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< "ROLE OF CULTURE IN PERSONALITY"
(The Second Generation Japanese)

This paper was written on October 17, 1941 for S.W. 205 class
at the University of California.

Limiting myself to a single cultural group, the Japanese in the Bay Area, this paper will be an attempt to show some of this process of cultural clash and change and its influences upon the personality. This will be done with the consciousness that the personality conflicts of the Japanese in America is not a unique situation, but a phase of the rapid cultural changes and resultant disorganization of the wider American society. Any interpretations made will be in terms of the San Francisco Japanese,

my own home, and those I have observed on this campus.

October 17, 1941 Ben K. Loy U of Calif Observation on Campus Nisei.

Reared under a dual system of cultural symbols, the second generation Japanese-American or Nisei ((Nee-say)) group has been moulded into a duality of personality--a divided self with all its implications. Some of the forces have been good, some harmful. (Stonequist calls the product of two divided cultures, which belong to neither group, the Marginal Man.⁷

On the Japanese side, our parents brought with them the culture of a semi-feudal country which was stable, although static, and one of authoritarian control, a system in which the family was most important and the individual significant only as a member of his group. Relationships were intimate, close personal. The family name was valued above all earthly possessions, males supposedly supreme due to their direct descent from the Sun Goddess. (The Japanese also believed that they are a heavenly chosen people.) Customs and traditions were rigid, marriage was for the purpose of carrying on the family line and, therefore, the concern of the family

elders. In brief, it was a society where the individual was submerged into a strict family unit.

Stepping into the midst of a gigantic economic system of exploitation of labor in California by the large land Barons, the first generation Japanese gradually bought their own farms or drifted into the city, into the segregated slums. It was in these tiny rooms behind the shops in the slums that the clash of traditions and the moulding of personality began slowly to embroil as the Nisei grew up.

The symbol values of the Nisei are neither entirely Japanese nor American. Many of the values of the two cultures are conflicting, making choice a terrific struggle. On this campus, there are many examples of the Nisei with serious personality maladjustments due to their inability to cope with the internal and external conflicts. < Because the second generation are such a young group, few studies have been made of them. Therefore, I will have to rely chiefly on personal observations as interpreted from my readings in this course. >

Unlike the stable system in Japan, the Nisei are living in an ever changing society; they do not have the stability of organization under which their parents lived. Besides the traditional type of family discipline that their parents have attempted to inflict upon them, the Nisei have learned of a different, more democratic procedure in the schools. In general, the American values have been stronger. The Nisei have assimilated many of the American cultural symbols due to this thorough conditioning by the American educational system. But the struggle is by no means over. They have been forced to go to the Japanese Language Schools where

they are infused with the Japanese culture. The inconsistencies of the two conflicting cultures have been numerous, and many have rebelled.

The cultural conflicts vary in degree of bitterness between the first generation Japanese and the Nisei in the home. The first generation are desperately trying to hold on to their children, who, on the other hand, rebel against the old-fashioned autocratic family control, traditional in the Oriental pattern of life. Many of the Nisei do not even have a sufficient speaking ability of Japanese to carry on conversation with their parents, whereas most of the Japanese parents know little English. The parents have little in common with the Nisei in his interests and beliefs. They would like the Nisei to develop Japanese traits such as modesty and suppression of the emotions, while the American culture influences the Nisei to be extrovert, individualistic, and outspoken. The parents are naturally sympathetic to Japan, and they get the Japanese government interpretations of political events, as released to the Japanese language section of the daily newspapers; whereas the Nisei only read the English section with its democratic sentiments. This has resolved itself into many disputes in the home life of many of the Nisei.

In the simple home life, standards between the two groups differ on such things as foods, ideas of sex, bathing practices, manners, clothes and makeup, and many other things which are accepted in the purely Caucasian American home. The conflict often becomes bitter when attitudes are involved.

The Nisei girls, with hardly an exception, resent male domination as practiced by the first generation males, and they are not backward in showing that resentment. The Nisei male, although he advocates greater freedom for the woman, still has been influenced by the Japanese concept of male superiority. The girls also resent the strict Japanese tradition of mother-in-law control over their marital life, they wish to live according to the American practices. This has created some serious problems as the first generation interpret such actions as further evidence that the Nisei are indiscriminately throwing aside the inherent Japanese idea of family relationships.

The Nisei are violently opposed to the Japanese system of forced marriages as arranged by "go-betweens" and the parents. The negotiations are carried on secretly without the involved pair being given much opportunity to pass judgment on the suitability of the other. Where no choice is allowed, serious personality conflicts may result. A few weeks ago, the Japanese language paper reported a case near Sacramento of a Nisei girl, who committed suicide, rather than be forced into a marriage with an unknown first generation Japanese.

◀ This is an extreme case, as such instances now occur infrequently, because of the terrific struggle which the Nisei have put up against this practice. ▶ The parents have made concessions and today the function of the "go-between" is merely to act as the representative of a Nisei couple who have made their own choice. In the rural areas of this state, however, there is still a great deal of the other system in modified form. Even now, the "go-between" will check up on the family history for the past hundred years to insure the parents against any tainting of their family line. The Nisei couple who elopes is practically ostracized by the older generation.

The symbol of religion has a wide variety of meanings for the Nisei. The Western religion appears to be concerned primarily with sin, while the Oriental philosophies stress the more pleasant things in life. Although most of the Nisei have broken away from the Buddhist religion of their parents and adopted Christianity, they have found satisfaction in neither. <They have not found a workable solution in either and consequently, there is a tendency for them to become irreligious. (Unless they use it as a refuge from the problems of the inconsistent world pressing in upon them.) Even in the Buddhist religion, western influences have entered so that it is a queer mixture of the East and West.>

The immediate barriers, however, of the outside society have contributed chiefly to the serious Nisei personality disorganization. The factor of race and discrimination evolving out of the American caste and class society has a direct bearing on the Nisei maladjustments. Adopting the American symbols of status, the Nisei are now faced with the question that perhaps this pattern of opportunity he learned in school is not for him. To some, the existence of discrimination was realized gradually; to many it came as a sudden shock. In my own case, it was first experienced after I finished high school and came down to San Francisco from a small rural town where they had no other Orientals. Thus, when an unthinking barber refused me a haircut and forced me out of his shop because I was a "Jap", the shock of learning that I was "different" filled me with anger, hurt, bewilderment and a variety of other mixed feelings.

In the face of these experiences, many of the Nisei have become over-sensitive. < Plant points out that the realization of difference often results in rebellion as shown by such symptoms as defiance, fear, anxiety, uncertainty, nervousness, restlessness, and chronic pessimism. Many of the Nisei feel that they are being persecuted. > I have attended many of the Nisei discussion groups on the campus, since enrolling this year, and the general undertone of all these meetings appears to be one of bitterness, hopelessness, and fear of discrimination. As a group, they are confused. The fact that they are physically "different" makes their assimilation into the dominant American pattern difficult because of the prevailing attitudes towards the "color" symbol, accentuated because of the present political struggles in the world. But the Nisei looks at the problem with a limited and personal perspective. It is hard for them to reconcile democracy with prejudice and the fact that they can't go to certain bowling alleys, barber shops, swimming pools, and hotels. They resent the Berkeley housing covenants, which prevents their parents from buying property in certain restricted areas. All of these things, < important or unimportant, > do contribute to their mixed emotions and personality complexes. They have not accepted the superior-inferior symbol, but they have not yet worked out an acceptable solution.

The plight of the Nisei is especially critical now. They are now coming of age in California (which has 70% of the total Japanese population in the continental United States) at a time when there is a great dislocation in our American economic life. Infused with the American symbol of opportunity for all and the desire to improve the "inferior economic status" of their parents, the Nisei have poured in great numbers into the Universities of the state to get "educated". < (According to a survey I made recently

for the California State Department of Employment, I found that 97.7% of the San Francisco Nisei are high school graduates, of which 60% have gone into college.) > Now they are beginning to pour out of the cloistered Ivory Tower existence of college life, only to find that there apparently is not a place for them in the American economic society. Caucasian employers won't hire them because of the current attitudes against the Japanese--based upon the past traditions of the feelings against the earlier Japanese immigrants and the present disfavor of the political connections of Japan. There is an apparent lack of distinction between the Japanese of Japan, and the Americans of Japanese ancestry, largely due to facial resemblance.

Largely inexperienced and naive, the Nisei keenly feel the refusal of opportunities in Defense jobs and in the general American business world. The only opportunity that they are given to prove their loyalty to America is in the selective service where large numbers of the Nisei are making excellent records. For the others, the only other alternative has been up to the present time to drift back into the dead end jobs of the Japanese community. Thus, I found that 15% of the group I studied are already college graduates, but who are working for an average wage of \$60.00 a month for an average ten hour day. The chief types of work offered to them by Caucasians are largely in domestic work. The resulting feeling of frustration and inability to solve their economic plight has reacted harmfully on the individual personality adjustment of the Nisei.

On one extreme, a large number of the Nisei are trying to be intensely "American". They have completely adopted "American" conventions; but this does not seem to be a solution to their difficulties. They are not "accepted" by the dominant group as "Americans". Some tend to be ashamed of their parents and their culture; others are attempting to adjust themselves to both sets of conflicting values. Some have taken a more passive reaction and embraced religion strongly for their answer.

On the other extreme, in much smaller numbers, are the Nisei who tend or pretend to accept their parents' Japanese traditions. Many do not differ noticeably from their elders in attitudes and beliefs. They are what is known as being "Japanese". They accept the practice of arranged marriages and other customs of Japan. Most are unhappy, but they remain submissive and Oriental in their outlook on life. Those of this group on the campus tend to bury themselves in their studies and make excellent grades, but socially they are immature.

The majority of the Nisei belong to neither of these two extremes, but move more or less confusedly between them. They are the true "marginal man" or "cultural hybrid", many of whom are to be found in the various minority groups of America. Like most of them, the Nisei are trying to overcome the current symbol of status on a color basis, while at the same time they try to achieve a "higher class status". Thus, they accept symbols from one set of values for some things, and reject it in favor of another set of symbols for something else, never being wholly positive.

Torn between two cultures, the Nisei finds no place or security in either. Going to Japan would only be jumping from the "frying pan into the fire", and those that have gone have had more re-adjustments to face over in the Orient. Most remain in America. Some of these become intensely bitter and develop a defeatist philosophy. <Some fatalistically drift along in their limited circles. They rationalize their difficulties as a pure racial barrier; at the same time smugly assuming that they are "superior" to the Negroes. Because of this vast disorganization, there has been a breakdown of values among the Nisei.> Many have lost confidence in themselves and become frustrated. Too few have arrived at that inner harmony essential for a stable personality.

Today under the shadow of war, the future for the Nisei looks far from rosy, and should actual war break out, the personality maladjustment of this group will undergo further drastic repercussions.

Granted that the Nisei do have a serious personality problem as a group, the inevitable question arises: what can be done about it? Obviously, the Nisei must remain in the realm of reality and face the situation realistically. Waving the flag and proclaiming 100% loyalty to America will not solve the problem<as the most representative Nisei Organization, the Japanese American Citizen's League, seems to believe.> The problem goes much deeper than that.

It is my opinion that the Nisei should re-examine themselves and their philosophy of life. Some of their symbols of values, along with the rest of America, are twisted and distorted. America, cluttered up

with its past, thinks of itself in terms of what it was before the streams of immigrants poured in. The Nisei indiscriminately accepting American symbols have lost all perspective on just what being an American really means. < True Americanism is not solely trying to get ahead in an American industry. It would be very difficult to even define an American business, e.g., Chop Suey place, Greek bootblack, Giannini, Chinese laundry, etc.--these things are essentially American. Thus, > the Nisei need to recognize the fact that Americanism is or should be a sustaining feeling about America and one's place in America. This necessitates a well balanced inner harmony, something which the Nisei, and most Americans, do not have.

The Nisei, in their present confusion, want to enter an American industry desperately in order to provide themselves with some sort of badge or assurance that they "belong", that America wants and needs them. They want to bolster up their hurt, uncertain ego. < Unless the Nisei do re-examine their values, both within and outside, especially for the good and weak and strong points within them, there will be many personality maladjustments in the next few years. > The tendency to withdraw in a shell is evident in many of the Nisei, who are now bitterly stewing in the thin, sour juice of frustration. If all Americans adopt this solution, we will never create a really great American culture with its emphasis on a well developed and meaningful personality growth. However, I am optimistic enough to agree with Lynd when he says "we may yet make real the claims of freedom and opportunity in America".

On Sunday, December 7, a couple of Nisei friends and I had gotten together for a bull session and the conversation turned to the subject of possible war. We were discussing the particular hardships which the Nisei group would face because they had not taken a firm stand on the dispute between this country and Japan, and it was pointed out that the Japanese language paper was more or less an apologist organ for the Japanese government. All of us remarked that we would be very willing to fight against Japan in the event of a war, because we felt that it was coming quite soon. We had been following the negotiations going on between the two countries quite closely, and we did not see how a conflict could be avoided, because neither country was willing to make any concessions.

Right in the midst of this conversation, another Nisei boy rushed in to announce that Pearl Harbor had been bombed by the Japanese Air Force. We all took it as a joke and we continued our discussion. The boy tried to convince us, but we just ignored him. Finally, one of us turned on the radio, and the news flash came over. We still did not believe it until several other friends came running in to announce the news. Our group quietly broke up, and I suppose that we were all pretty shocked. My first reaction was one of vague fear because I somehow felt that I would be identified with the enemy. In order to reassure myself that this would not happen, I walked up to the college library and mixed in with the other students who were trying to study for their finals. Everyone was excited so that not much study went on that day. When I returned to the

house, I attempted to put on a cheerful front in order to reassure my roommates that things were not so bad. I suggested that we all volunteer into the Army and organize an expeditionary force to Japan. They felt that it was not the time for joking, but I really felt that I should do something direct about it. I didn't see much sense in continuing on with school. I lost all interest in my final examinations, but fortunately that did not affect my grades at all. When war was declared the next day, I felt more strongly than ever that I should volunteer into the Army. I talked it over with my roommates, and they believed that it was a foolish move to make, particularly in view of the fact that I had only 3 or 4 months of school to complete. I did not have any family responsibility at all, so that I felt no obligation pulling me back. The next day I quietly went over to the Civic Center in San Francisco and asked to be inducted into the service. I was refused for the second time because the officer there said that a policy had to be set for the Nisei first. I did not press the matter but returned to the campus and I did not tell any of my friends of what I had tried to do.

In my opinions, I became outspokenly anti-fascist and particularly anti-Japan. I joined the politically conscious Nisei group in the Bay Area, but this organization quickly dissolved because of all the confusion going on in that period. In the Berkeley community, we were not much affected by Filipino incidents, FBI round-ups and restrictions placed on enemy aliens, so that I was not too much aware of what was going on for quite a while. I avoided the Japanese community in San Francisco, partly because I didn't care to be identified with it and partly because of a feeling that it would only remind me of the difficult position I was in.

For a while, I thought that things would go back to normal, and I would be inducted into the Army in a short time. However, it was announced that the Nisei would be placed in a 4-C classification temporarily, and that really did irritate me. I began to realize that there were forces in California which were attempting to take advantage of the war in order to stir up the anti-Oriental agitation which had been going on for many years. After February 1, it was clearly evident that these groups were contributing to the general public hysteria and that they would have their way. When the Tolan Committee came for its hearings to the Bay Area, one of my friends testified; but the committee, as a whole, was definitely unfriendly. All sorts of accusations were made about the sabotage which had occurred at Pearl Harbor. The Nisei organizations were very ineffective because of lack of strong leadership and a progressive policy. There was a great deal of conflict between the various organizations, and none of them ever took over leadership, even though the national JACL offices were located in San Francisco. (I will not attempt to discuss the development of these Nisei groups and my reaction to them, because it has already been done by Tom and others.)

When the first restricted zones were declared in the middle of February, I began to take an active concern in my family in Vallejo for the first time in my life. They were living in the area facing the Mare Island shipyards, and they had to be removed by February 22, Washington's Birthday. They had no place to go, so that after a conference with my other brother and sisters, we decided to move our parents to San Francisco, while my older sister remained in the home with the younger children, so that they could complete their school term. We still could not believe that a general evacuation was going to take place.

Since my family had very little financial resources, I felt that I had to do something to help them out. Since I was doing my field training at the San Francisco Public Welfare Dept. that semester, I arranged for emergency assistance for them through the Federal Security Funds. I wanted to quit school, but I was advised against taking such a drastic step by the head of the department, because I only had two more months to go. I decided to continue in my classes, but I had little interest in it, even though my grade average kept up to its former level. I was very gratified, because my fellow students and instructor were particularly sympathetic and they were very angry that such a thing as evacuation could take place in America. They believed even more strongly than I that such a thing would not happen, but I was not sure. When the general evacuation was declared, I became quite angry, because I felt that it was a violation of our constitutional rights, and I thought that the Nisei should take a strong stand against it and refuse to move, but they were all too worried about their families to fully realize the implication of the military order. They all took it for granted that it actually was a military necessity, because of the scare headlines about an imminent invasion by the Japanese forces. I began to rationalize that it was a military necessity, but I never could convince myself of it. Throughout this period, I never had any feelings of bitterness against the country, as I felt more strongly than ever that I was a definite part of it and I couldn't understand how minority pressure groups could sway the military to the extent of ignoring constitutional provisions.

When we saw that nothing could be done, we decided to bring the children to San Francisco to be with the parents. My older sister left for Chicago at the last minute in order not to be caught in the evacuation, so that I had to take more responsibility than previously. My sister had arranged for the disposal of my father's business, and she was only able to realize \$200 out of it. My brother had been doing most of the business arrangements from San Francisco and I had only a small part in family affairs, since the ties were still not very strong.

I was offered a job as a social worker with the Federal Security Board, but I decided to complete my social work course first before the deadline of evacuation. I wanted to escape the general evacuation by going East, but I did not have any money. One of my college friends offered to write to a friend of his in the midwest and he felt that I could go there, but I was so indefinite about the future that I decided very reluctantly to go to the center. I did not feel very cooperative with the Army regulations, and I ignored them at every opportunity. These regulations were not strictly enforced in Berkeley. I carried a Chinese student body card around, and that became useful on the one occasion that I was stopped by a patrol car. During all of this period, I continued my field work course in the agency, and I never experienced any difficulty with my clients, although there was one Negro client, who threatened to slit the throats of any Japs he saw so that I had to tactfully make a retreat. I was busy with my finals right up to the last minute, so that I neglected my packing until the very end.

It was at the evacuation control station that I first felt sympathetic towards all of those old people who were being forcibly removed from the settled life that they had been living. They had to go through a great deal of red tape in order to get processed, and many of the receptionists could not explain things to the Issei. The social workers tried their best, but there was too little time to dispose of all problems adequately. The people were given tags and forms to fill out with their names and numbers, and detailed instructions about where to meet was given to each individual. The people were told not to take a lot of belongings, so that many of them only left with a small briefcase. I remember that I felt this was all wrong and yet I knew that I was powerless. However, I tried to look



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May 4, 1942 (Monday)

Today was washday and the gals were supposed to do the washing, but they let Mom do all the heavy stuff. Left for the employment office so I did not see the family all day. Jack and Alice came in for an application and Jack has worked out some sort of deal to be a Barracks Head Librarian. Alice is signed up for a Receptionist and Camp Guide. We were quite rushed as everyone seems to want to work, including the little kids. The recreational program is not too well developed so that there isn't very much to do for some of the kids.

Insert p. 2-3 [] "There are ... enlightenment"

About 20 of us met tonight to really get the Camp newspaper. To be called the Tanforan Totalizer. going because we really do need some sources of information. Taro Katayama was elected Temporary Editor so that the policy setting will at least be liberal and outspoken.

Insert p. 3 [] "love of ... like this"

*Copy faithfully
all. of this by*

May 6, 1942 (Wednesday)

into speaking only Japanese. It's very interesting to talk to the young Nisei that come in; they are so Americanized. I think that we should start some sort of discussion groups or something so that they won't lose contact with the outside influences. They are all fairly ambitious and think in terms of going on to school and then adjusting themselves here in the United States after the war. The more conservative ones invariably have fathers who were engaged in some business with Japan. I guess they ^{get} more of the "old country" influence from their parents. ^

I had the surprise of my life when I saw Miyoshi today come walking into camp with a U. S. uniform on. He is a tall, rather good looking Kibei fellow ³² and when I used to know him, he was very ~~Pro~~^{Pro}-Japan; in fact, one time he and his friends were going to gang up on me because they thought I made some insulting remark about the Emperor. I only said that the generals ^{Disliked the ass of} ~~and~~ Hirohito and that was why the Japanese Army could never win a major war. Miyoshi is now stationed in an artillery division in Texas and is visiting his relatives here during his ten day furlough. And they dismiss good Nisei from the Army in California! Such inconsistency is surprising. I wonder if Miyoshi still feels the same way as before? He is not too intelligent so I guess he will perform his duties all right without any danger of disloyalty, whatever that may mean. 7

I feel like trying to join the Army also, but that's being heroic. I still can't decide whether I would be more useful doing service work among the Japanese here. I think I will be able to adjust myself easily enough although not knowing the language may be a handicap but not necessarily too big to overcome. At least I no longer feel apologetic about it. I guess it has been my emotional reactions against political Japan that has blocked my learning the language in the past few years.

Copy p. 7 ["Today ... weekend"] Leave out < >

May 9, 1942 (Saturday)

Sometimes I feel like I am straining at the leash; things were a bit discouraging today, I guess. I'm trying so hard to work into the employment department, but it looks like I am on the way out. Some of the Issei are sore because they think Mitch and I are too fresh because we don't speak Japanese to them. ^{isn't p. 18 #2 "and act... man to man"} It's all right to respect the client, but I think the time for ^{detection changed meaning} "coddling" them passed after Dec. 7. Most of them can understand and speak English surprisingly enough and they should be made to use it more. A lot of Nisei kids come in and mix their Japanese in with their English. Now that we are cut off from the Caucasian contacts, there will be a greater tendency to speak more and more Japanese unless we carefully guard against it. Someday these Nisei will once again go out into the greater American society and it is so important that they be able to speak English well -- that's why education is so important. I still think it is a big mistake to evacuate all the Japanese. Segregation is the least desirable thing that could happen and it certainly is going to increase the problem of future social adjustments. How can we expect to develop Americanization when they are all put together with the stigma of disloyalty pointed at them? I am convinced that the Nisei could become good Americans, and will be, if they are not treated with such suspicion. The presence here of all those pro-Japan Issei certainly will not help things out any. ³⁰ The house manager of the men's barracks told some of the single Nisei up there not to speak English because the Issei did not like it. This kind of thing makes me boil; after all, we are in America.

Pop and Mom rarely talk about the war; they seem to feel that we are of America and I just don't know how to figure them out. They may sincerely believe that Japan is in the right; but they have come to accept the democratic way and more or less live by it. ^a It's ¹ good thing that they

May 15, 1942 (Friday)

Copy p. 53 #1 ["Received ... release followed"]

Somebody in our barracks is playing a Japanese flute and what weird noises come out. Jack says that when you get used to it, you can appreciate it. Dolores was here to visit him again and Jack was quite restless all day until she came. He put on a clean sport shirt and a neckerchief. I think he is preparing us for his departure, which may be soon. Dolores will have to run away from home if they go east and it will probably make her father furious, but one has to live one's own life. Jack is trying to get a Filipino birth certificate as he feels that he can pass for a Filipino without difficulty. He is dark enough.

This morning Aya sent a messenger down to tell Alice that she has a secretarial job for her, and a part time office job for Bette. Alice is all excited because now she will have some "prestige." It may be a good thing for her because she has been doing domestic work so long. The small pay (\$12.00 a month) doesn't make any difference as long as she gets the satisfaction of being a "Secretary." Already she has started. Tonight she put a sign up saying that we would have to make our own beds hereafter!

⁴² The thing that I have feared is going to happen. The WCCA and WRA announced today that thousands of Japanese would be granted special furloughs to help bring in America's food crop under a rigorous "mutual protection plan." Japanese will be enlisted in a day or so to go to Eastern Oregon to harvest the sugar beet crop, after the Army gives approval and a joint statement is signed by the government and the employer to maintain order and prevent violence. No federal

May 15, 1942 (Friday)

troops will be used for protection. The plan calls for prevailing wages and local labor must not be competed against. All costs of transportation to and from the assembly center must be provided and it shall be on a voluntary basis. This is nothing more than a work corps. What about resettlement? I just don't like the implications of the whole thing.

May 16, 1942 (Saturday)

I do -- at the same time she has other conflicts. When Angelo comes down, she says that she can see "eyes" looking at him and wondering what her status is with him. Pop thinks he is a good boy, but he is opposed to any intermarriage. He thinks such a thing will be a disgrace to his name and he was glad when we were finally evacuated because he thought that this would end the affair. I tried to tell Pop tonight that this is America and that they would have to decide between themselves. And then there is Jack and Dolores. Pop can't understand the American way of being affectionate and he thinks that it is some sort of sin for them to put their arms around one another in his and the young children's presence. And the fact that Dolores is not Japanese either makes it almost unbearable for him. Mom sort of understands that this is the American way and she could accept it. But I don't know about Pop. I wonder how he would react if Mariko married Kayo who is only half Japanese and looks like a Caucasian? ⁴⁵

Mariko would be a terrible misfit in this camp. She is too Americanized and independent. It's a good thing that she got out of domestic work for a while anyhow -- perhaps permanently. In one day she decides that she doesn't want to go to camp; borrows \$55 for a train ticket; packs and is off on the 8:30 train without knowing a soul or having a job on the other end. That takes guts. ⁴⁶

Glanced through the Tolan Hearings Report on enemy aliens and am more convinced than ever that the Nisei are loyal. Why evacuation? Every Nisei should read it from cover to cover. It is very fair and not sensational like the papers played it up -- or one sided.

*Copy p. 64 Last ¶ ["most surprising ..."] to p. 65
"... is there though!"*

May 17, 1942 (Sunday)

Tonight there are about 17 young people visiting. They are singing and dancing to the recordings and the noise is quite loud. I hope the rest of the barracks do not mind all this noise. We played bingo and I lost four times to the kids so that I had to run around the barracks three times as a penalty. In moments like this, one feels like being gay and forgetting everything.

Mom and Pop seem to enjoy people coming here to have fun because then they don't have to worry about what is going on. Pop even tried to jitterbug tonight and he was the hit of the evening. I was thinking tonight that the evacuation by itself has already in the past two weeks broken down some of the Japanese culture. Already some of the former causes for cultural conflict has become less intensified -- *have* with the Nisei holding the upper hand. We hold the advantage of numbers and the fact that we are citizens.

Many of the parents who would never let their daughters go to dances before do not object so strenuously now. They are slowly accepting the fact that their children cannot stay home night after night doing nothing without some sort of recreational release. Books are still a rarity. Consequently, the Thursday night talent show and the Saturday dances are jammed to capacity. There can no longer be conflict over the types of food served as everybody eats the same thing -- with forks. We haven't had any Japanese food yet, thank God. The recreational program thus far has been pointed towards the Nisei and there is little for the older folks to do except go visiting. 5

odd - see diary p 68-71
Copy pp. 67 ["We had ... cookies today."]
Copy p. 68-70 ["The Nisei ... of the states"]

May 18, 1942 (Monday)

Copy p. 71 ["Quite a row... ugly head!"]

Leave out

< 7, Insert A whose stated

Yesterday there ~~was~~ ^{were} 170 visitors here; today 44. It's a lot

of red tape for them to get inside and they are only supposed to stay one hour and remain in the grandstands. Arnold [a Caucasian guard] is a rat, according to many griped Nisei, because he is so rude to visitors. One old lady came with two big packages at 3:55 and he slammed the gate in her face and would not let her in because it was time to close the gate for visiting hours. He wouldn't even deliver the packages for her. This sort of thing creates a bad impression of the place; we're not supposed to be prisoners.

Sent a card to the S. F. ^{San Francisco} registrar for my absentee ballot. I might as well exercise my rights and keep on in the habit of voting.

Ann came over tonight. She witnessed an amusing scene on the way over. Some little boys were pointing at one of their pals and shouting, "He's not an American, he's not an American!" This picked up her interest so she went over and asked, "Why isn't he an American?" "Because," they replied, "he says he is a Jap!"

May 19, 1942 (Tuesday)

Wage scales were announced today. The editor of the paper is rated professional at \$16 and the reporters at \$12. We are not on the payroll yet, and it is likely that only about 5 or 6 will be given work orders. Taro has appointed us all editors of some kind in the event that we do rate a "salary." I'm the Exchange Editor and in charge of the delivery service.

Somebody gave our block a Japanese name and put a sign up on the telephone post in Japanese with it so Tommy and I knocked it down. A couple of Kibei boys did not like it, so I told them that it was Mr. Johnson's orders. Tom tells them that nobody can read Jap around here anyway because we are all Americans.

Two years ago when I was staying at the Koshu Hotel, the manager of the place used to give me a lot of lectures about learning Japanese, etc., because the only future of the Nisei was in Japan or in China after Japan threw the Keto out. He told me to study hard, because Japan needed men like me who would help fulfill the "destiny of Japan." I used to argue with him, and it finally got to a point where I had to move out of the place because I couldn't stand this sort of stuff. It left a bitter taste in my mouth and when I finally told him to go back to Japan, he said I would regret the day that I fooled myself into thinking that I was an American. Well, now he is here in camp, and the administrator has made him a House Manager in the grandstands where he looks after the interests of 500 men. He is the one who told the Nisei up there to speak Japanese and not to put the American Flag on the wall because the men did not like it. Such irony -- but that is Democracy for you.

see book p. 79
Copy p. 79 ["They must have... a Berkeley Resident."]

May 19, 1942 (Tuesday)

The harmony of the camp was shattered by the news (rumors?) that there are three cases of hospitalized rapes -- one supposed to have been committed by one of the Caucasian workers here. Curfew for girls and eliminating dances will not solve this social problem. How to sublimate the sex desires of the camp population is giving the administration plenty of headaches. The Japanese are not so emotionally cold as commonly believed.

In our small messhalls the meals are getting super. Tonight we had the best grade of ham -- all we could eat. The Japanese seem a little reluctant about going up for seconds, but our family certainly is not bashful. We even brought enough home to make ham sandwiches for 10 tonight!

May 20, 1942 (Wednesday)

Can't understand Alice. She says that she has some purpose and plan in going to Chicago, but can't make up her mind until she finds out what Jack and I are going to do. If she is afraid to take any decisive steps, she will miss the boat again. There must be some understanding with Angelo.

Emiko says that she is going to get married when she is 19 and that she is not going to wait for her sisters to get married first.⁴⁸ Bette thinks she wants a career as a nurse first. Tom just wants to be a carpenter and support Mom.

Emiko was in the doghouse again tonight. Her gang of "bums" came in after the dance and stayed 'til 10:45. This irritated Pop no end. He thinks that we will get a bad reputation with such noisy boys around. And Mom gave Emiko hell for not doing the dishes. To top ~~it~~ off, Jack ridicules Alice for writing to Mrs. H. [former employer] and telling her that she likes it here. ^{add from p. 86} These family squabbles!

Meal tickets were passed out today. From now on, we can't go around trying out the various messhalls. The girl next door always kids me for eating so much, and also the family.

add p. 86 - end of # 2

("because the food . . . plenty more.")

May 24, 1942 (Sunday)

Grand p. 100 ["Y.S. ... to say."]

Tom Kobucki is a landowner. He is 19. He bought a little piece of land in San Bruno about 5 miles from here with his own savings. After the war [started] he could not sell it. Now he goes up into the grandstands and looks down on his property with great satisfaction.

It was nice and sunny today and everyone was out in their best Sunday clothes. I even got the urge to see how it was to wear my slacks again. The flag raising ceremony for the official opening of Tanforan was held in the infield and several thousand people were in attendance. A surprising number of Issei were in the group, and they gave the pledge of allegiance along with the rest. The Boy Scouts raised the flag and it was a thrilling sight, enough to make the chills run down your back. Newspaper photographers were also around to take pictures. I thought the speeches were a little over-flowery, but probably sincere.

Things look calm enough on the surface, but there seems to be a growing conflict between parents and children over minor things. The Issei haven't adjusted themselves and consequently are more touchy. Family quarrels occur over such a thing as going to the Saturday dances. Rumors are rife that there are some cases gone "batty" in the hospital, but the hospital will not release any information. All of these seemingly small events add up and indicate that there is a great amount of emotional maladjustment in the centers.

What we need is qualified leaders who can help the Nisei assume leadership gradually and not throw the burden upon them like this. I certainly hope the Social Service people get in. The JACL people are

May 24, 1942 (Sunday)

good as individuals, but they don't have the background. A doctor, an insurance salesman, a laundry owner, etc., cannot and should not be expected to be good administrators. Yet they will be given the leadership because they want to "cooperate."

There was a big row in the planning of the discussion groups for this camp. The first few meetings will be innocuous and acceptable, but the JACL's did not believe that we should bring up controversial issues or complain openly. Those [the JACL members] in camp here are more concerned with keeping the streets clean than analyzing the reasons why we are here and discussing our future role and what we do about it. *than?*

May 26, 1942 (Tuesday)

but we all forget about them right away. These petty arguments, I suppose, are an indication of the present inner tensions which we are all undergoing. I'm wondering about the future. Alice and Jack have their marriage problems; Mom and Pop have not adjusted themselves to this situation; Emiko and Bette have problems about bringing boys in after certain hours and going to dances and coming home one at a time, etc. Mom and Pop have been very reasonable with them, but they see that Jack and I do as we please without any parental restrictions, and they also wish to be independent. But anything affecting one of us outside the family group brings instant unity. (the guys)

Today the house manager brought around a form to sign stating that the administration was authorized to open packages and mail for inspection. Bette signed it without realizing its significance, but I don't like the inclusion of "mail" in the statement. That leaves it open for possible opening of our private mail and I certainly am not going to let them do that without raising strong objection.

Fumi said that she heard a rumor from a friend about the old man who was given a typhoid injection in the veins by one of the hospital assistants, and it made him sick for two days. Now people are not willing to get injected because so many have been getting sick. I don't know why I haven't started mine. Too lazy in the first place and I don't quite trust Japanese doctors, although they are supposed to be very competent. It's funny but I always think of anything Japanese as inferior--must be in somewhere with all the cheap junk that they have exported in the past. I've never patronized Japanese business much, because you can get better service and quality in the larger Caucasian places.

COPY pp. 110-112 ["Had breakfast ... other Japanese."]

May 30, 1942 (Saturday)

Insert p. 129 ["Juni's family... other kids,"]

For the past three days Tom has been trying to make a boat that will sail straight on Lake Tanforan, without any luck. They all sink or tip over. So Pop gets out his tools and he spent all day making Tom a good boat. We kidded him a lot about getting into his second childhood, and he was very pleased to get so much attention. Last night Tom took him to the toilet, and he hid from Tom and came back home alone. Poor Tom was sure worried looking for him. Pop has probably the greatest peace of mind of anyone in the family except Miyako, although he still wants to be a barber. But as long as we argue with him that he is still a good barber and needed, he is satisfied. Sharpening his razors and cutting hair occasionally keeps him occupied. There is no barber shop in camp yet officially, so that a barber who gives free haircuts has a certain prestige.

Today was Memorial Day and the Buddhists and Christian churches held a very impressive ceremony in the infield. Americanism was stressed. One of the ministers gave a short talk in Japanese and Mr. Green was very irritated and said that this would not happen again, because they had not received a translation and submitted it for an "O.K." The man was telling the audience about the ideals of Democracy and how they should cherish them.

Insert p. 131 92 ["Talked with Dr. Smith... to think about."]

September 4, 1942 (Friday)

We are rapidly getting used to the place now, but the heat is still trying. So far, I just haven't gotten up any energy to do a single thing. Bob came over this morning and I discussed with him the job possibilities. I told him that I would like to give social work a trial if I could get into some phase of it that would not mean too much contact work with the Issei. The employment field is another possibility, but Bob does not think that it holds too much promise. He suggested that I should give education a trial as they are really short on teachers. School will open around October 1.

There is no use in rushing into any kind of work. There will be plenty of places open and I want to be doing something that has a little meaning to it. From the opinions that I have heard, I gather that this is a very conservative group and pro-Japan.

I know I don't like their mess hall manners. They come in all sloppy and sit down and gobble up their food without saying one word all through the meal. There seems to be a very large percentage of the Issei group eating at our mess hall. They don't even ask for anything--just reach right over your plate and grab it. Some of the waitresses are Issei women and there is much more Japanese spoken here than in Tanforan group. Some of the kids seem to mix their Japanese with English, but most of them speak English fairly well.

October 14, 1942 (Wednesday)

Alice finally wrote and it looks as if Pop will pull through, which was a relief to all of us. His right side and vocal cord are paralyzed and he has a blood clot on the brain. Progress is still uncertain. He will be in the hospital there for several more weeks and then sent in a Pullman to the hospital here...

October 26, 1942 (Monday)

We made money from Montgomery Ward's and our conscience is not bothering us any. It all happened this way. Jack sent for some chairs and enclosed a \$10.67 money order. This was at Tanforan. They didn't have the exact chair but they had another one which was cheaper so a \$1.09 refund was sent to us. We waited around but no chairs arrived. Last week, Jack wrote a letter to find out why the delay. The next day a check for \$10.67 came in with a letter saying that they were out of chairs and were refunding us our money. We were disappointed at not getting the chairs, but getting an extra dollar out of the deal was some consolation. Then, today we got another letter with another \$10.67 in it saying that they were sending us the refund because they were out of chairs. So we are now \$11.67 ahead on the deal. If we were honest people, we would send the check right back, but instead I am going to cash it right away before they put a stop on it. We figure that Montgomery Ward is making enough profits now on the evacuees and the mistake will not hurt them financially. This is what camp does to us. Stealing lumber and paint did this to us! Of course, Mom does not know anything about the transaction. We are going to try Sears Roebuck now to see if we have better luck with them--getting the chairs, of course.

Some names of streets (unofficial) which I have seen around the camp: China Alley, Santa Anita Way, Pasadena Lane, Brentwood Street, Outcasts Corner, Snake Trail. Some of the streets are also written in Japanese.

November 2, 1942

Sometimes these experiences make me wonder about the future. Will the people never get more tolerant? They think along lines based on their old prejudices, and are not willing to accept the true facts. To them a Japanese never can be an American because of the physical characteristics of his body. The war has intensified this feeling and a "Jap" has become the symbol of the most treacherous sort of person.

How can the Nisei ever prove their loyalty when they have to buck such odds? The groups working for us are not strong or organized enough yet. Not enough people know that we are also taking part in the war effort by such things as the camouflage net project and the "Food for Freedom" program. Over 5,000 Nisei are now in the Army, over half of these are from Hawaii. Besides that, around 8,000 Japanese are now working in the sugar beets and other agricultural crops of Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, and other western states.

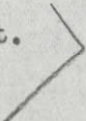
We can't do too much in regard to buying U.S. Bonds since our income is so small. Yet many Nisei and Issei are investing in bonds. So far the Selective Service still has the Nisei in an ineligible classification, except that the Intelligence Branch will take them in if they can speak, read, and write Japanese. This eliminates most of the Nisei and the Kibei are the ones getting the best deal in this case. I was surprised to hear so many Nisei around here who say that they want to get into the Army for combat service. Perhaps it is an escapist means for a lot of those who are getting restless here, but a number of them are sincere.

It is ironical: They lock us up, and then demand that we be patriotic without giving us much of a chance. They look on us with an

November 2, 1942

attitude of contempt, yet want us to go harvest their crops. Governor Sprague of Oregon even wants the Nisei to be put into forced labor in the harvesting of the Oregon crops, and threatens us with deportation if we do not cooperate. This is not a very intelligent approach. It will only make the Nisei more bitter and confused. The students that are out and the agricultural laborers can do a lot to counteract this if they make a good record. Perhaps this is the start of the wide dispersal of the Japanese. In another decade or so, the Issei will be practically gone, and the Nisei will stand or fall in the next few years. Much will depend upon their own and the public attitudes.

Could it be that I am getting restless already? I keep wondering, what next? Getting out is in the back of my head, and it depends on what kind of a day I had as to how strong this feeling is. Today, I felt, was almost a day wasted. Landward was busy with some family squabble, and there was nothing much for me to do this afternoon. My idea of a social welfare department is a little different from Landward's and it's sort of disorganized yet.



November 7, 1942 (Saturday)

The paper shows that 58 tons of farm vegetables were produced in October here. They have the current market value of \$3,550. The entire output was consumed by the residents--largely radishes, squash, cucumbers, turnips, spinach, peas, and chard. A lot of women are now working on the farms. Most of them are Issei women.

Tonight we were supposed to hold our first board meeting [of the J.A.C.L.] but all except five of us were tied up for the evening so we had to postpone it until next Tuesday.

When I got there Nobu was sitting on the steps and he looked so depressed. He pointed to the great crowd at the movies and said: "If we could only get that kind of a response for important things like these from the Nisei. The whole future of the Nisei is at stake and yet they are so apathetic. What makes them like this? Aren't they aware of such things as the Stewart Bill?

I told him that there were also a need for recreational activities and perhaps they were not willing to face the problem but sought release by escape. They were no better nor worse than the public at large.

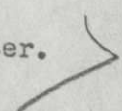
Ken thought that the whole Japanese problem would be solved in ten years if they dispersed. Nobu thought this was being too optimistic and I agree with him. I pointed out that we could not eliminate social and economic conditions no matter what the desires of the Nisei were. It appeared to me that our problem was only one phase of the minority problems of the world and if the Negro problem was solved, ours would also be solved to a large extent.

omit p
November 7, 1942 (Saturday)

The social problem of marriage in case of wide dispersal was also brought up. All of the board members, except me, are already married so that it would not be such a problem for them. I wondered if the large groups of unmarried people among the Nisei would not be one of the main reasons why they would tend to seek out each other's company. I did not know if the Caucasians or the Nisei were willing to accept the idea of intermarriage yet. None of us could solve this problem, nor did any have a conclusive answer.

We talked for a while about how we could work out a program policy for the JACL which would avoid the mistakes of the past. I thought the idea of "closed corporation" was one of the things to guard against.

The questions of Kibei membership arose. Ken T. said that there were 250 Kibei in their [Kibei] club here and they supported it 100%, both in cash contribution and in attendance. I did not think that it would be wise to encourage their membership in the JACL during the formative stages here because it would tend to turn the Nisei away, and if this happened the JACL would not be following the basic principles and the Kibei would dominate the organization and tend to work more for Kibei and Issei interests under the protection of the JACL, which stresses Americanization. I am afraid that I am more intolerant than the others because I think that the difference in political ideology will hurt the new emphasis of this JACL chapter.



November 8, 1942 (Sunday)

I made it out of bed and over to the messhall in two and one half minutes this morning breaking all of the existing records. The effort was so much so after I ate my three waffles, I went back to bed. They gave us coffee this morning, but it was already sweetened. They do not give us cereal any more in order to conserve on the sugar. Instead they give us a rice goulash called "Okai."

Since the Issei have gone into the messhall jobs, there has been a noticeable increase of things Japanese. For a treat this noon, they played some Japanese records! They certainly get away with a lot of things around here. The Japanese records rubbed me the wrong way for the reason that it was harmless in itself, but it is just another indication of the greater degree of Japanization of this group. I finally got around to writing two letters which took me the rest of the morning. After lunch, I went down to the canteen and bought some wheat wafers and looked around at the great crowds which congregate. The canteen on Sundays looks like the corner drug stores. Only a lot of fellows wear those wooden getas. Emiko says that they even wear them into Church.

November 21, 1942 (Saturday)

When I came home to lunch, I heard the radio flash that Poston was having a strike by 8,000 people over a series of attempted murders.

< The people at lunch talked about it and Ben said that it looked bad for the Japanese. "If anything happens up there, it will be too bad for all of us. The Army will slap a fence around all of the camps in a hurry now." >

Since I had been up at Poston, I had to tell the whole bunch around in this block all of the details. They were certainly curious. Already the rumor is going around the camp that Poston is striking because an M.P. had assaulted and killed a Nisei girl. There is absolutely no truth to this rumor, yet I heard it several times today. Mom says that the Postonites are dumbbells for striking because they can't beat the Army.

December 1, 1942 (Tuesday)


The WRA has given the JACL its official sanction and at the convention, Meyer and other public officials addressed the group. The aim of the JACL is to work closely with the WRA in its present policies. The general aims of the WRA are becoming more clear although they have been slow in getting underway. In general, (1) it intends to give the evacuees freedom of action and encourage the residents in the camps to live normal lives; (2) they want to push the resettlement phase right now and get the evacuees out of the centers as rapidly as possible in order to (3) prevent the loss of perspective and an institutionalized feeling. It is taking the position that public opinion forced the Army and the government into an evacuation policy. Part of this was due to the fact that the Japanese were congregated along the coast and they did not mingle into the general American society sufficiently so that people were suspicious of the group. Therefore, in the resettlement phase, the WRA does not want the Japanese to congregate in the inland areas. Meyer stated at the JACL meeting that some of the responsibility for this would depend upon the Japanese themselves. He hoped that the JACL would not tend to represent only its membership. Since the outbreak of the war, the JACL has been working for the benefit of the whole group of evacuees.

Nobu believed that the JACL was the only Nisei organization in a position to do any good for the group because of its present contacts. All of the other organizations have collapsed since December 7th. He felt that the JACL was the last direct pipeline to Washington among the evacuees and that all would be lost if the organization crumbled now.

December 1, 1942 (Tuesday)

They want to get some Nisei out to the middle west to act as field agents in order to create good will and work for a more favorable public opinion as well as to secure job possibilities. Nobu was offered this job but he wants to think it over.

One of the interesting things which Nobu remarked on in regards to the resettlement plans for all of the evacuees was that the JACL would have to discourage the people from segregating. The policy of the organization seems to be for dispersal as the solutions to the problem. Nobu said that so many Japanese have gone into Denver now that the original Japanese there have formed a committee to keep any more from coming in. This may be due to the economic threat, but if the Japanese themselves are opposed to other Japanese, they should not howl when Caucasian Americans are opposed to their infiltration.



December 11, 1942 (Friday)

omit

You should learn Japanese well so that when we go to Japan, you will find a good field with it for you.'" As Emiko left the meeting, she overheard one girl say, "Gee, I'm glad he told me that because I am going to go to Japan." Her friend answered, "Let's go." With that, Emiko tchicked in great disgust. Dr. Takahashi, as I later learned, is a little odd and has been married to two Caucasian women. I think he has another Caucasian wife in camp, which would make his third. He is not a Kibei, and has lived in Japan for about four years before the war started, returning here just before it took place.

After dinner, Bette, Emiko and Alice argued with Obo and Kiyoshi. They maintained that the Nisei should wait to see who won the war before they stuck their necks out. Both of them are dentists. They said that the Spanish Consul improved the situation already, because the food was better today and we got fig newtons for lunch, due to the fact that he was present. They also mentioned the fact that we got more meat for dinner because of the investigation. This made Emiko and Bette furious and they argued so loudly that it disturbed the messhall workers. Alice kept out of it as she thought they were just trying to create an argument.

At the JACL team meeting tonight, about 35 people showed up. Right away the talk started as to whether the campaign should be postponed until after Christmas. I protested on the basis that the date had been set by the board and that we should not change it for the sake of morale. Some of the others felt that we should start the campaign in the middle of next week rather than tomorrow. Gradually the sentiment swung towards postponement and I was alone. It was decided to start the campaign on next Thursday and run it through the following Sunday.

December 11, 1942 (Friday)

omit

Looking back on the past couple of weeks, the WRA camps received some fair publicity although the bulk of it was bad in the papers. The stories to reach the headlines were the Poston Strike and the Manzanar riots. The rest of the [favorable] stories were buried. A lot of work needs to be done in order to get the public more aware of the fact that we are Americans. One of the first things that the papers could do should be to call us Japanese Americans (without the hyphen) and not Japs, or yellow bastards or any other terms of a derogatory nature. Not that I am sensitive, but it creates a wrong impression in the public mind. We should have more propaganda to the effect that we intend to seek our future right here and not in Japan. This will forestall the deportation moves as well as help ease the resettlement conflicts. The movies are perpetuating the myth that we are a bunch of buck-toothed, horn rimmed, sinister spies who go around stabbing people in the back. The movies should be neither offensive or condescending in the portrayal of Nisei. And finally the administration here could do a lot of good if they would stop being so paternalistic. The early ones ate, slept and worked with the evacuees. Now that the initial pioneer period is over and as new employees come in, they tend to be patronizing and drawing class distinctions (such as getting the best comforts for themselves). Basic to all of this is that the public should actually start practicing democracy instead of merely giving lip service to it and then forgetting what it involves.

Of course these problems are comparatively minor to what is going on in Europe. After 38 months of war, over twenty million Europeans are dead, wounded, or missing. Around six million people have been driven

December 11, 1942 (Friday)

from their homes in occupied Europe. The Gestapo have tortured millions. A couple of million are imprisoned while four million people have been taken from the various conquered countries for forced labor into Germany and Poland. Besides all these, an additional ten million are lost by Russia. The worst is yet to come. Other millions will die of starvation, cold and diseases this winter. And these Japs around here complain about stoves!

December 13, 1942 (Sunday)

This afternoon, Mr. Yashiro, Mr. Sakuma, Mr. Nakamori and Mr. Izumi came over to consult with me in what could be done about Mr. Yamamoto. This fellow is having an affair with Yashiro's wife and the old man wants to get him moved out of this camp. But Yashiro is a quiet sort of fellow and his wife is a sharp, dominating sort of woman and he is afraid to oppose her.

It seems strange that Yashiro would bring a stranger into the case and have some of his friends there also to discuss the matter. I did not realize that this was part of the Japanese culture--the "go between" system. The idea is to send a representative out to make the preliminary inquiries so that if things do not go right, face will be saved. The man goes back and reports the progress. If agreeable, they can then proceed. This is what happened in this case. I had to use Mom as an interpreter for a while and her eyes almost popped out. Her immediate reaction was to throw the man out right away. I had to tell her to stick to interpreting so that the men could tell their stories. When this center was first opened, the people were crowded together because of the shortage of apartments at that time. Mrs. Yashiro insisted upon bringing Mr. Yamamoto in with her family. She has known the person for about ten years. Mr. Yashiro claims that his wife, 16 year old daughter, and 19 year old son want to get the man out; but it was apparent that it was chiefly his own desire. However, this is an undesirable social situation so that the man should be moved out. Mr. Yamamoto and Mrs. Yashiro both work in Mess 73. The husband wants to move Mr. Yamamoto entirely out of this camp. One of the other men stated that if he were still

December 13, 1942 (Sunday)

close, the man would still continue to come and break up this family with his relationships with Mrs. Yashiro.

I just can't understand the Japanese psychology on such stuff. I asked Mr. Hikida how these sort of cases came about. He said that they were very common. On the outside, there were many of these cases. Hikida said that the main reason was the great age difference between the husband and the wife. A lot of the families were poor so that some friend may have helped him out. Gradually the wife gave her favors and often the husband would not say anything about it because he felt obligated. Some of these cases have gone on for years.

However, the crowded conditions of the Assembly and Relocation centers have caused a lot of gossip. The husband then attempts to correct the situation in order to save his family more. His relatives also come to the aid. That is why a lot of these cases are now being broken up by the husbands. Hikida said that if the husband is much older than the wife, the wife is the real boss and ruler of the home, except in these cases where the man is extremely strong willed. In the rural areas such complications were much more frequent.

The Japanese attitude towards sex is very strict when it comes to the Nisei. This is probably due to the influence of Christianity. Mr. Yashiro did not care so much for his wife but he thought that the affair would harm the future of his daughter. I asked Taki if he could arrange a change and he said that all of the family units were now being given a separate room and the single men moved out. So this will solve the case for the time being.

December 15, 1942 (Tuesday)

I looked up the Arizona statute in regards to marriage and it said that such unions between Caucasians and Mongolians were null and void. Alice went over later and she was told the same thing. I told Landward that she wanted to arrange to get Pop down here right away so he saved time for her. Emiko had to remind Alice about it and she was late for the appointment. Landward dictated a letter off to Fryer this afternoon asking him to ask the San Luis Obispo Hospital if he could be moved. It will take a few weeks before all of the arrangements are made. The hospital there send us very little word about his condition, so we do not know how well he is doing. It is doubtful if he will ever work again. He probably had the right idea about life. He always said that it was better to have a family than a lot of money, because one can always lose the money. When I see all of these single old men around here, I tend to agree with him. In spite of the family difficulties of the past, the family solidarity has increased rather than broken down.

I was walking over by the Butte this afternoon and I stopped to talk about the camp with a Negro workman who was digging postholes for the fence which is going around the place. He said that although he made \$7.00 a day, it cost at least \$30.00 a week to live. He wanted to know about the loyalty of the evacuees and I told him that the Nisei were just as good Americans as anyone. He answered: "Boy, you are making a mistake. Why should you be loyal to a country that don't want you? I work for the government now, but I don't want to fight for this country. It is not my country. This is a white man's country and all the colored peoples of this world has got to change this so that I can get a good

December 15, 1942 (Tuesday)

job just like a white man and I don't have to dig postholes to lock you Japanese up who are born in California. You help this country out and they will turn around and give you a kick in the pants afterwards." I suggested that maybe these things would be changed with a democratic victory, but he thought I was crazy. "Man, you read too many books. Too much education make you believe something that don't come true. The white man don't ever give you no chance. I should know that." He wanted to know if he could buy some whiskey for me. He said that a lot of workmen were doing it now. Of course, he expected a little commission. I said, "No, thanks." I saw through his little game. He wanted me to feel good and make me feel that the black man was on the yellow man's side so that he could make a little profit. It was good psychology, but it didn't take on me.

What a joke! Here I am, a person conceited enough to think that I am just as good an American as anybody, but I have to be put behind a fence dug by a black man who doesn't even feel that this is his country, or else he tried to profit out of it by showing sympathy! It just doesn't make any sense. In wartime, nothing is ever rational.

The camouflage net project is getting underway now. Huso stated that 80 persons went out to work this morning and about 50 more will be sent out in the morning. Transportation is being provided for the Canal Camp workers. He hopes to get about 900 people out there, but he does not know if he can. I plan to sound Emiko out on this, but it will probably throw her into a greater state of indecision. >

December 15, 1942 (Tuesday)

Gila now has its own "red light" district. A couple of Issei women in Block 51 have officially entered business. The fellows call it the house with a red roof or the Gila "Yoshiwara" district. The two women have put a little lamp in their window. We don't know what to do with them. Helen lives right across from them and she says that the case will be turned over to us soon. I told her to assign the women to Block 45 where the bachelors are located and then nobody will get excited.

The Yashiro-Yamamoto case is also continuing. Taki tried to get Yamamoto out today on a housing basis, but the old fellow refuses to move and Mrs. Yashiro seconds him. He claims that he has put a lot of work into the rock garden which is in front of the apartment and he has also built most of the furniture. He does not think that it would be fair to force him out if Mrs. Yamamoto wants him. He further added that he was near to his job. So we have reached a sort of impasse on the case. I told Taki that the next move would be up to Mr. Yashiro. If he insists on removal, we will move into the case. We are not a morals squad out to clean up the vice in our fair desert city, but the closeness of living makes a lot of tongues wag. If Mr. Yashiro can stand it, the neighbors should not complain. As for the daughter, that is another story. She is not so blind that she cannot observe what is going on in that room. It's either we remove him in order to protect the daughter or else let him stay so that he can enjoy his rock garden and Mrs. Yashiro!

Mrs. Akira of Poston is certainly desperate to get down here by all means to visit her brother-in-law. She sent a wild teletype to San

December 15, 1942 (Tuesday)



Francisco saying that he was critically ill and that she had to see him before he kicked the bucket in order to settle up the family affairs. The San Francisco office wired us to investigate. I went over to the hospital but the man was not even registered. So I looked his name up in the directory and found that he lived way in the other end of camp. Since it was an errand of mercy, I braved the hot sun and walked down to his house. His wife greeted me with the news that he only had a carbuncle on his leg and that he was back on the job at the messhall. It was a false chase so I submitted an answer to Mrs. Akiro saying, "Crisis passed. Brother-in-law survives bursting of carbuncle. Will recover." >

< I was very disgustedly walking through the high school grounds planning revenge on Mrs. Akiro when one of the Caucasian teachers saw me walking along with my notebook under my arm. She said: "Say, you, you had better hurry up and get to your class or else you will get a tardy mark!" Was I insulted!! I think I look more matured than a high school kid! >

I had to look up Shizuo Doi for the Japanese Red Cross today as his parents in Japan sent an inquiry about him. He is 24 years old and a Kibei. He came back to the U. S. six years ago to get further schooling, but he soon drifted in farm work near Stockton. He is now a pantry clerk in a messhall.

Shizuo would like to go back to Japan but he feels that he would be drafted into the Army right away. He has three brothers in the Japanese Army right now. But he also feels that he may get drafted into the Army if he stays here. I asked him how he would feel if he were drafted

December 15, 1942 (Tuesday)

by the U. S.: "I guess I would be a soldier and do my duties. I don't like wars. It makes everybody poor. Japan has been in the war for six years now and all of the people are suffering. It is going to be hard for everybody after the war. I am the oldest son and my parents want me to go back, but I don't want to do it if I have to go into the Army. I don't want to go into any army. I am being treated all right here and I am satisfied to stay until after the war stops. Then I will go back to Japan."  "I have no relatives here and this country won't want us anyway. My father owns 1/3 of a silk factory and he is one of those people making lots of money now but he can't spend it for anything except pay the high taxes. Before the war, silk was \$600 for a hundred pounds, but it is now \$1800 because the Japanese Army needs it for parachutes." Here is a fellow that has no strong nationalistic spirit and he will fight for either army if forced into it. But being a Kibei with no ties here, his sympathy is for Japan. Sometimes I wonder if the outside pressures of our social-economic environment does not force the Kibei to become rabidly pro-Japan. This fellow came back because he wanted to escape the draft. 

December 16, 1942 (Wednesday)

I had a long talk (about two hours) with Emiko this afternoon in regards to her future and the family status. I explained as well as I could Alice's position on moving Pop down here. She asked Landward to request his transfer and then gave a lot of reasons why he should not come down. She thought that the hospital was not able to receive him for long and that they would send him home. In the event that she left, she did not feel that Emiko was responsible enough. Landward therefore assumed that she did not want him sent for and he asked me this morning what it was all about. I told him that our prime concern was that he should not be moved unless he could stand the trip. The doctor has already written to this effect. But Alice is still opposed. Landward was not going to send the teletype but I asked him to go ahead. I wrote a separate letter to the hospital there asking the doctor if it would be safe for him to travel here and signed Alice's name.

I told Alice about it and asked her why she had not told me about her talk with Landward. If he had not mentioned it to me, we would have thought that the matter was underway.

Emiko is in a fix about the whole matter because if Pop needs attention, she feels that she should be at home in the event that Alice leaves. At the same time, she wants to expand out by going to work. She cannot make up her mind which would be the most suitable work for her. I brought up the camouflage project. She seemed interested so I explained it to her. Emiko felt that this may be a good way to save money.

December 19, 1942 (Saturday)

This afternoon I went down to Block 40 again and we continued our JACL drive for membership in that block and in 39. We did not have so much luck, although we sold 25 memberships. From the results thus far, I would say that the opposition to the JACL is pretty strong. Most of the arguments are advanced from an emotional basis rather than rational thinking. The very word JACL raises an emotional block in their minds and they immediately become heated about the matter. If we could divert some of this feeling to the true causes of evacuation, there is a possibility that the Nisei group will become less apathetic about their future.

December 28, 1942 (Monday)

Shibota is a war veteran but he is staying out of the ex-servicemen's Club here. He thinks that he has received the most unfair deal by being evacuated. He tends to be self-pitying, but I respect him for his honesty, although I would never agree with him:

"I am 32 years old. I've never been in Japan. Yet I can't be proud of America any more. I am ashamed of my citizenship. You Nisei are all wrong. What can you gain from serving in the Army and trying to prove loyalty? I already proved my loyalty by serving in the last war but it did no good. They still think I am a treacherous Jap. The same thing will happen to all of you Nisei.

"I have slaved for thirty years and fought in the last war. I never broke any laws and I was a good American. But what did it get me? They kicked me in the ass and threw me into a concentration camp just because I had a Japanese face.

"I don't believe in violence and all these riots, but if I were a good public speaker, I would tell all these Nisei how wrong they are. The Nisei would have more chance in Japan after the war. Their parents came here without knowing the American language and yet they made a success. The Nisei could do the same thing in the Orient, after the war. There will be plenty of pioneer work to do. The Japanese have their faults, too, but at least you would feel like a man.

"If they really wanted to show that they appreciated our loyalty, they could have put all the war veterans in a special camp and helped them get out fast to other jobs."

< December 30, 1942 (Wednesday)

Tuttle is beginning an in-service training class for Okuno, Shizu Abe, and Mrs. H. He said that I would not have to attend, but I might as well as there is still a lot I can learn and it will be a good review.

This evening I went down to finish up the 28 block [soliciting JACL memberships]. Fay and I went to one section while Florence and Albert went to the other end. In the whole block, we got four memberships, and they got two. Reception down there is still very cool. We now have about 86 members in our section and if we hit our goal of 100 we will be going some. The last 15 will be the hardest.

The people of the block pounded their mochi today. We got 70 of them. The things are very heavy. Alice sent about 5 to Mariko and it cost 23¢ in postage.

I have a terrific headache and a cold so that I can't concentrate much tonight. A fine way to end up the year. It makes me feel lousy. >

December 31, 1942 (Thursday) NEW YEAR'S EVE

Only a few more hours until the New Year. I'm just passing a little time before I go out for the evening. I should feel gay and happy but I'm not. The next year doesn't look so optimistic for all of us-- all over the world. < It's only the beginning of the second round. Maybe I worry too much, but it's not easy to force these things from my mind. Tonight we are all supposed to be gay and force all of those hollow, dull pains out of consciousness. Quite a difference from last year when we were free to do as we please. Most of the Nisei stayed home one year ago. War had just broken out. But this year there are many dances and parties in camp. It's a release. New Year's is the big holiday for these people here.

Emiko is singing at the dance tonight so she is pretty excited. She will make a hit when she starts twinkling those eyes of hers. When I look at Bette, I feel sort of guilty. We have asked her not to go to dances for a while yet because she is so young yet. I know that she is deeply disappointed and wants to go, but she is taking it like a good sport. Fortunately, she is young and she will forget soon. She can have just as good a time with her high school friends tonight. Tom and Miyako have already gone off to the weenie roast. I don't know what Alice is going to do this evening. >

3:00 A.M.

It's 1943 now! All in all, it was a quiet evening around here. Around midnight there was a little noise and we had the New Year's spirit. Went to a party and I ate and ate. Most everybody reminisced about how different it was on the outside. Didn't even have a drop of

December 31, 1942 (Thursday) NEW YEAR'S EVE

liquor to drink. Mom cleaned the house up after we left. She said that this was a Japanese custom--to start the New Year with a clean slate.

My plans for the evening did not follow through. The girl I was going to take suddenly got sick at the last moment, so I did not go to the dance. Around midnight, I went over and had something to eat and then went back to the party. The New Year's Eve spirit just was not there. The dances were well attended, but they did not get noisy like on the outside.

Today also makes it eight months since we were evacuated. A lot of changes have occurred in that time. Complete readjustments have not been made. In most likelihood, our most trying period is ahead. This looks like the year which will determine the outcome of the war. As for these camps, the resettlement program will really get underway. Here's hoping there will be a lot of opportunities! Goodbye 1942!
Hello 1943!

January 2, 1943 (Saturday)

omit day

There seems to be a lot of family disorganization going on in this camp. When an older son is involved, they may move out with other single friends. But the girls have to stay at home. In those cases where no understanding can be achieved, the gap gets wider and nerves sharper, especially because of the crowded rooms. The complaint that the mothers are not able to control their children at all has been heard increasingly more. When it comes down to it, the mother's place in the home is rather uncertain at this point. The parents don't have much say in planning activities for their families. This is provided by the Recreation Department of the clubs. The schools have the children for a large part of the day, but they are not able to maintain discipline at all because of the unstableness of the whole school system here.

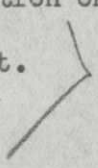
The parents in many cases are no help. They are disillusioned and fearful so that it is natural that some of this is reflected on to their children. A lot of this fear on the part of the parents is in money matters. Most of the families don't have anything. Since coming here many messhall jobs have opened up for the Issei women. At first, they were a little proud about it, but when all the women started to do it, they fell in line. But a lot of these mothers have young children under 12. They are not able to devote any time to them as their working hours stretch from early morning until about 7 p.m. Thus a large part of the family contact is eliminated and the children don't feel dependent so much on their parents. This is bound to lessen the parents' control-- and it has. These young children will grow up with unsupervised, institutionalized attitudes which will be horrible to see when they go out

January 2, 1943 (Saturday)

to resettlement.

Our family has gone through a similar situation, but we were able to work it out very early and the family is a very strong unit--some people call us clannish because we eat together at messhall and do things jointly on many occasions. Mom has been thinking of going to work, but we convinced her that she should not. We told her that she had a certain responsibility towards the children to bring them up and it was not worth the \$16 a month to throw overboard her responsibility and let Miyako and Tom go their own way. She seemed to understand this all right. Pop will be here soon anyway and he will require care which Bette and Emiko could not give without her assistance.

Perhaps I am a little hasty in reaching conclusions about the seriousness of family disorganization. There is a trend, but I cannot go on the basis of the cases which I have noted as they are probably the more serious ones. It is very likely that the seriously disorganized individuals and families were well on the road to a crisis when evacuation occurred so that this camp only provides the current setting of the crisis, which inevitably would have happened anyway. Or it may be that the conditions of camp life is a precipitating factor which has altered certain crises which were coming along some other lines--such as economic frustration on the outside for a growing number of the Nisei before war broke out.



January 8, 1943 (Friday)

The Block Managers without a doubt have established themselves as the true political group in this center. Hardly anyone knows anything about the Council which meets very infrequently, except for the controlling committee. It has now developed that most important announcements now come from the Block Managers.

One of the unfortunate things about this camp is the lack of capable Nisei to fill in all of the important positions where work needs to be done. Thus, more and more is shoved on to the available Nisei which means they cannot do efficient work since the scope of their interests is ever expanding without one thing being cleaned up at a time.

I don't know if the newly organized group of Issei were recognized by the administration or not, but it's up. Representative appeared before the Block Managers this week to publicize the group. The club's purposes were slated "to promote and to improve the system of this Relocation Center within the limits of the laws and regulations of the WRA; to promote general welfare and to establish better feeling among the people; it shall be the receiver of information from Japanese nationals for transmission to Spanish officials representing the Japanese government." In other words, this group wants to run the community. It definitely takes the position that the evacuees are prisoners of war and that all negotiations should be carried through a neutral power rather than directly to the U. S. government.

January 13, 1943 (Wednesday)

I had the most terrible stomach ache last night. It made me groan and moan. I had to get up about four times to go to the latrine. It was the most miserable feeling to go out into the cold night air. Some baby was crying about 3:30 and that was the only sound of life. Towards morning I fitfully went to sleep and I stayed in bed all day.

After lunch I got up briefly to go over to the hospital. The receptionist over there was not very helpful. I told her that I had been in bed for the past few days and that I would like the doctor to look me over.

"Is it an emergency?" she asks.

"Well, I don't know, but I don't feel so good."

"Come back tomorrow morning and the doctor will give you a shot."

"What kind of a shot?" I asked.

"Oh, it takes care of all sorts of illness."

"Well, my stomach hurts, can I have something for that now?"

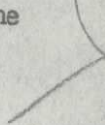
"No, you will have to come back tomorrow."

I pity those poor people that have to wait around in that clinic. They sit and sit and the receptionists are a little curt. Probably because these are not cash paying customers. My stomach hurt all day today. Bob thinks it's intestinal flu. Mom says it's Valley Fever. Emiko says I got diarrhea. Whatever it is, it ain't good.

Can't find out much about what is happening around camp when I am laid up like this. The Kibei group, backed by the Issei Club, passed around a petition yesterday afternoon and they got 4000 signatures on it. It asked for the establishment of a Japanese language

January 13, 1943 (Wednesday)

school on the basis that Lieberman and Bennett approved. I don't think General DeWitt will ever approve of this. Why these groups are making an issue out of this at this time is something that I don't know. Lieberman likes to play up culture but the Japanese language is not intended to be taught for its cultural value. A lot of the Issei feel that the Nisei will go back to Japan after the war so that they should learn the language.



January 15, 1943 (Friday)

This evening I went to my first meal in the messhall in about a week. And what a feast they served up. We had roast pork, peas, mashed potatoes with gravy, pie, fruit salad and a large vegetable salad. We did not know why they had such an elaborate layout and feast until one of the women told me that today was a feast day and the official end of the New Year's holiday according to the Japanese custom. I told Mom about this and she did not even know about it although after great effort she did remember that they did have a feast day sometime in January. According to the Japanese custom, everybody is supposed to go back to work seriously now. It is the end of the period of leisure and merry-making and everybody is supposed to have paid up their debts. I also learned that the gift which Mr. Ikeda brought over on New Years was an "Osei-bo." According to the Japanese customs every person who has been of service to a family in the past year is given a gift.

January 16, 1943 (Saturday)

Recently there has been more publicity going out to the general public about the resettlement program for the evacuees. Some of it has been favorable while some has been unfavorable. News of the WRA resettlement program has stirred the reactionary California legislature, pushed by Fascist pressure bodies, into action once more. State Senator Engle who represents the people of Red Bluff yesterday introduced a bill aimed at the Nisei citizenship. It memorialized Congress to take away our citizenship rights on the basis of dual citizenship. The real purpose of the bill was to tighten up the Alien Land Laws so that the Issei will never be permitted to own or lease land again. Seventeen senators are behind the measure.

On the national front, Senator Reynolds and others are advocating that the "pampering" of the Japanese should be stopped. He requests that the control of these centers be turned back to the Army in order to prevent any further anti-American demonstrations, such as occurred on December 7. A special subcommittee headed by Senator Chandler will investigate the WRA camps. Dillon Meyer is slated to be called for testimony. Senator Reynolds believes that the "social experiment" has been a failure. All of this is a direct aftermath of Poston and Manzanar. Yesterday, two F.B.I. agents quietly came here to initiate an investigation of conditions here. It is their duty to weed out any subversive elements in order to prevent another Manzanar.

With the resettlement program impending, something should be done about the pro-Axis forces around here. But, all malcontents could not be listed as anti-America. When it comes right down to it, it would

January 16, 1943 (Saturday)

be an extremely difficult task to define just what is meant by a "subversive element." Lack of physical comforts, plus inefficiency of the administration may be closer to the truth in seeking an answer to the recent troubles. This may also be due to the insecurity of staff members for their own positions. There is no doubt that they have achieved a patronizing attitude towards the whole community.

The evacuees, suspicious from the beginning, continue to mistrust the Caucasians staff members. There is a fierce hatred of the despised "keto" by many of the more emotional Issei and Kibei. They would bite the hand that attempts to aid them--because of misunderstandings and the unwillingness to cooperate.

I counted up the number of Caucasian employees on the project and found that there were only 175 for both camps. Out of this number 76 are teachers or connected with the Education Department. This leaves 99 (includes carpenters, etc.) in the administrative staff. Out of this group, there are a number of boneheads and deadwood.

It appears that Pop will not be able to come here for a while yet. Thompson had turned the request down because we could not give Pop home care and he would have to wait until a ward is opened up for chronic patients. That won't be for a hell of a long time since the hospital staff could not handle more than it is now. The next step is to write to Myer or Fryer for a hearing. Alice is not concerned any more. As soon as Obo finishes up with her teeth, she is leaving. She still does not realize that Pop would be better off here from a psychological viewpoint. >

January 16, 1943 (Saturday)

The Americanization process really goes on in the nursery school across from us. Two months ago most of those little kids couldn't speak English. Now all they do is speak English. Those Nisei teachers are doing a good job. Beverly's niece didn't know any English when she started. Now she goes down the slide with the rest of the children and if anybody gets in her way she says "I'll sock you!" The little kids use a lot of slang: "Okay, let's go." "Hey, guy, lay off." "C'm on, lay off." etc. There is one little Caucasian boy in the class. He is the son of a postoffice employee and he is picking up a few Japanese words! The other children all play with him and they don't notice any difference. Occasionally they yell Japanese words at him.

January 17, 1943 (Sunday)

After lunch I went down to the paper office for our JACL Board meeting. From the results of the contest, my team ended tied for first place. But we decided to carry through to the end of the month as there were still some blocks which had not been touched. To date we have 547 members. About 40 more were turned in today. There was \$127.00 in all collected for donations.

Today was the first specific example of the conservatism of some of the board members. During this month there is a national drive going on for the United War Fund. The Ex-Servicemen's Club is going to undertake the drive for this Center and they asked the JACL if it would work with them. The opposition was general. The point was made that the people in camp were too poor to be contributing money. "Besides the JACL has a bad name and they would oppose it." "There's no use in creating further community conflicts."

I was very much surprised at this attitude. I suggested that the JACL should at least give it token support. The amount would not have to be large since it was more for the support of a worthwhile project. I told them that we should not be governed by the community pressure. "At times we have to uphold some principles even if there are elements who do not agree with our political viewpoints."

We discussed this for a while and it was finally decided that the Ex-Servicemen would be invited to come to the general meeting and make the appeal.

Even Nobu seems conservative at times. I went over to his house afterwards and I brought up the recent petition for a Japanese

January 17, 1943 (Sunday)

language school. I indicated that this was a good example of the strong Japanese element in this Center. I was very surprised to hear him say he signed it himself.

"Why?"

"I don't see why there is any harm in learning Japanese. If some of the other Centers have it, why can't we. It won't hurt my kid to learn Japanese. I would be opposed to it if it were propaganda like it was in California.

Me: "Have you ever stopped to consider the fact that psychologically it is bad for both the Nisei and for public opinion? People on the outside will point it out as another example of the Nisei desire to go to Japan. And who is to teach the Nisei? It is a difficult matter to draw the line between nationalism and propaganda. The Issei would feel that they had won a great victory if Japanese were taught, and you can't tell me that they will not use it for propaganda purposes."

Nobu said that one of the crackpots of the Kyowa Kai had approached him with a proposal: The JACL and the Kyowa Kai should get together and send a petition to President Roosevelt to talk peace with Japan so that America and Japan could then fight Germany. He said that Roosevelt wanted peace with Japan now but he could not advance it himself. Therefore, it was up to the Japanese in the Relocation Camps to make the proposal for him. Once started the Pacific war would end right away and then the evacuees could go out and help the war effort. This would be the best plan since Japan would keep all of the conquered territories anyway and the U. S. would be wasting its strength trying to beat the Empire of the Rising Sun!! The guy must be suffering from wishful thinking.

January 21, 1943 (Thursday)

I went over to see if I could help the seven Tsugawa children get a Public Assistance grant which the block manager and a relative requested. I pushed it through as a special case. I had them listed for \$20.00 but Tuttle wanted to "play it safe" and cut it down to \$13.50 in order to avoid difficulties with the Fiscal Department. The general sentiment of the community has shifted to the father's side since it appears that his wife was unfaithful. This another of those cases where a single man was a "family friend." The father was in debt to him. The affair is an old one, but violent arguments did not result until they came to camp and the people started to gossip about Mrs. T. going off to the Butte with Mr. N.

January 22, 1943 (Friday)

< A new light has been cast on the Nitta murder. It now develops that Mr. Tsugawa was quite a gambler. He has been borrowing heavily from Nitta over the past several years. He owed the man several thousand dollars. In return he prostituted his wife to the man. On the night of the murder, he wanted his wife to go borrow some more money from Nitta. She refused so he struck her with a hammer and then proceeded to go after Nitta while the man was asleep.

In this way he liquidated all of his debts, and probably himself. It looks now as if the charge will be premeditated murder. The motive was money. Since this has developed he would have a hard time getting acquitted on an "unwritten law" basis. The most extreme penalty in this state is death by gas chamber.. Since the matter is in the hands of the county civil officials, it doesn't look so good for Tsugawa. The jury would be picked from the local farmers who are not very sympathetic towards the Japs anyway. If an outside jury tries the case, it may help if the children are used as a basis for leniency. It may resolve into a racial issue.>


Emiko got her first pay check for the net work--\$20.06 for ten days work. The highest crew got about \$60 each for two weeks of hard labor. This is the most money that Emiko ever made in such a short time. She really got \$45.07. Out of this \$12.00 was deducted for subsistence for two weeks, \$12.66 was just put in the community fund, 90¢ went to the Victory Tax, and 45¢ went for a State Unemployment Insurance Tax. She got the balance.

< Emiko definitely has taken the initiative to develop her own friends now and no longer clings to Alice or Bette. It is a good thing

January 22, 1943 (Friday)

since Alice will be leaving in a few days. Yesterday was Alice's birthday so she celebrated by sitting in a dentist chair for about six hours. Bette has been developing her own crowd. She is one of the more popular girls at the school dances--and getting a little conscious of this fact. Miyako has her gang, and Tom has his. Even Mom has hers.

All in all the family is pretty well adjusted here, but we don't like it. Bette says she is unhappy in this camp life and wants to go East. Over the past eight months, we have managed to maintain a democratic family system. Due to Pop's condition, the leadership has gradually come to me for practical purposes. It's something I didn't ask for and it makes my former independent status a little complex. Because of the economic factor, I have had to think more in terms of the family than myself. That's one of the reasons why I am not thinking of further graduate work for the present.



January 24, 1943 (Sunday)

The Board meeting of the JACL was brief. Only four of us showed up. The Committee for Fair Play to the American born and Alien Japanese are trying to get organized on a wider basis. A week or so ago this committee sent a letter to the Senate Military Affairs Committee pleading for racial tolerance. In order to show that some of the Nisei were aware of their efforts, Nobu, Ken T., Mas Oji, and myself drew up the following telegram, which Ken and I took up to the administration building to send off immediately: "1000 members of JACL appreciate expansion program of Fair Play Committee. As loyal citizens we pledge our whole-hearted support in fighting for equal rights."

After putting up the posters for the JACL meeting, I went over to Toshie's to attend the party she was giving for my birthday and also as a farewell party for Alice. We played games and ate. Bette and Emiko gave me the most wonderful white sport shirt. It was so unexpected that it took me by surprise. It certainly did make me feel good and I appreciated the sentiment behind it. I wore it to the Fellowship. Alice gave me a nice pair of studs and I think I hurt her feelings when I said cheap stuff. But she didn't rise to the bait.

Mom is still in bed. She has not been feeling well for the past few days. I notice that she reads a Japanese Bible once in a while, but she doesn't take religion that hard. Church is an opportunity for her to get out occasionally. There is not much around here that the Issei can do.

January 25, 1943 (Monday)

The net workers got paid Friday and the news of the "big wages" quickly spread over camp. Up to this time, the largest group of new recruits has been 15 but this morning 20 new workers went out to the net project! The lure of the "green backs" is chiefly responsible. The Iseei opposition is still strong, especially in Canal. In one of the block meetings over there last Saturday one Issei got up and told the Nisei present that before "you go into the net work, remember you are Japanese." I think that the large salaries may counteract this sort of propaganda, if today's new recruitment is any criteria.

January 31, 1943 (Sunday)

The Nisei have been asking for some high public official to speak up, and all of a sudden about four come forth with statements. First Stimson about voluntary recruitment into the armed forces. Then Senator Chandler and his committee mention that the loyal Nisei should be given a chance at the Army or defense jobs. He called the former Japan Ambassador Grew to appear before the committee. Grew mentioned that the Nisei deserved an opportunity to fight in combat units. The most forthright statement was made by General Emons, the military governor of Hawaii. He stated that the Hawaiian Nisei had stood up under the difficult strains and tests so that he was asking for 1500 volunteers. So far, the opposition has been on an individual and family basis. It is not a matter of "loyalty" vs. "non-loyalty." There are many Nisei in camp who are experiencing the same mental conflicts as I am. I can well see how it would be more difficult for them to make a decision if an additional family pressure is put upon them. Again, the economic element enters the picture because of the peculiar structure of the evacuee family. There is such a wide gap between generations. For this reason, I do not expect to see a great rush for voluntary enlistment.

The other factor which looms up as a definite obstacle is the matter of a separate Japanese regiment. Many of the Nisei have evidenced dismay at this stipulation. The opposition have vigorously seized upon this point and stressed it to the exclusion of all other considerations. Since it is a contradictory issue, it will have important implications. I only hope that another "cotton picking" failure does not develop. If the Nisei do not enlist in great numbers, the

January 31, 1943 (Sunday)

finger of scorn will be pointed. It's a tough situation which will undoubtedly resolve itself into definite issues before many weeks go by.

So far, I have heard few outward expressions by the Issei although a considerable amount does go on in the homes. The Issei sentiment appears to be swinging towards the opinion of "If our children are drafted, that is all right. But we don't think that they should volunteer into a Japanese combat unit." This is a definite advance for the Issei group inasmuch as they were saying a few months ago that even the draft should be opposed because of the evacuation.

The newspaper has jumped on the bandwagon. It can be a force which will influence the hesitant to make the plunge. The Ex-Servicemen's group has hailed with delight this great opportunity for the Nisei. At the same time, it was taken aback at the announcement that the Nisei soldiers would be segregated. Mr. Morita came over this morning and he asked me if I would draw up a letter which they could send to the War Department. He wants the letter to express full cooperation on their part at the same time that they are hopeful that full democracy will be granted to the Nisei in relation to Army Service. Morita will present this petition at their meeting next Tuesday. >

This evening Emiko and I went to a dance. As we were walking home we saw Bette's light go off. It was about midnight so we wondered why Bette was up so late. As soon as Emiko opened the door, Bette sat up, turned on the light and said:

"Guess what? Pop's here. He came in at two o'clock this afternoon."

February 4, 1943 (Thursday)

George Kawahara and I had quite a discussion with LeBaron today about the question of Nisei being taken into the Army in separate units. We said it was Jim Crowism. LeBaron pointed out that the Germans were never accepted in this country until the organization of the Siegfried Regiment during the Civil War. "If you Nisei went into the general ranks without being grouped, you would not be able to impress the public. You must remember that the people in the East do not know you. A separate unit would make you stand out as real Americans."

"Like hell it would," I said. "It would only make us stand out as 'Japanese' in the American Army. We are fighting for certain principles of democracy, let us be consistent. I have no doubt about my loyalty, why should I have to be put on trial any more than other Americans. You say that we should sacrifice once. Don't you think we sacrificed when we were evacuated?"

LeBaron: "That was no sacrifice. There was no other choice. It's up to the Nisei now to prove that it was all a big mistake."

Kawahara: "Why should we be put on the defensive? The mistake was not ours. Evacuation is a blot on democracy. It is not some error that we should have to make up."

Tuttle is planning to bring in two more Caucasian "social workers." Again this shows the bureaucratic WRA setup in which the evacuees are not trusted with any responsibility. Kawahara and Ichikawa are doing all right with the clothing allowance section of Canal and Butte. A Caucasian worker to head this department is superfluous. It's

February 4, 1943 (Thursday)

a waste of Federal money. Last month we gave out \$887,000 to 116 families. The cost of giving this out was over \$407.00. It certainly does take a lot of red tape to give out \$887,000.

It didn't hurt me any when I overheard two Issei talking loudly in the canteen:

"Look at that man. He is rich and yet he gets relief," says one.

The other man said, "Why not? Everyone should go up and ask for relief. The government owes it to us." >

February 21, 1943 (Sunday)

Today was a typical Sunday. I didn't do a thing. Bette and Emiko were going to church this morning, but they did not finish up with the housework in time. So I was dragged out of bed to go do the laundry with them.

Emiko and Mom had a slight argument today. Mom was going off to church and some social calls and Emiko told her that she should go visit Pop first. Mom said that she went twice every day and that she did not want to be tied down. This made Emiko very angry and she said Mom was becoming a social butterfly and neglecting her husband. Bette smoothed it out by saying that Emiko did not tell her in the right way. Mom went to the hospital.

February 22, 1943 (Monday)

The military registration is proceeding smoothly. There has been no outward demonstrations for a week. Landward still says the largest percentage of answers are "nos." Saturday the male camouflage workers were registered. 15% of them answered in the negative. They will be released from the net work according to the plan.

There was a short notice which came out late this afternoon saying that the Issei could volunteer for the Army, but they will not be eligible for the draft. I doubt if many of the Issei will volunteer. Service in the Army will automatically give them U. S. citizenship after three months' service (if applied for). The final citizenship will be given upon honorable discharge. The way the Issei around here feel, they don't think that citizenship means anything. A notice also came through that the Nisei will be eligible to apply as merchant marine seamen.

For the past few weeks I have become extremely restless. Perhaps this feeling existed before but I did not notice it. When I am busy and have lots to do, I don't mind it so much but on days when it is quiet I get very bored and wish that I was out of this dump. The days seem so dull and there is nothing to do in the evenings. I don't get much enjoyment out of social visiting as I don't find many people with things in common to talk to.

February 23, 1943 (Tuesday)

I told Bette that the world was full of such bigoted reactionaries. I had approached Tuttle with this information, but he did not press the matter although he did talk to Hoffman about it. I also went over to see Liebermans and asked him if I had enough of a case to do anything about it. He was willing to stick his neck out and go to see Dr. Young with me (Young is temporary Superintendent of Schools). We went over to Dr. Young's office and I told him the story. Dr. Young was deeply concerned. He said that it was a shame that such a thing was going on in the schools because this sort of stuff was certainly contradictory to the WRA policy. He said that he could not take action right away. He thought that I should talk to Mr. Miller the High School Principal and then the three of us could have another conference on it. Miller was in Canal this afternoon so I will see him in the morning.

Emiko is talking to herself right now. She is getting another leave clearance filled out for the Army registration and they ask the same old question. She has to fill it out in triplicate. If she does it now, it will save a lot of trouble when the time for actual registration comes. >

Mom just says that she gives up her allegiance to Japan. She was in Japan 23 years and in the U. S. 28 years so she likes the U. S. 5 years better. She does not want to ever go back to Japan to live. She wants to go back to Vallejo. < The Issei are going to have a hell of a time filling out those Army questionnaires if they don't have any children. Emiko is muttering like anything and she bothers me every three minutes to ask a question. Then Bette wants help on her homework and Tom wants his help on English. I might as well quit! >

April 3, 1943 (Saturday)

outgrow this stage after we get to Chicago. She needs a lot of encouragement as she is not sure of herself yet. >

March 17, 1943 (Wednesday)

Pop is in a critical state now. This afternoon, I was coming towards the apartment when I saw Mom hurrying over to the hospital. I caught up with her. She was pale and obviously in great excitement. Before I could speak, she burst out with "Papa is very sick. He shake all over and I think that he going to die this afternoon. But the doctor came and give him two shots. He has high temperature, but he is sleeping now."

Gradually, I got the whole story out of her. About 2:00 P.M. she went over to pay Pop the usual visit. He was under the blankets so Mom thought that he was asleep. It startled her to see that Pop was shaking all over. Mom ran for the nurse, who in turn went for the doctor. The doctor could not be found. Mom went back to Pop and he started to shake violently. Finally they got Dr. Sugiyama, who was at the Out Patient Clinic. He came immediately and administered two shots. He told Mom that Pop had suffered another stroke.

I went over with Mom right away. Pop was in a stupor. A curtain had been drawn around his bed. Pop was sweating profusely from his high temperature. I held his hand for a minute. Leaving Mom there I went to ask the nurse how Pop's condition was. The Nisei nurse there had a most unpleasant personality. With a blank face she said very curtly: "I don't know. Ask the doctor."

I went to see Dr. Sugiyama. He said that Pop was in a very critical situation from a blood clot of his heart. He would not say whether Pop could come through this present crisis. He said that he could not say as another embolism may occur any time and Pop would be

March 17, 1943 (Continued)

gone. Dr. Sugiyama said that we would be notified in case of an emergency.

 Mom was over there most of the day. After dinner we all went. In the meantime I told Emiko and Bette so that they could be prepared for all eventualities. I looked up Dr. Higo the ward doctor and he said that Pop was near death but he had rallied a bit. He will know better tomorrow if Pop's heart will be strong enough to stand the strain. If it does, Pop will go back to his old condition. He wasn't too hopeful and he seemed to avoid my questions.

 Our resettlement plan is at a standstill. If Pop goes back to his old condition, we will proceed with our plans; but if it looks critical, we will remain. It is impossible to tell how he will be or when he may have another stroke. I think he will pull through again as Pop has a strong will to live. Tom and Miyako know that something is amiss, but we have not told them of Pop's present condition. All we can do now is to wait and be hopeful.

March 18, 1943 (Thursday)

Pop was much better today. He still had a temperature and his eyes were all red. He looked a little worn. The blood clot must have broken up. The doctor said that he had passed the crisis for this time, but he could not predict anything. The doctors are so busy that they could not make much of an examination. Mom was over there all morning. < Dr. Kiyosu, the head evacuee doctor said he would look at Pop when he had a chance. He also looked at Mom and he said that she had low blood pressure--108. He prescribed some vitamin pills for Mom and he told her not to do any heavy work. Perhaps this will convince those nurses that Mom is not in a position to look after Pop.

I got a few boxes down in order to start the packing, but it was only a half-hearted gesture. We are going to proceed with our plans, but.... Mom has been getting a few things together for us so that we do not have to buy a lot of kitchen utensils. It is going to be quite a problem to take all our stuff with the space limitations that we will probably have and the limited weight per person for baggage. We have no idea of where we will get a room, and it will no doubt be rather expensive. We are waiting for Bob to come back so that he can help us with the arrangements. Bob is more experienced at traveling, while I have not done very much. I am surprised at Mom's reaction. She now feels that this is the best plan as she would like two of her daughters to go to college and she is convinced that they would waste time in camp. >

March 20, 1943 (Saturday)

Pop had a temperature today. He did not look well at all today. His cold has grown worse. There is no need for us to be more alarmed than before, but it does put the family a little on edge. He is not in a critical stage as far as we know. It is awfully difficult, if not impossible, to see a doctor so that we do not know his exact condition. We just have to continue along with our normal activities and wait. We are proceeding with the assumption that we are leaving as we feel that Pop will pick up to at least his former condition.

I did not go to work at all this morning as I felt indisposed (lazy). Tuttle sent Kimi after me but I told her that I was too weak to go to the office. Bob got back from Berkeley last night. He says that Dr. Thomas wants me to quit my social work job immediately so that we can do some final reports in the time that is left. I'll have to give a week's notice so I started the easing out process today.

I slept until 10:00 A.M. and then read for a while. I was thinking about starting to pack but I did not get very far. We don't have enough boxes to take all of our things so that I have been chasing all over the place trying to get the WRA to take action on the instructions that came in about two months ago. It provides for the packing and shipping of 500 pounds of things for the families resettling. There is a lot of junk in this house and I would like to discard about half of it. Mom objects because she may find some use for it eventually. I don't want to leave too much behind because when the rest of the family comes, the packing problem will be too difficult.

March 16, 1943 (Tuesday)

I suppose that it is customary for social workers to inform their clients when a new case worker is going to take over, but I am not going to do it here because the Japanese are funny about expressing appreciation. They want to bring gifts to show their feelings. It's a nice sentiment to have and it makes one feel good inside to realize that there are people who appreciate the efforts put forward for their welfare. But they tend to personalize it--as if I am the one who is giving them the public assistance. I tell them that they should thank the government because it is looking after the welfare of the evacuees, but these people can't see it in an impersonal way. Since I have had the contacts with them, I am the one who is helping them, is their philosophy. Toshie and the other case workers are not bothered like this. I asked Toshie if I would insult them if I refused these gifts and she said that I would. She said that I should feel honored that they do value my contacts enough to offer something tangible to express their feelings. She paid me a compliment by saying that I was the only one on the staff who has been getting gift offers from our clients. It isn't good social work philosophy to accept gifts from the clients, but this is a new situation where I will have to act accordingly.

We are having difficulties about Pop's hospital care again. The hospital is very hard pressed for personnel and they want the bed space. Goro Yamamoto came over today and he almost tried to force him on Mom today. He said that with three able-bodied persons here we could take care of him adequately. I went over to see the head nurse and explained the situation to her. She said that if we were going to

omit

March 16, 1943 (Tuesday)

leave and if Mom was ill, they would not ask us to take him. This is quite a problem and it has two sides to it. It is impossible for Mom to take care of Pop in her present condition and Pop is in need of continued hospital care. At the same time, I can see the acute problem at the hospital. Mom is a little afraid of the community pressure. She thinks that the people will talk about her if she does not take Pop. But she is leaving me to handle the situation. After we are gone I am afraid that she will break down under the pressure and accept Pop here. I'll have to leave a note specifying the conditions under which we could accept Pop, such as getting the hospital laundry to do the sheets and getting a hospital bed.

The Ex-Servicemen held an impressive program for the volunteers in the amphitheater this evening. It was the first public thing put on for the volunteers. There has been a number of private parties, but no large affair like tonight. The march of Americanism seems to be on the up-grade now. There was a large crowd to see the parade and they later went over to the amphitheater to listen to the program. The Ex-Servicemen marched in their uniforms, the Boy Scouts drum and bugle corps, and representatives from the schools were all in the parade. At the amphitheater the high school band and glee club entertained and then Bennett, Sessions and members of the Ex-Servicemen's club gave speeches. Afterwards the volunteers stayed behind as the Service men were giving a party for them.

I had to attend the JACL Board meeting this evening so that I did not go to the volunteers' program. In the meeting tonight we had to

March 16, 1943 (Tuesday)

plan a wholesale reorganization. With the prospects of most of the young Nisei going into the Army or resettling, we decided that it would be best to get the older Nisei into the cabinet. In order to get the members more interested in what was happening on the outside, we decided to send for 1000 pamphlets entitled "What is the JACL Future?" In it is described all the actions taken against the Nisei and what we would have to do in order to retain our place in American life. With the present rise of the Americanism sentiment, we felt that now would be the time for the chapter to come forward and make a very strong public stand so that the Pro-Japan forces would never again attain such a strong position as a pressure group as it did during the military registration period. With our present 700 membership we felt strong enough to do this as well as to attempt a unification of the Nisei group which for the most part are apathetic about the future and anti-JACL in large numbers. >

March 5, 1943 (Friday)

Suddenly I seemed to have lost all interest in this camp. Re-settlement is on my mind a lot. Up to this time I have been very busy around here, but more and more my thoughts turn to the outside. We are really having a lull around the office now. Nothing at all is happening. Even our cases are getting routine.

February 23, 1943 (Tuesday)

 This noon Bette came home and she was mad as anything. She told me that Mr. Sessions [a teacher] made a remark that the lowest class of people were the "Peeping Toms" and the Niggers. Bette corrected him "You mean Negroes, and besides I don't think they are all low class." Sessions told her to mind her own business.

 He then got quite peeved with the class. He assigned a test and he said that he wanted them to have the regular binder paper. A girl said that she only had the small paper so he said for her not to take the test. He ridiculed her so much that she started to cry. Bette went over to her to lend her a kleenex and Sessions ordered her back to her seat and "mind your own business." Then he went on to lecture the class about how bad the manners of the "Japanese Americans" were and he demanded that they show him respect. The class resents his superior attitudes and expressions of prejudice, but he overpowers them with his greater maturity and authority.

 Bette just boiled all over at his high-handed manner. She said that she shook all over and she almost was on the point of telling him off. She was so mad that she sat in the class and plotted all sorts of things and wrote the following during the full heat of her anger:

 "It's that kind of individual that makes the world rotten! I hate him so much I could cry my fool head off! If all men were as low as he is this world wouldn't be fit for a louse to live in. He can pollute a river of water by just walking by it. That's how filthy he is! If a person can stoop as low as making a girl cry he isn't fit to live. He may be an American Legionnaire but deep inside he's dirty white trash!"