

May 27, 1942



CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, ARKANSAS

Dear Mrs. Thomas:

Received your air mail letter concerning a ^{contemplated} visit to my parents. I wanted to answer you immediately but unfortunately I was on guard duty and I could not be relieved for 24 hrs. Here I am back now and attempting to make that reply.

I can easily give you the answer to the 1st question. Her address is: Barrack 8, Apt. 47 (ite in the horse stall section I understand).

As for the second question however it will take some time for I would have to contact my mom first for an answer. I do believe, however, that she might not request anything (Oriental modesty, politeness). I do believe that she would appreciate almost any oriental dish, however, and no doubt you could not go wrong. I might suggest that she likes egg omelet (~~the~~ ^{the} Fuyo-ha), greens (vegetable dish), bean curd (tofu), etc. As for occidental foods, I'm not sure but I know definitely that she has a marked weakness for glives.

Whether you will be successful in your visit or not, I'm not sure. I will be deeply grateful for all you are doing nevertheless. I'm sure mom too will be very happy to see you again. If your gift scheme works out, I shall probably be overwhelmed.

Keeping my fingers crossed,

Sincerely,
Yuki

P.S. I have your for the bulletin. Glad to hear your financial trip was successful, you deserve it.



May 17, 1942

Dear Dr. Thomas:

CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, ARKANSAS

I thank you very much for the interesting letters and plans of President Sproul. They are highly encouraging although ^{just} how far they will materialize I'm rather dubious. Nevertheless, as I've already mentioned they are encouraging. Needless to say, such whole hearted efforts are deeply appreciated by us here. Actions like this and people like you give us the added hope and faith which I hope will carry us through.

I wrote mother of the nature of your trip to New York and your inability to see her off. I'm sure she understands. She knows your kindness is not superficial and deeply appreciates it. She wrote me to thank you for all you've done. Did I? Or haven't I gotten around to it? If not, I do so officially right now. I thank you very much Mrs. Thomas on behalf of my folks and myself too.

According to the letters I've been receiving life at Tanforan isn't exactly a "bed of roses". The people are making the best of the situation with good spirits however, and looking forward to the improvement of facilities which seem to be taking place daily. Although she didn't mention it I would guess that mom is having her greatest difficulty in the food and the rest rooms. She didn't eat too much at home anyway but she ate next to nothing before public gatherings. Besides, she ^{only} eats certain oriental dishes with any resemblance of an appetite.

As for the rest rooms she certainly must be constipated now for she wasn't very regular in her habits even at home. I remember well how she'd prefer to go constipated for a few days rather than use outhouses on camping trips, etc.

I guess in a matter of time she'll become ac-

customed to this new camp life but it is rather trying until that time I'd guess. I found it so in the Army. Adjusting oneself from civilian to military routine isn't easy at the beginning either. In fact I'm not sure that I'm fully adjusted even now.

As for myself, I'll be on my sixth week of training this week. It won't be long now and in a way I'm glad for we've been getting a lot of hikes with full field equipment lately including on night operations like in a pouring rain. Furthermore, I'll know more definitely what branch of the service I'll be assigned. It may also mean that I'll be eligible for a furlough after that date.

Hoping to hear the latest official "dope" of matters of interest to me, and of personal news of yourself,

Sincerely,

Yuhio Kawamoto

Enclosed:

Snap you requested.

~~Call to 219~~

PV'T YUKIO KAWAMOTO
39090824
~~CO. C~~ 66 BN. 14 REG'T
Co. C 2nd Platoon
CAMP ROBINSON, ARK.
(U.S. ARMY)

LITTLE ROCK
MAY 22
ARK.

POSTCARD

FREE
BUY
DEFENSE SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS
PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP
HERE

Mr. W. S. Thomas
2710 Garber
Berkeley, California

Dear Mrs. Thomas: 5/21/42

Just a card to inform you that I received word of "advice" from my mom concerning your contemplated visit.

She has written that visitors are not allowed on the grounds. The only means of contact is ~~with~~ a few words at the gates of the camp. I'm certainly strike grim, doesn't it? Concentration Camp?

I might also inform you that my training here may be completed sooner than the full 8 weeks. A group of men are going to leave this Sat. (5/23). Another on the 1st of June. myself? I don't know yet.

Sincerely,
Yulius

CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON • LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Idaho Mobile Camp #5
Rupert, Idaho

June 17-1942

My dear Master James--

I received your extremely unfunny letter the other day and after reading it with a great deal of indulgence, decided to postpone writing you for a few days to punish~~x~~ you ... and so the delay.

Your "I read your letter to Ch last night, and I must say it was a poor job of composition" reminds me of the Grammar~~x~~ian I had for a comp course once. He took the utmost delight in marking little curleycews and ??s and gr.s on my papers -- to correct minor details of structure, etc., which didn't change the composition materially, anyhow.

As I plainly said, I have sworn off playing poker, although I must admit I lost another dollar before I did. And today comes a fatherly bit of advice from Chas: "And you had better give up playing poker because you are a lousy player. Your facial attitudes and general emotionality ... give you away every time. You were just not cut out to be a gambler, so you had better leave it alone. Me too. James is still at it occasionally, but he is getting over the fever."

I should say that your "hypocritically yours" is typically collegiate. In fact, obviously so. Please try to be more subtle, James.

Say "hello" to Hiro for me, will you, and tell him that I've met a fellow Hawaiian here. He's Koji Ariyoshi -- U of Georgia School of Journalism grad --, was born in Hawaii, and attended the U of Hawaii with Hiro, whom he recalls as an "extremely intelligent" student.

The gentleman farmer~~x~~ is doing all right except for his tailbone ^{starting} aching to beat all hell about two minutes after starting time in the morning and continuing all day. He is not completely satisfied with his miserly salary of \$3 a day, but he derives ~~xxxxxxx~~ a sort of grim satisfaction from knowing~~ing~~ that the white collar prestige laborers at Tanfo are receiving but \$ 50 cents a day for their unproductive work.

Most of the fell ws are here to work; some want to have a "hell of a good time". The suk-suk houses of Burley, a town about 9 miles west of Rupert, are already doing rush~~x~~ business for the ~~kit~~ new trade, and ~~the~~ girls are said to be especially fond of the miniscule penises of the Japs. Rupert, of course, is clean, but Burley can be reached in a few minutes by bus, and there seem to be no restrictions on travel. So far. Perhaps the officials aren't "wise" as yet.

Just one more little detail. As you probably know, I am making money hand over fist. I am lousy with money. I have too much money. I have so much money I just don't know what to do with it. Now I know you have sustained some very severe losses playing poker. And being altruistically inclined, I of course cannot let such a situation stand. Therefore I am enclosing a (to be sure) small sum of \$4.00 with which you may do anything you like. And anytime you need anything like candy, prophylactics, Bibles, Shakespearan opuses, etc., just let me know, and I'll try my best to do what I can.

Wang.

Wang



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June 29, 1942 Monday
Idaho Mobile Camp #5
Rupert, Idaho

Dear Chas,

You underrate my WILL POWER, dear Chas. My poker playing days are over. Definitely. But I have a confession to make. I still do have my shirt left, thank God, and not my luck or my poker face.

Papa Kikuchi would be run into the ground if he came here and tried to make a living at 75 per. Local rate here is 35 (item for Ripley). Bread is 10 and 12 cents. Haven't you heard of the billions of pounds of excess wheat we have and which we are going to use to feed the postwar world? Other costs of living have not gone up much -- not enough to affect us, ~~much~~. ~~and~~ We have been paying about 50 to 70 cents a day for food, and we've been having steaks or chops every day. Typical menu: Breakfast--Bacon, two eggs sunny side up, toast, butter, coffee, sugar, cream, fried potatoes; Lunch--sandwiches, fruit, cupcake; dinner: porkchops, applesauce, peas and carrots, bread, tea, etc.

How hard do you work?" Are you kidding? Beet thinning (which is now over) is stoop labor that is stoop labor. You work so hard that most of the time you are ~~only~~ going on ~~your~~ guts. Sometimes you feel like crying, you hurt so much. It is axiomatic, in medicine, I think, that you begin to feel the affects of accidents, such as broken bones, years after the date of the actual accident. I remember once sitting down hard on the little bones at the tail end of my spinal column about three years ago. It hurt for about a week, and then I forgot all about it. Talk about the sins of the father ... the "sins" of the past are now catching up with me. That stoop labor really brings out that pain in the tail. But ... that's all over now.

The only spare time we have is on our days off. And since we've been discouraged by the low average rate of pay (about \$3.50 a day), we've been taking two and three days off a week. Of course we'll settle down "later", mañana. At any rate, on these days we usually spend the morning laundering, cleaning up, etc., and go to town in the afternoon. Some of the fellows go to the movies, see Sullivan's Travels, Twin Beds. Others Bowl. My highest score made in the fifth game I've played in my life: 182. Average: about 120. Then of course there are the teas and PTA meetings which are open to the public. However, the more sophisticated seem to always drift toward ~~extensive~~ Burley, a glittering city of evil about ten miles away, to play an interesting game called "Suk" by the Islanders. It is ~~sex~~ something like pok r. It seems it takes a pair to open, though often three of a kind may play in a hand known as Lucky Pierre. A full house always wins, and "Madam" always rakes in. The only straight that amounts to anything is Four Roses (two bits a throw), and flushes don't mean a thing as all colors in any suit are allowed. No discrimination, you see.

The camp has a recreation program, and now that we've moved to a CCC camp (about 4 miles to Burley now; address the same), a recreation hall and an education building. There are pool tables in rec hall, and easily improvised poker tables in ed.

We moved into this CCC camp yesterday, the first day I had been up since collapsing on the fields from a high fever*induced by a slight case of measles, and were quartered in army style barracks holding 43 men apiece. The place is complete with barber shop and swimming pool (though, like Tanforan, it has been too cool for pleasurable swimming).

I had to laugh and laugh when you asked "...what are you doing in your spare time..." and then, later, "don't try to tell me that you stay home and read books every

*To be perfectly honest, I didn't have a very high fever, nor did I collapse. However, I did feel like collapsing. Anyway, as Taro will tell you, the basic facts are true; and this way, it's more dramatic.

November 27, 1942
Mobile Unit # 5
Rupert, Idaho

Dear Chas.:

I've been topping beets and doing odd jobs for the past two months here in Rupert. The winter hay job blew up. We've been living out on a farm doing our own cooking, etc. Most beet hands have been living in camp about a mile and a half away.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving, and so we celebrated in the usual manner.

Dec. 1. Windy and cold as hell.

Two roast and two southern fried chickens. Cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, baked sweet potatoes, and, above all, a home atmosphere. And in the evening hitch-hiking in the snow (it had snowed all day -- my first white Thanksgiving) to Burley. It's easy to hitch-hike, and we had no trouble getting into town. Going back, we would take a taxi.

In town, it was raining, melting the freshly fallen snow. Johnny, a fellow from Manzanar, Kaz and I took in a movie -- Gable and Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find you". Sexplosive stuff. It was ten by the time we got out; and there is supposed to be a ten o'clock curfew which, however, no one seems to obey. There's a story, incidentally, behind that curfew.

After leaving the theatre, we stepped across the street to Queens Cafe, a chop suey joint operated by a Jap. Every night the place is over-run with Japs from the labor camp, remaining one of pre-Pearl Harbor Little Tokyo. Anyway, it was here at the Cafe that the trouble started that ended up with our having curfew slapped on us. It had happened about a week ago. It seems a trio of Filipinos with the backing of some of the tougher elements of the

local citizenry challenged friend Johnny to fight the battle of Bataan all over again. Johnny got in one good punch (according to his version), and then found himself looking at a knife in the hands of his adversary. Johnny was lucky, coming out with a superficial cut in his right arm. The local gendarmes refused to prosecute, their only step being to ship "Sonny/♯", the offending at-em-and-knife-'em artist, out of the neighborhood. (We learned "Sonny's" name under even steanger circumstances at an even stranger place. About this later.) The WRA apparently was looking the other way, since they didn't do anything about the matter.

We had had Thanksgiving dinner at 1 in the afternoon, and now finding ourselves hungry again, ordered Pork noodles, chow mein and other goodies. Somebody went to the "Calico Cat" and came back with a couple of half gallon bottles of Alt Heidleburg. But a gallon of beer doesn't last very long. Someone else returned with more. He also brought back a quart of G & W and a couple of teen aged chippies out looking for a cheap thrill. We'd seen them here at the Cafe before. Flossie and Bette. "Hotpants" we called them. Always willing to be friendly, but not go the limit. Flossie was dressed in a cheap black crepe dress and a frazzled purple and green checkered coat. She had a tinselled ribbon in her thick brown hair which she wore in a Ginger Rogers bob. White shoes that had not been cleaned for a week completed her attire. Bette's clothes were a little more pretentious, but just as gaudy. A plain black dress that showed her figure to admiration and an \$8.95 coat trimmed with an imitation fur. They were neither ugly nor pretty, but more than popular because they were "skirts" and the Jap boys were woman hungry.

By eleven we were all feeling high. The girls were getting hornier and hornier. They sang dirty songs with their cheap,

tinny voices, sounding not unlike those Burlesque choruses:

The first little maid from Canada
Said her ----- as big as the moon.

A man climbed up in December
And never came down 'till June.

Oh, tickle my tits and belly,
And smell of the slimy slew,
Rattle your nuts across my guts,
I'm one of the whorey crew.

Three of us got ut to leave. "Where ya goin'?" asked
Flossie. "To get more cornsqueezings," we lied.

We walked around the corner and upstairs the back way. Kay
knew us, and she let us in. "Awfully busy tonight," she said, "I'll
have to put you in the bathroom." We said that was okay with us.

Kay followed us into the bathroom and sat down with us. "Who
have you got tonight?" we asked.

"Only Sue and Jerry," Kay said, "Won't that be enough, honey?"

"What happened to Penny?"

"Penny's not here anymore."

"How come ...?"

"Oh, you know how it is. They get tired of the same hole
all the time."

"Like husbands?" we cracked.

"Yeh. You'd be surprised how many married men come up. There
was one fellow from that labor camp who sent his wife back east, he
got that stuck on Penny, He told her he was in love with her, and
Penny got so afraid she wouldn't go into a room with him. You know
how they get. She was afraid he'd pull something funny." Kay told
us how this guy had sent his wife and kid back and had asked his wife

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for a divorce. Seems he had a white wife, she had just had a baby, and from last reports, was expecting another one and had written back to her husband that if he didn't call off the divorce, she would kill herself. We recognised the fellow from what Kay told us. I'd known him in Los Angeles. He had been drunk continuously for about a month. The ppor bastard had gotten himself into more trouble than he could handle. He was a quiet, sensitive guy who always struck me as one who didn't belong in any crowd. He was well educated, could speak and write both English and Japanese fluently, and was, above all, well mannered. He had been with us for a while out at the hay ranch, and he used to tell us that the only reason he'd gotten married was because he had "knocked up" the girl and had to take the trip. He was at once a polished gentleman, a drunkard, a boastful adolescent, and a nenotic case. I think that thing that bothered him most was that he fancied himself as a persecuted Jap living under the fluctuating good and ill graces of white people. He told me once that as long as Japanese lived in America, they would have to expect discrimination.

I was thinking about this guy, and wasn't paying attention to Kay, who had gone babbling on. Now she was saying, "I remember a Filipino who got stuck on one of my girls. In Sacramento. He tried to kill her. You can't turst them. They're treacherous."

"We thought only Japs were treacherous."

"Well, I don't know. There's a Filipino named Sonny who always comes up here, but I won't let him in. He's always trying to start trouble, getting into some kind of fracas all the time.

"And anyway, he comes up with a couple of white boys, and I can't let him in. I tell him I'm too busy, and he says, 'Yeh, you busy with Jap boys.' I tell him there's nothing wrong with Japanese

boys. They're American born. I'm Russian, but I'm American, too. 'You like Jap boys,' Sonny says, and I tell him, 'Sure, I do.' And boy, if looks could kill, I'd be dead now."

"Is Sonny still around," we asked.

"No, he doesn't come around anymore. I think he got into some sort of 'fracas', and so he had to leave town." And so this had been the fate of our knife artist friend.

Back at the Cafe, the drinking bout was still going strong. One of the girls was dancing with a Jap to the tune of "Jukebox Saturday Night". A quiet step called the "Idaho shag". A fellow named N had the other back in the corner of a booth feeding her a line and plying her with G&W. She would drink a little whickey, make a face, splutter, and down half a goblet of water. She kissed N with wet blubbery lips. Then looking up and spying Johnny, she called to him. "Come on over and have a little fun," she said, "Don't stand there looking so solemn." Johnny laughed and said he was all right where he was. N took advantage of the interruption to excuse himself for the moment to go to the "can" in the back room. She wasn't there when he got back. Her brother had come for her and she had left, unsteadily. Johnny and the other girl, Flossie, were dancing, and N looked at them enviously, and, I thought, wolfishly.

I went outside to get a breath of fresh air, walking around the block, and when I got back, there was an after-theatre crowd of white people in the Cafe. Flossie had deserted her Jap friends and was making merry with two corn-fed lads.

Johnny, Kaz and I went to an unoccupied booth to shoot the bull. Presently N left his seat and walked toward us. He was drunk.

"Johny," he said, "I got it all figured out. I don't want you to come here anymore."

"Wait a minute ..."

"I got it all figured out," N interrupted. "You're the cause of all the trouble here tonight. If I ever catch you here again, I'm going to knock your block off. Understand? Understand?" Apparently, N resented the girls' attention to Johny. Johny said he understood. But N wouldn't let it go at that. He grabbed Johny's arm, leading him outside.

"Come on out to the alley," he said, "I'm going to knock hell out of you." We followed them outside and they vanished into the alley.

Pretty soon N came back alone. He was cussing. "That chicken shit bastard," he was saying, "he ran away. I've been in a lot of fights with that San Pedro gang, but none of them ran way like that damned Johny."

N's friend said, "Why don't you ~~forget~~ forget it. You're drunk."

"I know I'm drunk," he said, "and that's why I'm going to beat him up. Tomorrow I'll be sober, and I'll be a gentleman. But tonight I'm drunk and I'm going to beat him up." They hustled him off to a taxi, and left.

Johny appeared, walking back nonchalantly.

"That bastard went and pulled a knife on me," he said, "so I turned tail and ran like hell. I've been stabbed once before, and I don't want to be knifed again." It was 2 in the morning.

Life here is not just working, eating and sleeping as you've probably gathered already from what I've written. The thing I like best is that we're freer than we've been since Pearl Harbor. We're

Page 7.

free to do anything but travel back to California -- and no one seems to want to go back there. The people of Idaho are twice as friendly as those back on the coast.

For the past two weeks I've been sitting around doing nothing except waiting for my transfer to Cody to come through; though when it's not snowing or raining, I've been helping farmer Vailes put up his machine shed. Most of the volunteer workers from Eden, Manzanar and Tanforan have gone back to the centers, only a skeleton crew of about 75 remaining. More are due to leave for Manzanar today. The camp manager hopes to keep at least fifty boys in camps, so that the workers next spring will have a well organized place to come back to.

A letter from Pierre. The guy has fallen in love; and it seems he had a terrific struggle tearing himself away from his beloved to continue his education in Philly. No intellectual friendship, this. Pierre hints that there are physical feelings involved, and even goes as far as to talk about marriage. He says she is "pure and virtuous". Personally, I think marriage would bring together the loose ends in Pierre's life. But I would be the last person to Beatrice Fairfax Pierre into marriage.

Please keep yourself purer than ever to atone for my sins.

(S) Wang

P.S. Give my "love" to Sacheko. She's a sweet kid.

Charlie:

In some ways it seems strange that the problem of the Japanese would bring us together again. The days of the Young Democrats seem many years ago in light of what is happening today. Yet what we were fighting for in those days hangs in precarious balance. Archie informed me via letter this week that the local branch of the NLG was going to ask the National Office to delve into the Japanese problem and that therefore you wanted some information. I don't know what aspect of the problem the NLG would be interested in, but some of the facts that I have may prove helpful to your organization.

Now the material that I give you will relate only to the temporary resettlement phase of the Japanese in the San Francisco Bay Area who were evacuated to the Tanforan Assembly Center in San Bruno, California. I will try to give you a picture of the Assembly Center since its inception a month ago by categorizing my observations into the following six divisions: Camp Administration, Physical Facilities, Food, Services, Education and Recreation and Morale.

Camp Administration

The administrative personnel of this Center is in the hands men who were formerly with the WPA. The whole Northern California regional office was almost moved intact to manage this Center. Mr. Lawson who was formerly head of the Northern California Regional office of the WPA is the manager and Mr. Geo. Greene is in charge of the community welfare dept. The management is shot full of men who haven't the least conception of the problems facing the group. None of them ~~xxx~~ have the courage and foresight to initiate anything along constructive lines nor do they have a proper sense of social values. They realize that their hands are tied in a way since they are ~~xxxx~~ under the jurisdiction of the Army. The important Americanization program wasn't given much consideration. A flag raising and the singing of God Bless America seems to satisfy the Americanization problem as far as the ~~xxxxxxx~~ management is concerned. Other like problems are treated in the like manner.

The guest situation is deplorable. They have to wait in a long line outside on a dusty highway sometimes for nearly two hours before they are permitted in and when they are in they are allowed only an hour to visit. ~~xxxxxxx~~ there are no chairs for the guests and no privacy. They are not ~~xxxxxx~~ permitted to come to our stalls or barracks. At the present time the guests are allowed to bring in food, but I hear that in the near future that privilege will be taken away.

Wading through red tape ~~xxxxxxx~~ and the bureaucratic set-up is a terrific ~~xxxxxx~~ and a great obstacle to camp morale. The red tape one has to confront scares anyone from initiating anything which would prove helpful to life in camp. A ~~xxxxxx~~ somewhat subtle form of censorship is clamped down on the group. Guest aren't allowed to take any thing printed or written out of camp. There are no telephone or wire facilities for the residents in camp. Any information which ~~xxxxxx~~ emanates from this center ~~xxxxxxx~~ gets out only via mail. It looks a little suspicious when our friends haven't been getting our mail on time, ~~but~~ sometimes ~~xxxxxxx~~ as much as a week late. Newspapers are sold but no magazines or periodicals. Everything that goes into the ~~xxxxxx~~ camp newspaper is censored. Anykind of printed matter has to be ~~xxxxxx~~ passed upon before it can be circulated even petitions. No large meetings can be held without the approval of the administration.

The management is very closed mouth about ~~information~~ giving out information of anykind. It was only last week that the manager gave out information regarding wages and hours, ~~xxxxxx~~ approximately 10 after the story broke in the metropolitan press.

*miss machine
confidential*

subject

The announcement of the wages ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ that would be paid the evacuees was a big blow to morale. The least that they expected was the amount that would be paid to the American soldier, \$21 per month. The work classifications that are going to be used are the ones used by the WPA which is obsolete in many respects. When payday comes around there undoubtedly will be plenty of grumbling and misunderstanding.

The inevitable sex problem is not being faced by the management. They haven't paid too much attention to it. There are approximately 2000 single men over the age of 18. Of this number about 500 are alone without any families. On the other side you have ~~xxxx~~ many single women, but most of them are living with families. Since there ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ isn't any privacy, rape cases may become numerous.

A ~~xxxx~~ month has passed since the first busload of evacuees were dumped into Tanforan, but nary ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ an official word from the management about instituting self government. At the present we have a temporary council of four who no more represent the people than I represent Herbert Hoover, acting in ~~xxx~~ an advisory capacity. They have no say in formulating policies. It seems that the local administration has some prejudice ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ which hasn't been as yet fully explained against social workers. Many times one gets the impression that the management thinks that they handling all men by some of their ~~xxxxxxxx~~ actions. It seems that they forget that women and small children, old people and the disabled and sick are involved and that they all need ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the individual attention of a well trained social worker.

Food

During the first week the food situation was in a mess. There wasn't a kitchen staff to prepare and serve it and the diswashing ~~staff~~ wasn't adequately staffed. The quantity and quality of the food was far below the standards set up by the health dept. as were the sanitary facilities in the kitchen. As the days progressed and the local mess halls began to open the situation was alleviated and everything became much better. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Still at the present time the quantity and the quality of the food could be improved upon. Milk and butter as well as fresh vegetables and meat need immediate attention. All 17 kitchens with the exception of one have the cafeteria method of dishing out food. The exception instituted a family style service. It seems that the administration is in favor of the cafeteria method, but again in this instance the management doesn't realize that they have to feed little children as well as able bodied men. It's too much to ask little children to stand in line for food. Special food for the babies as well food for the sick is insufficient. Kitchen facilities are limited and the utensils as well as the serving dishes are ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ short in number.

There have been rumors going around camp that we were not getting the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ food that the army set aside for us. The man in charge of the commissary dept for the first two weeks was relieved of his duties some ~~xx~~ say because of some petty graft. I haven't as yet checked up on this item as yet.

Physical Facilities

The Army did a wonderful job as far as the physical facilities are concerned considering this only to be a temporary center. It is almost unbelievable how they converted the old horse stables into half decent living quarters. Most of them are quite comfortable. The pre-fabricated houses are also ~~quite~~ comfortable although they haven't quite the privacy of the horse stables, but since they are new they are much cleaner. We have army style cots ~~with~~ not all of us have cotton ~~xxxxxxxx~~ padded

mattresses.

At first the people were complaining about the cold since the houses were not insulated and stoves weren't provided, but it seems that they have become ~~xxxxxxx~~ somewhat use to the weather. More heaters could be provided for those ~~xxxx~~ houses which have children. The electric power which runs through our aparts doesn't have the capacity to take on electric hot plates and such. It just enough to to keep our lights and radios going. We have to go to the laundry in order to make some tea or coffee in order not to blow out the fuse.

It seems that the army forgot that we needed more than a roof and a bed to keep us comfortable, because they neglected completely to build shelves etc. The first residents found enough scrap wood to build shelves but the later ones lost out. The laundry facilities are perhaps the most satisfactory of most anything in camp. Large tubs for washing and ~~x~~ rinsing are provided. The lack of enough hot water hampers washing as well as bathing ~~xxxx~~ Street light are not as yet provided nor are tele-phones located around camp. Most of the roads are quite dusty and during the rains we have ~~x~~ quagmires all around the center.

Education and Recreation

Since we have an administrative personnel which is not conscious of the ~~problemsxfacingxthexgroup~~ social and political problems facing the group ~~thaxxhaxxax~~ the progressives ~~xxxxxxx~~ do not receive any ~~encouragementxfraxxhxaxx~~ encouragement or cooperation from the top on problems of educational policy, forums, camp newspaper etc. In fact we have been hampered by a visionless bureaucracy. As I have said before the problem of Americanization is not being faced realistically or courageously.

started

Nursery school and the primary schools have already been ~~started~~ and high school ~~x~~ classes will begin this week. The teachers are being recruited from the residents in the Center. Though most of them have ~~had~~ not had any teacher training. Since this is only an temporary center any sort of extensive formal education is entirely out of the question. Teaching personnel is limited, infact we have only three people in the entire camp who have teaching credentials and ~~x~~ even those aren't too intelligent. With the lack of personnel we haven't the facilities and the materials such as books and paper etc. We have a library but it isn't adequate at all. Contact has been made with the San Mateo County library and the various schools around the Bay Area for books, but as yet books are scarce as hen's teeth.

Taking into consideration the temporary nature of this site no form of college education or vocational training can be attempted. May be you may be interested to know that the Friends Service Committee of America ~~is~~ has been officially designated by ~~the~~ the War Relocation Authority to find means ~~ix~~ for the Japanese college students to finish up their college education in insitutions outside the military areas. I don't know exactly know how much funds they have at their disposal, but I know it isn't enough. If you are fimilar with the employment picture of the Japanese ~~off~~ the West Coast you will see that we haven't hardly any skilled trades men in the group. Since this is the ~~x~~ situation vocational ~~x~~ training is vitally necessary in the Relocation center. I hope the WRA will ~~ix~~ follow the pattern of the NYA or the CCC in setting up vocational projects ~~ixxthexxxxx~~ so that kids can be trained for defense jobs both in and outside of the relocation centers.

The recreation program is going along in full swing ^{even though we} have the supplies and facilities ~~with no credit due to the Administration~~

We have an art dept which is doing a bang-up job. It is headed by Mr. Obata, formerly an instructor at the University of California. The Kids seems to have a knack for this sort of stuff and they go at it with all their heart. We classes in modeling, cartooning, water colors etc. Throughout the Center are located local recreation halls which have games for the kiddes and adults, ping pong tables magazines etc. We have a talent show every Thursdays nite, the script for which is censored. Dances are held once a week in the main recreation hall and sometimes in the the local halls. We have a music appreciation nite every week and a town hall meeting whose subject is censored.

Along with the above we have a fairly well developed sports program of softball, badminton basketball and football. We have a baseball league and the games are well attended. ~~There~~ There is in the process of formation a center swing band which will play at the coming dances as well as a drum and bugle corps which takes over during the patriotic ceremonies such as Memorial Day and Flag day. A Building has been set aside so that students may practice their instruments.

Most of the recreational program is directed towards the younger generation so naturally the adults are almost completely left out. Last week a Japanese program was put on for the benefit of the oldsters and it was well attended. Some of the ~~Japanese~~ residents have brought along with them Goh boards and button and are occupied playing this ~~game~~ game. This game was publicized in Life magazine a couple of weeks ago. Since most of the men were idle they began to play cards both the Japanese and American type. A couple of weeks back a group of eight were arrested and sent to the San Mateo county jail. It's funny by the County authorities have jurisdiction in ~~the~~ this Army camp. The men were released after a night. It seems that the men liked it at the jail because they were fed good steaks etc. all at the expense of the Army.
Q Can you beat that!

After cutting an almost never ending ~~amount~~ amount of red tape we finally got out a center newspaper. ~~It~~ It seems that one of the members of the temporary advisory council whispered into the ear ~~of~~ of the camp manager that the paper was in the hands of those dirty "Reds" so that explains the red tape and the strict censorship. Can we help it if the kids who had some experience in the newspaper racket happened to be a little ~~more~~ progressive? The Old Guard thought they smelled a rat when the newspapers at Manzanar and at Santa Anita and Tanforan fell into the ~~hands~~ hands of the progressives.
here

The ~~religious~~ religious champions are ~~now~~ in full force. ~~There~~ ~~are~~ the Buddhist, Protestant, Catholic and Seventh Day Adventist churches have been established and they are quite well attended. The Protestant church has been ~~given~~ given permission to have outside speakers come in and lecture.

Services

a fruitful

The conditions at the camp hospital seem to be ~~the~~ source of ~~the~~ camp gripes. The facilities are limited as are the supplies and the personnel. There are about 8 doctors of which only four are fully fledged ^{and} We have about 4 or five registered nurses and a few ~~nurses~~ nurse's aides. That is the ~~hospital~~ hospital staff which serves the 8000 residents here in camp. The bureaucrat in charge of the ~~hospital~~ hospital is a Gee by the name of Wolfen who is reputed to have been a dental clerk for ~~of~~ Painless Parker. The infirmary staff made it so hot for him ~~so~~ that ~~for~~ he is almost completely out of the picture. Since the supplies and facilities are so limited the residents are not given satisfactory attention.

We have a few optometrists and a couple of dentists but they haven't got the equipment. The cases which can't be handled here are sent to the San Mateo County hospital. Since the first day approximately 18 babies

have been delivered. One ~~kind~~ premature death occurred due to lack of an incubator. Three ~~thyroid~~ shots and two smallpox vaccinations have been given to every resident. ^{with} Last week they started to give diphtheria injections to all of the youngsters.

The camp canteen was another sore spot as far as complaints were concerned. At first cigarettes and candy soft drinks etc were sold but the stock was soon exhausted and for a long while only newspapers were sold. The stock has been replenished but it ~~xxx~~ doesn't fulfill the needs of the residents. As far as drugs and personal effects are concerned only sanitary napkins are sold. Initially the sales were on a cash basis, but now each resident has to buy a scrip book for \$2.50 in order to buy a newspaper and this scrip is not redeemable in U.S. currency. ~~Many of the residents~~ The sales at the canteen go on the average of \$200-\$300 per day. ~~It~~ When we first came here we were under the general impression that the profits of the canteen would go to buy supplies for the Recreation dept., but later we discovered that ~~the profits~~ we were being deluded. The management ~~did not tell us where the profits were going~~ kept us in the dark until last week when they made a belated announcement that the profits were going to the U.S. Treasury. ~~There were quite a few complaints by the residents because~~ The residents kicked up a big fuss about the profits and talk of forming their own cooperative store was heard in many quarters, but the management nixed that. It seems that there isn't any uniform price for merchandise sold at the canteens in the various assembly centers. We hear that Cigarettes are 13¢ at Santa Anita whereas it is 15¢ here etc.

Since ~~that~~ the camp store was not supplied sufficiently, the guests are bringing in tremendous supplies of food clothing etc. for their friends in camp. During the first month \$1000 per day of money orders were made out at the local post office and sent to mail order houses ~~for~~ for one thing another. That is a huge sum when you consider that the residents are not being paid.

Community services such as barber shops, shoe repair shops, laundry agencies etc. are very conspicuous by their absence and their need is badly felt. It's lucky that some of the barbers brought along their own equipment and are able to give haircuts, but ~~no~~ no shops have been setup by the management.

The policing of the grounds is in the hands of the management. During the first few weeks Japanese policemen patrolled the grounds. We had a chief of police for about a month who was formerly an inspector of race tracks. This man Arnold ~~is~~ was transferred to the Merced Assembly center. He knew no more about policing courtesy than I knew about the fourth dimension and created much ill-feeling with the residents and with the guests. We have a fire crew which is continually being trained by a Caucasian ~~fire~~ fire chief. We have a branch of the San Bruno post office located in the center and at the present time it seems to be functioning o.k.

Morale

This subject is one which is very difficult to dwell upon ~~in~~ in a short letter. But I can say this much, that the morale of the group is higher than can be expected. I think the newspaper publisher was right when he said that 30% of the people were loyal 40% disloyal and the other 30% opportunists waiting for the chips to fall where they may at Manzanar. I believe that this is the situation here at Tanforan.

We have a sharp conflict of ideas and attitudes between the first and second generation elements. This is to be expected since there exists a cultural difference. For the whole relocation program to be a success, the fundamental basis of the conflict has to be eliminated

i.e. some of the ~~xxxx~~ minds cannot be oriented towards Tokyo and some towards Washington; they ~~xxx~~ should all be directed towards Washington. To accomplish this end we must have a strong educational program geared to the whole relocation program.

The ~~xxx~~ seems to be a lack of consciousness on part of the management and the majority of the residents that there is a total war being fought outside these barbed ~~xxx~~ wire fences, therefore local problems become paramount and are not ~~xxxx~~ viewed with the right perspective. The second generation

Dear James:

The nurse just brought in your letter, and since both reading and writing are hard on my eyes, I'll have to make this as brief as possible.

Rocky Mt. spotted fever is a hell of a thing to catch because it is fatal in about 80% of the cases (and so, of course, all of us were offered shots when we first arrived). But I didn't think I would have one chance in a million of getting bit by the sheep tick that carries the disease, and so I let it ride.

The other day, what I thought was an overgrown ant bit me. Tuesday I felt sick as hell; but you can't quit in the middle of the day and tell the boys you've got to lie down and rest because you've got a headache and a fever.

By evening, I was feeling groggy and weak on the underpinnings. Back at camp, taking off my shirt, I glanced down at my arms, saw a number of little, odd spots, and froze all over. For a moment, I felt myself looking death right in the face, and it wasn't a pleasant feeling. I remembered people saying, "It's 80% fatal.... two people have died already."

The nurse at the clinic didn't say anything when I walked in and said I had some funny spots on my arms. Instead, she reached for the phone, called the Doc, told me to take a hot shower, get into bed, and wait for Doc. I didn't dare ask her what was wrong with me.

I kept reassuring myself that it was something I had eaten. Two or three times, my mind would wander off and I would start thinking about dying. I didn't want to die, I said to myself, I'm too young for that. I haven't even lived yet.

The fellows in the next tent were talking: he shoulda taken those shots. He's gonna die, isn't he, if he didn't take those shots? I wondered how I would look in a coffin...I dismissed the thought. I feared death; I was afraid to die....

The Doc finally came in looking grave. He examined my chest. It, too, was covered with those terrible spots. He peered down my throat using his pocket flashlight.

"Do you have pains in your chest?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I don't know where you were exposed to it," he said, "but shall we call it--measles?"

And so measles it was. Christ, what a relief! At any rate, I'll be laid up for about a week or ten days. No reading.

More later,

Wang

P. S. It was an overgrown ant!

Dr. Dorothy S. Thomas
University Of California
Berkeley, California

Dear Dr. Thomas:

The airmail special that Mari Okazaki had sent me telling me of your project was postmarked May 22 in San Francisco but I did not receive it until last night! It is typical of the inefficiency caused by the confusion still apparent here.

Your "Memorandum to Observers and Collaborators" that Mari sent me together with her explanations of the work involved interests me very much because I have been seeking some way through which the time spent in the center would not become a period of suspended animation, in the case we could not get out of camp and back into a normal community where we could face and cope with the common problems that assail people today. The prospect of existing in an abnormal community, insulated from the rest of the world, did not appeal to us at all.

However in a project such as your study survey outlines, I would feel that I was making some contribution to a true evaluation and record that would help to promote and progress our appreciation of the significance attendant to this migration. The two months that I have already lived in Manzanar have shown the changes in attitudes and adjustments among the people here since the institution of this center.

Mari suggested that I present an outline of my background. She has already told you of my non-citizenship status. I was born in Yanai, Japan on July 4, 1916. The birthdate is ironical, isn't it? Mother was a school teacher at that time and dad a Methodist minister. I was the first born. After a sister and brother were added to the family, we left Japan in 1921. We stopped over in Hawaii for a year so that it wasn't until 1922 that I set foot in San Francisco.

Since coming here, dad has been a minister most of the time - and being a Methodist minister at that, we did a lot of travelling in California. Consequently schooling and friendships were frequently disrupted during the first decade. In 1929 we had been in southern California a year, mother was again teaching school when she became ill and had to enter a sanatorium. We moved to a small foothill community, Sierra Madre. Dad had to leave us too then, so I lived with American friends in their home, while my brothers and sisters were placed in orphanages.

As soon as I could I had to go to work and although my parents were discharged in 1933, I continued to work in various Pasadena homes while going to Pasadena schools. In 1936 I had to leave school - Pasadena Junior College, a few months prior to possible graduation, in order to go to work to try to support the family. Work conditions were not suitable so I in turn became ill and spent six months in the sanatorium. Following my discharge, our family went to West Los Angeles where dad received a parish. But I became ill again and had to return, this time for a twenty-six months period before they decided I had enough of a lead on the tb bug.

During that period my interests in social disintegration that seemed to be indicated in Munich and subsequent events were fortified by reading of provocative books and correspondence with such men as Norman Thomas and Louis Adamic. Radio programs induced me to keep in touch with Town Hall. Those years were valuable.

After I came out I followed up the leads developed during my convalescence. I met Adamic, Thomas, Villard; looked into the Socialist party and joined first the Ypsels and later the party; found the Fellowship of Reconciliation and joined it. The newspaper columning that I had begun while I was in bed led me into a temporary editor's chair on a Los Angeles Japanese vernacular newspaper. This developed into a opportunity to join the English section editors of the Japanese American News in San Francisco.

The explosion of the war through the suspension of the paper threw me into the Japanese American Citizens League for which I had been the press agent. The first month and a half seemed to produce worthwhile efforts to ameliorate the confusion brought on by the war that outweighed the periodic more blatant utterances of the JACL. But the JACL promotion became dominant and together with what I believed to be its short-sighted policy, I left that work. They were glad to see me go too because my alien status was a constant threat of embarrassment to them. I started to work with the FOR youth office in Berkeley but soon the newspapers carried stories and pictures of the evacuation that had been started. When pictures appeared of their arrival in Manzanar, I thought it was time to go home and see what could be done about getting the family out of the mess. I had an idea about going back to Yellow Springs, Ohio.

When I came home Wednesday the family informed me that they had already made arrangements to go voluntarily to Manzanar. They were afraid to go out and preferred to accept the refuge the government was offering. I was offered a chance to go to New York to work with A. J. Muste in the FOR office there. Fare had been arranged and the travel permit secured when the WCCA manager in Los Angeles talked with me for an hour and convinced me that I should first go to Manzanar and observe conditions at first hand of what the evacuees went through before going back to aid in the individual rehabilitation efforts. So I came. Investigation here soon showed that the inquiry as to how I could leave was answered by a flat no.

Soon after my arrival here I was summoned to help in the inauguration of a center newspaper. With a half dozen others and the public relations director we produced the Manzanar Free Press - the name the choice of Bob Brown, our chief. At first a bi-weekly, it is now issued every other day. I had not been too happy to work on the paper because it was too obviously a morale building instrument as well as a medium to give those outside a flattering picture of the center. So I applied for a release from the editorial board. This was not completely granted. At present I am supervisor of the cub reporters, instructing them in newswriting technique and giving me an opportunity to impress them with the responsibilities of a medium through which public opinion is moulded.

When I first came here, the almost total absence of any criticisms, but rather an effusive feeling of gratitude for this haven, discouraged me. Even the ones who had once been critical had apparently suspended their judgement for the duration and expressed pleasure at the benevolence of a government that provided them with food and shelter. There were grumblings about the menu - beans and hash, meal after meal. The dust winds was cause for murmurings. Housing accommodations in "basic structures" that were not dustproof or soundproof and in which seven to eleven were expected to use a room so that several families had to share a single room sometimes with evident behavior problems caused some concern.

But all the concern was for their physical well being. They were not cognizant of the more pertinent moral and spiritual values which were at stake. They were not so disturbed at their loss of free action. They had succumbed to an impulse to save their own skin for what paltry value it had without giving a thought that in running into this "haven", they abandoned the rights and privileges for which they had been entrusted to preserve and develop.

However recently there has been a gradual change. People are becoming resentful of having to stay cooped in their rooms, fugitives from the dust storms. Those who are working are becoming alarmed because though some of them are beginning their third month as the original volunteer workers they have yet to see a cent in wages. Others are awakening to the need for community activity, definite projects which will use the efforts and energy of children as well as adults. Some with whom I have talked have declared that there is no use in trying to gloss over the fact that this is a concentration camp. One has stated that if a survey was to be taken and responses given honestly, half of the camp would indicate that at the conclusion of the war they would want to return to Japan. That is a statement too terrific and I should find some other corroboration before passing it on even to you. But these things indicate the change in attitude.

The administration has sponsored a "self-governing" policy and as a step in this direction they have sought popular elections for block leaders. But the most significant aspect is that these meetings are in large part attended by the issei and kibe and not the nisei. This last group which had considered themselves citizens and sometimes had boasted of the consequent superiority in status over their alien parents are now a subdued disillusioned lot of cynics.

It's going to take a lot of direction and effort to re-establish their faith in a cause which they believe lost. Some wise administrator in San Francisco has the idea of placing these centers on a co-operative basis. They want to establish co-op stores and use co-op methods to progress community intercourse. But on the other hand we have this "Voluntary Work Corps" staring us in the face. The alternative is not pleasant for apparently at this writing "voluntary" enlistment will be the prerequisite to any participation in community projects. Yet because the work corps is such a complete abdication of personal rights, even those who had not given these things much thought heretofore are rebelling. Of course there are the pink-eyed optimists who see god-like generosity in all of these measures.

In such a closely closeted manner of living as we have here, it is next to impossible to attempt any private living. The actions of everyone is subject to scrutiny by his neighbors. The non-soundproof partitions make you an audience to your neighbor's life involuntarily. We have had four marriages to date. The administration is offering these couples temporary privacy in a single room, but they cannot expect to keep that for some rooms are carrying a load of eleven persons. While we had empty barracks and hay stacks where mattresses were made, there were opportunities for those with easily rationalized morals. Today they are forced to greater ingenuity.

One other thing worthy of comment here is that as regards the JACL vs. the people, the JACL is a much discredited organization. Its leaders have not been able to succeed to similarly responsible positions here. Because the JACL leaders held out and remained outside and were among the last to come in, the former "outs" had come in first and taken over the positions of responsibility. Especially among the southern California folk, the response to the Citizens League was not as complete as that in San Francisco. They have seen that bald flag-waving has availed them nothing. It is possible that faith can be re-instilled among the diffident majority.

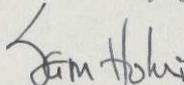
To have the opportunity to record this possibility with scientific accuracy is a work that appeals greatly to me. I suppose after the war is over I can have a report, even though it be second hand, from many sources as to how the consequences of war rigors were met in normal communities. This endeavor to observe analytically the growth or disintegration of a people is an appalling thought, yet it is provoking.

Mari has said that Tule Lake has been chosen as the center to study. I wish it could be Manzanar because I have developed a certain amount of pride, if such a thing is possible. This is the first center and we seem to have the first licks at any

propositions or problems that arise. We have had an administration that is sympathetic and cooperative in its restricted way. The top offices have had a change in occupants since the transfer of the center from the WCCA to the WRA. However our new head, Roy L. Nash, has told us he was at one time - prior to the last war - executive secretary of the NAACP. That might mean a lot, it might mean very little. Men can change in a generation as is well attested by legions of living examples today.

However if Tule Lake is the choice, I would go there without any hesitance. Since reading Mari's letter and your memo over last night several times, I have been thinkingg over its implications. I want to be with Mari as soon as possible. I know Mari is well fitted for this sort of work and would enjoy it. So would I - enjoy it - my background is not particularly brilliant. I would feel it an honor to have this chance to work with you and be under your supervision. Mari and I can work as a team though I suppose this job is more actually hers than mine. There is one provision: I hope it will be possible to skirt the enlistment in the Work Corps and work independently of it. I'm not sure whether any larger compensation is permissible than that determined by the WRA. But these are all details that can be ironed out after we have a chance to talk it over with you - if you decide to accept us.

Sincerely yours,



Sam Hohri

Dear Miss Galbraith:

I had hoped to write immediately after receiving your letter Tuesday - but I was not able to see either Fred Tayama or Kiyoshi Higashi that evening. Although I have left the Free Press for further freedom to observe more of what was going on among the inmates than was possible to know in the administrative offices, I was subsequently corralled to help Larry Collins and Lee Poole ^{to} start putting this camp on a co-op basis.

That wasn't quite so bad but now I've accepted "temporary" temployment as an interviewer for the WRA census to be taken in all of these centers. I will be working with 24 others here. I accepted the work because it was only temporary and they needed interviewers - and I thought even though the data gathered from the questions were to be regarded as confidential, I might discover leads that I could follow through on my own hook for our work. I hope that line of reasoning is tenable.

But this assignment involves class instruction that goes on even in the evenings and might take more time than I had counted on giving to it. All of this has forced me to delay writing to you.

I have started to gather the data you requested on property losses of Japanese in Southern California. Because I am understood to be writing to a number of people in reporting the effects of evacuation, the securing of the needed data will not be so difficult. I already have leads and have the expressions of cooperation from the ones who can provide me with material; not only Tayama and Higashi, but Togo Tanaka and Tad Uyeno (editorial staff of the Rafu Shimpō), Joe Masaoka (brother of Mike) and others.

Over this week-end I hope to have the information completed and will send them on to you as soon as possible. There is one sidelight to the losses incurred. The evacuees from Terminal Island are among the largest groups from any single locality that have been moved here. The bitterness of these people and their sensitiveness about any glossing over of the causes for evacuation is most evident here for these are the people who were victimized the most as a consequence of their 48 hours notice to vacate their homes, following assurances of having much longer time. ✓

For your leads in and around Tulare county, I am sure that Mari will be glad to provide you with leads. Saburo Kido, national president of the JACL, is caught in that evacuation as is Sim Togasaki in Tulare, who had moved his Mutual Supply company from San Francisco that he might carry on his business during the war. We lived in Dinuba for a while many years ago and Rev. K. Imai of the Japanese Methodist church there may be able to give you some data. Dad was planning to go there upon his release from Ft. Missoula but he came here instead this week.

I have met Dr. Genevieve Carter, who has come here to be our superintendent of public education, and she and I both wish to be remembered to Dr. Thomas. She has offered me her help in compiling data for our work.

Sincerely yours,

JCM

STOCKTON, CALIF.
JUNE 18, 1942 *97*

DEAR DR THOMAS,

I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM THOMAS SHIB., A FEW DAYS AGO ANNOUNCING HIS FINAL ESTABLISHMENT AT TULALAKE. IN HIS PREVIOUS CORRESPONDENCE, HE INFORMED ^{ME} ABOUT CONDITIONS AS IT EXISTED AT (ANFORANO) BECAUSE OF THE INTELLECTUAL AND FAR-SIGHTED GROUPS LOCATED AT THAT CENTER, IT SEEMED THAT THE MAINTENANCE OF EFFICIENCY THERE HAS BEEN KEPT.

YOU URGED ME TO WRITE TO YOU, SO I AM TAKING THE INITIATIVE OF LETTING YOU KNOW HOW IT IS OUT HERE. PEOPLE OUT HERE ARE RELATIVELY MORE PROVINCIAL THAN THE BAY AREA FOLKS SO WE HAVE NO MEDIUM OF EXPRESSING OUR GRIPEs TO THE ADMINISTRATION.

✓
I'm NOT CLAIMING THAT WE HAVE
A LOT OF LEGITIMATE REASONS FOR
MORE IMPROVEMENTS, BUT THERE IS MORE
THAN ONE BASIS FOR PROTESTS BY THE
CENTRITES.

WE - THE PEOPLE OF STOCKTON -
WERE EVACUATED ON THE 12TH AND
13TH OF MAY WITH DUE POMP AND
CEREMONY (OGGING GROUNDS, THOUSANDS
OF BAGS AND BUNDLES, GREY HOUND BUSES,
ARMED MILITIA, ETC.) OUR ARRIVAL
INTO THE STOCKTON FAIR GROUNDS
WAS JUST AS CEREMONIOUS - WHAT
WITH THE EXAMINATION OF BAGGAGES,
MEDICAL CHECK-UPS, AND SIGNUPS FOR
BARRACKS, BUT SOMEHOW WE MANAGED
TO SURVIVE ALL THIS.

HOW FAR FROM PALATIAL, OUR
FAMILY OF EIGHT (SEVEN NOW SINCE
MY FATHER WAS DETAINED BY THE

FBI BECAUSE I AND MY BROTHERS HAD PARTICIPATED IN KENDO OR JAP. FENCING) SETTLED OURSELVES INTO TWO APARTMENTS ABOUT 20'x20' EACH.

MY FIRST JOB CAME IN THE FORM OF SECOND COOK IN MESS HALL # 8 BUT I DIDN'T PARTICULARLY RELISH THE WORK SO I TRIED TO GET SOME OTHER POSITION. AFTER ALL, GETTING UP AT 4 A.M AND WORKING IN THE KITCHEN TILL NOON IN THIS SULTRY VALLEY WEATHER ISN'T VERY CONDUCIVE TOWARDS THE DEVELOPMENT OF PROPER LANGUAGE, ESPECIALLY SINCE I HAD TO PUT IN 16 HRS. OF WORK DURING THE 1ST TWO DAYS AND RECEIVED NO REST FOR AN EIGHTEEN PERIOD.

BUT GETTING ANOTHER POSITION WASN'T AS EASY AS IT SEEMED; FOR,

4

I WAS ENLIGHTENED TO THE FACT THAT EVEN IN THESE CENTERS, A LITTLE OUTSIDE HELP OR 'PULL' WAS NECESSARY. MY APPLICATIONS FOR MESS CLERK AND FOR A REPORTER ON THE PRESS WENT BY NEGLECTED. HOWEVER, ONE OF MY COLLEGE 'PALS' WHO HAD BECOME EDITOR OF THE WALERGA WASP WROTE IN A RECOMMENDATION TO THE EL JOAQUIN, THE STOCKTON ASSEMBLY CENTER PAPER. THE RESULT WAS THAT I GOT IN AS A REPORTER ONE SATURDAY ABOUT 3 WEEKS AGO. ON MONDAY, THEY ASKED THE ASS. ED. TO RESIGN AND I WAS PROMOTED. ON SATURDAY, THE STAFF THREATENED RESIGNATION IF THE EDITOR DID NOT RESIGN BECAUSE HE WAS TOO STUBBORN IN HIS POLICIES. I QUIT MY JOB AS ASS ED. AND TOOK UP

5

TEACHING CURRENT EVENTS, HISTORY,
AND ALGEBRA TO HIGH SCHOOL
STUDENTS AND ADULTS. I WAS
ASKED TO BE THE EDITOR AND
TO CHOOSE MY OWN STAFF SO I
SIGNED UP VOLUNTARILY ON THE
NEWSPAPER AND AM NOW TEACHING
AS WELL.

CONTRARY TO WHAT MANY OF
THE ISSUES THOUGHT, THE CAMPS
HAVE BEEN FAIRLY WELL BUILT. OF
COURSE, IT CONSISTS OF ONLY ROWS
AND ROWS OF CROSOLE COVERED
BARRACKS AND MESSSES BUT IT HAS
NOT WORKED TOO GREAT A HARDSHIP
ON ANYONE — EXCEPT FOR THE LACK
OF PRIVACY.

THE FOOD COST FOR THE FIRST
THREE WEEKS ~~OUT~~ IN THIS CENTER
HAS BEEN ABOUT 20-25¢ PER

PERSON PER DAY. ON SOME DAYS,
THE COST WAS AVERAGING 16-18¢.
THE CENTER STORE HAS BEEN DO-
ING BIG BUSINESS WHILE MONEY
HAS BEEN MOVING OUT IN A STEADY
STREAM TARD THE POSTOFFICE. I
AM AFRAID THAT IF OUR PAYCHECKS
DON'T COME SOON OR IF WE ARE
TO BE PAID AFTER THE WAR, MANY
OF US WILL BE FINANCIALLY DEFUNCT.

ERE MY SCRIBBLING SLOPPY
PEN COVER TOO MUCH TERRITORY, I
SHALL SPELL 'FINIS' TO THIS
MISERABLE MANUSCRIPT.

SINCERELY,
BARRY STIKI

P.S. AM SENDING ALONG A
COPY OF THE EL JOAQUIN. PLEASE
NOTE PAGE 4 (BOTTOM). I AM WON-
DERING IF IT WAS NECESSARY FOR THE
CENTERITES TO BUY EQUIPMENT

D-5-77
Camp Harmony
Puyallup, Washington
May 15, 1942

Dr. Dorothy Swaine Thomas
Agricultural Economics
College of Agriculture
University of California
Berkeley, California

Dear Dr. Thomas:

Thank you for sending the letter to Mr. Turner. I have been unable to see him as yet, I believe he is visiting in San Francisco, but I shall make his acquaintance at the earliest opportunity.

Thank you, also, for your comments on my little publication on the Japanese in Seattle. It was originally done for my master's thesis, and it shows all the inadequacies of an immature work. However, I believe the descriptive material, as far as it goes, is fairly accurate. I shall send you a copy in the hope that you may find some use for it.

Sincerely yours,

Frank Miyamoto

Frank Miyamoto

p.s. Mr. Henry Tatsumi, formerly associate prof. in Oriental Studies at the University of Washington, is now teaching the Japanese language to naval units on your campus. I mention him for he may be able to help you with your study.
F.M.

D-5-77
Camp Harmony
Puyallup, Washington
May 22, 1942

Dr. Dorothy S. Thomas
Agricultural Economics
College of Agriculture
University of California
Berkeley, California

Dear Dr. Thomas:

I have just noted that in the WRA bulletin "The War Relocation Work Corps" it is stated on page 8 under the title Obligations of Enlistee:

"The enlistee assumes certain definite obligations when he enlists:

First--He agrees to serve as a member of the Corps for the duration of the war, and for 14 days after the end of the war.

Third, item 4---He may be granted furloughs for work in agricultural, industrial, or in other private employment, and while on such furlough will pay for the support of any dependents who may remain at Relocation Centers."

These obligations would apply to any enlistee to the Tulalake Relocation Area. Would you kindly inquire whether these obligations would hold in the case of my wife and me? As you declared earlier, it is imperative that I be free to withdraw from the restricted zone if I am to make use of the field fellowship. Moreover, it would be impossible for me to support anyone other than my wife and I on the fellowship.

Sincerely yours,

Frank Miyamoto
Frank Miyamoto

D - 2 - 71
Camp Harmony
Puyallup, Washington

Dr. Dorothy Swaine Thomas
Agricultural Economics
College of Agriculture
University of California
Berkeley, California

Dear Dr. Thomas:

Thank you for your very sincere letter of May 23rd. Your letter gives me an appreciation of the problems that have been confronting you in your relations with the governmental offices, not to mention the question of getting funds for your study. Please do not be too much concerned about my problem immediately. Only a few days ago I received word from the Research Council that the submission of my new program could be postponed until such time as I could see you. Moreover, there is no urgent need for me to draw funds from the fellowship. Since the Council has given a blanket approval of a program written with your advice, I feel that it is only a matter of time until I receive an unconditional award from the Council.

Of course, I should go ahead with the submission of a tentative plan to you. At the moment, however, I am writing an article for THE ANNALS of the Academy of Political and Social Science, and I haven't gotten around to doing some of the other things that I should be doing. THE ANNALS is coming out with an issue on "Minority Groups in Wartimes", and I was requested to submit something on the Japanese. I received the request, and accepted it, prior to hearing from the Council, and I did not anticipate being caught by the demands of the evacuation and the Council. However, the article will be completed very shortly.

Calvin Schmid was here today and I had a few minute's chat with him. You may have heard that his wife was critically ill, but that she is better now. He mentioned the support you have given my project, and gave me some additional ideas concerning the nature of your project. I think I understand the resistance you encountered in the case of Dr. Dedrick, for Schmid said something about the two of them hoping to work out a project with the data on the Japanese which they've amassed. I hope you will forgive my mentioning an incident about Dr. Dedrick, but I find it amusing. I first heard of Dr. Dedrick while I was assisting Stouffer at Chicago and he spoke of the former as one of the keen statisticians at Washington. A few days later a very tired but busy-looking man came into our office asking for Stouffer when he was out. He offered to wait in the outer office until Stouffer's return, though God only knows when Stouffer comes and goes, but the

next thing I knew I found this gentleman very much asleep at one of the desks. When he later awoke, he mumbled something to me about having been too busy to sleep for the past two nights, and then requested, "Please tell Stouffer that Dedrick was here."

I quite agree with your judgment of Mr. Provinse's letter. His suggestion that you shift the emphasis to matters of practical import is surely, as you say, "irrelevant." Concerning the question of my employment at a fellowship rate, I wonder if that need be a difficult point considering that pre-doctoral fellowships are a separate award from grants-in-aid? I am glad to know, however, that trained anthropologists are being used in the War Relocation Authority.

In my work here at Camp Harmony I have noticed that no standard form is being used to take the census of the population here. The kind of data gathered therefore is the responsibility of the census officer in each camp, but this may give rise to non-comparable data as well as to shortcomings resulting from inexperience. What do you think of suggesting to the WRA that they work up a standard form to be used in all the camps, with the aid of persons like yourself? I should think that both the WRA and the WCCA would desire a careful census of the population in the camps. Perhaps they have such forms already about which I do not know.

An advance crew left our camp last Tuesday for Tululake. I would have gone with them if were not necessary to sign up for specific jobs. However, my wife and I are prepared to leave whenever arrangements are made for the transfer.

Sincerely yours,

Frank Miyamoto

Frank Miyamoto

p.s. Please note the change of address from D-5-77 to D-2-71. Conditions are much better in the latter place.

F.M.

D - 5 - 77
Camp Harmony
Puyallup, Washington

Dr. Dorothy Swaine Thomas
Agricultural Economics
College of Agriculture
University of California
Berkeley, California

Dear Dr. Thomas:

As you see by the address, I am now at the assembly center in Puyallup. So far I have been unable to do any work due to the inadequacy of our quarter. If I were alone, roughing it, I would make anything do for a workshop, but with my wife and her parents to accommodate, I have been forced to run around looking for something better than these quarters, which were originally condemned by medical authorities, but forcibly used due to orders.

I received your instructions to observers in camps, and shall follow the suggestions there. Both my wife and I shall keep a diary of all we hear and see. I have been appointed ~~to~~ the headquarter's staff as Relocation Officer, my function being to relocate persons who desire to get out of the military area. The work entails giving over several hours a day, but it is a good point of entree, and will permit my resigning when the organization has been set up and I have trained someone under me.

I shall try to write out my proposed field program before your arrival here so that you may criticize it when you are able to make your trip north. Trusting that you will be able to visit the camp soon, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Frank Miyamoto
Frank Miyamoto