

May 20, 1942
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear —

Please accept my apologies for asking you to go clear across the camp grounds to locate the — and then walking out on you before you returned. I was[^] little afraid something like that might happen, but our old friend — seems so sure that they could be located in a short time and I hated to make him think we did not want to see them.

I was glad, on returning to find your swell letter. I showed it to Jane, too, and she enjoyed reading it. I'm sorry that you did not have a chance to know her before you left Berkeley, for she liked you very much.

Please tell — that I regretted not seeing him, ^{time} and —, too. We came on such short notice that we didn't have to write anyone we'd be there. We were glad to see as many of our friends as we did.

The things that made me happiest of all was to find how swell you are all "taking it". We realize that none of you want to be there (and we certainly don't like to see you there). But with very few exceptions all the people we talked to are making the best of the situation with a fine spirit. I think that is awfully important not only for your own happiness, but for your future when the war is over. Mrs. Takahashi said to me that ~~the rest of America~~ day we were together down on Shattuck that "we will show the rest of America that we are bigger than this thing." If you can do that, you will come out of camp after the war with strong support for complete reinstatement in your old communities, and a new respect from your fellow citizens. Keep up the good work, and if you see a chance to help other fellows keep their perspective don't fail to take it.

Ben Sijuna
June 1, 1942

Redwood City, Calif—

I intended to mail the groceries you ordered but one of our friends was kind enough to offer his assistance by delivering the things to Sanforan.

The reason I'm writing again is to tell you that I had allowed for mailing expense but since none was required, I am enclosing the change in stamps.

Hoping you find everything satisfactory —

I remain

Thanks

P. S. The amount due you I believe is 32¢

Right?

June 1, 1942
Redwood City, Cal.

Dear —

It was good to hear from you and here's hoping you and yours are all very well.

I received your grocery list previous to the Memorial Day weekend, and was too busy to send the things as soon as I'd liked.

I tried to imagine what things you liked best but in several instances I had to substitute smaller packages on the items you requested.

Enclosed in the box you'll find an itemized list of the things you ordered — check it over and see if it's correct.

Things are going on pretty much as usual with the exception of our delivery system which now only has one daily delivery compared to the usual three we formally maintained.

Write again its swell to hear from you

Thanking you, I remain, as always

Jane and I hope to visit Tarfaran again in not too distant future.
Please let us know specifically if there is something we can do
to brighten things up a bit. While we did ~~not~~ leave a few things
on this last visit, we saw several friends we had not hoped to see
and our resources could not "make the rounds" entirely.

Our best regards to you . It was swell to see you
Cordially

St. Paul, Minn.

June 2, 1942

Dear —

How are you and your family. I know you will be surprised to hear from me. But — has written me last week and sent me your addresses also asked me to write to you.

In last six months was wondering what became of you. As for me in very good health and I took indefinite leave absence from Railroad Company last May 1st. Thank God I'm living in my own home just the same as before with one of boy friends who take care of my house.

Please write to me and tell me how you, and your family getting along in camp; and also let me know if you wish something to send what you or your family need.

My best regards to your family, and Mr. & Mrs. — and friends.

May God bless you and wishing you best ~~to~~ luck in the world

To —

Jarvis Assembly Center,
San Bruno, California.

Keep your chin up
Respectfully yours
—

Letter ①

June 3, 1942

Dear —

It was very interesting to be able to read an objective description of one of the large reception centers. Thanks a million. You might be interested in what I've heard from the other camps. I read a card from one of the fellows. I graduated from high school with who is at the Fresno reception center. He and his brother are allowed to work at one of the nearby ranches and he said there were rumors that the camp might be permanent. I had a letter from — at the Parker Dam location where most of the Delano fellows are.

They seem to be getting along fairly well there with adequate housing and fairly good food. His mother has been ill and he was rather worried about the lack of adequate medical care. There have been several cases of diarrhea due to the change in drinking water but he says sanitary conditions are OK.

You might also be interested in knowing how the evacuation has affected Delano. The most serious result has been the loss of labor. The loss of the Japanese together with the fact that a shortage of tires and gas keeps the ORies at home may easily prove disastrous. We are thinking of importing high school kids from Delano and also a crew of women. The West side of the of Delano and also a where the foreign group's line is called seems quite dead with such a large percentage of its people gone. Here on the ranch we have three large crops completely vacant. It seemed strange at the high school graduation Monday night to have no Japanese. We heard that at Fresno where some of the A graduates had been sent they held a graduation of their own. They were mailed their diplomas of course.

And now I'll tell you what has happened to since we were together, not that it is particularly interesting or significant, but it's what you usually put in a letter. I didn't manage to get those straight A's that you mentioned since two of my profs only thought my work was worth a B, but I guess I shouldn't complain. I loafed for two or three days after I got home, and then went to work out in the vineyards ~~suckers~~ suckering vines. After that

~~June 22 June 23 1942~~
I zig-zagged which is a short expression for back braking work on the end of a shovel.
Now, I'm working at the packing shed helping to fix broken pick boxes. The fruit
season will be late this year starting about the first of August and since I will
to school early in August, I probably won't get to work in the fruit.

Right now I'm planning a ten or twelve day vacation in the high sierras.
My dad and I and two other fellows, both two or three years younger than I am
are planning to hike to Mt. Whitney from Sequoia Park and then south about
eighty miles to Camp Nelson. We plan to take one pack animal and to fish
along the way so we won't have to take much with us in the way of food.
Altogether we will hike about 140 miles. It should be a lot of fun.

I thought I'd better go this summer as I probably won't have another
chance for the duration.

I'll look up that bookstore when I get to Berkeley. That probably
won't be for two months. I hope that is soon enough. If it isn't let me
know and I will have a friend of mine, Seland McCormick who works in
a book store, the Campus, get it for you. If your address changes be sure to
let me know.

Thanks again for the letter. When mother read it she said, "Be sure
and save that, it really is a work of art." If you have time to write
I would certainly be glad to hear more of the camp and of your part in
it. Has being in camp changed your philosophy very much? I would
like very much to have a copy of that paper you mentioned. Is it possible
to subscribe? Hoping to hear from you soon.

Your friend

Junior at California, majoring in
in mathematics. From Delano, has gone
to school with me. Owns a large grape ranch.
Belonged to Wesley Foundation, Honor student,
and a next door roommate of mine

Dear —

June 3 —

I hope you will forgive me for this rather belated letter ~~which I'll try~~ to ~~on~~ the lateness of which, I'll try to make up by writing it as thorough as I can. It has been nearly two weeks since my arrival here at Tanforan and I have become quite accustomed to this unique way of living. I think, too, I have been here long enough to jot down a few impressions, which I shall try to express as candidly and truthfully as I can, since I know you would rather read a letter describing the actual, than one which treats the situation in a superficial manner.

There are a number of commendable things about this way of living, as well as unfavorable ones. While there are many people living in barracks, which have been newly constructed of pine, tar paper, and plywood, there are also many, including us, who are quartered in former horse stalls. Now don't get me wrong, there is nothing wrong with a horse stable — except, perhaps the thought of it, which has worn off long ago — providing the place has been fumigated and painted. That, I understand, has been done, but there are some places where the roofs leak, and where the floor is not covered, exposing the hay and horse manure. Two such barracks have been condemned by the Sanitation Committee from San Mateo County, and these people have been moved to the newly built barracks which have recently supplemented the first set that were built. But most of the stables are adequately clean & sanitary. The really bad ones are in a distinct minority group. I am inclined to think that most of the inadequacies, in the way of repairs are due to the lack of time on the part of the administration. It really is a tough job handling a camp of this size, and everybody just can't be satisfied. Our stall is very good. First, there are two windows on the front wall and the stall is divided into two sections: the front room and the back wall, and the stall is divided into two sections; the front room and the back. The front room is the cleanest, and also has a wooden floor. The back room has been covered with linoleum. But, since there are no windows it receives the least light.

At present, I'm working in the mess hall as a second cook. The designation doesn't mean much, just that I'm on K. P. duty, cutting potatoes, and peeling onions. All the girls and boys running the mess halls, as well as other activities are nice, which is quite indicative of the fact that we are coming into our own. Each mess hall has a staff of administrative workers — the Kitchen ~~workers~~ managers, the time keeper, the requisition man, a line of cooks, (approximately six, besides junior cooks) and a whole batch of waiters, pot and dish washers, doormen, and servers. As far as the food goes, I sincerely think it is the tops. Of course, it isn't quite what we used to eat at home, but considering the circumstances, as well as the difficulty in preparing the food, for our section comprises some 800 persons, I believe this phase of camp life is more than satisfactory.

Within the last two weeks schools have been started for those from 6-12 yrs of age. Church activities have begun, including Young People's Group in the evening, which has been divided into a high school and college groups, and recreational programs have been planned and started for the youngsters. Each division of the camp has been provided with a recreation hall, where the youngsters gather to play ping-pong, volleyball, basketball, checkers, and cards. A study hall, or library has been placed at the center of the track, where there are loads of life magazines and comic books. In the laundries the kids are jitterbugging to juke music, out on the track the little fellows are playing football and baseball. I'm optimistic about the constructive programs that might be worked out here in camp, which I think is so important in view of the adverse environment that can so easily pervade a place like this. Already, I've heard of fellows gambling, while petty thefts are notorious.

Cultural programs have begun in earnest to make life here as interesting and constructive as possible. On Tuesday nights there are two hours of classical music at the social hall; on Wednesday night, a town hall

meeting, on Thursday night, a talent show, and on Saturday night, a dance. Art classes have ~~been~~ been set up by Professor Obata from the University while those who are musically inclined have signed up with a music class. Each week, several fellows from the University publish a paper called the Tanforan Tally, which not only depicts humorous incidents in our daily activities, but also contains suggestions and aids for those who are still setting up house.

One of the most interesting things here is the way people have gone about trying to make their new homes as comfortable and homey as possible. Windows have been decked with curtains, and drapes, and small victory gardens have been planted. Some ingenious have fitted their doors with intricate wooden latches, carved out their names in wood, and have made chairs, benches, tables, desks, and flower pots from the wood piles left behind by the carpenters.

My favorite hour of the day is around four o'clock when I saunter around the track, watching the people as they gather around Tanforan Lake, which is the small pool with a fountain in the center. Sometimes, I climb up the grandstands and from this vantage point the barracks look neat — their symmetrical pattern, arranged in rows as they are — lends a strange beauty to the place. From here, too, can be seen the blue bay the ribbon which is the Bayshore Highway, and the mammoth sign, "South San Francisco — The Industrial City".

At the reception centers visitors come to visit their former friends and workers. Among them are Filipinos, Chinese, ~~and~~ Negroes, as well as ^{our} many American friends, who come loaded down with pastries and ice cream.

A mayor from one city came the other day, while a member from the Y group is here almost every day. The other day four members of the faculty

from my former high school were here distributing bars of candy, and the school paper to the many alumni. I think, if there is anything to bolster our spirits here, and our faith and conviction both in our way of life and in our American friends, it is these meetings where we have come to realize that our friendships have been binding and sincere. After all, if we have been placed here with enemy aliens, it takes both courage and belief in democratic ideals to visit us, and speak to us, for which we are all very grateful.

I received the other day a pamphlet describing the five different relocation areas Manzanar, Parker, Gila, Tulelake, and Minidoka. Sometime in the near future, I understand, we will be sent to one of these relocation areas where our labor will be constructively employed to aid the war effort.

Sometime a fellow in here becomes sulky and despondent, but I have come to realize that for our own present happiness, and our later reinstatement after the war, it is extremely vital to pitch in, to adjust ourselves as quickly as possible to our new surroundings and to make the best of things in general.

Sincerely yours.

June 4th

Dear _____

Thank you for the pleasant surprise which awaited us at the Young People's Fellowship the other evening. It made me think that while there may be those who would not think well of us, there are many who are keenly aware of our plight and sincerely interested in our welfare. That very evening, one of the girls who spoke said, "If life gives you a lemon, start a lemonade stand," and I'm sure, your oranges have started a orangeade stand here in our hearts.

Sincerely yours -

June 7th

At the last Town Hall Meeting, several of the speakers indicated that we — issei and nissei — have a stake in this war. As members of a minority race, we have everything to lose if the Axis powers win over America, and the Allied Countries.

As Americans we Nissei know that principle principles upon which America was founded must be preserved against the barbarism that characterizes Fascism.

This being the case it seems to me that at the meeting, the emphasis was misdirected. It is my opinion that our main concern should be the war itself, that we must think of ways of participating in the program for national security. The plans of the War Relocation Authority call for giving us evacuees, in the words of Mr. Eisenhower, "an opportunity to undertake useful work contributing to the war effort."

Our contribution can be in the form of consciously doing our best in the work set before us at the various relocation centers — whether it be in developing natural resources, producing food, manufacturing certain war materials, or providing services.

In this way instead of being an isolated Japanese community, we will be a positive part of America's victory program. Thus can we prove that we mean it when we say that we are behind America, and the other nations united in the struggle to use Vice-president Wallace's words, "for complete victory of the United Nations."

Yours Truly —

Dear Mr —

June 8

I received your letter dated May 22nd today. The letter was sent to my former address, and so I was unable to reply immediately. I am fully aware of the problems and difficulty attending the program of relocating students to inland institutions, and I am in no anxious state to immediately transfer to a school this fall. If and when you think it advisable to go an eastern college, then I will be prepared to go, but to plunge into the matter without careful deliberation is, as you say, hardly judicious at times such as these.

Besides, I have on hand several books, and so even if I don't attend school this fall, I'm sure, I will have a great deal of material to keep me occupied. When there are so many of my American friends and schoolmates who have joined the services and who have left school indefinitely, I don't see why I should selfishly clamor for my education immediately. I'm taking this leave of absence as an extended vacation, during which I can polish up on a number of courses, so that I shall be better prepared when and if I do go back East.

In an earlier letter you asked for a list of recommendations, which I was unable to compile completely as I was occupied with vacation, so I am submitting the somewhat belated list in this letter.

Sincerely yours —

June 12, 1942
Berkeley.

Dear —

Would you add my name to your list of subscribers to the Sanfran Totalizer? There are many of us here at the University of California who wish to know something of your new community. Also if you see —, a graduate of Pacific School of Religion, will you give him my best wishes.

My address is —. I will be glad to pay the subscription price and postage for your paper. — writes of you and your work. We are thinking of you and your many friends in these days, and are wondering how best we might alleviate their troubles.

Sincerely yours
—

Sigismund

Purchasing a shoe.

Lijima ✓

June 16, 1942

Dear Mr. —

Thank you for your order, enclosing \$10.00, and I am most pleased to send the tan calf oxford, priced at 6.75; which I believe will be found entirely satisfactory. Total amount, including tax and postage, came to \$7.27, which leaves a balance due you of \$2.73 which we are holding, and shall gladly apply on future purchases, or return to you, as you wish.

Enclosed, find the Victory Booklet, which I believe will be of some help.

Under separate cover we are ~~making~~ mailing you six catalogs which you may want to give to your friends.

Very truly yours
Samner & Rauffman

By _____
Personal Shopper.

Dear — —

Thank you for the fine pair of shoes you sent me through the mail. The style was just what I wanted, and they fitted perfectly. I made a hit with my girl that night; she commented upon my smooth dancing — thanks to you.

As for the remaining \$2.73, the balance due,

I should like to buy some socks. I would like the ankle size in solid colors of green, blue etc.

I'm sure you'll get what I want, because the purchase I made on the shoes were even better than if I had done it myself.

Sincerely yours -

July 26, 1941 -

Dear Mrs — —

I suppose you will be surprised to hear from me, a former student of yours, because by this time you're forgotten who I am and wondering what in the world, I should be hearing from me now. My name is — —, a student who used to sit in the corner of room 225 in Wheeler Hall, where you conducted a class in English composition, 1A. As I recall, the class was small — only 12 students and I still remember the names of my classmates — Mr. Smith, Tremond, Kork and Miss DeTurand Burns. It was a class in which I read profusely on books which presented problems confronting the modern world. The Adding Machine, The Way of All Flesh, The Economy of Abundance — All made me begin to wonder and think a lot. I was impressed by you, too, for that was my freshman year in college, and when I first saw you, I was kinda scared. You seemed to me so austere and solemn. Soon, I learned how exacting your mind was, how aware of problems you seemed. The class was unique in that unlike the others which were so large, I became acquainted with my classmates and instructor — it was the closest to a seminar I ever got.

And then the war came, and all the confusion of evacuation, and now I'm in Fenelon. I wrote to you because the feeling of isolation is unpleasant, and I hoped you would write to me, telling how things are coming along at school. I will write to you of life

here in San Francisco, and the change it is bringing to
so many of us.

Sincerely —

San Carlos, July 19, 1942.

Dear —

I have just finished reading the second issue of
the Intelligencer which you have sent me. I find the articles
very interesting. The one signed "Nobby" I thought you
might have written. I remember your summing up of
girls in general the afternoon, you and — had tea
with me. — and I were highly entertained;

Apparently, you are not taking an active interest
in athletics which leads me to believe you are
putting in full time on the study of law. Mrs. —
called on me the other day and was very happy to
hear that your father was looking so well. (Dr. —
had told me) She misses your father very much as she
thought a great deal of him. With best wishes to you
all from

Sent from the lady living in San Carlos where we used to live
while living there. Her mother, while living, used to give
piano lessons; I used to enter her library and
browse ~~out~~ at the books and admire the oils for endless hours.

Received from a former roommate of mine while attending school. Wrote him a letter, and received a reply from him.

June 22, 1942

Dear—

Thanks for your welcome letter of the 16th Maybe, first of all I'd better enlighten you as to — —, I have been going with her since the beginning of year. My father and mother got a job in S. L. C. through their former employer in S. F. (the wages are $\frac{1}{2}$ here as compared to the coast) so they came here with Grand ma and Josh in March. I finished out the term, and received full credit although I didn't take finals— med school lasted 2 weeks longer than Berkeley. I ~~left~~ left S. F. on May 6 and spent a month waiting to get transferred but it seems I was too late in applying. Now I have to ~~wait~~ wait until next March or April (somewhat speeded up due to all-your operation of all med schools) From June 8 - July 11 I worked as an elevator operator at the Hotel Utah - the largest hotel in the Inter mountain area located opposite Temple Square with the Temple and Tabernacle. I was head of a crew of four on the service elevators and got \$17.50 for a 6 day week. On July 12 I got a new job at the hotel as "runner" for the "Starlite Roof Garden" I keep the chef on the roof kitchen supplied with steaks, potatoes, ice cream salads from the main kitchen downstairs. I make 19.30 - hours are 5-12 weekdays, 11-3, 5-12 Sat and 11-9:30 Sundays with Wednesdays off. This allows me to go to the University of Utah Medical School (a 2 yr. school ~~going~~ giving only the pre-clinical courses) and audit courses so that I can ~~over~~ review my studies. Next spring they will have their first 3rd yr. class (eventually, it will be

a 4 yr. school). This way I will get to know the profs and students. I will apply for entrance as a transfer student here as well as back East — I'm hoping my Class A med school will accept me. I can't be too sure of my chances here as there is already one Japanese transfer from Oregon med sch in the class of 25 students. Lectures are at 8 and 1. In between, I read, try to catch up on some sleep, play in the gym or pool, etc.

It's a helluva situation but since there's no use getting worked up over it or getting bitter, I suppose the sensible thing is to make the best of the situation.

I notice your name as a speaker on the July 4th program — that what made me ask — since she Renee — — — — — was electrician at Santa Anita the last time I heard from him. — — — — — are also there. I wrote — — — — — since I found out he was editor of the — — — — — but I haven't got an answer. Please give my best regards to your folks and sister — I hope they are all well. Also say hello to the — — — — — Maybe you can ask Fred to say hello to Alice for me,

So long

Sincerely
Sting

July 22, 1942.

Dear — —

I received your letter yesterday, and I must have read it three times before putting it aside. Your reminder of the paper on poetry brought to mind a pastoral scene which lies behind the grandstands. I've often climbed to the top row, and from the sheer panel of glass, which is the rear wall, looked down at a small farm house, green woods, and sloping hills, over which the fog rolls over in the evenings.

The scene reminds me of the glen back home, where I used to go sauntering with my dog. Here, I used to stand on a high promontory jutting of King's Mountain to watch:

The sky that is grey above light suddenly below.

And the crest of the hill become a long, thin veil of glow.

You asked if there were any opportunities available to continue studies here? Yes, the educational department under Mr. F. Kilpatrick, a graduate of the University, has made it possible to study thru the extension division. Most of the education for the adult group, however, takes the form of town hall discussion, a classical music hour on Tuesday, and art courses given by Professor C. Chata from the University Art Department.

As for myself, I recall your discussion one day that our knowledge is becoming too catalogued and our educational system too methodical. Schooling, I have come to learn, depends more upon individual ^{initiative} ~~initiative~~ and effort than upon institutions. And so, I shall essay to continue with my studies, but I do find difficulty—as you say—in putting my mind to work upon a subject so practical and earthly as economics. I am inclined to close my text books in

favor of the small lettering yarns.

You are correct in saying that I am not isolated, for the whole world is a tragic sight, indeed. You who are on the outside must feel the tribulations immeasurably greater than I do here. In my first letter, I must have been feeling very low, for I find my mood changing from day to day. If I wrote in an unhappy fashion then, perhaps, it may have been the weather. Today, how unexplainably spirited I feel.

I was very glad to read how well the University is coming along, and when I brought the letter to my Cal friend, his eyes brightened when he came to the portion that dealt with the Campus.

Of — — and — —, I inquired at the information bureau and learned they are teaching at our Sanforan High school. When I spoke to them of you, they were pleasantly surprised to hear from you, and promised to write.

Again thank you for your letter — indeed, it was encouraging — and I hope you will write again sometime.

Very sincerely
— —

Letter

copy

June 25, 1942

Dear —

Mr. Blairdell of International House has asked me to be a chairman of a committee of the alumni Association concerning itself particularly with evacuees, to keep House members and friends in touch with each other. There are a thousand things for such a committee to do, of course, and we won't be able, I'm afraid to do them all. But one important one, I feel, is the spreading of information. Hence this letter to you, to ask you to write me a letter in return.

During the past three or 4 months History has come pretty forcibly into your life, taking you away from the things you have known and planting you down among things that are new and strange, and, frequently, uncomfortable. Your friends want to know about you -- where you are, how you are, what you are doing, what you need, how they can help.

Most of us realize that this business of being a victim of war is a matter of luck -- bad luck -- depending upon decisions made across the seas over which we have no control. The fact that you had to move and I didn't is nothing either of us were to blame for, ourselves. You are meeting the situation in reality -- I meet it only in imagination, and I wonder, often, whether I could "take it" if I had to. How did you meet it, and how as your point of view changed as time has gone on? Will you write me about this and add little human interest incidents about some of the other people around you and how they are adjusting to the situation?

I want very much to have a booklet made from your

letters, if it can be worked out. If we can finance the printing (my next problem) we can send the booklets out (1) as a sort of round-robin letter to all former House members and friends now in Assembly Centers and Relocation Areas, (2) to other West Coast House Alumni, who so far know very little, about what the evacuation orders have meant in the lives of those evacuated, and (3) to the Chicago and New York Houses, who know still less. In a way, this booklet may turn out to be a rather historic document, you see, and it may seem wise to work up a Volume II, perhaps, six months from now. Any suggestions for a good title for the booklet

Please let me hear from you on this soon.

Sincerely
—

Enclosed: Stamped Return
envelope.

Indeed, I do remember you, both by your habit of sitting in the utmost corner of the classroom and by the high quality of your work. I particularly recall your paper on poetry, in which you not only criticized the verse you read, but in which you had the originality to attempt some yourself. Since you were a freshman then, I take it you would have been a junior if you could have come back to school this fall. Are there any opportunities for you to continue work on a college level at the Tanforn Centre? I am not clear in my information about this. Among all the unfortunate aspects of this war, it seems not the least to me that the education of so many young people has been interrupted or terminated. And my view point is not perhaps so academic as it seems — for our hopes are already, of necessity, being shifted to the next generation. Ours is evidently another one that has been "lost" — lost, that is, so far as personal ambitions and aspirations are concerned.

I am concerned that you find yourself feeling sulky and despondent from time to time, although I can certainly understand it. It's one thing to try to be rational about "readjustment" and quite another to be genuinely cheerful about it. But then none of us have much to be cheerful about these days, with the news so very bad, with families being disrupted and dispersed, with belated news of the death of one's friends and acquaintances —

And with what is often worse -- no news. It seems to me that if you can feel that your discomforts and distresses are shared by all intelligent and sensitive Americans -- if you can appreciate that the war is really turning the lives of most of us topsy-turvy -- then perhaps you will not find yourself so "isolated", as you tell me you feel.

Of course, there are always with us the selfish scavengers who fatten themselves on destruction and desolation -- but surely their profits are not to be envied. I believe that sober-minded people appreciate the critical nature of the times in which we are living, and see that everything ultimately is going to turn on the single issue of survival. However -- enough of that. You wanted to know about school.

The university is looking particularly well-groomed these days -- it always seems to freshen up a bit for the summer. I can't quite get used to all the students' being here, though -- starting back June 29 for an extra ~~term~~ summer term. Ordinarily high school teachers constitute the bulk of summer school attendance. Matters seem to be following their usual course -- or something like it. The classes are pretty well filled. It seems to me, however, that the level of work is falling off -- reflecting, perhaps a general preoccupation and restlessness. I personally find myself increasingly tempted to go into a study of Greek, or something else equally remote and impractical.

The Totalizer I found most interesting, and I was impressed by the courage, intelligence, and initiative of the community. I shall be glad to hear from you again, and hope that you will find yourself enjoying better spirits.

Sincerely
— —

July 17, 1942.

P.S. I should like to know about 2 old friends of mine — — and — — with whom I have been out of touch. — if you chance to hear anything of them.

Diplomacy; ~~major~~ ~~pl~~ ~~also~~ personal administration; often come to my room for chats; we often discussed each other's philosophies met him at Stiles Hall; took two courses with him.

Three Rivers
California

Sijima

Dear Ben

July 25, 1942.

I realize I have a lot to explain. Starting with the smaller things this paper is a souvenir of Asilomar. I grabbed a fist full as we were leaving. The fact that this is the first letter I have written you is harder to explain away. After school was out I got a job in the Richmond Shipyard #2 as a ship fitters helper. It was very interesting. I like construction work. There are Cal fellows all over the yard. I was finding a new one every day. I say was because for the last five weeks, I have been working in a summercamp for migrant children. A fellow named George Buchanan is in charge of it.

Can you imagine a methodist minister who has two small children and who can still work and play as an equal with a group of college kids. He is another fellow like Bill & Harry and his wife — is just as good.

They both know I — & wife & mas —. I heard about this from Frank — who was down here last year and then Bill offered me an application blank. I have learned more here in five weeks than any other three months I can think of.

George and most of the other counselors, there are 3 boys, a junior college music instructor, a grades teacher and 4 girls. 1 Hollywood high school, 1 U.C. LA. 43 psych. major, one U. C. English Lit major 42, one school teacher are pacifist if not FOR members. I have learned a lot from them. George has a wonderful library up here, I I have been so x & xx busy that I haven't read a single book.

Our camp is in Doyle county — 1 mi east of Porterville. We just came up to Three Rivers over the week ends to get out of the valley heat. We have from 15 to 30 kids (ages 9-15) and a program which includes singing, story telling, handicrafts

work shop, and projects. My group is on an Indian project. I had had no experience with children but boy ~~to~~ you learn fast. I was very interested in the copy of the Totalizer. It is the first I have seen. Margerite said that if they (the Buchans) didn't get some more copies soon they would want a subscription. One of the Councilor said that he would like to receive a copy of it also. How much does it cost. I assume Stiles has been receiving a copy all this time.

I am glad you are working on the paper. It looks like a very good one. Had you had any previous experience? August 1 - I started this letter the day I received yours. When Camp ended, July 24, I packed a bed roll and hitch-hiked down to the Tulare Farm Workers Community. One of the government camps established for the migrant fruit workers. I am living there now for the fun & experience & money. I left this letter in a box of clothes which George was to bring down in a day or two. It got side tracked and I just received it today. This is an interesting experience. I have not met everyone in camp yet who was not from either Texas or Oklahoma. I think I shall be staying here another week or so. I will ~~be~~ write again when I get back back to Cal. I have just started what promises to be one of the dozen or so important books I have read. It is the autobiography of Lincoln Stephens. What kind of a library do they have in the camp?

Now I've lost your envelope so will have to send via Stiles.

Your friend and
fellow Stiles Haller
Fed '47

Sijima

Dear Dr. Thomas:

Am returning the check, because I figure I'm not doing a lot of work—
and besides, I really have no use for the money here. I spoke to Charlie
about it once, and concluded, I'm not working for the money, myself or
anyone. To keep my mind from dwaddling may be one reason, but
I think the world should know someday the change this kind of life
is bringing to ~~many of us~~ ^{fellow} of my age who are pretty much bewildered.
Maybe, it can be used for paper, etc so you won't have to eat them
up.

Ben

Dear B—

Dijima

Jurlock Res. Ctr.

Aug 4, 1942

Received your letter today. A very, very interesting letter it was. I wish I had a vocabulary such as yours. I agree wholly with your opinions. Those little kids are really getting spoiled. From your letter I gather that you have some sort of schools for the children there but here there is no such thing and everytime there is a social of any kind one can see 12 to 15 years olds walking around hand in hand. Now if that don't take the cake — Here I am not getting anyplace. Those little kids sure can pick up a ~~few~~ vocabulary of cuss words. As to the student relocation council I figured that relocation of students is truly in the formative stage. Therefore I see a slim chance of any student entering this coming semester. I'm considering Nebraska State tho—

Guess we'll be going south in the near future in fact next week. I believe we'll be leaving on Tuesday. There were 3,600 people in this camp. All except 1500 are in Arizona already. That's where we're going too. This camp is going to the Gila River R.C. not the Poston Centre which is supposed to be a hell of a bue. We were supposed to go last Tuesday but was postponed 2 weeks cause the camp was not ready. People here are hard to get along with I think. Not amiable like all the Cal friends. I hope I can make better friends from other camps at Relocation. One difficulty we encountered during our stay here was the lack of organization which I don't think is the case there at Jansen. You see Ben everybody here are "inaka" people and the tough bunch from (country)

Boyle height in L.A. and there are very few people who can lead.

I think Janfo has plenty of fine leaders. I'm looking forward to see Janfo at Arizona even if you people don't want to be taken down there. We have a hell of a Center manager here (too) He can't tell his ass from a hole in ~~the~~ a ground I don't think.

Well anyway how he landed his job, I don't know. He really doesn't know how to handle people. Well I'm bringing up this subject because I nearly had a fight with him. There you can see what he's like. There you can see what he's like. Why, he should be in his office not out raising cane with a evacuee. It all happened like this. (I presume)

He must have caught hell from a higher up for having camp in untidy condition. That morning a local drugstore and J. C.

Penny was in here with some stuff and quite a gathering had formed around them. Well old Mgr. Pennella (3rd generation "Wop") thought this a good opportunity to round up a few workers to clean camp so he come strutting out there and gets up on a chair (mussie fashion) and dictates, "I want 50 volunteers to clean camp and if no one will do this I'll send these stores out." Well no one responded and he really burned up.

My chum Mas — and I were standing nearby and he comes walking toward us quite burned up at not putting his plan over. He comes up to us and asked us if we were working. Well, because we were quite sore already at the guy's attitude we didn't say anything.

Here's how it went —

He: You say's working

We: quiet

He: You working?

We: What business is it of yours.

He: (all burst up) What's your name.

We: (John Doe.)

He grabbed a hold of my chum and started shaking him. I pushed him away. He ran into the police department nearby and threatened ~~with~~ to put us in jail - A Cop came out and took us in but couldn't jail us without charges. Now if I had swung at him, I'd be in the can but with the whole camp behind me. I felt quite alright. Quite a experience - Any way he sure made a sap out of himself.

Must stop now. I'll be here till Tuesday but I'll write soon after I get to Arizona.

Be good and take care of yourself - So long -

Your friend

Y-

20 years old, sophomore, major - architect.
From Brentwood: former roommate of mine:

Letters

Instructor in Public Speaking. I became (✓)
best acquainted with him. Found him at the school pool (then)
Dear Ben. First person I saw upon my return for the last semester.
Berkeley Sijima
Aug 6, 1942 ✓

I was most interested in your letter. It's the ~~the~~ only first hand information I've had about the new camps or assembly centers.... Glad to know you are keeping busy... and that your job is fairly congenial. Quite as it sounds, to keep busy is the only way to keep happy. Though you don't say so, I'm no doubt that you miss the University very much. I do, whenever I'm away from Berkeley for even a short time. It's a very swell place. I spent 6 years here as a student, before going East, so have a real feeling that this is an "Alma Mater" to me. I suspect you have some of that feeling too. One doesn't have to be around six years to get it. When the war is over, I hope we who love California can all get back here.

You can see that I'm getting a bit sentimental... because my day here are number. I'm going to teach the new eight weeks session which begins next Monday, and then I'm to be drafted into the Army. It's going to be quite an experience for me to be Back Private Wilson. Last month I applied for a job in the Navy, but they told me there wasn't much place for a Ph.D. in Speech and Drama. I can see their point of view — and have decided that the experience as Back Private will probably do me a LOT of good. If there is anything to be gained from this war it be due in the way of new broader experiences. As an ordinary soldier, I'll see a type of life I've never seen before. I think I can profit by it. Of course, the chances of a Back Private ever coming back are not too great — and that, I suppose, is why I feel a bit sentimental about the University.

So far my summer has been rather varied. Directly after the spring semester closed I went to Los Angeles and spent a month with my folks. Since the weather was consistently foggy, I spent most of my time reading and writing. Otherwise, I might have wiled away the time on the beach — During the past six weeks, I've been teaching summer session at Humboldt State College but not very exciting. Now I'm back in Berkeley for an Indian summer of teaching.

I can quite understand why you've thrown away your text on Corporation Finance in favor of a volume of poetry. Sounds like a very wise move. In these trying times, Corporation Finance can't nourish the soul. One needs a little poetry. I've been reading quite a bit of it myself lately — especially some Walt Whitman. Do you know any of his work? It seems peculiarly timely these days — for he was the great poet of democracy.

I don't know much campus news — since I've been back in Berkeley only a couple of days. I did hear that football has been assured for this fall. The Army has approved the whole schedule. — and there is to be no restrictions on the size of the crowds. Thus the coming Saturdays will seem quite normal. Of course a lot of things can happen between now and September to change the situation.

Summer session, I hear, has been pretty successful. About 5,000 have been in attendance and about 7,000 are expected for the new eight weeks term. That's a pretty fair percentage, I understand, for these times.

Well young fellow, when something new and exciting -- or different -- happens to you, let me hear of it. I'll be glad to get some first hand information. When I get drafted, I'll be able to hand on some first hand information too.

Best of Luck to You — and my very good wishes

Sincerely

former room mate. joined in college; major-mathematics, from home Delano California, ^{Sydney} father manages grape ranch; member of Wesley Foundation; honor students; conscientious, quiet, ✓

Dear Ben

August 9, 1942

It was certainly good to hear from you again. I should have written sooner I know but when grapes got ripe about two weeks ago, I started working about 14 hours a day. That doesn't leave much time for writing.

As you can see by the postmark, I'm back at Cal again. Our old rooming house has been turned into a boarding and rooming house for defense workers, so I moved out. I'm staying on the second floor of the Wesley Foundation building, where Nelson Hagg used to stay. Joe —, Ed — and I stay here and take care of the place as rental for our rooms. I'm going to need the money I save in this way as I need about a hundred dollars worth of dental work done. I was walking home one dark night and bumped into a car, cracking part of both of my front teeth — more fun. We have about 30 kids eating here during the summer semester instead of the forty which we can handle. We will fill the place easily this fall because the defense workers are moving in so many places. Imagine rooms will be expensive for the kids as who aren't in fraternities or coops.

I am going to take some elementary courses this summer with the idea of preparing myself for the post war world. I hope to take econ 1A, econ 40, for credit and to audit astronomy 1A and geography 1. I may have to drop something if I see I'm running out of time. How are you doing with your education? I'll send those books right away.

We had our regular Foundation meeting tonight. We tried starting it off with a 20¢ buffet supper since most of the kids can't get anything to eat Sunday evenings at their boarding house. It was quite successful with 25 or 30 people attending. The meeting consisted of a worship service followed by a discussion of plans for the coming eight weeks. I think it's going to be quite a successful summer. What kind of Sunday meetings do you folks have.

Friday night we had a treasure hunt. We split up in groups of three or four and tried to follow the clues. Virginia Young,

another fellow and I won easily and got the bag of candy.
The hunt ended at the new house which the Wesley girls have
rented; It certainly is a swell place, it's a block above I House.

Saturday Vera Bonderson and I went to see John Steinbeck's 'Tortilla
Flat' and James Thurber's 'The Male Animal'; one of the best double
features I've seen for a long time.

They're having trouble getting grape packers at home of course
but so far the shortage hasn't been serious. They have over 500 women
packing and when I left, they were getting ten to 12 cars a day. They need
enough help to get 15 or 16 cars, but I don't know whether they'll
get much more. They are paying 50¢ an hour now. I had a lot of fun,
but of course I'm glad to be getting back to school.

Nobuyuki is still trying to get into some eastern college, and it
looks like he might make it. He has been accepted at one university
and the student relocation Board is trying to help him. I certainly hope
he gets to go; he's one of the most brilliant students I've ever known.

Thanks a lot for the papers — Not only I, but mother and dad,
as well, have enjoyed them.

Some of the fellows from here were down to San Francisco the
other day before I got ~~there~~ here. If I hear of anyone else going
down, I'll try to come and see you.

I was interested to see Hira Takayama's name mentioned as
a teacher in your high school. I met him ~~he~~ when I was a freshman
here at Cal. We took public speaking together.

I must close now and get some sleep as school starts
tomorrow

your friend
Henry

Letter from one sister to another
 Ages about 30 yrs. respectively; both are married.
 Thinner, 7' and 5' 10", lived in S.F.

Iijima

Monday - Sept 1
 Poston!

Your letter was brought to us by one of the Block officer boys while we were having dinner - and here's our dinner - roast beef, dressing, mashed potatoes, lettuce salad with 3 slices of beets; Lots of gravy - bread & butter, tea - Milk for children - homogenized milk. Tastes good - like ice cream when cold. Tami & Judy love it and yet many children do not drink milk.

We don't bother to look at the temperature. It's always about 104° Inside - about 10° higher outside

Everybody thought life would be very easy going. But so far, we are kept busy every moment of the day, especially where families have small children.

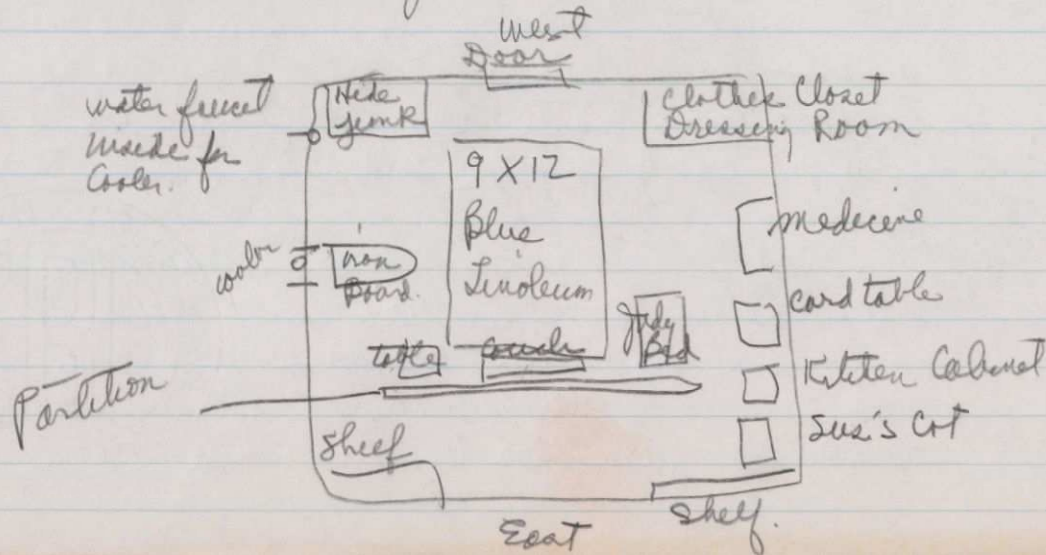
Mr. Shimizu came back last Saturday. It was a complete surprise for Toshi and everybody. He's looking fine.

I heard from Yoshi last Friday. There's nothing definite about where they are going. I guess they know by now.

Tami & Judy are well and have adjusted themselves to Arizona. This ~~the~~ heat makes everyone sleepy - perhaps early morning hours, too. But Tami sleeps about 3 hours in the afternoon & Judy too.

I could sleep too, but I feel so sick afterwards - I hate to take a nap and here I ~~do~~ can doze sitting up - I'm that sleepy.

Most likely your new barracks will be patterned along plans here at Arizona. We live in a barrack of 4 families. Susumi sleeps with us as the minimum is 5 here. Family of 3 have half the size of our room. Our double door faces West. 2 windows on south side and 3 on north side, 2 of our windows have screens so we can leave them open at night and bugs can't come in. Understand you'll screen all windows but when?



Iijima

Lots of stuff above us on rafters. Best way to clean floor of boxes, etc. Our room size is 20x25. We were fortunate to get a large room. Shimizu's line next door. Their room is large, too - but length is about 4 feet smaller.

They brought lots of things and they have 3 twin maple beds and double bed that is why their room looks crowded. We didn't bring much and our studio couch is used for bed at night and as sofa for daytime so we don't have any bedroom effect as many rooms do. Our linoleum is easy to keep clean. I sweep and mop every morning. I can't run hose on floor of linoleum and furniture.

My ironing board is permanently screwed into wall and I have it covered with suede chair table cover.

#4.79 Hishig bought blue linoleum at Visalia H.W. for Joshi bought Tan marble effect pattern for 7.50 and dull finished. She bought it because it wouldn't show dirt, but ours is shiny and when it's clean, - it sure looks nice.

All poston toilets are flush. There weren't any partitions at first but we hang them now - It's all up to the block workers. We are supposed to have a nice bunch of people in our block.

Did I tell you H made a cellar in our room? To keep food cool - water - too. He made our faucet come into our room, too - so that he would have to bring in the water hose for cooler from outside. 3 families have coolers in our barrack & one family put in pipeline underground. Joshi and Hishig brought extra extension and faucets.

We get plenty to eat. Rice at least once a day. Sometimes we bring it home & have "or chazuke". We cannot use electric stove - but hot water is hot enough to brew the tea or coffee. (We get hot water from wash room - plenty of cold & hot water.) Our camp #3 is supposed to have good water. Camp #1 still tastes muddy, H. says - He goes to #1 and #2 often and eaten meals there too -

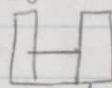
Last night we had fish tempura with ~~succ~~ rice and string beans, fresh. Also had vegetable tempura with fresh spinach last week - boy, was it good. We here have good cooks. Imagine! - Temperature is about 170° by the stove - oil stove and here they make tempura for us. Also had French

toast one morn - That's lots of work turning over each toast for almost 300 people. (About that many people in one block)

Camp 3 has one large canteen in middle of town and another small one 4 blocks away from house. The big canteen carries quite a bit - beer, sugar, material, slips, canteens, blouses, drugs, food, etc. Small one carries only food. Cash is being used. Understand cash will be paid workers.

Have not seen Forey Th. don't know if he is in camp #3. Maybe his group went to Gila Reservation.

Each family will get lumber altho' there isn't very much of that. Heichi made the shelves himself from odds and ends. Our big ~~production~~ partition is made of 3 ply wood - one piece is 6 ft by 31 inches.

 - 3 pieces put together for partition - will put material between 2 tall ones later on. —

Our barrack is right in front of latrines which is very convenient for us. And laundry room is a few feet more away. It has 12 double tubs. I put Tomi & Judy in there sometimes to wash their hair - instead of taking showers. Showers absolutely no privacy but everyone used to that now.

Ironing room has about 12 boards, but I always iron in my room right by cooler - Everybody leaves iron with Block Manager's office. When you want to iron you go get it and they mark down who is using electric appliances in each barrack. Caution from fire blowing out. — Supposed to leave my other electric together and store there, too but I haven't taken them yet.

Clothes will get tattle gray or yellowish (white things) but if soaked good with clorox and soap it will get white. What with perspiration and dust I have laundry to do every day.

One day last week after supper we had dust storm, lots of lightning & thunder. Boy what a big show. You can't see such electric storms in Calif. Our floor was covered with dust, small dust - oh, it was awful, mopped up before we slept. Hope we don't have it often - Over in Camp 2 I hear it's pretty dusty all the time as it is sandy there but here if dirt is watered it packs down hard.

4. heads staff of 2 other dentists, 2 dental nurses one secretary and orderly. They are in temporary barrack clinic

permanent one will be finished soon and boy, it here is a
swanky place compared to what they are working in now.
Hope I covered enough news about this place. I shall
write again. Hope everyone well —

Sue

Themes written by Freshmen on the topic "What Should our part be in War # 01.
Submitted by Freshman in Tanforan High School.
Relocation

Sijima

What Should be Our Part In War

Remember the fun we had back home. Remember the many privileges we had before the war? Swell days weren't they? Those days were spoiled by evacuation. We had to evacuate from our homes and most of our privileges taken away. Though it was heart breaking to leave our many homes and friends, we did our part for Uncle Sam. We should not feel too sorry for ourselves, yet we do. We are helping Uncle Sam fighting for freedom by staying in camps.

There are so many war occupations open these days, however Japanese can not participate in, since we are in camps. Though we can find other means of helping for national defense such as taking a first aid course here in Tanforan which would come in very handy in such a place as here. We can not do as much as the men in service. All kinds of people, size and race are included in helping Uncle Sam win. Peoples, rich or poor, big or small have some part to play for National Defense. Thus some activities are simple everyday doings as collecting tin and rubbers. Everything count.

Don't be wasteful. This can be counted on here in Tanforan. In the messhalls take what you can eat. Don't take over your appetites this will apt to cause wastefulness for getting too much and possibly a stomach ache for eating too much.

Help Uncle Sam fight for our country & freedom!
Help till Freedom reigns.

9th

Living in this assembly center has been quite a change from the sort of living which I led before coming here. In relocation I believe I can look forward to a normal way of living that is more of the adult will be employed and the students will spend a better part of each day in school.

I am sure that the majority of the students (as myself) will take a little more interest in their education since grand & will covent and classes will be conducted a little more formally.

Once in Relocation we can count on being permanently situated and not so constantly moving from one assembly center to another. (In my case, most of ~~the~~ my friends are with me, so I ~~can~~ won't have to worry about being separated from them) Although the present living conditions are alright Relocation should be much more so.

Personnally I think there are too many socials and relocation will probably do away with this. Recreation will not

be stressed so much as it has been, here because of education.

Many things can be gained from Relocation (since it will have to be so for the duration) such as a better education for students, more jobs, better living conditions and living quarters and many more things. This Assembly center has taught us all how to live together better under these conditions and so I am sure relocation will be a better place to live in.

Dear Elsie -

Somehow the thought of a relocation center always has been vague to me. Since, however, the dates of our departure, Sept 15-30 have been set and a composition on that topic was assigned for English, I have been thinking more about what my role will be there.

Mainly it will be as a student since I'm a minor and a job will not be obtainable. I shall try to develop whatever abilities I may have, for it will help to determine what role I shall play in the future world. My responsibilities will be to take advantage of the schooling there, so that when there is an opportunity to continue my education further I will be prepared. Naturally I like the comics, but keeping up with current events is also ^{an} important part of my education.

My second role is as a family morale builder. With all your jokes and tactics, it would be easy for you. I'll borrow them from time to time.

The one thought that always remains in my mind is the fact that I must maintain the normal standards of living as much as possible. If I don't I will be like an astrayed sheep, and not prepared to live under conditions outside when I'm released. Don't you agree, Elsie, that religion is one thing we must have in order to do that?

It's getting late so I'll close now. Please write letting me what you think of it.

With much love

Tomiko Kawai

September 22,

Dear Dr. Thomas:

I'm writing to you from Topaz, Utah, where I arrived yesterday morning on the Western Union after a considerably long trip, lasting some 41 hours. The trip on the train was quite an eventful one, since it was the first time I ever took a trip out of California. We left Tanforan, 7 PM, Friday, Sept 18 th. We all ate our dinner very early that evening, around 4:30, and then, gathered at the laundry house which had been converted into a depot. There, our baggages were inspected, as we sat on the benches, according to the arrangement made by the car captains. Our car was number 12, the last of 17 cars--including baggage, dinars and pullmans.

It certainly was exhilarating to step out of Tanforan and to get into the trains, which, while old, were serviceable and fairly comfortable. The seats--velvet lined--could be tilted at night to form resting chairs. But I didn't pay too much attention to the fixtures at first, because I was more concerned with the farewell group lined up atop the barracks. The residents were silhouetted against the twilight, and I caught sight of a sign as we left, "So long--See You In Utah." As we passed barrack 8, adjacent to the tracks, all the people were lined up on their wooden walks, waving their hands.

Then the residential homes appeared, white stucco homes, tidy gardens and automobiles. At first, it all seemed like a dream and seeing a new world. Perhaps, more than anything else, I felt the freedom of being able to see far and wide, and the sensation of riding on something different from the shoes that carried me around in Tanforan. The scenery was familiar--Burlingame, San Mateo, and then hometown, Redwood. I caught sight of Camel Hump, my favorite hiking grounds, and also "Barnacle Bill", the newsboy who works at the station.

Instead of going across the Dumbarton Bridge, which had been the route of the previous group, we proceeded down to San Jose. There, a curious thing occurred, the car began to move backwards and I noticed in the fast fading light, a new engine attached to the rear. When we got to Niles Canyon, the train began to move forward again, but in such spasmodic jerks, the people began to laugh and moan. What was more funny was the lighting of the gas lamps. The conductor came in and with a very long rod, lighted on one end, opened up the glass bowl, twisted the gas cock and lighted the lamp. Some fellows were rolling in the aisles and my curiosity led me to ask the soldier, ~~what~~ how old the train was. He thought it was about a 1910 model.

When morning came, we were riding along the Feather River Route, atop the high Sierras. First, bright red clay bound the track on my side of the window; later on, the river turned in our favor, and the scene reminded me of John Muir's writing. Breakfast was served around 9 AM in the diner and consisted of scrambled eggs, potatoes (French Fried) toast and rich coffee. It was tops--clean, and tasty--

Coming back, the car captain passed out oranges to us and he looked bleary-eyed, having stayed up all night. On the way back from the diner, I met several friends and asked them how they liked the train trip. Most of them were too intent upon the scenery to answer, a few were snoozing.

At Portola, the last station in California, we got off for a stretching spell for 15 minutes and my friend and I dashed to the front of the engine, a run of almost 3 blocks. Soldiers were stationed at the platform, but we were allowed to load from group to group. Some people were sending post cards to their friends in Tanforan. The car captain called us aboard and then the old folks began getting sentimental about leaving California. "What a wonderful State California is!" "Maybe this will be the last time we'll ever see it."

As we began to roll down the grade, the pine and redwood trees, which so abundantly coated the Sierras, grew less and turning a knoll, we came upon an idyllic valley which, I thought, was a perfect spot for a relocation project. The floor of the valley was a meadow of hay and grazing land, broken by patches of trees and surrounded by mountain ranges. And with the lessening of trees and greenery, came the sage brushes and the desert. Nevada was one long tiresome ride with the stifling heat, dull mountains, white salt flats and illusive mirages. The people slept most of the way everyone became more appreciative of California and made disparaging remarks about the "hickishness" of Gerlach, Jungo, Pronto--the towns we passed thru. But one thing about Nevada, it gave me a realization of the immensity of our country and of the potentialities of the West. I guess a lot of people ~~we~~ have thought of the same thing. That night, several of us boys, had a session with the soldier assigned to our car. A young chap from St. Louis, Missouri and pleasantly conversational, he spoke to us of his experiences with his sargent and how he had dissipated on his furloughs.

We kept our eyes peeled for the Great Salt Lake, but unfortunately it was 3 AM, when we passed its fringes and only the shore was dimly outlined. The salt cakes we missed entirely. The train rumbled into Salt Lake City, 7 AM in the morning and because our car didn't get any steam, we rushed into the preceding car and sat on the steam heater until we felt the heat ooze thru our shirts and trousers. We gawked at the state capital perched ~~on~~ atop a hill and felt at home, seeing the familiar labels--Swiss, Westinghouse White King. We left the city after an hours stop, and began

the last leg of the journey a ~~120~~ 125 mile ride to Delta. Our hopes would fade as the sage and desert--so repulsively reminiscent of Nevada, would reappear and then again, we were encouraged when pine trees, grizzled though they were, appeared. And then around 12:30 a sudden farm appeared and small town followed suit; we were in Delta. From there buses drove us to Topa.

A brass band banged away the greeting and we went thru the same routine as we did at Tanforan--medical inspection, being guided to our apartments, getting blankets and ticks. When I surveyed the place after dinner, I decided the place was pretty big--the town alone is a mile square and the farming area--16,000 acres.

Of the administration I have the highest regard after attending last night's meeting. At that time, Director Ernst and his associates were introduced. A ready sense of wit, geniality and intelligent--he struck me, in my first impression, as a humanitarian. I'm certain that I shall enjoy my stay here much, much more than I did Tanforan. ~~It~~ restores the faith I realize now, in looking at the whole evacuation in a little better perspective, that there are mighty good folks who respect the self-respect of individual personalities.

Of work, I've discontinued working on the paper, in favor of ~~more~~ closer work to my pre-legal training, a junior accountant. And of school, just before leaving Tanforan I received a letter from the Student Relocation Council, recommending me to Geneva College in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. At present, I am awaiting the college catalogue to learn something about their curriculum. If you could write Mr. Conard a brief note, I would appreciate it very much. But I am not immediately anxious to leave for school, for I am finding this experience unique and extremely interesting.

But I have been talking ~~altogether~~ ^{too much} about my self. In acknowledging the letter you sent me at Tanforan, I'd liked to thank you for letting me contribute even a little. An apology for all the sour faces at the meetings, but it seems that's my nature. And I shall write to you from time to time, but I guess I had better end this long thing because Fred wants to go to sleep and I'm sitting on his bed and using his typewriter.

Sincerely

Ben

P.S. Now that I'm in Utah, maybe I ought to settle down. There are advantages, so I hear.

October 6th

Copy.

Dear Dr. Thomas:

I received your thoughtful letter yesterday and thank you for the check and your writing to the student relocation committee.

By continuing with my diary, I hesitate in promising anything which I would not be certain of fulfilling. It is not that I will lose cognizance of daily happenings, for you may be assured that I shall write to you from time to time whenever anything noteworthy ~~and~~ ^{is} peculiar to this center occurs.

The other day with the aid you provided at Tarporan, I bought a fountain pen and applied for a course in mathematics thru the extension division. ~~The~~ ^{the} discipline should keep my mind from dawdling and at the same time, afford an immediate tool to ~~my~~ ^{my} apprenticeship in accounting.

An interesting situation developed 3 days ago when another "500" newly arrived to Jopay. Ordinarily, the busloads come in near lunch time; at the latest, before 5 PM, in the evenings, but on this day, the first arrivals were greeted 8 PM and they were still coming in as late as 10 PM, having been detained all day at Delta in trains for lack of housing. ^{Construction} The workers were working at frenzy ~~pitch~~ to meet the deadline, but when they saw the buses, they called it quits for the evening — "the buses have beat us to it." What ensued was not exactly bedlam, but when ~~they~~ the people groped to their barracks (some for the globes that line the barracks, it was quite dark) and found them without mattresses, blankets, or even cots, some found it "heartbreaking."

Curiously, resident, interested as myself in their reactions, hounded the buses, ^{Paul} repeatedly expressed their sympathies. But the administration was on hand, I saw 4 men directing the trucks bringing in mattresses and many of the newcomers ~~the~~ were housed

temporarily that evening in recreation halls. Perhaps, to some of those who came that evening the immediate adjustment ^{here} may have been more trying ^{than} at Tanforan ^{for those} the baggages were accessible and, I never heard of anyone sleeping with the comforters, which had been used on the trains. The excitement subsided with the coming of morning, but ~~for~~ the subject has been the topic at mess hall conversation ever since then.

A very striking contrast, as compared to Tanforan, is the great number of people seeking and obtaining private employment. Two of my friends have just signed up with the construction company that contracted this project's erection and will commence work this coming Monday at the prevailing wages (\$54 per hour). Besides sugar beet workers and alfalfa ~~pickers~~ ^{workers} there are houseworkers, hotel workers, cleaners, accountants, ^{as well} garage. One observer commented that the drainage would affect the quality of leadership ~~here~~ at the project, but I ~~disagree~~ ^{don't} if the present ^{encouraging} signs are indicative of what the WRA hopes to do on a large scale there may be eventually no need ~~to~~ for leadership here.

The sunsets here are most colorful. The plains assume a lavender hue and the distant hills turn dark purple with the clouds screening the sun. Dr. Cherrin ~~was right~~ and Bob Spence were both right. I've never seen such a spacious panorama as this in California.

Sincerely yours
Ben

P.S. Please, pardon my lack of stationery.

November 17, 1942

Mr. Ben Iijima
11-5-C
Central Utah Relocation Project
Topaz, Utah

Dear Ben:

Both Dr. Thomas and I were much interested in your letter of yesterday. Since she had to catch a train for a ten-day trip to Poston and Gila, I am going to answer for her, as well as myself. She, I am sure, will write you on her return.

In what city is the Hotel Utah located? I am certain that you are qualified for much better things than being a busboy and I hope you use the new job only as a vantage point to look for better things. In any case, I'll bet it will be a tremendous thrill to get "outside" again.

Kikuchi has overwhelmed us again with three full diaries and I am chagrined when I look at my own production of approximately 150 pages. The rainy season has started here and meat markets are being closed right and left for lack of meat. I had a fine trip to Washington and am in the midst of writing reports. The boss seems very satisfied with the progress of the study, as a whole.

We all send you our very best regards and our very best wishes for your future. You must continue to keep us informed about your welfare and your whereabouts.

Sincerely yours,

Morton Grodzins
Research Assistant

MG/vp

November 13

Dear Dr. Thomas:

I received the copies of the diary yesterday. Reading them over, the pages made vivid many things already so soon forgotten.

In the last three weeks, I have been more or less idle, volunteering for the "winterizing" crew (which is undertaking the job of putting up the sheet rocks) and waiting for the release to take up a busboy job at Hotel Utah. Yesterday, an interviewer arrived, hinting that we may leave in a day or two.

The few weeks of resting have afforded, I think, much needed relaxation and in turn, a better perspective of activities at the project, and the relation between the vacation and the work.

My best wishes to you and those on the study.

Sincerely yours
Ben Gjonna

Dear Dr. Thomas:

I'm sorry for not having written to you sooner; my correspondence lately to everyone has been quite neglected. Aside from a letter to Charlie about a week or two ago, and a few, to varied friends; I haven't used my fountain pen for a long time.

Busboyng at The Hotel Utah became quite a routine matter and a number of other things even after work seemed to fall in the same line. Then, a letter from the National Student Relocation jumped me back into the old groove again - it was the most wonderful New Year's thing I received. The Presbyterian Church had granted me ~~a~~ a sum to continue my education at Drew U. in New Jersey. It was a big surprise because I didn't expect to go back to school for sometime. My folks will need all the money they have for relocation and if I didn't earn every penny, I decided I wouldn't go back to school.

I had decided to save money, but at Christmas time I just couldn't let my friends down, especially this year when I knew so little would mean so much to them. And, in a way everything ^{one gives} seems to come back - and it's with

(2)
a sincere sense of gratitude, I've read & reread the letter from the Nat. Student Council.

Right now, I'm back in Japan to pick up odds & ends and to see my folks & friends while waiting for my leave permit. Looking back on the last 2 months of work, I have found the experience exhilarating. Some of the fellows I worked with were noisy sometimes, but they were really a swell group of kids. I think fellows who aren't college grads are more thoughtful & kind.

When I got back, mother, I learned, was in the intermediate English class. She can read & tell you about Utah history, of how the Mormons crossed the plains and also a brief review of Dickens' Christmas Carol. Don't you think that's quite an accomplishment. Mother always wanted to go to night school, but she had to work. ~~Now~~ She says one must have hope to live and she finds it in her studies.

Father is contended with the pipe I bought and gets up early in the morning to heat the water for the kitchen. Sister says she anxiously goes to work because it keeps her mind busy.

I'd like to thank you, Dr. Thomas for the recommendation you wrote to the National Student Relocation Council. I'm not good at fancy language, but sincerely, thanks a million! And I hope you all the luck and best wishes for your

Success on the Study. Please give my ~~best~~ regards to
your husband, to Mr. Goodzins, to Virginia, to Dr. Cherrin.
I will write to you again when I get back East.

Sincerely yours,
Ben Fijima