

(COPY)

Barrack 10, Apt. #3  
Tanforan Race Tracks  
San Bruno, Calif.

May 2, 1942

Deki Dear,

I was so tired last night that I just didn't have time to write so I am doing it early this morning while the mob is away to breakfast. To start at the beginning of the safari:

I almost missed the bus at that! I went to say goodbye to some friends thinking that the bus would leave at 12:30, but they double-crossed me and started going at 11:40 so that I had to run and just managed to make it. Going down the crowd-- looked rather glum, but the Nisei acted just like they always do. Wang was a little forlorn for a while, but he attempted to be cheerful. However once we got out of C.F. the Japanese started to jabber away; it's a good thing that the day was so sunny.

Warren pestered me all the way down because I swiped his diary and he wouldn't make a deal with me. He was going practically crazy, and he even used his megaphone to chant: "Charlie is a thief, etc." To keep the peace, I had to give in, and we just talked or read the paper. I only saw one girl bawling; the rest looked a little lonesome.

The first thing you see when you pull into Tanforan is this high barbwire fences, but all of us were more excited about the insides, especially the living quarters. By this time, everyone was in high spirits, altho you could hear mixed groans about how hard it was going to be. The first Japs we saw were these gangs of kids who were sorting out the great heap of baggage and taking them to the barracks. They all yelled at us and with smiling faces, buck teeth and all, so that the spirits of the Issei on the bus picked up and they became most anxious to get

off and look around. We had to wait a while in order to go through the reception process. It's a farce. We line up and they frisk us for weapons, etc. and go through the baggage we carried for contrabands. I sneaked my grip off and gave it to my brother so I got our big knife in. They don't search the women tho, they must be ticklish--such discrimination. You would have died laughing to see some of the comical outfits that people were wearing. One old guy in particular tried to dress like a country colonel, riding boots and whip and all and the result was terrific. We dubbed him the Lone Ranger, and I think he heard us because he came by and scowled at us with Japanese contempt, which can be devastating at times. They then gave us what they called a medical examination, but they just rushed right through. Then the problem of finding my family started. There are about 4,000 people around and naturally this caused a great deal of confusion. I saw everyone but them. Ann finally straightened me out and then I had to hunt for the barracks. The grandstand is used for the single people and most of the occupants are old men. Wang got in with Jimmy and Hero and they seem to have a fine room up there. Under the grandstand is a big messhall and right now everyone eats there until they get the smaller units set up. I heard a lot of complaints about the food, but I didn't think it was so bad--I guess I must be used to Kenny's and Wang's stews. The thing that was not so sanitary was the dishwashing. They provide all the dishes and they have a lot of young Nisei to wash dishes and sometimes they are not so thorough. So my sister takes a dishtowel up and does them over for our group. The people stand in line starting about



3:30, but we only wait a few moments as I guess we are more  
brezen. We just say a mythical "Mr. Johnson" said it was ok and  
it works every time. I even had them haul my luggage over in a  
special truck by this method.

The barracks are strung out all around the track, which is  
quite large--and muddy as hell. Gee, those poor people that came  
in yesterday must have had a terrible time. I ran into your Sis  
Yo, and she seems very calm and is taking things in stride. She  
said that they don't need anything, but that your mom was writing  
to you. They are in Barrack 7, Apt. #18, I believe. That's not  
so very far from me. The barracks spread out for quite a way  
down and it really is an immense place. We are located at the  
far end from the grandstand in the center. My brother cut a door  
through the two apartments so that we could have one unit--all  
nine of us! In spite of that I have privacy since I have a little  
unit to myself. Each apartment has two sections to it. You know  
how stables are--a big door for the horses and then a little part  
outside of it. We were fortunate in that there was linoleum in  
ours; I don't know about the front since it still is covered  
with mud--I shall scrape through presently and find out. It  
really is not too bad; in fact, I think the whole set-up is very  
interesting. The Japanese took hold right away and they are all  
busy building shelves, board walks and other equipment. It's  
natural that some of them are disappointed, but after all, this  
is no picnic. They have calsonined the walls and after things  
are cleaned up, it can be made to look rather neat. Our place  
looks quite homey already. I have my books up and the maps on  
the walls and my sisters have fixed it up with a feminine touch.

Little dark entry #2 is serenely perched on top of my radio and he is very well, thank you.

The people certainly are industrious; they just don't seem to know how to loaf. That is one of the best characteristics that the Japanese people have. I just bet that in a short time they will have things looking like a country place. I think that it is good that they do keep busy as sitting around and doing nothing is so boring. I am staying home today to help build tables, etc. so I don't suppose I will see many people that I know; they are busy too.

The showers are located quite a ways from the barracks so that one may get a little exercise in before taking a shower--perhaps they could run around the track once in order to get a good workout! The girls are complaining a bit because of the lack of privacy; they don't have individual shower rooms, but I suppose one could bring a shower curtain. The toilets are the good old country outhouses and Bette says it's so embarrassing to be sitting next to an old lady on one side and a little girl on the other. They just sit and ask whether they are from S.F. or Berkeley, and they lend each other paper. They will probably get used to it in a while. Nothing is impossible, Deki!

Mitch is already set in the Employment Office, and I don't know whether I will be able to get in yet since they already have another fellow to come in from the S.F. office. The whole set-up is still under the Army, and the social service is not even set up, although the community organization is gradually beginning to develop. A lot of mothers are complaining about the hardships in regards to babies. It has been windy and it does



get cold at night so be sure to bring your woolen underwear, etc. when and if you do come. They are going to have social service sort of informationists for each barracks to take care of problems and answer questions, but I am not too interested in that because anyone could do it and besides ~~#####~~ how would I talk to the Japanese mothers about their problems with babies? But don't worry there will be a terrific need for trained people since the community organization will be left to the Japanese and you will probably be made a supervisor or something. I guess I will have to work for you, Doki, unless they provide me with an interpreter. Ironical, neh?

We don't know how long we will be here; maybe a month, maybe all summer--nobody knows. However, this could never by any stretching of the imagination be made into a permanent resettlement camp since there wouldn't be anything here for the community to be self sufficient on. I surely do hope that they resettle wisely in order to make the best use of the positive talents of the people. If they don't do this there is going to be a terrific mess after this is all over. And they can't put everyone on farms since only about 25% of the total are agriculturists--the Bay area group would have even less.

I have a feeling that many won't be coming back to California farms because of the pressure groups that have been trying to get them out for years--and this was their chance. The great danger here is that if they are destitute after the war there will be a strong movement to deport them, including the Nisei. This is not so fantastic as it sounds because they don't necessarily have to send them to Japan; they could send work gangs to

Australia, Africa or the Pacific Islands which amounts to the same thing. Right now they are trying to defranchise us--a vicious fascist movement and if the nisei are not wary we will get stepped all over--and hard. We are going to see about the paper for the camp today; I understand that the JACL is also getting a bid in. That's alright too as long as they take a positive approach to the whole thing. A lot will depend upon the Japanese too. If things are unruly and discontent sets in and rumors seep out, this may lend weight to the deportation movement. The only other alternative is a strong Americanization program, particularly educational. Personally, I don't think the directorship of this camp has been so well planned out and it may even be inefficient since the top men are from the WPA. But they appear to be earnest and have an interest which is the main thing.

(Pardon my vulgarity, Deki, but don't you think that these outhouses will be a strong force to break down the pseudo social class lines of the Japanese? I pity the sensitive ones!)

I talked to a Dr. Ben Koba yesterday and he says that the group as a whole are rather healthy, although they have a number of ~~the~~ sickness in the isolation ward at the far end. Probably there will be a number of colds until we get used to it. I almost froze last night, but it was my own fault. I didn't put enough blankets on.

My sisters just came bursting back from Breakfast and they have brought me my breakfast so I will have to take time out to feed the body. (Coffee, eggs, bacon, toast, fried potatoes.)

Emiko just came back; she just discovered a new women's



restroom. Only two can get in at once. It really is funny hearing them talk about it. Last night we went to take a shower in the women's room and now they have put a sign up saying: "Women Only". That's discrimination; this is a democracy and they can't do that to us! We don't care if the women come in to look at us so why should they be bothered.

The little girls and young kids still think this is a picnic and they spend all their time putting on "face stuff" and dressing up in their best slacks and then strolling around the tracks to draw admiring ohs and ahs from the sharp boys--some of whom are now under the S.F. Negro "Club Alaban" influence. They wear those pants that come way up to their necks and drop down to choke the circulation at the ankles. A collar is worn in between, I think. Almost everyone wear boots and right now they come in handy, because of the mud. But it is already drying up and the ground surface will be hard in a few days if it doesn't rain again.

Deki, could you save these letters? You see I plan to keep a journal but I will most likely be too lazy or too busy writing to you in the evenings and I won't have any record of this whole thing. You won't mind too much will you? And if you can possibly save your manual sheets or get hold of the Tolan reports that will be good material. And all those clippings from the Nichi-bei if you ever have time. (I'd like to take notes from all these.) Forgive my crust!

Have you been working hard, Deki? I bet you have. I have been trying to figure you out--cold blooded like and very scientific--and I have come to the conclusion that the reason I think

so much of you is that you have a natural warmth towards people and are so interested in helping them along--witness all your prodigies. I think I shall have to develop some problems so I can get some of that attention too! Gosh, I hope I see you soon, and then I hope that you keep working because you are of such great service to the evacuees. I don't mind the guards around here but I may start building up resentment against those barbed-wire fences--it could become a symbol of my captivity if I don't keep busy. No, Deki, conditions are not that bad here, although hard for many. It must all be in the way you look at the thing. But you are not missing anything so I would not be in too much of a rush to get down. Besides, we may not be here too long. I told Yo how hard you were working, etc. and told them to write and let you know how everything was, which they have probably already done.

One thing at least; they don't have the curfew and you can go visiting. The recreational facilities haven't been set up yet so that there is not too much to do at nights at present. At night you can hear the people talking all over the place since there is only a single board partition between apartments. But you even get used to that. What a field day it will be for gossipers! They did not assign people in groups so that they are scattered all around. We have a neighbor that plays the violin and she is now making some noises and putting me in the proper mood. So I had better close with it. Don't forget to write soon, huh?

Love and stuff,

Charlie



(COPY)

Barrack 10, Apt. #5  
May 3, 1942

Hello Deki,

This is Sunday, the day of rest, but everyone seems to be ignoring it except us. I'm trying to type this in bed because it's too chilly yet to get up.

Yesterday I worked in the employment office as a volunteer and helped Mitch get the thing organized on a systematic basis. We just sat at the desk and took the applications as they came in. I was really surprised at the number of people that were willing to volunteer to work. I suppose that eventually they will get paid, but only a few were too concerned about that. Many of the old men upstairs, however, are taking it easy and just plan to take things easy for a while; I can hardly blame them tho since they are so old and probably have worked hard all of their lives.

You'd be surprised at the changes that one day could bring. Everyone is more or less digging in. Of course, most of the young Nisei want jobs with prestige like postman, office workers, and house managers and recreation directors but in the meantime, they are jumping in and doing mattress filling, road making, and kitchen work.

The new recreational director came in yesterday and he seems to be quite active. He asked us to get a list of group workers signed up for him to take charge of the various programs so that a lot of the Nisei will be able to get into this type of work. We have got a few complaints that the S.F. bunch got the best jobs, but I hardly think that is true. There is plenty of work to be done around here and they will need anybody that has the ability. The Social Service aspect of the camp is not a separate

division and the camp director has not really stressed it too much--although it is badly needed. Ann has been handling a lot of this work and she really is doing a good job of it. When you come down, I really think you could set up the whole organization if you wished with your experience. And that's not lie. Of course, you might have to train you own social workers, but they could probably learn fast enough. I am more interested in the employment aspects right now because this seems to be right in the center of the -- activities and a great deal hinges upon its success. Gee, there sure are a lot of problems arising.

For example, Warren and Jimmy Yamada spent all day yesterday visiting the various people in charge trying to find out if they had a place where they sold toilet goods, but nobody seemed to know. So finally they had to go all around to the different rest rooms on their treasure hunt! Guess they will have to get a special disbursement order from the WCCA before they have any luck.

There has been a lot of complaints about the food; it is pretty bad. So far we have been eating mostly canned stuff since they have not been able to get fresh vegetables yet. I guess by the time they put all of Japanese in camps, this state won't have any vegetables at all! Some of the Japanese re saying that the food here makes them sick, but I think that it is more of a psychological thing. It can't be that bad. It probably is due to the fact that the dishes have been ~~wet~~ washed so unscientifically. The kids just dip them into the water and consider them washed. You should see the cups; they still have the morning cocoa in them when we get them at night! However, they have the



barrack messhalls almost ready so that it won't be so bad from now on, I hope.

The various denominational ministers have been busy finding places for church meetings and today a number of them will have services. I think even the Buddhist group will have their place for a church. The community organization is rapidly picking up and I don't think it will be long before much of the present confusion is eliminated. It's a good thing that the smaller messhalls are being opened soon, because it's pretty hard for some of those old folks to walk all the way up to the grandstands for their meals and then have to wait for one hour in line.

I visited your sis yesterday and they seem to be getting things under control. They have built shelves and your father and brother are now building some sort of porch. Their place is right on the end of the barracks so that their rooms face in and not sideways like the others. The front part don't have a separating partition so that it is one big room. The bedrooms are on the ends so that at least they get a little more privacy than some of the other cells. Yo says that they can hear all the talking, but their barrack is quiet and the people go to bed early. At least they are in a fairly good barrack. I feel sorry for those people in number 13. They face some old stables that are not being used and they haven't cleaned away the manure piles yet; so that when they open their doors the breeze wafts the odor in. On top of that they have a mud ditch in front of the place and they have to walk across a narrow board walk until the mud dries up.

They have a maternity case in the hospital so I guess they

will be having a child born around here soon. I also witnessed the start of a new Issei romance. One of those single men in the grandstand got together with one of the single women and so he comes up to Ann and asks her if it was legal for him to get a separate apartment with the woman without getting married. Ann had to explain that perhaps they could get married later on and it was probably better if they just stayed where they were until they got to know each other better.

They had their first dance here last night and we had a good time because they were mostly S.F. and east bay kids that I knew there. I met the most interesting girl that afternoon so I took her along. She was a student at U.C. and stayed at the I house. Originally she is from Hawaii where her father apparently is a successful real estate man. She is griped because she had just returned from Ohio five days previous to the evacuation and she was now allowed to get out again. Now she is trying to go to the University of Mexico. She was kinda cute, rather pretty, and oh the way she dances is enuf to excite anyone. But don't worry, Deki, I thought of you all the time I was dancing wishing that it was you, etc. I'd better stop this line before you disown me! If I don't hear from you soon, I am afraid I shall go slightly nuts. The suspense is awful. I know you are working real hard so I realize that you have not too much time. Well, so long.

Love,

Chas.



(COPY)

10-5  
May 3, 1942

Dear Deki,

I got dragged out of bed by brother John so I did not get to finish up the letter--anyway the postoffice is closed today so that the letter would not go out until morning anyway.

Most of the Nisei just wandered around today--quite a few in their best clothes. We started to do the same until we ran across the Tanforan Clubhouse so we stepped into investigate. What a gold mine it was for us "pioneers". We found an old bureau there so we sort of spirited it off to our abode which perhaps is the only place in the camp now with a tailor made bureau. We also got a glass cased cabinet which will come in handy. Besides this we hauled over the small bar, which will make a perfect dresser for brother and me. My sisters wanted it, but we were selfish about the thing and wouldn't give in. They now threaten us with not doing our laundry in the morning, but I think they will relent. Our biggest prize from the clubhouse was the linoleum. We got all of the mud scrapped off from our front room and ~~si~~ discovered that we had no linoleum on it. That's why it gets so cold, the wind blows up through it. It took us all afternoon to get it fixed up and it certainly does make a difference. (Aren't I getting domestic?)

Wang has told my brother and sisters about you and now I have great difficulties in writing letters because of their pestering. They are so curious to know what I am saying, I think I shall chastise them by not letting their rowdy friends come over for a while. I put the "Quiet, worship has begun" sign up but they don't get the hint. Guess we will have to put a Rev. over the Kikuchi name!

Last night we were up in the grandstands after the dance looking at the distant city lights and for the first time I wished I could be out of all this; I don't feel confused or anything yet, but then, I don't ~~to~~ feel absolutely free. I saw a soldier up in the tall guardhouse on the far end of the camp by the barbed wire fence and did not like it because it reminds me of a concentration camp--but there is no comparison, of course. We certainly can't complain of the treatment, ~~in~~ fact, many Japanese families are better off than they ever were on the outside, but yet....

I am just wondering what the effects will be on the Japanese--so cut off from the world like this. Within our confines here, our radios and newspapers are the only touch with reality. I hardly feel that a war is going on--it seems so much like we have been placed in a new world of our own. But then, I can't forget that the war is going on in spite of this. It really is important to me that we win the war--there's no other way of looking at it. Of course, I don't sit down and brood about it, but it does enter my mind at funny moments. Like tonight our barrack got together and democratically set up an informal organization and rules and regulations for the well being of the majority. Everyone had their say--especially on the question of having American or Japanese food. Everyone was not satisfied, but that's democracy in practice. It's things like these that we take for granted is what really is democracy--a way of living. It is by no means perfected, but at least ~~to~~ it is in our power to work towards it.

Sometimes I get a flash of a feeling, momentarily, that I



am a foreigner in the camp, yet I am one of the group and don't think I am any better or worse than the majority. But I get impatient and wish that the Issei were more Americanized. This is a two way proposition I realize and you just can't hope to change a group overnight, especially in the face of the fact that the Japanese has had such a long tradition of anti-orientalism to face.

2 I did not get around too much today so that I haven't too much to say. I hope I am not disappointing you. Perhaps, I am too close to the things to see the significant events. Then again, I am not such a hot writer and words don't flow out so easily, in spite of what you may think to the contrary.

Did I tell you that Earl Yusa was in charge of all the house managers? He seems to be working hard and is not such a bad guy at all. Perhaps we were prejudiced. He and Mimi are sure lovey-dovey, but it looks like she is getting a little fat already. So she must be contented.

Bill Sasagawa is in some recreational activity with the "Y" bunch. Tom Hoshiyama, Fred and Nobu Takahashi are our field contacts for the Employment Department. Warren is trying to get into the postoffice. Lydia M. is working at the hospital. That's about all of I campus people I know who are definitely working--most of them as volunteers.

Sachie Takahashi is my only near Berkeley neighbor although I see quite a few of them around. Saw Doris and Bill Shinoda, and Warren Ijima (?) around today also.

Air raid siren just sounded. It's a blackout. Wow!! 11:25.

People are beginning to waken and chatter. Wonder if it's really a raid. Seems like a lot of noise outside. Boat siren and everything. See you later Deki; lights out. Must be a false alarm.

Charlie



(COPY)

Bldg. 10, Apt. #5  
May 4, 1942

Hey Deki,

You don't know what handicaps I have to face to write. They won't let me in peace and I can't type too late at night because it may disturb our civilized neighbors. So you will have to be content with my handwriting--definitely bad!

I worked in the Employment office all day and we certainly were busy. One girl thought I insulted her because I asked her how much she weighed. She was a 140 pounder, full of fight, and I had to appease her by saying that she wore her weight well and did not look a pound over 120! (She applied for a Dietician's job, but her formulas doesn't seem to work so well for her.)

There are still varied reactions to this semi-rural life. Some are content and full of "sank yous"; others full of bitter complaints about the general inefficiency of things--the Nisei being more outspoken. We thought that we were not going to eat tonight because the cooks went on a strike. They really are terrifically overworked--preparing meals for 3,000 people. Then there has been considerable "personality difficulties", the battle for prestige here is so intense--everyone wants to be a somebody it seems just so they can have a badge to distinguish them off from the "common herd". The dishwashers joined the strike because they have to ~~work~~ wash the 1,000 dishes available in a rush so that 3,000 people can eat. We had to send in "scab labor" to break the strike. I saw one Issei slap a nisei girl because she complained so much about the dirty dishes to him. The nerves of the kitchen workers are on edge because they are the target for most complaints when it really is not their fault

at all. They are going to open up the new messhalls for sure tomorrow so a great deal of the overload rush will be eliminated. The electricians are also griped because they have to replace so many blown out fuses. The wiring systems in the stables were never put up to carry such a heavy overload and since it is so cold in the evening, many of the families are using their cooking heaters to keep warm with. They distributed 50 kerosene heaters today, but this is by no means sufficient.

Oh, Deki, I surely could go for a hamburger now; the nice big juicy kind with onions and all. Yum, yum! Methinks my stomach protests at all of the canned goods that has gone down my esophagus in the past week. So please eat a hamburger for me and think of me while doing so! We haven't seen butter yet--you know, those cubed yellow things that you spread on bread. Eh! how I long for dear ole' civilization.

Speaking of food, many of the lads are quite worried about being fed salt peter to quiet their hormones down and they think their manhood is being ruined. How tragic!

Today I saw about 5 victory gardens in the process of being planted; these industrious Japanese; they continually amaze me--they've worked so hard all of their lives that they just can't stand idleness--or waste. They are so concerned that the hot water is not left running or that electricity is not wasted.

Many of the ~~new~~ smaller family units were evicted to new quarters today and they seem to be taking it without too much fuss. And after all the work they did in fixing up the place. I wonder if it is because they feel thankful for any treatment that they get regardless of what it is or whether they are still full of unnecessary fears about how the government is going to



treat them or whether they are naturally submissive. Sometimes I get tired of hearing all those "sank yous" even when they get stepped on.

I ran across an interesting restroom today--this seems to be my speciality. Anyway down by the old stables in our "slum district" there is an old restroom that says "Gents" on one side and "Colored Gents" on the other! I suppose it was for the use of the stable boys. To think that such a thing is possible in California is really surprising. I guess class lines and the eternal striving for prestige exists wherever you go and we certainly are still in need of a lot of enlightenment.

I'm already falling into the general routine of things, but there's never a dull moment. Your brother came in today and he is now working in the Medical Dept. as a traffic director. They are giving a lot of typhoid shots and they have to shove the people through like on an industrial assembly line--one to dab, another to give the shot, another to ~~b-a~~ bandage, etc. There are a lot of pregnant women in camp, but only one is in the maternity ward. I guess it must really be hard for these potential mothers to live under such conditions at a time like this.

Quite a few of the U.C. kids were in after jobs today and I think a lot of them will go into recreational work. Some of the boys have a "U.C. extension" sign posted outside of their rooms, but when I went in they didn't look like they were studying much. They just lolled around and listened to Cal songs on the phonograph. Quite touching, I thought! They might as well put their collegiate memories behind them and dig in with the world

of reality as they will soon find out this is no Ivory tower.

I still haven't heard from you, but I suppose a letter should be on the way--I presume. What's new on the great outside world? I hope you are not working too hard, but I guess that's a silly statement to make, huh, Deki? If you see Bill around, give him my regards--but not my love via you because you may do it too literally! Remember, Deki dear, we have our 14 future American citizens to think about and I wouldn't want them to have any handicaps to overcome!

I think I shall have to go rural and smoke "bull durham", it goes well with my jeans, dontcha think? By the time you get down here, you will probably see me with hay sticking out of my collar and spitting tobacco juice out on the board walks, which we don't pull in at night--yet! And the flies still haven't started to settle on me--woe is that day if it comes to pass!

Gee, I'm doing pretty good. Three letters right in a row! I haven't written to anyone else yet--just can't seem to get ambition enough.

Did I tell you that I left your blouse with Mrs. Dumble to give to you? I hope you got it "ok", Well good night, my super social worker.

You can only have half of my love this time because you have not assured me yet!

Charlie



(COPY)

May 7, 1942

My dear Miss Nakagawa,

This is the 4th letter I am writing and I am expecting 4 answers or else I shall have to waste my talents on somebody else! OK, I'm a "suffering hero", but, gosh, it really is awful not hearing from you and the suspense is terrific. Last night I finally started my journal, but I don't know how long I will keep it up. I hope you won't mind if I lift material out of it. Then you will know what I know about what goes on here, or are you still interested?

The house is looking very well now and it is beginning to look like home. Everyone works on it, except me, since I am up in the office all day. The moth problem is bad around here so you had better not bring too many of your good clothes, Deki, or else they will be eaten full of holes. They come down from the hay up in the attic--millions of them.

I'm still have a grand time here and think that is quite an experience, in spite of the many problems. The howls are getting louder that the S.F. "Y" and JACL gang are taking the choice jobs and getting only their friends in--much of which is true. There won't be too many jobs for the Oakland bunch that come in today and they are going to squawk plenty. It should be on the basis of merit because much of the skills and abilities are not being fully utilized. They have college grads loading baggage while high school fellows are made head timekeepers. And a certain clique of girls are working their friends into the recreational program (Kay Uchida and Co. ugh!) If they had a central system, much of this inefficiency would be eliminated. The administrators in charge do not seem to me to be too dynamic

altho it may be that these problems have developed so rapidly that they have not got around to straightening them up. It may be that they are tied down by the Army "higher ups". I am not disillusioned or anything like that but I thought that you would be interested in knowing some of the actual conditions since we are "social workers"! I think the job is too big and too important for one man to handle everything and they should delegate some of the authority to the Nisei who are capable so that they will not be bothered by many of these routine problems. I talked to Mr. Green today and he says that there is no need for a social work department here because he can handle all of the problems himself!! I have been after him every day, but apparently he is not interested. All of these problems that come up should be handled on an individual basis and it is impossible for him to see everyone--result: nothing done. I have tried to help out in the housing situation a bit by explaining the reasons for the present moving and presenting their complaints to Mr. Green. It's not right to expect bedridden people to pack and move on a 10 hour notice without trying to make special allowances and adjustments. And they are also going to move some of the smaller family units together because they can't house all of the new people coming in--which is not a very desirable thing.

In regards to phones, the policy is apparently one of cutting us off from outside contacts by this means, altho mail is not censored. Packages, however, are opened and examined at the gate. One of the girls here had a dying brother on the outside and before the red tape could be cut, he died. She tried



to phone relatives, but they would only let her write the message and an Army man sent it out. I don't know what the reason for this policy is, but it burns me up. As if we were a bunch of prisoners! I think it is about time that we Nisei put up some protests; if we really felt like Americans we would--and we will.

Today I ran across the first Japan nationalist that reacted violently. He said that Japan "requested" that we be put into a concentration camp so that we have to do it for the sake of Japan. The man seemed pleasant and harmless enough at first, but when he started to talk on this subject, I was amazed to see the bitter look of hatred in his eyes and face. He asked us point blank whether we were for Japan or America and we said America on the basis of our beliefs and education. He got extremely angry and pounded on the table while shouting that we Nisei were fools and that we had better stick by Japan because we could never be Americans; only "Ketos" could be Americans. Since we had Japanese faces we should be for Japan because she would always protect us, etc. We argued for a while, but it's not much use trying to reason with a person who thinks emotionally. I get fearful of this attitude sometimes because it has been this very thing which makes Americanization so difficult for the Japanese--the fault is on both sides. It grips me no end to think of being confined in the same place with this type of Japanists. I guess the reason for it is that it is a sense of personal frustration which they project to a hatred of all "keto" and deep resentment towards America. Prof. Obata was in today and he was worried about the same thing so there are many

Issei who believe in the American way.

The most joyful news today was that we had fresh meat and vegetables for dinner! Yum, yum! Even if it was only meat balls filled with bread, it did taste good. This should bring the morale way up to here, I betcha.

Warren is now a policeman in camp. He has to patrol the barracks because of thefts which has begun to develop, especial on the messhalls. A more serious problem is the reported solicitations by Japanese prostitutes up in the single men's dormitory. The Army M.P.'s are on their trails and Nisei police have been stationed to intercept them at night. Tsk, tsk. I hope the "Cops" are not open to bribery! The Nisei "flatfoots" also have to break up the crap games for money which many of the fellows are starting.

It was very windy today and the dust from the tracks really made us squint our eyes while walking. The Oakland Japanese are arriving so I guess you will be going to another station soon. The fellows had to work late tonight filling up straw mattresses so that these people would have a bed to sleep on tonight. The housing problem is terrible. They are moving some of the larger families up to the big barracks and there has been no provision made for the sick, bedridden, or aged. They only get about 10 hours of notice of there has been a great deal of confusion. I took many of their complaints to Mr. Green and he still thinks we don't need social workers!! Degrading, huh, Deki? I said this before, but am too lazy to check.

Gee, I'm getting sleepy. This country life is getting me down. Everybody goes to bed early and by 10:00 it's really



quiet. I read a bit and write you letters after that to keep me occupied. Oh yes, I've hung your pictures up on the wall to give me inspiration! Now will you write?

Got a letter from Louis Adamic today and he wants me to write some stuff for him but I am not too interested, I want to be active, not academic--let those people that can write do the reflecting after things have already happened. I'd rather be in on the actual process. Gee, I'm sleepy.

I hope you can make out my writing, Deki.

"We" send our love.

Charlie

(COPY)

May 23, 1942

Dear Deki,

I thought that I had probably scared you off by those silly letters I sent you. Boy was I worried! It certainly was a relief to get your letter today. Now I feel good again. What a life!

First of all, Chas must reluctantly inform you that there is no social work dept. yet. And even if one is organized, I'm afraid that I am out, because I have pestered Mr. Green too much. It's a long story and I think I shall have to let you read my Journal when you come down--if they don't send you to another job--and you will see why such a thing happened. (I don't even let my own family look at my journal either!) I think I'll just ramble on and who knows but that this may turn out to be a long letter? It's past 12:30 now. I got involved in a little poker game tonight and they wouldn't let me quit because I was \$2.00 ahead. Aren't I degenerating? The money ran out so that we played for stamps and now I have plenty to send letter to you with. It's been about two weeks since I heard from you and I don't know how much you know about what has been going on but I'll take a chance.

Gee, Deki, I hope they don't overwork you. I bet you still have to do everything for those other dumb social workers, huh? Guess what? Mrs. Shuman, the woman who issued the disbursement order in Berkeley, sent me some magazines to read!!

Right now I am working on the camp newspaper. I got one front page story last week and two for this issue. I'll send them both to you. We are very limited in space so that we have a hard time getting all the news in. I'm also helping in the



Education program to keep me occupied the rest of the day. This is all volunteer work; besides salaries only run from \$8 to \$16 a month so it's no use trying to make money. I still want to get into social work, but... You probably will be able to get in when you come down because they really do need some case workers around here. The "boys" want me to go to Arizona to start the camp paper in the Relocation area there, but I'm still in hopes of doing work in line with my first interest. Now I know what you meant when you said that you wanted to be a medical social worker at least once. Sort of frustrating, I'd say.

Did I tell you about the new menace that has entered our lives, Deki? Well, we had some fleas--horse ones--visiting us in our abode, but they didn't like our taste so that I think they are leaving. At least I haven't felt their presence for the past few days.

We are getting good food in our messhall and there are few complaints about the food now. Your folks eat in the same messhall as I do. Today they ~~issued~~ issued us a meal ticket so I guess I will have to stop eating two meals each time. I used to eat in one place and then stop over at another. A purely scientific motive--I wanted to see which was the best place for social atmosphere!

Oh yes, did I tell you that I wasn't in the employment office anymore? Well, to make a long story short, they said I was to "fresh" with the clients and wouldn't speak Japanese to them. Such is life! It's really much more complicated than that, but it's over now so why should I bore you with the details? My lack of not knowing Japanese is a definite handicap and so far

it hasn't paid to be too Americanized. However, I can't help being what I am so that there is no turning back now. I still believe that further Americanization is the only answer to this whole problem. The only other alternative is deportation and if we don't combat it this movement will grow. It's quite possible we didn't think that they could evacuate us either. Now that we are cut off from the Caucasian contacts, there will be a greater tendency to speak more and more Japanese. Someday the Nisei will once again go out into the greater American society and it is so important that they be able to speak English well. I still think that the present segregation is the least desirable thing that could have happened and it definitely will increase the problem of future social adjustments. It makes the task of becoming Americans much more difficult, particularly when the stigma of disloyalty is fixed upon us. And here we are, not able to defend ourselves adequately because we are confined physically to a small space. Already there is a movement to defranchise us. It burns me up!

The social problems within the camp are many, Mr. Green to the contrary. I haven't noticed a definite trend towards social disorganization, but there has been a certain amount of it. Last week two young girls were raped--one supposedly by a Caucasian worker here. Of course an element of consent may have entered into it, but it does indicate that sex will be one of the greatest worries of the responsible people around here. With such a lack of recreational facilities in general and because the community is so large and loosely knitted together those things are bound to happen. A lot of activity also takes place in the dark



corners of the grandstand which has not yet been brought to the attention of the administration. And then there are a number of former prostitutes that do a thriving business among the single men in the grandstand.

(I probably will be stressing the social problems more, so don't get the wrong impression of the place, Doki; there are a number of positive points also.)

Another problem is gambling. Tonite I saw some old Issai and Hibels shooting dice for a \$125.00 table. If the Wisci fellows take up this sport in any large numbers, it will become harmful for their general stability. Then a lot of stealing is apparently going on. I can understand the theft of lumber because of the inadequacies of physical equipment, but personal property is another thing. The arrivals in the past couple of weeks all brought locks so that they ~~must~~ must have been forewarned. The lumber pile got so depleted that they had to play a spotlight on it during the night!!

On the other hand, the church groups have swung into action. Chiefly because of the lack of anything else to do, the meetings, I hear, are packed. It gives the girls a chance to show off their dresses. The gals are ~~xxxxxx~~ complaining that the dust is ruining their complexions and that wearing flat shoes all the time will make their feet broad so that they can't wear pumps. A move has also been initiated to separate the showers by partitions.

There's an old Issai in our barracks who makes a pest of himself by going all around the place showing everyone the latest outrages upon the Japanese as depicted in the comic strip "Terry

and the Pirates". He claims that the Japanese are being insulted when they are shown with buck teeth. I think that the protesting Issai has the biggest set of buck teeth that I have ever seen!

I guess you read all about the half Japanese boys who walked out of here and tried to enlist in the Army but was turned down so he attempted to commit suicide (Clarence Sadomuni). Well, he was only back here one day when the Army gave him one hour's notice to pack up. They took him and his father to Arizona. I suppose that they feared that he would be a walking symbol to the inconsistencies of the evacuation policies. There are about four white women here, a Filipino husband, and a number of part Japanese children. I feel sorry for them because they appear to be social outcasts and are not accepted by the other children. It's really tragic. Paging a Social Worker!

I don't suppose you can read this writing very well. Amy is working in the office and she has to take her typewriter along as one of the conditions for employment. The government is making money on the deal. They'd have to pay \$5.00 a month rental for a typewriter and since Amy is only going to get \$8.00 a month, this means that she is working for only \$3.00 a month, or 10c a day. Scab labor, huh?

This center has about the greatest level of educated people among the various camps. There must be over 1,000 college people or graduates in the group here, if not more. The ratio of professional people is also high. There are over 40 experienced engineers, many of whom were in the Civil Service prior to the evacuation. Besides these, there are a few professors and other business people. The reason for this is that most of the



people are from the bay area where there is a greater proportion of business people. I see a lot of the U.C. kids around also; many that I never saw on the campus. In the whole state, only 25% of the Japanese are in agricultural pursuits. Here there are less than 10% who are farmers. They come from Centerville, Daly, Mt. Eden and San Mateo. I hope they recognize this fact when they start the relocation. But in the haste of things, they may put them all in farm work.

The administration here is composed of WPA personnel and they are chiefly concerned with getting things running smoothly here and keeping the people occupied and as happy as possible. Apparently, they lack social vision (I may be prejudiced) ~~we~~ and are not immediately concerned with the implications of the whole thing. After all, this is no WPA project! The Social Security people will enter the picture more after we leave here. The latest report is that we will be here from three to six months, and that the residents will be sent out gradually in groups of 200. Some of the younger Nisei and the single men will probably be sent out to harvest crops if they want to volunteer. This isn't exactly resettlement, but at least they will be getting the prevailing wages which will be rather high this year. If they do this on a large scale they may forget about resettlement. Then after the war, what?

In spite of all, I still feel very optimistic. As I see it, the Japanese would have lost most of their economic roots regardless of whether we were evacuated or not. You know how they were losing business and jobs after Dec. 7. This was bound to become intensified. At least now there is hope for the future

future. The Nisei will be given a great chance to utilize their skills and abilities, and leadership will have to come out of the group. At present they are getting experience in all types of work. Jobs here are at a premium altho 1300 work orders have been issued, but later on they will develop. There are scads of girls here that can type more than 80 words per minute and take 140 words of shorthand. I don't see why they don't go into something else. The cycle is the same. H.S., then U.C., then Business college, then Grant Ave.! Those with other types of training are having more of a chance because of less competition. I think the whole thing can be so exciting if we attack it as a challenge. We are too near to it yet, but I think the "Japanese" will really take hold and make things "click".

The Canteen has been closed for the past few days and we have been having a hard time getting cigarettes--candy for the kids too. It's going to re-open Saturday and they will not accept cash anymore. We will have to buy books of script to use.

They have dances here every Saturday night; they are always packed. And on Thursday nights, they have the talent shows. In the various recreational centers, they are also starting many activities such as art, dramatics, music, and folk dancing. The new education department is also starting informal classes for the young children. We also plan to have lectures and forums for the older group. Ann Kunitani has asked me to help her on the discussion groups. The library still hasn't many books--most comic magazines and film funs. The recreational program is starting a baseball league and the fellows have cleared off the upper end of the infield for the



ballfield. Are you still interested?

Your brother-in-law is working in the dead letter office now and he says that he is getting a hell of a workout because there are millions of T. Suzuki's in camp and they don't have the exact address on them. He has to locate the right party by the trial and error method.

I saw your brother running up and down the typhoid shot line trying hard to control his temper while keeping the line in order.

Well, I guess you are bored enough now. If you see any civilized people around that I used to know in the outside world, give them my regards. My brother's new them song:

"I am an American in a Concentration Camp,  
And I'm living among the Japs and the horse manure at  
Tanforan".

As ever,

Charlie

(COPY)

May 22, 1943

Hello Deki,

I had a cold today so for the first time in a month I had to confine myself to my little Army cot all day and be bored. Your letter saved the day from being a complete loss. Anyway, I had some fun thinking about Shangra-las and other escapes from reality. I am afraid the past events have been building up some sort of reaction in my mind although I was not aware of it until today. Sometimes I think that our whole civilization is mis-emphasized and creating a lot of empty people. It makes me so damn mad sometimes to think how unjust social forces can become during a period of war hysteria. And all this destruction seems so unnecessary. There must be other ways in which the people of the world can obtain some measure of economic security than by wars with its selfish aims. At the same time, I feel so useless; I want to be doing more positive things in the war effort. I guess all of us indulge in the realm of escapism at times. Maybe it is a reaction from my dissatisfactions although I try to put on an optimistic front.

This morning there was a lot of excitement in our barracks. They had a funeral for a woman who died. My little sister, Miyako, came in and said another boy had told her that the woman had died by "laying a baby" and she wanted to know if that were true. My brother said it was and so she asked, "Just like a hen?" (She died from hemorrhage.)

The men's grandstand was condemned as unsanitary and all of the single men were moved out today into the barracks. We are keeping our newspaper office up there and Taro, Wang and the boys are defying the order and remaining up there. I am a



little peeved at Mr. Wang.

Yesterday I felt my cold coming on so I decided to take a rest on his bed. I feel sound asleep and was having a peaceful dream about you when Wang came in. He growled a bit, lighted a cigarette and flicked the match in the wastebbox and then walked out. I sleep on and was only dimly aware of his presence.

All of a sudden I had a funny dream-like sensation; I felt I was in a terrific fever and my right leg kept getting hotter and hotter. I awoke with a start and almost had heart failure when I saw big red flames surrounding me and shooting up to the ceiling. Like a rabbit I jumped out of bed, scared as hell, and shouting fire. I ran out in a daze to get the fire extinguisher, but in my excitement I failed to see it when it was right before my nose. So Jimmy Yamada and I grabbed Wang's (TCCA) blankets and smothered the flames. We got the fire out and the damage was not too bad. I was still dopey so we just left the burnt mess for Wang to clean up and I went back to sleep. Wang now swears that he is going to quit smoking for sure! It was a good thing that we caught the fire right away as the whole grandstand would have gone if it got a good start. Of course, this new item will not get into the Tenforan Totalizer. We are expanding to 6 pages this week and I had to rush around getting stories on the visitors, voting, art and music departments, etc. Wang and James were practically useless because they still have the poker fever, but they are coming out of it now. I quit when I was way ahead. Smart, huh?

Last night we had our first Town Hall meeting. Representatives from the various camp departments discussed the prospects

for future camp developments. The audience would have been much bigger but it was postponed for one night so that many of the Nisei did not know about it. About 150 attended, some Issei among them. Next week the subject will be more controversial and it should be good. The topic: "What are the attitudes of the Nisei towards ~~evacuation~~ evacuation?" The administration is still uncertain about the Town Hall meetings because they fear that it may become the hotbed for dissent and radicalism. But they should not feel this way. This is a democracy and the purpose of these meetings are for educational enlightenment.

After the meeting Mitch, Ann, Gladys, Shib and Tomi and Kimi came over to our stalls to shoot the bull. Tom and Toni left early but the rest stayed and gabbed for a couple of hours. I guess we disturbed the neighbors and they probably were shocked at some of the jokes we told.

Pardon the sudden change in thought. It's 11:30 and about five minutes ago my sister went to the women's latrine because she had a stomach ache. All of a sudden I heard a yell and she comes bursting in white as a ghost saying that a man had grabbed her down by the corner of the building. I put on my bathrobe and grabbed a flashlight and hammer to look for the bastard but could find no trace. This is the second time that some girl in our barrack has been bothered. It's a good thing I did not catch up with the guy or else he would have a dent in his skull. It's getting so that it's a hazardous trip for a girl to go heed the call of nature at night. I guess the only answer is for the camp residents to get married in large numbers.

The other evening one of the Army P38 planes crashed into



a power line and all of the lights in camp were put out. The people could not light candles so that they had to sit around in the dark because of the fire hazards. I was visiting and had to stumble home through the mud and slush but made it safe and sound.

Tanforan is coming along fairly smoothly now, Deki, only still no Social Welfare Dept. Mr. Green says that one will be set up as soon as the Japanese women from the WCCA come down. I presume that this means you or Mari Okazaki or Mrs. Nishimoto. But this is not enough. Under such a setup, the thing won't have any authority to back it up seeing as how Mr. Green feels about social work. He says for me to find out the people with experience so that when the department is set up we will have a staff, but he would rather have me stay with the newspaper as "Social work is only for women". What can you expect from a setup like this? It may be possible that I will go to Tule Lake soon, but I can't say for sure. The boys wanted me to go to Parker with the newspaper but this is not my prime interest so I did not volunteer-. None of us know for sure when or to where we are moving. It is likely that they will break this group up and send the people to different relocation areas because we have so many professional and skilled people in this camp. Mitch believes that they will send the people out in groups of 200 starting about the middle of next month. I hope you get here before I leave--I'll refuse to go until I've seen you.

Working on the camp paper is a soft job, but it lets me get around to see what is going on. And it's a lot of fun, too, as I get to meet interesting people. But I won't be happy until I

give Social Work a trial. Martha Szralow wrote me today and she says that the people in the curriculum are having a hard time finding jobs and apparently they are not as plentiful as pictured. She is going into research work with Dr. Huntington in the Fall. How is Naoko doing? Is she still working also?

Well, I must rest the body now, but I think I'll let my mind work a little overtime tonight and think about you and how hard you are working, etc. I will send you the Totalizer tomorrow if they get it mimeographed. I have to help them staple 2700 copies! Degrading isn't it?

Always,

Charlie

There's still a lot of Japanese to be evacuated so you probably will be working a while longer.



(COPY)

June 15, 1942

Dear Deki,

I hope that this reaches you before you leave Auburn. I sort of got behind in my correspondence, didn't I? I guess it was because I didn't have anything of interest to write about. You probably know about most of the official news already, or do you keep up?

A daily count under orders from the General is the latest administrative ruling. They are going to check us twice a day at the messhall and in our barracks and we are supposed to be present. But you know Chas. It seems rather silly, they should know that we will be somewhere around camp as there is not much use in going over the fence. This would displease the Army.

I was talking to the Police Chief today and he told me that he had just send a couple of his men with the Japanese who are returning to Japan via New York and Africa. He said that the guards who went to Manzanar with a couple of families on the train thanked them profusely because they had to protect these Japanese families from a couple of drunken soldiers who wanted to "kill those Japs". Shibs left today for Tule Lake and a man is going along with them from the Chief's office. I think he exaggerated things a little in order to justify the evacuation.

Wang wrote and from what he says, things are not that bad on the outside. He is in Rupert, Idaho thinning sugar beets and he says that they are being treated swell. But that could be explained by the great agricultural labor shortage. He hasn't been up there long enough to determine whether he likes it or not. I don't know just exactly what his plans are; probably he will go back East to school. Kenny also wrote and said that he

expects to be evacuated soon. He wants to get out and go to Harvard University. I don't know why he insists upon plunging into another racial ~~problem~~ problem when he could be doing so much for the Nisei by writing.

The chief excitement around camp is over the coming elections next Tuesday for the Five Councilmen. You would think that a presidential election was going on if you could see all the posters and signs around camp. They have even put some in the toilets in order not to miss anyone. The Issei are more steamed up over it than the Nisei. They are holding many group meetings to endorse certain candidates, who they think, will give them a fair deal. A lot of the rivalry between candidates is purely on a personal basis. Apparently none of them have a clean cut platform as you may notice in the Totalizer. (Motto: "All the News that's fit for Greene"). Some ugly rumors have started about some of the candidates. If certain people want to turn the Issei against a progressive person, they start a rumor that he is a stool pigeon for the FBI. In our precinct, Toby Ogawa, Tad Fujita, and Yoshio Katayama are running. Most of the Berkeley people are behind Toby. The S.F. "Y" bunch are backing Tad and Mr. Katayama is blowing his own horn. He is the most objectionable of them, although he may have the stuff. But the people don't like his conceit; he goes around telling everyone that he is the only patent attorney in America and what great initiative he has in starting the First Aid classes, etc. I guess I distrust him because he plays up to both the Issei and Nisei with contradictory statements in order to win their votes. He probably is not up to anything except to gain personal prestige.



(I don't like his Jap looks.)

It's a good sign that the Issei are taking this election so seriously. Although it may not mean much, it does show that they are interested in the civic affairs. I think it was unfortunate that the Issei were denied citizenship rights because they would have made damn good citizens. The criticism that they were not more easily assimilated into the American way of life is not totally an one sided affair. Given an equal opportunity they would have taken a vital interest in Americana, as other immigrant groups have done.

I was going to write you last night but was sort of tired after the dance--two nights in a row. I don't know why I go, they don't seem right without you around. (What a line, says you! But Chas is not lying, so help him!) Anyway, I got up very late and so decided to go take a shower. I went a la camp style, clad only in my bathrobe and slipper and when I got up to the corner I had to push my way through a crowd of dressed up Buddhists going into their meeting. I don't know why they all looked at me so intently; apparently they must have liked my WCCA robe! Tonight I had the nerve to go to their social-dance, but they did not say anything about my going through their meeting this morning in such undignified clothes. Only one girl mentioned it so I had to inform her that I really was a Buddhist priest and that the green robe was my ceremonial gown!

Don't think I play around all the time, Deki. The last night I even attended the first Tanforan Concert before going to the dance. They held it at the Clubhouse and we had a special invitation from the director, who lives next door. I was sur-

prised to find such an overflow crowd present. The biggest hit was a woman who sang an old Japanese song. It must have brought back childhood memories to many of the old Issei women because a lot of them cried. Sentimental, huh?

They have finally given the "press" work orders and Chas now draws a salary of \$12.00 a month! They let us work the first month free, the cads. As I told you before, Deki, we are a "kept" press without a mind of our own. They censor everything we run. On the last issue they made us cut out "pressure groups" in one of the articles because they feared that the Native Sons of the Golden West would have their scalps if we even hinted that they were unAmerican. I was sore as hell and refused to change it (Freedom of the Press, hunch, hunch!) But they had their way. See what an axe over your head a salary can be? Gads, what would I do without those twelve silver pieces of silver? I should be a Judas and sell out my belief, but I rationalize and say that I can accomplish more by biding my time and being diplomatic. Being a reporter is not too bad; at least I get to meet all the interesting visitors and thus keep in touch with civilization. Last week I talked with Margaret Mead, who wrote "Coming of Age in Samoa", and George Stewart, who wrote "Storm", plus some professors from U.C. who are interested in our present plight (or should I say difficult situation?). It is encouraging to find that so many liberal forces in this counting are sufficiently concerned over the implications of this whole evacuation to take an active part in our future welfare. Democracy may not be perfect, but at least we can



seek to achieve it more fully and combat the fascistic elements which are creeping into our way of life not only on the world battlefronts, but right here in California under the cloak of patriotism.

The Nisei should align themselves more closely with these liberal democratic forces working with them to fight intolerance. They must remember that although evacuation in itself is not democratic, it was not a democratic force which inspired and carried it out.... and that this force is not representative of America. (Don't mind me, Deki, I was only giving Chas a pep talk!)

They finally got the WPA man out of the hospital division. He was a former Shumate Drug clerk and very incompetent. The medical staff had to work under a handicap of not having sufficient medicines on hand due to his ignorance--or stupidity. One of the house manager complained about the fact that they only had a camp chair for a dentist's chair (=propped up with boards) and wooden boxes placed on two by fours, for the new born babies. He made such a row that the Chief of Police came around and told him to tone down or else they would send him to a concentration camp with the other "agitators". (This is what is known as self-government). I'm certainly glad that we won't have the WPA administration with us in the relocation camps, I hope.

The house managers also put in a complaint about the rude attendant at the gate who signs the visitors in. This situation has been remedied, but the administration also warned the group that they would ~~xxx~~ clamp down on visitors if too many complaints

were made since other assembly centers did not have this privilege. I counted through the visitors list the other day and found that over 5,000 friends have come in to see the residents since May 14. This indicates that we still do have many friends on the outside. It also indicates that the Bay Area Japanese had more Caucasian contacts than other Japanese communities in the State.

How are things going with you, Deki? Certainly hope you are not overworking yourself. Chas misses you a lot, he says. Incidentally, you could do me a big favor if you could possibly send me 1 (one) package of camel cigarettes. I'm just dying for one of them because they never seem to have anything but cheap cigarettes in the Canteen. And, also send me a nice long letter, please. What more could a person want to make him happy?

Gratefully yours, and love

Charlie

(Forgive the lousy letter.)



(COPY)

June 28, 1942

Dear Deki,

Today was about the hottest day that we have had yet and everyone was sweltering. I suppose you are used to the heat now. In my glorious days of freedom, I used to be around Adeto in June and July and it really got hot. Here we can't go swimming or go into an air conditioned show--we just swelter. The girls have even got brave enough to wear shorts. I don't mind it much after all that wind, but some of those city people really suffer. They now go under the barracks and lay on the ground to seek relief.

I met an interesting lady this afternoon who was here visiting. She teaches case work at the U. of Washington. Her name is Mrs. Kimball and she has written a book on case work. She was formerly connected with Tulane University. Mrs. Kimball helped out during the evacuation up north and she told me a lot of her experiences. She was surprised to find out that we do not have a Social Work department here.

The days go by and nothing really important happens except the daily routine of camp life. The newspaper work is interesting, but it's more play than work and I don't feel that I am achieving anything constructive. It's supposed to be a morale builder, but the way we get censored and the lack of cooperation by the administration does not make our effort seem worth while.

I suppose a lot of these conflicts are going on under the calm surface of things. The chief doctor was sent to Tule Lake on one day's notice and the rumor goes that he was sent out because of difficulties with the administration. Two men were

recently taken out by the FBI for subversive activities, the employment office reports. And the Chief of Police quit because of difficulties with the Army, who thought that he was being too lenient with the residents. A search was made of all the barracks and all sharp tools, saws, and Japanese literature was taken up. Japanese x bibles were not taken. They didn't do too thorough a job since many of the people hid their tools. I don't blame them. They need them to build things around the stables.

Yesterday the precinct constitutional convention was held to pick a committee of 10 to draft the constitution and it was a farce. In our precinct, only 50 people turned up out of the almost 800 eligible. Only 5 or 6 nisei were present. The constitution for self government doesn't mean too much since only what the administration and the Army wants will go in. The latest ruling is that after July 1, no Issei may hold office or serve on a committee, which sort of eases them out of the picture as far as this camp is concerned. The new council is going to have its office in the grandstands near our office. We have plenty of neighbors now with all those school kids outside. Over 3,000 are now enrolled in classes. About 112 of the Nisei are now teachers in various branches of the education department. They still lack books, although a great many old texts are being donated by the outside school systems. My brother is now teaching social science in the Junior High School. Most of the teachers are Cal kids, with a sprinkling of Stanford, and State College people. They seem to be getting along fairly well in spite of the lack of training. But I would not like to see the Nisei in complete charge of the schools at the relocation



centers. Over 300 Issei have signed up for English classes and my father is about the oldest student in the place. The high school is the largest department with over 700 registered. Last week the first rally was held and my sister was selected as one of the yell leaders.

My other sister, Emiko, sang on the talent show last Thursday and did ok. That's about sums up the activities of me and my relatives for the past few days. How about you? Have you been very busy evacuating the few Japs still retaining their freedom? Kenny wrote me a letter and he says that he will probably be in the Fresno center by the end of the month. He is not going east to school after all. He should have gotten out while + he had the chance since it will not be so easy for students to leave once they are in camp.

Thank you very much for the cigarettes. They were certainly life-savers and I am enjoying every one of them down to the last puff. I had intended to write much sooner but was holding off in the hopes that you would write first, but I suppose you have been terriblyx busy so I shall break down first. Besides I don't like to have such a long silence. We get so little news about the outside as it is.

I haven't heard from Wang lately, but I gather that he is making good money and rather enjoying the experience. He says that they are treated fine and this compensates for the back breaking work. Haruo Najima left for Tule Lake last week and I suppose you already know that Shibutani is up there. They say that it is well there. Most of the people around here would

prefer to go there when we move, but I think we will end up in Colorado or some other god-forsaken hole.

Latest Jap custom to be taken up again is the "kifu". They come around and demand donations about four times a week for various appreciation parties. It's getting to be quite a racket. They collected about \$80 for the messhall workers party. The people~~at~~ can't afford to be donating all the time since they don't have much income. The council is trying to discourage the practice, but you know the Japanese.

Last Saturday the Army photographers came in to take official pictures and they set up their ~~xxx~~ kleig lights and yours truly was photographed by the movie camera along with the rest of the paper staff. You may touch me the next time you come!

The greatest need of the residents right now is laundry service and shoes. Shoes wear out very quickly around here because of the rough gravel. The administration wants to get old WPA machinery in so that we can fix our own shoes but they are not pushing it too hard. Clothing + needs are also developing. They plan to give out free script books shortly, but that will only take care of such things as toothpaste. I don't know what the residents will do for clothes after theirs wear out. I suppose the government will provide them.

The WCCA is compiling all the data from the various assembly camps at this center. They have about 11 girls up there in the social hall going through the social data sheets to assemble a master file of all the evacuated Japanese. It will probable take over a month to compile.



Well, I'm sleepy so will close for this time.

Sincerely,

Charlie