys but too inefficient. He also told me that he wouldn't speak at the forum because he "didn't think it was the strategic time to do so."

I talked to Jacoby for a moment and asked him when my parents were going to arrive. He didn't know and told me to fill out an application blank. I asked him if I could have access to the social welfare files and he assured me that I could. I asked him if he would care to teach the mental hygiene part of the orientation course and he said he would if Mr. Fleming didn't want to do it.

In front I noticed a few people had come in from Merced. Mr. Smith had apparently driven out to Klamath Falls to meet them and had driven them in himself.

We went over to the canteen with Tomi and she was telling us of Mrs. Sakurada's explanation of why the women's toilets were clogged--the city girls had put kotex in. "City people have no more sense". It seemed much more likely that country girls accustomed to outhouses had done the trick.

After lunch we went over to the post office and were told that there was no more censorship. We dropped by the Jacoby's and Mrs. Jacoby was very busy. I borrowed a copy of Deep South. After coming home I read Benedict for a while, and talked.

We had a huge batch of mail today--from Tally, Reiko, Kikuchi and others. I read all the mail and the Totalizer and the Dispatch while Tomi ironed.

The steering committee meeting of the forum was very interesting. I learned that the point of interest in the colony was on the subject of having uniform wage policy. People wanted no differentiation made

between the colonists. The objection was apparently or allegedly not due to the money involved but to the idea of stratification. Old men objected to being rated lower than young punks simply because they happened to go to college. There was apparently some discussion of the colonists getting together and pooling all their resources and then distributing them equally among themselves. Apparently the biggest kick came from those getting the lower wages. Some of the people getting more money apparently didn't like the idea of being hated by the others. Mr. Shirai raised the question of the wisdom of having a discussion on money matters since it was a Japanese cultural trait not to discuss money. Many issei worked just to kill time and didn't give a damn about wages. They just didn't like the idea of being relegated to a relatively lower status.

I also found out why Tsukamoto did not want to speak in the forum. He was evidently in dunch with the Issei because of his charging high fees before evacuation and then for his high handed attitude while in Wallerga. Apparently he and his cronies had acted like big shots in Wallerga and had been given many privileges which the others resented.

When I returned I found Tomi still rioning. I typed out the request for the transfer of my parents and wrote a letter to dad telling him what to sign when it came to him in Stockton. We then at some soup and crackers.

We heard over the radio that DeWitt had denied governor Olson's request for Japanese labor to help harvest the crops. DeWitt claimed that the evacuation was made because of military necessity and that the shortage of labor was unfortunate but the military necessity still existed.

I stayed up and wrote more letters until 2 in the morning.

July 9, 1942

I woke up at 10 when Koso came in. We talked about Dr. Iki and Tsukamoto and his cronies. He told us why they were in the disfavor of the Wallerga group. Apparently they had been given charge of the Wallerga center and they had abused their rights. They got together often to have sukiyaki in the hospital while the others were eating poor food. The hospital had been run poorly and the people had not been treated very carefully. Apparently there was some graft involved because most of his friends were given soft jobs in which they did nothing but smoke big cigars. All this had apparently given rise to a great deal of resentment--so much that the boys who were handling baggage kicked Dr. Iki's suitcases and ruined some of his supplies when they came here. Dr. Iki apparently was in so much disrepute that he and his family had to eat in a mess hall two blocks away.

After lunch I read Benedict for a while and then went to the post office and to the administration to hand in my request for my parents' transfer. Naj had apparently gotten an O.K. from Shirrell for his plan for drawing up a master plan for production here.

We waded over to the barber shop to look around. I noticed that there were five standard barber chairs, four other ones and several extras. The sanitation facilities were limited but apparently they did have some. Women were also working as barbers but we were told that they were all licensed. We were told that the standard haircut--sit on the chair and let the barber do anything--would be 20 cents. If on the other hand, if the customer wanted his hair cut in a special way the charge was thirty cents.

We went over to the canteen and noticed a whole row of little tots sitting there reading the funny books.

We walked over to the placement office and noticed a huge "Help Wanted" sign in the front but only four or five people hanging around.

We stopped in a Franks and talked for a while. Apparently there had been a strike over at block 26 because of some disagreement over the food there.

At supper the food was so lousy that I just walked out without eating. I went over to the library to get some books. I then walked over to the magazine committee and promised Jobo that I would write an article for him. We saw Ruby and talked for a while.

At home we ate some spaghetti and Naj brought some coffee. We talked about marriage, which Naj for some reason seemed to be worried about.

July 10, 1942

Up at all and hurry to lunch. Lunch was terrible again today and I can't see how we're going to stand it much longer. Naj is working on his planning.

Tomi and I dropped in at the Miyamotos and talked all afternoon about how lousy this damn camp was. We then walked over to the canteen and bought pocket-book editions of Lost Horizon and The Good Earth.

Supper was a little better but not much. Tomi and Naj went to the coop. class but I went over to the library and read the article about Japanese eaters in the Nation. I went home and worked on bibliography.

Naj, Tomi, and the Miyamotos came over and we while away our time.

July 11, 1942

I got up at 10. Tomi had to get up much earlier to help the women of the house clean the women's cans. Tomi and Naj were busily reading Lost Horizon and Good Earth so I went over to see Francis. She told me to put 8 hours a day on my time cards for the time being. "People want to work but it isn't their fault if nothing is there for them to do." She gave me hell for letting the orientation course drag on but agreed to let me begin my public speaking course. I talked to Rev. Kikada who wanted special voice lessons and concluded that he had better see a doctor before he tried anything funny.

We were late to lunch and the kids we eat with had already finished and gone. Since the food was American style there was quite a bit left. Apparently they don't like American food.

We were sitting in the living room and who should come in but the Hisatomis from Mariposa. They came in this morning from the white zone. We talked about the camp and they didn't seem to like the place too much. Kay was all set for work but Keiko wanted to settle all kinds of things first.

I went over to the recreation hall to arrange for a room for class. I was given room 2808 from July 16 when I would register the students. We agreed to have classes every Monday and Thursday from 7 o'clock. I talked to Imazeki and he agreed to put the announcement in the paper.

After supper we went over to the Hisatomis and noticed that the newer barracks had more rooms. There was only one building for the latrines and for laundry and ironing. I walked over to Jim's place to tell him of tomorrow's meeting with Jacoby. I then went over to Koso's for the book catalog that I had lent him. On the way home I saw Fumiko Taira. She spoke of her parents. They had no sons and no means of support. She said that she was expecting in November. She also pointed out that she was very lonely because there were no friends in camp. She passed on two rumors: (1) there is a curfew at 10 for all women in Tule Lake and (2) Tule Lake is only a temporary center.

On the way home I noticed a community singing group in the fire-break. I went home and thought for a while about the speech I was to make at the forum Monday. If Tsukamoto were to speak I would be ready for anything he said but since he wasn't I thought I may as well prepare a straight talk.

July 12, 1942

I got up at 11:30 when Naj came in. Lunch was lousy as usual. I went over to the canteen with Tomi to get some soda and found some Continental soup there. We bought some soup, funnies and a copy of Life and Time and went home. We were reading when Jim came in. Frank came over and we all went over to Jacoby's but he wasn't home. Mrs. Jacoby let us use their car and we went over to 1808 to look for him. We mingled with a group there getting ready to go for a hike in the hills. They were all prepared with lunch and with sticks to kill rattlers.

We went over to Jacoby's and talked over the study. Apparently orders had come in from the Regional Office to read over the material that we were sending out. Coverly made it clear that it wasn't censorship but Jacoby was genuinely concerned. He said that Shirrell was pretty griped about the whole thing too. Jacoby thought that he ought to look over the material just as a sociologist rather than as a project worker. We felt that we didn't give a damn if either he or Shirrell saw what we went out since it didn't make much difference to us anyway.

We got home and found the Hisatomis there. Naj and I went to take a shower and we then had supper with the Hisatomis at block 42. The food there was really good. No slop like that in our place. We went over to their place and talked things over until about 8. We then walked over to the Record Concert being put on by Mrs. Miyamoto.

On our way, Keiko spotted Jacoby at the Warden's building and she had a little talk with him. As we walked across the firebreak we saw the first gangfight we have run into here.

Apparently there had been some difference of opinion in a baseball game. Two of the fellows were pretty sore at each other and started to swing. The others tried to stop them but still others started fighting with those trying to stop the fight. It ended up in a mass scramble. One fellow with a big stick kept running around carefully selecting people to hit over the head. The old people there and some girls dashed in to stop the trouble and the girls were caught in the melee. They started screaming in terror but the mess went on unabated. The whole mass including the two girls tumbled through the dust at the corner near the firebreak; bats swung and cries were heard. There were about fifteen in the struggle when the wardens came running across the firebreak. Jacoby came over with a car and the whole thing broke up as if by magic and no one knew anything. As soon as Jacoby came everyone clamped up and went home. The old people muttered in Japanese that the whole thing was a disgrace to the Japanese. The others said nothing. No one was seriously hurt.

We walked across the firebreak to the mess hall only to find a sign on the door, "Don't go in until the record is finished." When we got in we noticed that there were about 80 people there mostly Nisei. Most of them were dressed respectably--suits, ties, and some women wore heels.

We went home with the Hisatomis, Naj and the Miyamotos. We had some soup and talked about all kinds of things. We talked about farm life in California among the Japanese and about the labor situation--about the Filipinos, the Mexicans and the keto.

I went out to wash up about midnight and noticed that the sentries in the watchtowers now had spotlights to search the community. They seemed to be amusing themselves by flashing it on all over the place.

We drank some tea and I worked on my speech for the forum for some time.

I then read Time for a while and Tomi read Lost Horizon. We turned in about 2:30.

July 13, 1942

I got up at 10 but Tomi stayed in bed until noon. We got plenty of mail today, letters from Dr. Thomas, Ben and Tally indicating that some of them might go to Gila. We also had the good news that the University Library agreed to send us any books that we wanted.

The lunch was again lousy. The Hisatomis came over and we all went to the canteen. Kay bravely got a haircut and we went over to the library. We looked over the Sears and Ward catalogues there.

At three there was a meeting of all the forum speakers. Fergusson, the regional attorney of the W.R.A., Waller, Mayeda and Okada were there. We talked over what we were going to say. Fergusson seemed like a swell guy convinced that civil liberties should be preserved. He said he doubted if the attempts to take away the Nisei citizenship would succeed but indicated that if the W.R.A. found the suit in the supreme court it would fight to the finish to protect the rights of the Nisei. He said that the W. R.A. did not enter the San Francisco case because they didn't want to add dignity by bringing in a governmental agency in a cheap case in the lower courts.

We were eating some crackers when Mrs. Halley came in to ask Tomi a favor. Apparently there was a Nisei woman having marital woes. She claimed that her parents were separated and that her husband by baishakunin marriage beat her up. She wanted her babies left with him but wanted to get away from him. She claimed that her husband--a Kibei--was "Japan trained". Mrs. Halley pointed out that there were conflicting tales from both sides. She said that the woman's husband seemed like a perfectly decent man. She also pointed out that the family went by two names and that the woman had had an affair with one of the soldiers in Marysville (who was now being court martialed). She claimed that the husband flirted with other women and that therefore she was justified in her action. Mrs. Halley and Jacoby were perplexed as to what to do so they selected Tomi as the person to go live with her for a few nights and then find out what she was really like.

Supper was fairly good for a change--fried rice. After supper Tomi was worried about living with a crazy woman and decided not to go.

I took a shower and changed my clothes and went to the Forum. It was cold up on the platform and all of the speakers and Mr. Shirrell, who was also there, were shivering all the way through the program. The program went over smoothly and everyone seemed pleased. Most of the questions were directed to Mr. Fergusson who answered many of the stupid questions very patiently.

We went home with the Miyamotos and the Hisatomis. Naj and Tom Okabe were already there waiting for us. Mrs. Halley was also

there waiting to take Tomi over to see the woman. Tomi went over to the place to see the woman and then came home. She said the woman was evidently frightened or ashamed because she just hid her head and would not speak to her.

We all ate crackers, salami and cheese and talked about the forum and the crazy woman. Frank was pleased at the reaction of the people attending the forum to some of the remarks made by the speaker.

At 11:30 everyone left and we had cokes and read the papers

July 14, 1942

I got up at 9. Tomi was already gone to stay with the woman. I got a letter from the library with a list of 18 books that I had requested. I had just sent Dr. Thomas a list of the books that I was thinking of possibly buying and the library was sending me the whole works. I didn't need many of the books for months yet.

I ate lunch all alone today and went home to find Shiro Tokuno and Naj there waiting for me. Before long Tomi and the woman came over. She was a rather queer looking individual who was apparently rather attractive at one time. She seemed to be very sensitive and embarrassed and she didn't say much. We talked about all kinds of things but she merely listened politely and didn't say anything.

Tomi and the woman went over to the administration building and we went over to see Frank and we discussed books and the forum and the odd woman until four o'clock. We then went over to Naj's place but no Naj. I got a notice from Shimbo that a package had arrived for me and I rushed over to the post office for it with Tomi.

The books were terribly heavy and I just didn't know how I was going to get the damn thing home. Tomi hailed a truck and we got a ride.

We then went over to mess hall 26 (where they had the strike) to eat with the forum committee. It was a farewell party for Mr. Fergusson. We all discussed the future of the Nisei. The forum committee and Mr. and Mrs. Waller were there. We talked about public opinion and the traits of the Nisei. Since I had been rather frank in my discussion Mr. Shirai came up to me afterwards and told me not to trust any government man.

When we got home we found Naj, the Hisatomis and the Miyamotos in to quiz Tomi about the woman. Since there were so many people there, Frank and Michi left.

We played cards and Tomi and I won almost everything. All left at 11. Tomi continued to play cards while I looked over some of the books we got this morning from the library.

July 15, 1942

I got up at 10 and started work on my bibliography on race. Tomi went to the canteen and I was just coming out of the latrine when Virginia jumped out from the corner and yelled at me. I was really surprised to see her. We went over to the car and found Morton, his wife, W.II and D.S. We all went over to the canteen after Tomi and then went over to the Sakodas. Jimmy wasn't home. We saw Naj and when Virginia ran up and hugged him I wondered what the neighbor woman who stood gasping there was thinking to herself.

Lunch was good for a change. After lunch the group came over and the Sakodas, Miyamotos, Hisatomis and Koso came in. We talked on and on over all kinds of things and didn't get anywhere. I was rather disappointed over the whole thing because we didn't accomplish a damn thing.

Supper wasn't so good and I developed a headache. I got some letters from Doi and home. I felt very badly all evening. The five came over again but we didn't get very far because they had to leave camp by eight o'clock. We discussed the censorship and were griped about the "dictator" Francis.

Everyone left except Frank and Michi and we discussed Mrs. Yoshida, the woman with whom Tomi had to live. Apparently she was mancrasy. She just wanted to be cuddled. Tomi said that she read nothing but romances and saw movies extensively. Her mind wanders considerably; she seems to have delusions of grandeur, flights to phantasy, and much suspicion of everyone. It seemed very much like an incipient case of paranoid schizophrenia.

The Miyamotos left rather early. I still had a terrific headache. Tomi fixed some hot soup. It was raining outside and we went to bed about 11.

July 16, 1942

It seems as though my work is beginning to pile up. I got up at 9. Frank, Naj, Keiko came in but all left soon. Frank, Morton, Mrs. Grodzins, Virginia and W.I. came in. W.I. stayed behind and the rest of us walked over to 2508 to see Michi teach. We went through the wood shop, inspected the various porches, the library, the newspaper.

At the office of the Dispathe we had our usual disagreeable incident. Virginal asked Frank Tanabe for a subscription to the paper and the dope gave the usual vague reply. He told her to see Goss or somebody else and wouldn't pay much attention to her request. Tanabe certainly is a queer and a dumb bastard. I talked to Imazeki and he immediately agreed to send all the papers and pay the postage as well.

We walked over to the music building but no Michi. On the way home I noticed a girl practicing pitching softball very earnestly. The whole thing reminded me of the seriousness with which the Nisei took sports. We also noticed small boys playing with paper planes.

We stopped at Franks and then went home. D.S. and Jim were waiting for us. They ate together and discussed things. We all separated for lunch. We had mayonaisse and apparently most of the people never used it before because they didn't know what to do with it. Shirbo announced a coop meeting for the block.

After lunch the Miyamotos, and Jim came in. Morton and Virginia came back from Tule Lake where they went to interview some of the American Legrion dopes sans Morton's glasses. We talked all afternoon about nothing in particular and wasted much valuable time. Everyone left at four.

The Miyamotos, Naj, Tomi and I left for the canteen. Michi and Tomi were very griped about the salesgirls there. They just payed attention to the boys and did not wait on the customers. On the way home we stopped for a while at Frank's and then had to go to supper.

Naj went to a coop mtg., Tomi and Michi went to hear Shirrell address some newcomers; Frank went to interview for the recreation staff; Jimmy went to a gripe session of records office workers. I had to go take signups for my speech class. What a sad case! Only six signed up. Rev. Kurada wanted speciallessons. I came home with the Hisatomis and waited. Naj came in, but no Tomi or Michi. Naj was all excited about girls and boys after dances. Apparently the women had kicked at the coop mtg. Rumor: There are 400 pregnancy cases in the camp. The women on block four wanted to have their own dances and to make them invitational. Kobo came in with a girl. He felt that punitive measures should be taken and stated that Japanese had a higher moral standard than Americans. Keiko challenged the point.

All left at 10:15. I went to Frank's and found Tomi and Michi. We discussed the problem and a new job until 11 and came home. Naj was still there working on his plan for the farm. I wrote until 12:15.

July 17, 1942

I got up at 10:30 and went over to see Frank. It was too late to see Shirrell and we talked about the various problems in the camp.

We had fish for lunch and I noticed that the kids we eat with were crazy about it. I hate fish.

I looked over some of my new books and typed some letters until 1:30 and then went over to Frank's. We went over to the ad. building, but Shirrell wasn't there. We went home and talked about the possibilities of running seminars among ourselves. We thought of getting Jacoby and Elbersen in.

At three we went over to see Shirrell. He was very receptive to the idea of having social analysts and called in Goss. The red-tape involved in starting a new division was terrific. We tried to see Jacoby to avoid the red tape but he was busy as usual.

We started walking over to 1808 and were picked up on the way by Mr. Blodgett of the canteen management. He told us that the canteen was started on wholesalers' credit and paid by Japanese money within half the time allowed. We wanted the Japanese to run the store under Caucasian supervision. He told us that they sold 700 copies of Life weekly.

We went over to 1808 to look for Jacoby. While we were waiting for him to finish his interview I talked to Taketa to see what he was like. I talked to him on the pretense that I had some trouble with the W.C.C.A. He seemed fairly intelligent. I talked to Ted Shigeno. He told me that I spoke so fast at the forum that the stenographers couldn't keep up with me. He inferred that I had memorized my speech and I felt hurt at the idea. The recreational secretary told me that I would have to change the room in which I was to have class because some Issei in the block had demanded a room to play go and had kicked out everyone else. Mr. Waller had given them the room for good so I had to move too. I handed in my first time card.

Ted and Frank were discussing the responsibility of the rec. dept. for keeping down sex difficulties. I talked to a fellow who calimed he went to Cal and wanted to take public speaking. I don't like guys to take a years' course in speech and think they know everything. I wished that he didn't sign up for the course.

We fainally saw Jacoby and his reaction to Frank's suggestion was that he would think the matter over until Sunday and then would give us the answer. We saw Goss and he gave us a ride home in his car. He told us that he wanted to make the Dispatch a daily paper. He also said that he could get cheaper paper and make the paper bigger. "e thought that by making the paper a daily he could give the kids more experience in newspaper work and it would be more than just a bulletin board.

I got home just in time for supper. Tomi was still hanging up her wash. I got a very pleasant letter from Amy from Santa Anita and a terrible one from Tomi's sister Mary. She sent a sobbing letter demanding that the whole Harano family wanted to get together regardless of how Tomi felt about the matter and said that we would have to abide by the wishes of the whole group. She therefore demanded that we immediately ask for the transfer of all the relatives--eleven families--some of whom I had never heard of before!!! I was mad as hell when I remembered how opposed they had all been to Tomi and me getting married. I guess now that the knot was tied they thought they may as well exploit the tie. It made me think of Naj's warning about supporting relatives after the war. He had pointed out that I may have a job after the war and if they don't I may have to support the whole damn bunch regardless of whether I want to or not, "for the good of the group." It made me sore and sick.

We then got a notice from the housing division to move to a smaller room. I got mad as hell because Friendman himself had told us we wouldn't have to move when we came here. When he gave us a large room we asked him if we would have to move later and he assured us that we wouldn't. Hell, if he had told us yes, we would have moved before establishing all connections on mails and before fixing up the house. All our walls, desk, and closet were nailed into the walls. It would be impossible to move the things. I got mad as hell at Shimbo for not minding his own damn business. Why did they put us here in the first place?

Tomi gave me a haircut outside and we got jeers from people going by in trucks.

We attended a meeting of the U.C. club which turned out to be rather interesting. Jobo Nakamura was the chairman for the evening. He did rather poorly but passed. We sang some Cal songs and then the speakers for the evening were introduced--the "older alumni". The first speaker was Dr. Iki.

Dr. Iki felt that we should not be bitter about the life in camp. He pointed out that we should not raise a fuss about the infringement of our civil rights, and pointed out that to argue about the citizenship issue was childish and silly. "The whole forum the other night was silly. We should not make a fuss about it because the people on the outside will organize to oppose us." "Don't feel sorry for yourselves. There are lots of nuts in the camp, but don't make fun of them." "We must not think of monetary returns but in terms of service. Unless you watch yourselves, you will revert to savages." He referred to rowdism and asked that at least the "educated" like those in the Cal Club should retain some of the niceties of life.

Walter Tsukamoto was the second speaker. He began, "I expected a vacation when the evacuation, but it has not turned out that way. I suppose one of the basic truths is that those who are 'endowed' are always called upon to take the leadership. I have regreted that

I was selected for the Council, but I am glad now." He went on and talked at great length and pointed out the great service that the J.A.C.L. was performing and pleaded for its support.

Sumio Miyamoto got up and made a few remarks. He was followed by Jun Miyagawa. We then sang and gave some yells. Bill Fujii and the Nakagawa sisters sang a few songs and then we heard some reports on the Cal Club baseball team. Mas Sakada then took charge of the business meeting and explained to us that Mr. Smith was supposed to speak but couldn't come. Wethen had nominations and elections which were a farce. Tomi was elected secretary. We closed the meeting with the singing of all hail.

Naj, Keiko, Tomi and I then dropped over to the Miyamotos. Michi was home alone for Frank was out interviewing. We teased Naj about marriage and then talked about the events of the evening. We discussed the motives of men like Tsukamoto and Iki as soon as Frank came in. We came home and killed mosquitoes until rather late in the evening.

July 18, 1942

I got up at 11 and went over to the administration building to see Friedman about changing rooms. When I told him that we had settled down, he said that he was sorry, but that he was asking couples to voluntarily go to smaller rooms to make room for those requesting transfers from other centers. He said that since our parents are coming anyway, it would be all right for us to keep the room. Hell, he seemed to think that I was seeking special privileges simply because we were here on the study.

On the way home I saw Frank, Michi, and Naj. We went over to Jacoby's to get some records for the concert Sunday, and Mrs. Jacoby gave all of us cherries.

Lunch was pretty good for a change.

I typed some letters and was mad as hell at the slowness of the mails around here. I then finished the article Jobo had asked for and took it over to 1808 to hand in. I also turned in my time card. I took a shower and then typed more letters. Naj finally came in with the mail. I got a letter from the book store quoting prices of everything except the most important books.

Supper was pretty good again. I wrote a long letter to Sat telling him how impossible it was to get 11 families here and asked him to explain to Mary that the government did not accept her conception of a family. We then killed mosquitoes for a while. We killed dozens but still could not exterminate them.

At 9, we went over to see the bon odori with Naj. It was quite an impressive show but we came home thoroughly disgusted with the Japanese atmosphere. We were wondering what would happen to the Nisei if they stuck around a place like this.

At home we killed more mosquitoes. We drank some soup and then listened to the radio. I classified my bibliography and then listened to Naj bewail about women. I recited some poems at random and Naj was surprisingly familiar with most of them. We talked to him about Kiyo for a while and in the meantime Tomi wrote her a letter asking her if she loved him. Naj tried half-heartedly to get the letter away from her and threatened all kinds of things but left saying he would have nightmares. We were surprised at the breadth of Naj's background and his willingness to admit that he cared for Kiyo.

July 18, 1942

I got up at 11:30, just in time for lunch. After lunch I thought about books and decided what to buy. Naj came in and we went over to Frank's place. We all went over to Jacoby's. We met Dr. and Mrs. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Elbertson, Mrs. Harkness, and Miss Graham. We all talked for a while and then they left to play records.

We talked to Jacoby about the job of social analyst and he sent us over to see Fleming. He offered us jobs as "trouble shooters" in the community services division. We left with the job in mind.

I stopped for a minute to see Michi and then went home. We whiled away our time after supper and then went over to the music concert. Jim was there with Kiyo Aira and seemed rather interested. We started wondering if he were observing her or whether we had better observe him to see the genesis of romance.

The audience, which was scattered sparsely throughout the mess hall, consisted of several distinct groups. First, there were 19 rowdy boys sitting together and making plenty of noise and passes at pretty girls. In another section there were 13 girls sitting together very quietly. The Sakodas and their friends formed another group; while the two Nakagawa girls and their friends formed another. There were a few couples and girls scattered here and there in the hall. The P.A. system had not arrived and Frank had to dash after it. George Sakoda brought over his radio and kept the crowd entertained until the loudspeaker showed up. The program finally began at 9:20.

At 10:10 the show ended and we went down the fire break to see what the excitement out there was all about. There was another bon odori show. We listened to a harmonic player play Japanese style, and noticed that the announcer spoke both in Japanese and in English. There were girls on the platform dancing. Fumie Nishida seemed to have much difficulty in getting up on the platform in spite of the fact that he was dressed like a girl.

We went home with Naj. We ate some salami, cheese, crackers and drank tea and soda. We listened to the radio, read the funnies and played cards.

July 20, 1942

I got up at 7P40 to keep an appointment to see Fleming and Shirrell at 8. We went over to the ad. building but Shirrell was not there. Frank and I then went out to the fence to watch the people from Pinedale come in. We stood there for 25 minutes watching and were amazed at the efficiency with which they all worked. The only hitch was a damn soldier who came by to tell us to get off the fence. The damn bastard! In a way I felt that some Japanese could not be blamed for their great hatred of white people. If I didn't know so many white people who were decent I would draw my conclusions from my few contacts with skunks like these soldiers too.

Frank had a toothache so he went directly to the hospital. I went home and typed some letters. Tomi was mad as hell at Shimbo for walking in and taking the cots while she was asleep.

We had fish for lunch and that didn't make us feel any better. We didn't eat much and went over to Frank's but he wasn't home. We went over to the ad. building to see Jacoby about the transfer of our parents. We saw Fleming about the job for Frank and me..

I went back to Franks and he looked sick. He said he had a wisdom tooth pulled out and seemed worried about Michi. Apparently Michi had some ear trouble which would be terrible for her as a musician. She came back presently, however, beaming over. She had just had some dirt in her ears and had to have it cleaned.

I then went over to see Dr. Francis to ask her about work. She said it would be all right for me to transfer to Fleming if I so desired and to teach on a voluntary basis if I wished.

I then went over to 1808 on a commissary truck. I saw Koso and Imazeki about an educational advisory board and sought some names of people whom they might suggest for it. I learned that since the school building could not be up by September they were planning to use some of the empty barracks for school.

In the mail I got a letter of appreciation from all the people of barrack 16 in Tanforan. I felt very flattered and pleased.

I learned that the article I had written for the Temp was rejected because my demands for civil liberties were thought by the editor to be too "touchy". I felt like kicking Jobo's ass; I just couldn't figure out what was wrong with the dope.

Supper was terrible again--Japanese food! I took a shower with Naj and then rushed over to 2808 to tell students of the change in room of our class. We met at 8 at 4508 and had class for the first time. The group was pretty fair and showed much promise. At least they were all willing.

I went home with Keiko, Tomi, Naj, and Kay and we ate and talked about the war and Kiyo. Naj was in bad shape.

July 21, 1942

It was hot as hell today. It got as hot as it has ever been. I got up at 10:30. Tomi was already up and washing. Naj came in with news on the Endo case. The case contesting the right of the Army to detain Nisei sounded very encouraging. We had a modified form of chow mein for lunch and it was lousy.

Over at the wash room, I noticed that men taking showers had begun to develop certain ways of behaving. Most men were wearing geta that they had made themselves. They stopped the water while washing themselves and while soaping and rubbing, and turned on the water again on when they wanted to get the soap off. It seems that either there is a desire on the part of the men to save hot water or else the old Japanese custom of using water only to wash off the soap was surviving in the shower room.

We got a Sears Roebuck sales catalog and some of the things in it seemed pretty good. Boy was I surprised when I got a check from the W.C.C.A.!!!!!! I could hardly believe that those low-lifers were honest. Tomi and I figured out our expenses and found that we had spent \$89.89 since May 1 when we evacuated. I guess life in camp isn't quite so cheap as many people seem to think. About half of the cost went for food, but the rest was spent in getting things that we needed since we had nothing whatsoever. Some of the money was spent on books.

Key came back with the tools I had lent him and we talked about the Endo case for a while. We got tired of sitting in the terrific heat; we couldn't do any work, so we went over to the Miyamotos and found Michi home alone. Frank was out interviewing for the rec. dept. Tomi and Keiko came in about 3 and then Mrs. Jacoby came over to ask the girls what they wanted her to buy for them when she went to K.F. The girls wanted french bread, vegetable salad, meat loaf, etc. Mrs. Jacoby offered to let them use the kitchen. I got a notice from the p.o. and found some books from the book store.

Just before dinner I felt a little sick. We had roast beef for dinner but I still didn't feel so good. Kay and Keiko came over and Kay made a chair out of our scrap lumber. Frank and Naj came over and started kidding each other. I took a shower and then went to a meeting of the Studnet Relocation Committee. It was quite apparent from the nature of the questions raised that some of the Nisei did not trust any Caucasians. I walked home with some of the committee members.

At home, I found Naj and Tomi sitting outside to escape the heat. Some kids were playing football in the firebreak. Little brats were throwing around a softball and raising much dust. We sat for a while looking at one of the few beautiful things here--the sky. The soft powdery purple tinged with streaks of pink were really beautiful. We wondered if there were an artist in camp, since no one had a camera.

Tomi went to bed early, but I stayed up until 1 reading Young's American Minority Peoples.

July 22, 1942

I got up at 8:50 today and washed up. Frank came over at 9:20 and we went over to the ad. building together. Ted Shigeno had arranged for us to meet with Koso and Mr. Smith to discuss the forum. We talked to Smith until 11:35 in the intense heat. He was an interesting old guy, a man with a deep humanitarian feeling. He seemed very much like the old American stereotype of the successful business man--only he had ideals. He gave us some of his notions about family life and the Nisei in the post-war world. He was very interested in the problem but he bored us a great deal. He is a swell guy, but his mind wanders a great deal.

I went home for a while and then went over to the Jacoby's with Frank. Keiko, Tomi, and Michi had taken over the house and were watching Jonathan and the dogs while Mr. and Mrs. J. were shopping in Klamath Falls. Kay and Naj came in and we all ate salad, sandwiches and had tea. It was one of the first decent meals we had in a long time. We actually had table cloth again!

Dean O'Brien came in very unexpectedly from Washington and came in with Tom Okabe. The afternoon was hot as hell so we had iced water and talked about various Nisei that we knew. About 3:30 I went over to the canteen and ate some food. I bought some soda, crackers, and cookies. Tomi was late to supper and I read the Totalizer. What a paper in comparison to the sheet here!

I went over to a rec hall in the 1800 block to the educational meeting. Most of the people were late as might have been expected. Before the group got together I had an argument with Councilman Suzuki over cooperatives. He felt that all the coop did was take people's money away from them and that the prices should be lowered. When I said that if people got dividends it wouldn't make much difference financially, he said, "but how do we know we are going to get dividends? The keto might decide to keep it himself." Mr. Ikeda noted that it was no use complaining and that we ought to make the best of what the Caucasians give us. With this the argument ended and the Caucasian school men finally came in.

We talked about various phases of education in the center for a couple of hours. The meeting was very enlightening. The group of men, especially Gunderson, the grammar school principal, seemed like swell guys. I walked home with Frank and Sumi Shinozaki. Since Frank had a cold and Michi wasn't feeling well, I decided to go home. Tomi was ironing. We were both very tired. Suddenly, there was a fire siren. Everyone excitedly ran outside. We watched all the administration cars streak across the firebreak. Kids excitedly ran down the street. We were so tired and worn out from the heat that we just went to bed.

July 23, 1942

I got up at 11 when Keiko came over. I went over to the canteen just as it closed. On the way home I stopped to get Frank and Michi. The three girls prepared lunch--vegetable salad, french bread and butter, spaghetti and meat balls. Naj and I went to the mess hall and got roast beef.

After lunch I went over to 3001 with Frank to see the recreational interviews. I found out that Michi was Mu Phi Epsilon and Phi Beta Kappa. We then went over to 1908 the new recreational headquarters to get the day of my classes changed from Monday to Tuesdays. I found out that there were no more tables for any of the rec. halls--even the mess halls did not have enough tables. On the way home we stopped at the canteen to have some Cokes. We got some soda but it was warm--so many people had bought soda in the heat that there was no cold bottle left.

We saw a funderal in progress in the mess hall next to the canteen. We felt like taking some observations but decided that there would be others in the future and that there was no use doing anything rash at a time when people just don't feel well.

I went home with Frank and Michi and we planned together an outline of procedures for the study. The afternoon was inbearably hot--113 degrees!

After supper, I took a shower and went to class. The number of students increased to fourteen. I came home with Kay, Keiko, Tomi, Okabe, Frank, Michi, and Naj. We ate salad and then talked about Naj coming marriage. Frank was in rare form in spite of his cold, and he ribbed Naj until he was glowing red. We all agreed to be baishakunin and said that we would send for Kinyo for him. Frank offered to sing for his wedding; Mich offered to play the piano; I was asked as the Holy Boy to perform the ceremony; Tad Tomita would be forced to be the ganitor. Naj had a hell of a time arguing against 6 people--he resorted to all kinds of rationalizations and all kinds of general arguments against women. Everyone concluded that he was delirious and that steps must be taken to help him--get married. Frank kept after him until 11:25 and Naj was really exhausted. We all laughed so much that we felt sorry for Naj. Frank has a sharp head and a keen sence of humor and he was in excellent shape tonight. Poor Naj.

July 24, 1942

I got up at 9 and wrote letters all morning. I ordered some books from the bookstore that I needed right away.

Lunch was lousy. We wrote out an order to Sears for a lot of things, including chairs and chest of drawers but could not find out how much the freight charges were because our big city was not on the chart.

I worked on my class outline for a while and then went over to the P.O. to get some envelopes. I got some time cards and then headed for the canteen where I saw Frank and Michi. They were still thinking about Naj.

Supper was lousy. I changed my clothes and got out and built a table, book case and a shelf. Naj came in and we talked over a program of study in economic theory, sociology, and statistics. Frank had agreed to teach the sociology.

July 25, 1942

I got up at 8:30 and cleaned up the mess on my desk. It is so dirty and got that it took until 10:30 to finish. I packed some books and mailed them to the library. On the way home from the P.O. I stopped at the ad. bldg. and saw Naj's folks who had just come in. I then ran into Ted Shigeno who said he wanted to have Deutsch speak at the forum. He said he had written to Mrs. Roosevelt too and I wondered if he wasn't a little tetchd.

At lunch we learned that one of the kids who ate with us had the measles. Apparently there was no quarantine at all. I talked to Mr. Obayashi, one of the Issei living with Naj, and he said he would welcome any opportunity to participate in graduate seminars. He never had a chance to finish Stanford and has been studying by himself ever since.

I was a little irked by Tomi's attitude. She seems to be doing practically no work at all. She always wants to have fun--just like a little kid. We walked over to the new canteen to get soda and hangars. It was hot as hell but I typed reports for a while; it was so hot we worked stark naked. Sakoda dropped in and talked about work, wages, and Naj.

Supper was fair. We ate quite a bit and then took a shower and headed for the variety show. We were hailed by Michi to Okabe's birthday party. There we met most of Frank's relatives and learned something of his past. We had punch, cookies, and potato chips and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Naj got a big kick when he learned that Frank used to be a devout Christian and editor of a church paper. "Isadore" used to be his name.

July 26, 1942

We got up at 10 and went to the canteen. We stopped to see the Miyamotos on the way. At the store we ordered shoes, since mine were both shot and hardly worth fixing anymore. We also had the girl figure out the freight charges on our Sears order so that we could send it in.

Lunch was swell, especially because all the kids we eat with except one were down with measles. We had pie and Tomi just went around and collected them. Kay and Keiko came in with ice cream and soda so we had pie a la mode with them and the Miyamotos and Naj. We all sat around and read the funnies for a while and then we split up.

I read Frank's notes on Blumer's lectures at Chicago in the shade on the east side of the house. Since Frank's thinking was so completely dominated by Blumer's system, I found an unconscious tendency to resist some of Blumer's ideas even when they sounded plausible. I tried to absorb the ideas and at the same time looked assiduously for holes.

About 4:30 I went over to the library to get Park and Burgess and Lichtenberger. I rushed home just in time for a lousy supper.

I read Barnes and Becker for a while on "American Sociology" but was not too impressed by the book. It has a tremendous bibliography--mostly secondary stuff and the book is too sketchy.

Kay and Keiko came over to go to the music program. Tomi was sick but she went. The audience was much larger this time. It was pretty good. We went home with Frank and Michi and talked for a while.

I read Barnes and Becker and drank some soup. We went to bed about 12:30

July 27, 1942

I got up at 9 and went over to the P.O. On the way home I saw Elbersen. He was very enthusiastic about the coop. He said that coops had never before begun on such a large scale. Usually coops begin with small interested groups and then take on members as the thing grows. We started discussing some personalities on the camp when Jacoby suddenly rushed and handed Elbersen an article in New Republic to read. There was a list of names of the administrative personnel on a paper pinned on the magazine. Each one was supposed to read the article and then pass it on to the person next in line. Apparently the Spanish consulate had kicked about the camps on the basis of the article and had requested the State Department to give them information. The State Department had requested the Red Cross to make a survey of camp conditions and all administrative men were asked to be prepared for investigation tomorrow.

When I came home I found a notice from the freight company. I went over to the warehouse and found that Dr. Thomas had sent me the trunk and file case. Since there was no key to the trunk I had to leave the thing in the warehouse since the soldier could not allow me to take the thing without inspection for contraband.

Lunch was wonderful. We had roast pork and absolutely no competition for the food because all the kids were down with measles.

Naj and I then worked for about half an hour on a doctor's degree to confer upon Frank for his birthday. Tomi had the cramps so I had to go over to Michi's to borrow some pills. When I got home a fellow name Roy Higashi was over to ask for some help in preparing a speech for an oratorical contest. I hate oratory but since he was so eager to learn I helped him as much as possible. We talked over general principles of speech for a while and then discussed fields of knowledge. He said that he graduated high school a couple of years ago and then wanted to go on to college but had to drop out of school to work. He seemed like a nice kid and he seemed eager to use this opportunity while being locked up in camp to catch up on his studies.

We walked over to the canteen with him and had some ice cream and soda. We walked over to the rec. hall and asked Ted about the oratorical. Apparently nothing definite had been decided. Harry Mayeda then rushed in with a blue face to say that the public address system was not ready for the forum tonight. Waller had gone to K.F. to see if he can get enough parts to fix the damn thing.

After supper I worked on some introduction for the forum and then took a shower. I was mad as hell about something. The forum was fair but disappointing. Smith gave a lousy talk; Koso did rather well; and Frank talked too long. I had to admire Koso's spunk for getting up and speaking in English when his command was not too good. We went to Frank's and had something to eat. We then went home and conferred the degree on Frank. Kaz, Frank's brother in law was hilarious. The group broke up and Tomi and I swatted mosquitoes for a while.

July 28, 1942

I got up at 11 when Michi dropped in with a note from Shigeno. The day was hot as hell again. At lunch I couldn't help but noticing the sloppiness of the kids eating with us. I noticed that the old men were having a hell of a time eating with spoons. They couldn't use knives and forks at all.

Naj came in and told us of the row over food in block four. Apparently someone had complained and the Dispatch printed a letter telling about the food in the mess hall. Everything the guy said in the letter was absolutely true but the cooks didn't like it anyway. Tanabe had come over to defend his right to print any letter he wanted and the cooks got mad at him. They felt that it was all an internal matter that it should not be brought to the attention of the keto. Someone wanted to beat Tanabe up but other Issei held them back saying that it would be a disgrace to the Japanese if there were a brawl here. Apparently that was the only thing that prevented Tanabe's getting his head bashed in. The man who caused the row by writing the letter was supposed to apologize publicly this morning in the mess hall but he didn't show up. Apparently all the Issei took the side of the cook; whereas the Nisei all felt that the complaint was justified. This is very interesting when we consider the fact that most of the food was prepared Japanese style and the cooks knew nothing about cooking American style.

I went over to the ad. building and talked to Tom Okabe. He showed me a chart of the age and sex distribution that the housing men had worked out. I know little about statistics, but I think those guys know less than I do. They had everything arranged by date of arrival, which is very interesting but has no significance or practicality. How could they use those figures? Everything would have to be recomputed.

I went over to the warehouse and got my trunk. The soldier who inspected the stuff was over half an hour late to duty and everyone had to just stand around waiting for him to come. He was very thorough in his investigation but very courteous. He remarked that there must be a woman in the family after he had gone through part of the trunk. Some Nisei workers promised to haul the trunk over in a truck.

I had to go to the census office at 2:15. I went over to Frank's to look for Tomi but she apparently had gone to cash a check. I went to the records office but they were not ready. They said that they wanted to see Tomi too since everyone over 18 was supposed to answer his own questions. I went home and left a sign on the door for Tomi since she wasn't home yet and then went back. The man who was interviewing was very disgusting. He had plenty of ideas of his own and interpreted all the answers in the light of his shallow and stupid ideas. When I said that I did not belong to any religious group he said, "sociologists are never materialists are they? there must be some other religion for them. Materialism is an interesting religion though. Maybe, I ought to put it down." !!!!! When I told him that

I had been in grammar school for 10 years, he refused to put it down. "People should go to grammar school for 8 years and they will think you are dumb if I put down 10 years." He put down my first job as a travelling salesman at the top of the page and since the last jobs were supposed to come at the top, he felt that my other jobs were not important enough and he didn't want to erase everything anyway. He just ignored all other work I had done. When I complained that the census would not be accurate, he said, "Oh, we are not interested in accuracy; we just want to fill in this form." That was the last straw. I told him he was a stupid asshole and that he was wrecking the whole census by making it inaccurate. He got mad and started arguing but his punk mentality couldn't hold up. He finally admitted that he didn't know too much about the whole thing and that he was a radio repair man without any educational background. Apparently he was Shigekawa's friend and got in by pull.

I got home hopping mad because we had intended to use the census for our background material. Tomi wasn't home, but Keiko came in. After some time Tomi came in and began to cry. Apparently I had put on the door "Come to 4919" instead of 4119, and she had walked all those extra blocks in the heat. She was also mad because the bank had closed just as she got to the door. She had waited in line for almost an hour and then the place closed when she was a couple of steps away. She cried for a while and then went off to the census.

While Tomi was gone, the trunk was delivered. I was looking through the contents and was very disgusted because everything was in a mess. Some things were missing and others were scattered throughout the trunk. The soldier had taken things apart but he usually put them together. The trunk had apparently been tossed around quite a bit.

Supper was so terrible that I just didn't eat. I went home and made a stand for my file case. Naj got a nice letter from Kiyo and we discussed it as we took a shower.

In speech class, the kids seemed to be improving quite a bit. I thought that the kids resented some of the criticisms, but they wanted more. Many of the students were pro-Japan. Many felt that democracy no longer existed here and that the U.S. could no longer be trusted. "If Japan wins, we will all be free."

I went home and looked over Higashi's speech. Keiko, Tomi, and Naj came in and made some soup. Suddenly all the lights in the camp went out and we had to light a candle to drink soup. We thought for a moment that our heater had blown out a fuse but when we heard the commotion outside we knew it was much more than that. We all planned Frank's birthday tomorrow.

July 29, 1942

I got up at 10 when Koso came in to ask for some advise on speech. Tomi got up and the two went over to the administration building, while I went over to the canteen to get a present for Frank. No Bible was available so I got another book and a fly swatter that Keiko wanted to give him.

Lunch was fair but the kid with measles was back already. Roy Higashi came over to discuss his speech. We talked about it, about college, about America democracy and the stake of minority peoples in humanitarian ideology. We talked about the words of one of the speakers in class last night, "Blood is stonger than anything else."

Michi, Tomi, and Keiko were bustling around planning all kinds of things. I went over to the canteen and Roy gave me some ice cream. I took some over to Michi and Frank. We talked about the lousy nursery shool. Frank said that some of the mothers were kicking and were refusing to send their kids there. It seemed that none of the teachers had any training in child psychology and were just high school graduates who thought they knew everything about nursery schools.

Supper was terrible again so we left without touching anything. We took a shower and then went over to Frank's with some punch. Frank was overwhelmed. He was so absent minded that he had almost forgotten about his birthday, and Michi had done a good job of keeping things quiet. Frank's mother, Mae, Kaz, Keiko, Michi, Tomi, Naj, and Kay came in. We ate and t alked. Naj brought in a two-by-four and demanded that Frank bend over. There were many presents--clothes, fly-swatter, book. The whole thing was modified by camp conditions. Rituals like birthdays went on but no one could afford to spend what they used to on presents. Most gifts were simple and practical--things that could be used in the camp.

July 30, 1942

It was a little cooler today. I got up at 10 and looked over some magazines for some articles that I might use in class.

Lunch was fair but didn't eat much. I spent 4 hours cleaning up the files and reading D.S.T.'s instructions for the study. I sorted the various camp papers and then read Barzun's Darwin, Marx, and Wagner. It was getting much cooler so we went over to the canteen. I noticed a sign: "Only one soda to a person." So many people were taking boxes and dozens of bottles out that others could not get any. Furthermore, they had sold their months quota on Cokes in a few days and there were no more to be had. I turned in my time card and then rushed home.

Supper was lousy--again so we went home and had some soup. In class the speeches were much better. There were several expressions of pro-Japanese sentiments from Nisei who apparently had once thought themselves to be good Americans. One fellow said, "I always thought I was an American in spite of what my parents said to me; but this evacuation proves that my parents were right--race is more important than citizenship." However, he ran into a barrage of criticism from other students who were still pro-America.

I walked over to 717 to get my I.D. tag, but the line there was over $\frac{1}{2}$ block long so I left. I dropped in at the Miyamotos on the way home and found Naj there. I went home after Tomi and we all had coffee together. The Hisatomis came in and then Bob Ota came in. He seemed like a swell guy. Naj was disturbed. He was wondering what to do. He got a letter from Kiyo with hints that she loved him and he asked Michi what love was? Hmmm.

I got home and thought of the study and gathering data for D.S.T. I felt a little guilty when I thought about how little I had done during the past month. It was about time we settled down and went to work but the heat and the lousy food just wasn't conducive to any kind of work.

As I lay in bed, I recalled several things that happened during the day. In class one of the students started Jew-baiting. It was very interesting that this Kibei held these views. Either he had picked up Hitler's stuff in Japan or had gotten them through the Japanese language press or he had been converted to the American belief about Jews. He felt the same way about Jews as certain people in America. How stupid it was for one racial minority to tear at another.

I also recalled Michi's complaint about one Pinedale Woman--Mae Yoshimura--who used all kinds of tactics to get control of the music department. She insists that she is the best teacher around, but Michi says she can't play worth a darn. Her husband goes around advertising her to Shirrell and Wallter. She was now threatening to start her own department since the girls in the department were wise to her and didn't respect her. All this reminded me of Naj's trouble with Tad Tomita. Those who know the least broadcast the most.

July 31, 1942

I had to get up at 8 this morning because of an upset stomach. The washroom was being cleaned by two old men "for the community." I shaved at home with an improvised set-up because the wash room was still a mess and all wet.

About 8:30 I browsed around a little and noticed two groups of little kids in the firebreak. They were choosing up sides to begin their baseball game allready.

We went over to the canteen and bought some soda and a canvas folding chair. I then packed some books and returned the m to the library. I stopped at the ad. building to see Dr. Francis. She said that she was please with the way the speech class was going and said that it would be O.K. for me to begin teaching race relations. I went over to the Housing Department and found out that rumors that Dr. Ichihashi was in camp were true. He lived at 7307 so I walked over there to see him. He was sound asleep but Mrs. Ichihashi was there and invited us over to see him some night.

I dorpped in to see Frank and he was pleased to hear that Ichihashi was in camp. We talked about the study for a while.

Lunch was lousy. I got my m.s. from D.StT. I went over to Frank's and we talked for 4½ hours on procedures for our research. We started out by listing some of the obvious differences between the outside and this camp. Tomi then rushed in with a letter from Kiyō bluntly stating that she was in love with Naj. Michi came in and we discussed ways and means of breaking the good news to Naj. Naj seemed to be a little afraid that she didn't like him (his damned inferiority complex) and this solved one of the problems.

After another lousy supper I looked over the ms and corrected some of it. It was full of typographical errors and the paper as a whole didn't seem tooo good. Iwas a little disgusted with the whole thing and decided to rewrite the damn thing some day.

Tomi left to go to Koso's class. I stayed home and watched the huge crowd go to the baseball game. I heard the band practicing in 316. I read Barzun and Lichtenberger for a while. The Hisatomis, Naj and Tomi came but the H's. left. Tomi then showed him the letter she got from Kiyō. There were tears in his eyes but he didn't say much. We all had soup together and then he went home. We stood up reading until 12:10 when Shimbo came around to take the census. For the first time since I had known him, he was pleasant. I guess he was afraid someone was going to beat him up. The damn Army decided that the census was to be taken from midnight to 1:30 a.m. Why in the hell didn't they say 9 or 10 o'clock? We read until 1 and then went out to wash. We met several people in the washroom who were still waiting to be counted.