

Miss Sumi Nakashima

Block #30

#1

1942

Sept. 23 -- Wednesday

J 6.15h  
2.2

Another day. The morning are so cold that it feels good. Went to another sad breakfast. At every meal it seems like something is lacking.

This morning as I was sitting at the table I noticed more and more how careless the mothers are in training their small children in table manner. This morning specially cause this is what happen: I was sitting at a table where the mother and dad was with their four small children. One of them was eating something with her spoon and all of a sudden she dipped the spoon she was using into the jam jar. The mother just sat there and waited for her to finish, and the rest of the kids did the same. To me she should have stop the children and explain that the jar will be use by more than just her family. Not saying how perfect our table manners are but it certainly doesn't look right.

Juvenile  
Table  
manners

Went to work about 8:45 a.m. Waited for the order to come in. Stanley Tsuchiya came in and asked him for more workers. He claims it is hard to find canteen workers, and so walked down to the main canteen and asked the manager to send me a worker to help out. Went back to store and saw that ice cream came in. I wish that they would unload the popsicle at 1:00 p.m. instead of in the morning then we won't have to try to make ice-box space.

Came home for lunch and founded an argument going full blast. It seemed that mama didn't like the type of work "B" was doing and he was sore. Settled it temporary and went to lunch.

Went to work at 1:00 p.m. and the afternoon was busy cause we had about 50 doz. popsicle to sell.

After dinner we sat and chewed the rag and went to work at 7:00 p.m. It was busy and by 8:45 p.m. we were all ready to close. Close shop at 8:55 p.m. Cleaned up and then we sat down to eat watermelon of which we received during the afternoon and had it cooling.

Bob and Dot drop in and helped us eat it. Cleaned up the mess and drove Charlie home. Drop in at Canteen 2 (C2) and swiped a few peaches and pears while hearing the protest of the manager and ridiculing him. Came home, chew the rag and they left around 10:15 p.m. Took a shower and listen to the shower room dirt, of which I believe the issei women can sure spill.

Sept. 24, 1942 -- Thursday

Went to breakfast. Did some washing. After finishing I wrote two letters and drop a card to some people.

Went to lunch and then to work. They didn't have many things in the warehouse so the stock was very low. I wish the people out here would realize that the prices out here and the prices back home would be different. They don't realize that it is now war price and things are apt to be higher than before. The issei people are so unreasonable that it is really hard to deal with. I have such a short temper that it is a wonder how I keep it down.

When I came home from work I heard that there was a death in our block. It is our first death in the block and I told "K", remember the saying "Death comes in pair of three".

After dinner we sat and talk about the various superstitious sayings that my mom told me was done to the death. It may be

silly to us but to them it was more or less like a traditional procedure that must be done to the deceased person. Our conversation switched to the coming canteen dance. I noticed that since the death of the person was neither a close friend or a friend, just someone we pass on the block, how quickly the conversation can change.

Went to work, and it was quite busy. After closing and cleaning up, someone came after me to see the talent show at Camp II of which the talent came from Camp I. The audience out there is a much more enthusiastic crowd than the one here in Camp I. At least they listen and applaud but the crowd out here "boos" and give "cat-call" and throw the performer fish and things. We went just about the last two act and so we didn't stay long.

After the show we rode out to Camp III and back. Took a shower and to bed.

Sept. 25, 1942 -- Friday

Went to breakfast and then to work. Went to the warehouse to see what they had in stock. Lots of cookies but no invoice and so I couldn't get any for our store.

Went to lunch and then to work. While I was at work I overheard quite a lot of conversation and view points about how the people felt being in here and about the facts of these young boys and men going out to work in various states. Most of them claimed if they have to work under strict observation such as M.P. watching them or work where it is fenced in, they would not work. Most of them are getting out just to get out. I wish I had the brains and the dough to study and then I won't be here.

Coming home for dinner I passed the laundry room and saw the wreath made of paper flower for Mrs. Otanie. It was certainly very effective and very pretty. Just wondering if it was any other nationality in here, if they would do that for the dead, or is it the idea of the fact that every detail must be complete that the Japanese people went to the trouble of making the wreath. Even though it isn't the real flower and I think the thought alone is enough. I wonder if she knows up there.

Had dinner and then to work. It was a very busy day today. Closed at 9:00 p.m., cleaned up and came home. Took a shower, brushed my hair and had a very nice debate with dad arguing about this and that. The only thing about dad is when he argues with me is that he hates to admit he is in the wrong. If it was "K" she would make him admit it, but he always get me cornered.

Sept. 26, 1942 -- Saturday

Went to a very, very sad breakfast this morning. Came home and straightened out the house and went to work. Walk to the warehouse, just the time pop came in and got my share. Went back to the store and put some merchandise up.

Came home for lunch and heard that fresh flowers from L.A. came in. Went to see them and found a lot of people around it. To me it seems like much more could have been accomplished if just the few who have worked in flower shop or nurseries handled it than every one in the block. There are quite a few people who has worked with flower or handled flower as their job on this block. It was good to see some real flowers again.

Football has finally come in. Last night U.C.L.A. lost from T.C.U. 7-6. I wonder who will win U.S.C. vs. Tulane?

Watched all the folks attending the funeral. They all looked so nice dressed up cause you usually see them in jeans or slacks and cotton dresses. All the men folks were dressed up and the girls had heels on. Pop and Mom sure looked nice.

Went to work. We close up at 5:30 p.m. on for today cause the canteen are holding a dance. This was a dress up affair in which the girls wore their heels and the boys drag out their suit. The dance started at 8:30 p.m. I started to get dress by 7:30 p.m. and we got there at 9:00 p.m.

The guy in charge there by the name of C.I. was sure in his glory caused he could tell them do that and this. In spite of the fact that he was in charged of refreshment he didn't have anything organized. For refreshment we had tuna, meat and jam sandwiches and punch. The punch they mix with grape "cool-aid" and lemon-lime soda. They open up the lemon-lime so early that by the time we were ready to serve it there was no kick to it.

The orchestra was very flat and off key. Even me who has no ear for music noticed that right away. I heard many people claim they would rather have dance with the recording than the orchestra.

With all the criticism I have you would probably think I could have managed it much better and in fact it could have been worse off.

After the dance was over, we drove some folks back to Camp III. Came home around 1:10 a.m.

Sept. 27, 1942 -- Sunday

Even though it is Sunday you have to get up early to eat. Now if it was back home I would probably been sleeping until about 9:30 a.m. or so, but out here you have to get up early and get breakfast at 8:00 a.m.

After breakfast help clean the house, and went to work. All the cookies and crackers came, and so put them up to display. It sure is hard to work in a small place when it is crowded and no space to put things in and away.

Came home for lunch and after lunch the big pond was already to receive the fishes. After putting all the fishes in the big pond there was about 100 fish from carp, cat-fish, and bass. You can see them now as they swim around. Before you couldn't.

Sat outside and chew the rag. Pop was playing Japanese chess from 12:30 p.m. to about 3:00 p.m. That game must be interesting, but if you don't understand it and you watch it it doesn't make sense. Pop sure get absorbed in it.

Try to write a letter in the afternoon, but took a nap instead. Took a shower and by that time it was ready for dinner.

After dinner watch the fishes in the pond. Dad went to watch the baseball game. I never saw a baseball fiend like pop. I don't think he has missed a game this week or since he has started to go. Went to work about 8:00 p.m. Took requisition for the next day. Came home and started to write a letter.

Between finding a good station on the radio and writing at the same time I finally finish the letter. Just found out U.S.C. lost to Tulane.

Another day gone by. A whole day gone by with nothing accomplished.

Sept. 28, 1942 -- Monday

Had breakfast. The fish pond is the main attraction now. Everyone from the smallest kid to the oldest old folk come to see it. Pop sure loves to tease the small kids. Its a wonder the parents doesn't get sore the way he teases them, but funny thing some small kids are scared of him and some arn't. It's the way he acts toward some.

Went to work and as there was nothing doing, took a walk down to the main canteen to see the display in the new store. They sure have a lot of shoes for girls that arn't practical for use out hefe. In fact, I think there are more high-heel dress shoes than oxford or low heel shoes. The shoes are sure in the high price brackets.

Came home for lunch, and went back to work. Nothing very interesting happen today, except one man he asked me to get him two pints of ice-cream the coldest one we have. At first I thaught he was kidding but he was in earnest. It sure sounded funny.

Came home for dinner, after dinner we sat and chewed the rag. Listen to the gossip and rumors of the day, made comments on it and by that time it was time for<sup>me</sup> to go to work.

Made requisition for the next day, cleaned up and came home. Took a ride to Dot's brother's place stay there for a while and chew the rag.

Come home, took a shower and to bed.

Sept. 29, 1942 -- Tuesday

Went to breakfast and when we came back, pop and Boner were having a wrestling match on B's bed. You should see the blankets and the sheets. It was a mess. Went to work, had to go to the warehouse to see what was in. Before I was there half way saw the warehouse boys on the truck heading for l store, and so I got a ride up to there and back to the warehouse. After checking up came back to the store. Ice cream truck came and got what I wanted cause I was the second stop.

Home for lunch and back to work again. Where the place was being flooded across from the canteen a ditch was made. A truck went into the ditch with the back load full of soda water. Bob went to help them out of the ditch and came back with a case of soda-water. I sure laughed and told him he was using the market technique right there, and he laughed cause I reminded him of it. Came home early and took a shower and got ready for dinner.

Gee, what a sad dinner we had tonight. After dinner we sat and tease dad. Even "B" was wandering around our barrack and dad thought B must be sick or waiting for a hand-out from pop's wallet.

Went to work and as it is inventory tomorrow I didn't make a requisition for merchandise. Came home, took a shower, finished a magazine story, wrote two letters and finally went to bed.

1942

#2 Mrs. J. Fukushima

Block #30

36.156  
62

Wednesday Sept. 23

Woke up at seven and the day began with the inevitable rush to breakfast before seven-thirty. Talk about exquisite torture, I can't imagine anything worse than this having to get up and eat without even brushing one's teeth. I'm really awake after I finish my coffee. Of course, I could get up earlier but when baby insists on staying up until eleven the night before, then minutes more certainly feels good. We had pancakes. After breakfast went to brush my teeth; then home to feed the baby.

The next item of the day, washing, went off as usual. Questioned a lady on why she still washed her chamber in the laundry room when they had put in such a nice sink in the latrine for that purpose. She didn't think she should use it as no one knew what it was for. She went to the office but they couldn't figure it out either. In fact, some thought it was a place to wash hair. -----sometimes I think that the Japanese aren't quite bright.

*difference  
of culture*

Came home and fed baby again, then decided to spend the rest of morning writing. Wrote to Ruth congratulating her on their brand new daughter. As a clan, we certainly seem to favor the weaker sex. R wanted a boy, but frankly, I think they're a darned nuisance; give me a girl any day.

Lunch, it seems that we spend half the day coming and going to meals. Thank goodness, the present cook makes them worth going to. For a while we were guinea pigs for an ex-gardner with a yen for cooking. If ever there were finicky eaters, these last few weeks should have cured or killed them. We had boiled

beef with spanish sauce, and it was good.

Spent the afternoon listening to gossip from the kitchen. Why the cooks must be so temperamental is beyond me. Two of them quit. One was the ex-gardner. For heaven's sake I hope he stays out. This is his third time back. He hasn't ever heard of sugar rationing, the way he insists on sticking some in everything he cooks. I also got a little sewing done. I wonder why it's so hard to sew out here. I suppose it's because of no place to wear nice things, and whats the fun of making practical ones. The havoc, the hard water, and perspiration plays on your clothes is appalling. I'm going to end up by wearing canvas. Read some magazines; too darned hot for serious reading. In between, took care of the baby. I suppose that one thing I should be thankful in camp is that I don't have to constantly care for the youngster. Not being too maternally inclined, it's a relief to have her taken off my hands; anyway, she's too darned heavy.

Heard from the inlaws today. They've started their trek to Arkansas. From their description, it sounds like fun. Poor father was sick from the rush, worry and work of packing.

After dinner fooled the time away doing nothing. Later in the evening saw a movie but didn't enjoy it much as baby was restless. Came home, made a milk shake, put the baby to bed, took a shower and then to bed. Another day is gone; just one out of the five or six years that we have to stay cooped up here.

Thursday Sept. 24

Today has been a rather peculiar day. I wonder if it's because I didn't have to wash. Funny how one begins to depend

on routine work to pass the day. Mom says it's embarrassing for her to save a tub for me all morning, so she did the wash today. I spent the morning with M. Half of the time we discussed the virtues of our respective off-springs. It's no wonder that Mom says that there's no fool like a mother where her child is concerned.

Poor Mrs. O died this morning. They say it's part heart-break as well as heart trouble. They say that she's had her share of this troubled earth, but still, it must have been hard to leave her husband all alone. There are no children, so it leaves him rather stranded. From what I could gather, she's worked hard all her life and this sudden enforced leisure just left her at a loss. She was very fond of the S's children, so when they left she moreorless lost interest in everything. Her going is the first in this block.

After lunch tried to sew again, but no soap. Either the infant demanded attention, or my interest was nil, so all total, the afternoon was sheer waste. There was no mail to break up the monotony. Amazing how the lack of mail makes one's day a total loss. I suppose it's because it's our only means of contact with the outside world.

The men resumed their work on the pond after dinner. I think we'll have something when they are through. Perhaps when all is finished we will feel a little more resigned about staying here. I know that sometime the ache to go home is so bad that it becomes a physical hurt.

The baby simply detested her bath tonight. I can't imagine what got into that child. Goodness, I hope it isn't going to

be a nightly struggle from now on.

Friday Sept. 25

The morning was spent in discussing the details of Mrs. O's life. I wonder if life is worth living when it entails so much work and so little pleasure. It seems that all her life was spent in one kind of work or another. Perhaps she enjoyed it; certainly, I wouldn't, but that's neither here nor there.

Somehow today slipped by with nothing happening. This camp life certainly is wearing. The thought that one has to stay here for five or six years is almost enough to make one want to go and do something desperate.

The evening was spent in making paper flowers for the funeral. For a flower loving people, it seems such a shame to have to use paper ones.

J said that he ordered some cut flowers from S.L. It will be nice to see fresh flowers again.

Got home in time to feed the baby and put her to bed. Her bath still bothers her.

Saturday Sept. 26

Was washing this morning when J. asked me if I wanted any thing in Parker as he had to go in after the flowers. I gave him a list alright. The flowers came in about noon and then the grand rush began. Everyone wanted to help, and goodness knows how the florists even managed to make wreaths and sprays out of the conglomeration that was finally fixed by the various

and sun dry that wandered in there. It's a good thing that the flowers were of the strong variety, astors, pom-poms, daisies, bachelor buttons, coxcombs, caspias, candy tuft, and ferns. I finally gave up trying to help and went to lunch.

The afternoon started with the parade to the funeral. It certainly was a treat to see people dressed formally. Goodness, I wonder if we are going to know how to act when we dress up. Perhaps this winter we'll be able to put on some of our nicer things without ruining them.

I noticed that they were taking pictures after the funeral. I can't understand why they won't allow us to have a photography shop. I'd like to have baby's picture taken. It seems unreasonable to forbid taking any kind of picture. Who in the camp would be silly as to want to take pictures of this godforsaken camp?

We heard from the in-laws today. They seem to be enjoying the trip immensely. I wish I could have gone just for the ride. Also heard from Mrs. Hill. Her letters make home seem closer, she writes of all the little things, and somehow they are more interesting than the so-called important things.

After dinner the men played bridge. † wish to goodness I could get some recreation in. This having a baby to care is a twenty-four hour job. ‡ don't think I'll indulge in any more self-perpetuation.

Baby found her toes today. She also learned that if you kick in the tub, the water splashes. The floor was just a big puddle when she finished; anyway, she liked her bath today.

Sunday Sept. 27

We tried to rearrange the house today. I suppose not much can be done with 20 by 25, but we always hope against hope that we can. Goodness, we certainly could stand another room. This being seven in a room makes privacy an unknown word. Finally we got it arranged so that we have at least room enough to walk around in. All of us were tired and out of sorts when we finished.

Nothing happened in the afternoon. We didn't even have the mail to look forward to. The boys played rummy in the laundry room. I suppose there will be some complaints from the elders around here. Sometimes I think it will get to the point where we won't even be able to blow our nose without their consent first.

The day ended, thank goodness. Reminds me of that dumb song "Twenty one years and ten more days and we'll be out of the Calaboose."

Monday Sept. 28

This diary is becoming a bit monotonous. There's so little to write that either it's repetition or nothing at all.

Finally finished my sewing. Now, I'm on another pair of slacks. Oh me, why must we wear clothes at all.

Our order from Sears finally came. The chairs that we ordered are really swank. Mom just can't seem to remember that we are in camp. She still likes to have things as was. She bought some nice cups too. Where we are going to get the sugar to put in our coffee is something that doesn't worry her. I wish I could accept this life the way she does. I still want to go home

and have things the way I did before. This thing call possession is certainly a binding thing. At twilight I think of my lamps and linens, and talk about a lump in one's throat, mine's a big boulder. If only we had our freedom I'd do anything we win this war. I wouldn't care what I had to give up in the way of food, clothing, etc. I only want the family life and my furniture. I sound like a petty old woman. Oh well, what's left in life, but wishing?

Not a thing in the evening. Even forgot to tune in the radio. So help me, this place is going to turn out the most apathetic bunch of human beings the world has ever seen when this war is over. We used to holler about the W.P.A. but oh boy, wait till they see the lot that goes from here!

Tuesday Sept. 29

Mom spent all morning sewing cushions for our chairs. Ogisan was laughing, saying that no matter where we went, Mom would always make cushions and funny odds and ends from left overs. She also made baby a large cushion on which to take sun baths. It certainly is something handy.

S. is busy sewing up her curtains. This being her first home, she's all for fixing it up with all kinds of innovations. She's been gathering up all kinds of ideas from G.H.K., and L.H.J. I used to do it, but no more. I have what I want at home, and all I want is to go home.

Haven't heard from Frank as yet. Gee, we'd do anything to get out of this place. If M weren't so small, we would have gone with that first group that went out of here. I'm sure that

J and I would have been able to get along somehow. If I were sure of a doctor, I wouldn't mind taking her, but in times like these, I donot know of what prejudice we'll have to buck, so until she's a little older, I guess we'll have to stay. If Frank finds us a place, Oh boy, we'll be out of here so fast that they won't be able to see us for the dust, and I mean dust. Nothing else.

Poston, Arizona

Wednesday Sept. 23, 1942

#3  
Mrs. Chas. Kinoshita - Block #45  
(Caucasian wife)

J. G. 156

Today I got up at my usual time which is around eight thirty a.m. Prepared breakfast for my daughter and sent her off to school. Then I made beds and cleaned house. I had to do my weekly ironing so I was all finished by noon.

After lunch I took a nap. When I awoke I had nothing to do so I crocheted the rest of the afternoon.

Thursday Sept. 24, 1942

Last nite our block had a dance practice in the recreation hall. Some friends and myself went over for a while. It wasn't much fun. I did my daily dozen. By that I mean my house work. Believe you me it sure gets monotonous too.

A friend and myself went for a walk to the canteen this afternoon. Not a thing interesting there either. They never have anything you want when you want it. Gum hasn't been on their shelves in over three weeks. Boy its disgusting.

Wrote letters late this afternoon. Will mail them tomorrow. It will give something to do. I guess now I'll call it a day and crochet.

Friday Sept. 25, 1942

Today held a pleasant surprise. A friend came by for us and took us to Camp "2". We visited friends there for a couple of hours. Enjoyed ourselves very much. It isn't so dead there. Just like here when we first got here. Remember. We returned home here at around 5 p.m. Due to the fact my husband had to be back to work by six. He works in the kitchen.

My daughter has a bloodshot eye and we have to take her to the eye specialist Monday. I sure hope it isn't anything serious. Its getting late and almost time to retire so good-by until tomorrow.

Saturday Sept. 26, 1942

Well I'm back again. And I'm not feeling any too good. I think I will go to the laundry room and do my weekly washing. I am kinda lazy so I only wash once a week. Boy how I hate to wash on a scrub board. I sure miss my washer. I'll be glad when we will be released from here and can go back to L.A.

Tonite the block is giving a "get acquainted with our talent party" and we are expected to be there. I will let you know how good it was.

Now I'm back and it wasn't so bad. Altho I couldn't understand any of the singing.

Sunday Sept. 27, 1942

This being Sunday there isn't any excitement around here. Most of the block sleeps in the afternoon. We arose as usual and fixed beds and cleaned house. We had a fair lunch. Meals are always only fair.

This afternoon we are spending playing cards. I love to play poker. I'll only play during the afternoon but I suppose my husband and the fellows will continue after dinner. I'll go to bed.

Monday Sept. 28, 1942

Gee but I slept late this morning. So did my daughter. It was 9:30 before she awoke. I fed her and sent her out to play as its too late to send her to school. We have to go to the clinic

at around two this afternoon.

Some of the boys in our block are joining in sugar beet picking in Nebraska. They are expecting to leave Thursday nite. A few of the girls including yours truly are going to fix a few sandwiches and something to drink and ask them and their girl friends in to celebrate a little. I hope it will be a success. We expect to make this party tomorrow nite.

Tuesday Sept. 29, 1942

We went to the clinic and I sure am relieved to know it isn't too serious about my daughters eye. Its a lack of Vitamin "A" in her diet. I must begin giving her cod liver oil every day the year around from now on thru the duration. The doctor says in Poston the children aren't able to get the vitamins thru dally diet. Man what a place. No proper food for children, not even proper playgrounds.

This morning I spent at the administration building waiting to see Miss Findley. After waiting a couple of hours I was asked to come back this afternoon. I hope the afternoon won't be wasted. I have to be back in time to help prepare for the party. Good-bye for now.

Wednesday -- Sept., 23, 1942

#4  
George Ohi - Bolook #30  
56156

Was requested by my dear, dear friend, John Fukushima, to write a diary for a week starting today. I am still boiling over ----in fact, if he wasn't such a DEAR DEAR Friend, I'll throw the typewriter at him. I don't know whether he desires me to write a chronological happenings or interpretation of the happenings. Oh, well I don't know and care less.

At least I have one consolation--he did promise me that this is confidential. The alarm clock woke me up at the usual time of 6:40. I always wanted to cuss the alarm clock---and this morning I let my emotion get the best of me and used some of the choicest vitriolic expressions.

Nothing unusual (at least to my mind) occurred during the day.

After dinner (some people call it supper), I dropped in on Mr. T's apartment and he asked me why I hadn't been dropping in on him lately. I said that I had been very busy getting my apartment more attractive because now, after four months of unpleasantness, my ambition has returned to me. That four months experience is something which neither my wife nor I wish to live over again. When they left last Saturday, I am sure, that the whole block was greatly relieved. The problem which was with us all during that period was automatically settled. Just think--they were a "pain in the neck" for the whole block, but we had to live with them. You ought to know, Johnny!

Mr. E. O, dropped by to chat with us. I think he is a fine fellow--but he never gives another fellow a chance to talk.

Listened to Freddy Martin and his orchestra broadcasting from the "Grove" in Los Angeles. For the entire half-hour he and his

orchestra played the past favorites. Past happy memories were brought back to me.

Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1942

Still felt like giving you a good cussing out.

Went to work this morning, but was given the afternoon off. Worked around the house in the afternoon. Made a sink out of redwood and a small stool out of sugar pine.

Mrs. O died this afternoon. She is the first death in this block. Made me feel a awful sad. Began to wonder how her bereaved husband feel----I don't mean the ordinary feeling of bereavement, but the fact that she died in this concentration camp. I wonder if he feels bitter and if he feels that if she was not in this camp, this wouldn't happened? In fact--I wonder how many of us do feel bitter but without actual hatred of the whole thing?

I am not bitter nor do I feel any hatred but I think that I am entitled to my own opinion. I am certain, that most of us are better-off in these camps. Why couldn't they have asked us on the purely voluntarily bases --I am sure that most of us would have welcomed the idea of coming to these camps because of the social, political, and economic reasons. And if we came on the purely voluntarily basis, we would not have the stigma of being "untrustworthy". We may be able to live it down but historically it will still be there.

Why can't the public differentiate between the people actually responsible for this war and US?

Oh, Well, we are here, and nothing can change that--maybe

we should forget for the time being, the causes of us being here and the method employed in putting us here-----I think it would be much wiser for us, since we are here, to make the best of the situation and to think of betterment for the future, and DO something about it.

After supper went to visit a friend in block 27, while wife helped make artificial flowers for the funeral.

Friday Sept. 25, 1942

Woke up the usual time and then to breakfast.

We were told yesterday that we would not meet again until Monday morning, so decided to do some carpentering work about the apartment. Since I had already made the sidewalk from the water faucet to our porch, I extended it to our neighbor who lives in Apartment B. Finished around noontime. By that time, I began to feel tired--after all, I have been working around the apartment during every spare time I could manage during the daytime since the end of last week.

Took a nap after dinner(lunch) and woke up around 4. Immediately after, took down the draperies so that wife could wash them. Decided to leave the curtains until later.

Friends B.H. and wife dropped in after supper and about 8, we all left to see the show in Block 35. The show was about Abe Lincoln. The love scenes were ridiculous, but the show was apparently made around 1930--a few years after the talkies became popular so I guess you can't blame the principles involved.

Saturday Sept. 26, 1942

Wife spent a bad night with painful muscular cramps in her legs. I told her to sleep a few extra winks and would get her breakfast.

Decided to wash the windows. Found that the best way is to take the windows down and spray them with the hose and then polish them. Also decided to take down the curtains at the same time. This took me until noon.

Since this is Saturday, my wife only worked in the forenoon, and immediately after dinner, she went to the washroom to help other people with the flowers for Mrs. Otani's funeral.

I took a shower and shaved and dressed for the funeral which started at 2 in Block 19 rec. hall. It was uncomfortable hot-- but was made worse by the woolen suit and necktie which I wore. The funeral rite was in Buddhist.

After the funeral (about 3:30) I changed into something more comfortable and washed the floor.

Received a letter from my former boss, who was interned in late January and was sent to Bismarck, N. D. He was released (not paroled) recently. This is one case, in which I was present at the time of apprehension. It seemed senseless and cruel (in this particular case). He had been, in my way of thinking, a good and law-abiding man. In fact, he was too timid to do anything wrong, even if he wished to do so. At any rate he had been exonerated of any subversive doings. I don't think he was arrested because he had been a boss, because all the Issels were taken into custody at that time. And all have been released. One of them is now in

Poston 2, another is free in Idaho (not in any concentration camp)

After supper, my wife did some sewing on the machine, and I helped her by doing some ironing.

Tried to fix a coffee percolator for Mr. M, but found that the element was burnt out.

Sunday - Sept. 27, 1942

Had my breakfast one hour later than usual this morning. Immediately after breakfast, went to Rec. Hall #36 to attend a Calculas class. Altho studied claculas about 12 years ago, I have forgotten most of it. This is not a review for me but a "preview". Came home just before dinner time.

After dinner, fked the leaks in the sink by applying tars in the cracks. Got some on my hand and found that soap and hot water would wash it off. Tried cigarette lighter fluid and it worked fine.

Took a couple of hours ' nap, but woke up to find a sand-storm in progress. As usual, it is another hot afternoon. Also it proved to be a very dusty day.

Went to the canteen #3, and begged for some pop bottle caps to make a shoe scrappers.

Before supper time, I put some more tar in the crack of the water box so as to prevent leakage.

After supper, our friends from block 26 visited us and we talked about generalities until late. After they left, went to the shower and retired.

Was bothered by mosquitoes all night long. I am especially susceptible by ~~xx~~ mosquito bites and I certainly suffered.

Monday Sept. 28, 1942

Woke up with mosquito welts all over my arms and legs.

After breakfast, attended general session in the morning and heard various speakers. Also was introduced to many people but can't remember their names.

In the afternoon went to work in Mess hall 32--found that we were to reassign the registrants to their various classes at the appropriate hours.

It was very hot and dusty again.

Came home about 4:30 and fixed up a mosquito screen on the bed. We don't want another night suffering from mosquitoes.

After supper worked on the claculas problems. Worked all of them except one. Went over to B.H.'s home to ask him about a binomial expansion. He didn't remember either.

Came home and typed out somenotes and took a shower about 11:30 and then to bed praying a good night sleep.

Tuesday Sept. 29, 1942

Thank goodness, I was able to sleep unmolested during the night. Wanted to know whether the mosquito netting was effective or was there an absence of mosquitoes, so asked thenext door neighbor and they said that they had a bad night.

Attended a general session in the morning. Heard a good panel discussion on the subject of "What kind of Education must we have in Poston". The only objection was that the chairman G.T. spoke too long and gave the others a very little opportunity to speak. He did the same thing once before. He took about 75% of the entire time when

there were at least 5 participants in the panel.

After dinner went to the Mess hall as the day before and worked on more of the same thing. Very windy and dusty again.

Came home a little before supper.

Nothing much happened between supper time and bed time.

JL 156

Wednesday, Sept. 23rd.

The alarm went off at 6:45, but when I looked out the window I thought--Oh no, it couldn't be--it was still dark so I promptly closed my eyes and went back to sleep. Grandma, however, knew that clocks don't lie and was up at 7:00. I then woke K. up and at last, after another ten minutes struggle, we pried ourselves out of bed since we did want breakfast served without benefit of dirty looks from the kitchen force. We had been warned by H. our tardy arrivals to breakfast in the first week that we were here weren't liked at all! so we thought it best to stay on the good side of everybody, and hence the reason for the alarm clock and general rush to breakfast, sans hair decently combed, sans teeth brushed, sans make-up. K. of course being male can manage to fully dress himself within fifteen minutes. Grandma with a ten minutes head start has all ready left the house. As for G., we only had to wait a few minutes for her... she actually got up this morning...though she generally feels that a few hours more sleep are more beneficial than a plate at breakfast. Grandma, K., and I, now, would never think of skipping it.

Anyhow meals here are much better than they used to be at the assembly center. Also the atmosphere of the dining hall is much better, to say nothing of the dishes being cleaner and the room quieter. At the a.c., each mess hall took care of 3000 people or more, so that might account for the food's quality. But then they always herded us into the mess hall, seating us down the tables as we came in, with little concern to the fact that they would divide families or friends, if the seating ar-

rangement came out that way, whereas here we sit at the table J. reserved for the family so that we always have the same table companions, instead of the heterogeneous assortment we had at the a.c. who were seldom anyone we happened to know. Eating with the family makes meal time more enjoyable and tends to keep the family together. In the a.c., it wasn't unusual not to see the family from morning to night.

After breakfast, I typed out some change of address cards for K. and typed a letter while waiting for the laundry to be washed out. My laundry days fall irregularly upon any day that finds my laundry box full, and today it was even a little on the overloaded side. Washing, consequently, took over the morning. The half-hour or so left before lunch was spent recuperating. Filled buckets for scheduled shut off at 1:00.

After lunch, to avoid the damp smell of drying clothes that were hung every which way in the room, since we haven't rigged up a clothes line outside yet because of the lack of wire, I went over to Mom's room to spend the afternoon. K. went back to work. His hours are from 8:00 to 11:00 then from 1:00 to 4:00, and though he's theoretically a chemist, has for the last few days been carpentering, converting an ironing room into a laboratory. Grandma generally spends the whole day either writing to friends or else sitting outside our door/<sup>talking with</sup> As for G. the neighbors or taking care of the baby next door. she's generally out with one girl friend or the other, or else she's over at Mom's place too, because they have a conditioner there. Today she and I were there reading all the back number magazines for lack of desire to do anything else. Then later because S. had the iron out, I went back home and got my dried

laundry and ironed those off my mind. Sam's letter came from El Paso, saying that entire train consists of Pullmans which we were glad to hear. Trip to Arkansas otherwise would have been unendurable. Grandma/<sup>heard</sup>from Mother.F.

After dinner, K. and I went after lumber in the pile over on the other side of the "highway". It was a long walk and a tiring one, but we did manage to salvage a few pieces of usable plank. A soldier stopped us on the way out asking us if it was all right for us to do so and we told him that we'd done it before without trouble, so he let us go. On our way out, we had taken grandma over to visit the E.'s whom she had known when living in Fresno, and in talking to their son learned that it was inadvisable to go out that way after dark because we might some day be shot first then questioned later, as the old saying goes. We got back before night fall however, so rested a bit before we went to the home-made movies a neighbor in the block was showing for us. It included the rose tournament, a cartoon, a news reel, and some personal tour shots.

Then a quick shower and to bed. Somehow, over here, we never seem to get to bed before 11:00 or 12:00, and never manage enough sleep under our eyelids.

Thursday, Sept 24th.

All morning I spent my time straightening and sorting nails because in the general morning conversation with K. before he left for work, I learned that he had thought I'd ordered nails from Sears which he wished would hurry up and get here, and I had to admit that I hadn't because J. had told me it would be

useless. When K. came home at 11:00, he asked me why I didn't make a box for them and so I did, while he amusedly watched.

After lunch, I made a dust pan for grandma, after which I went over to Mom's feeling that my efforts at carpentry was a full days work well done. Read and dozed that afternoon away though sometimes I'd do my share of amusing the baby. When K got back from work he immediately lay down for a cat-nap; his carpentry plus the heat tires him considerably.

After supper, K. did more carpentering at home to build up the shelves we are building between Grandma and G. and us, that is going to divide our room halfway. When the Sears order comes through we're going to hang up drapes through the center of the room the other way, thereby cutting our room into three. When D. comes, we'll screen him off in large third and use the rest of it as a living room.

S. came after me later; we went to the mess hall where the women were making artificial flowers for the funeral of a woman who died today of heart attack. I helped with the white carnations. When I got back home, K. had quit carpentering for the benefit of any neighbor who might want to sleep, and was working on his thesis which he is revising. Then a shower and to bed.

(Grandma went to prayer meeting; and G. was out with her friends. It seems that a group of girls are forming a club, aiding the Red Cross their purpose, and they had a get together to decide a name and to organize. They later went over to the fire hall for a little dance music and dancing. Grandma got home fairly early but I must have been fast asleep when G. did.)

Friday, Sept. 25th.

After regular morning routine, G. and I went to the lumber pile for more wood; shelf is progressing very nicely. We'd no sooner gotten back, when two girls popped up--San Diego girls in Camp 3, whom M. had worked with in Santa Anita. M. who is on her way to Ark. with the rest of the family had written them to look us up. We gabbed a bit on general conditions here and did a bit of comparing between Poston and Santa Anita. Fu. had met B. once at a party in S.A. so we took them over to see her. Introduced them to S. and the baby too. After they left, went home to type on K.'s paper which I continued doing after lunch. The afternoon mail brought a letter from Dr. G. telling K. to make the paper in its final draft which made my whole morning and afternoon typing efforts useless as I was only making a single copy on bad paper for a second draft.

After supper, we had planned to go to the movie in the next block, but K. became so engrossed in his carpentering that we didn't. After nightfall, Ken went back to his paper and I read. Grandma had gone to the "Otsuiya" for the woman who died yesterday. G. went out with a boy friend. She had spent the whole afternoon listening to the latest in phonograph records and now was out for a little chatter. She has a horde of friends so is generally out all afternoon and evening, sometimes mornings too if she hasn't any washing or such to do. As for me, I never seem to make any friends, and don't seem to want to--family's good enough for me. The only question is, do they get tired of me?

Saturday, Sept. 26th.

G. and I gave the room a thorough mopping this morning. I don't like the idea of hosing the room, can't feel I have enough control over rushing water, besides we have too many things sitting directly on the floor. Moreover, I think it just as fast with mop and half as messy. Later, for lack of anything else to do, went over to help S. with her wash. Then came home and typed the rest of the morning away. G. was in her room talking with me as I typed--general gist of conversation being that she wished she were in Wyoming where her heart is. Later she went washing.

Going to lunch, saw the laundry seething with activity. Flowers for funeral this afternoon had arrived and wreaths and sprays were in the process of making. K. and I went in to lend a helping hand but soon found that there were more hands than flowers. This afternoon being a half day for work K. and I loafed the afternoon away at Mom's. About four, we went over to Block 6 where he has his laboratory to see how his water toughs were sealing, asphalt not being the best but only substance available. Then over to T.'s to borrow his thesis to see how they're arranged, and home again nearly prostrated from heat.

After supper, K disappeared into the laundry for a bridge session with J., A., and P.; I knew what that meant so after reading a bit, took a shower and went to bed.

G. was out most of the day. Grandma spent the day as usual.

Sunday, Sept. 27th.

Grandma went to church. K. and I went over to block 6 to

look over the trough again and on the way home happened to see Joe whom we hadn't seen for ages. Learned from him the address of Mrs. A. for whom Shig and Sam used to work. Went there to pay our respects but got hooked into an argument with another visitor, and thereby used up the morning. Came home to find that S. was changing their room about.

The afternoon found us very sleepy, so K and I took a nap in our room since S. and those were still busy fixing up their room. It was very hot and napping was difficult and when the whirl wind came by, we gave it up as a bad job so went over to Mom's; they were through fixing and J. immediately sent us out to buy some ice cream. Later K. and I went over to the laboratory again. Then to church.

G. went off with a bunch down to Camp 3 for a boxing match. She had spent the morning and afternoon generally visiting one friend or the other.

Monday, Sept. 28th.

K. carpentered this morning, making Grandma a writing table, then went off to see Mr. Head about our freight, which though in the warehouse wasn't being delivered because the Govt. bill of lading hadn't yet arrived. But going two weeks trying to rough it was just a little too much, so we asked about it and were told to see Mr. Head. G. and I went after lumber again.

In ~~XXXXXX~~ the afternoon the freight came and along with it the Sear's order, so now we can really get to work fixing the room up into a general semblance of a home. Of course the rest of the afternoon was spent sewing.

The mail brought a letter from D. saying he was off to Idaho for the sugar beets, so that means we won't be seeing him for another two months or so.

In the evening K. finished off the shelves so that I could put up my curtains. We all went to bed dead tired.

Tuesday, Sept. 29th.

No variety in this day at all--I just sewed and sewed. G. helped me a bit but a friend came over and she was gone. In the afternoon, I did manage a letter to R.

In the evening K. put up the wiring and I put up the "drapes" and such--the results of my days sewing.

Apt. C. Bldg. 10

Sept. 23, 1942 Wednesday

# 6  
Mrs. Gerald Manning - Block 36

56 156

Apt. is shared by one married couple age around 50 years, and our family of four, one girl just nine and one ten years old. My husband is out during the day on a job. The middle age man is our block cook so he goes to work in the kitchen 4 a.m. till noon every other day and on the alternate date he goes to kitchen 11 a.m. till supper is over. The wife stays home, she had never worked while in Los Angeles as her husband had a large fruit/and vegetable store with many hired boys. But he is the best cook. We all like his cooking.

The heat is terrific and the lady in our apt. is very sensitive to heat so whenever her washing and ironing is done she is always taking nap--makes it hard for children to run in and out for fear it may disturb her. She is an understanding person but still there is time she wished she could have slept just another ten minutes.

Try to soak laundry around 7 a.m. All the tub is taken so must wait till 10 a.m. finish before lunch.

House cleaning is very simple. I sweep the floor and then I dash a bucket of water. The floor dries quickly now but I shall not do it in winter.

The cook in our room went to work at four this morning. It was still pitch dark so he had to turn on the light. Everybody wakes up---I hope we will get up on time for breakfast.

The cook takes a nap after lunch. Unfortunately a friend visits us so I must beg her to whisper in low voice----It is not very pleasant to whisper. I must ask my girls to stay out door as much as they can but they complain the heat out door---they come in continually to get toys to play. It is very annoying to me to think the girls are disturbing the cook's nap. If it isn't

our girls its the little neighbor boys, about 10 in a group congregating under the north side of the house yelling and shouting. I must ask them politely to be quiet. I feel sorry for the children and the cook.

Took my shower around three p.m. It isn't very crowded then.

Our supper is at 6 o'clock or sometimes 10 or 15 minutes earlier.

After supper we do our house washing, somehow it looks cleaner than just sweeping.

We go to canteen around 7:30 o'clock to see if we can get cotton goods---our house dress wears out faster here---so I notice our shoe only last a month---I am wearing my third pairs. In the city house shoe could last from 6 months to 10 months.

The children and grown ups get hungry around 9 p.m. We have a box of cracker and jam from the canteen.

It is so warm in bed the girls want to stay up late. I have to use force to make them sleep. I wish I had a cooler. It may help. I go to bed around 11 p.m.

Thursday Sept. 24, 1942

The morning air is invigorating -- wished it stays that way rest of the day. The older girl is a problem to wake up. It is cool and just right so she rather stay in bed then going to breakfast.

I do my ironing this morning--I am fortunate -- since they let only one iron to a building. I must be very cautious not to let the ironing board squeek--the cook is in bed yet.

The older girl goes to piano lesson from 9:30 till 10:30--  
a relief to me.

The afternoon I do my mending and sewing.

The water came in our block Wednesday evening---the children  
are all excited catching perch and little baso. Our block resemble  
city of Venice. At night the sight is far supreme -- the reflection  
of the moon is beautiful and serene. Went to bed late.

Friday Sept. 25, 1942

Go Go to breakfast with sweaters on. Gradually the weather  
is getting agreeable or we are getting accustomed.

We are not getting free soap now so I must buy some at the  
canteen. Do washing every morning--cloths get dirtier in Poston.  
Took the younger girl to dentist for extraction. She behaved nicely--  
-- the service was free of charge.

*Food*  
Our mess hall food is getting better. Have plenty meats.

Our room mate has eaten something disagreeable and is vomit-  
ing and she has loose stool---she hesitates to use chamber and  
manages to go to the latrine. She is really too weak to walk.  
I know she will use the chamber if she was the only occupant of the  
apartment. I got some ice for her from the kitchen.

Was busy all afternoon nursing the sick person. I am glad  
I was able to be some help to her.

Tonight is our motion picture night. The children all take  
their home made benches--it is very heavy. Wish our canvas folding  
chairs were not rejected at the station in Los Angeles--cannot  
understand why they did not permit chairs or flat piece to get on  
train. Surely need a chair, folding kind badly; wherever we go

we must carry our own chairs if it is to be out doors. Went to hear Dr. Mayberry, Dr. Smith, and Mr. Collier on each occasion I had to carry my heavy bench--made of discarded lumber in Poston although it is better than nothing to sit.

We all took shower after the show. It is very crowded, so I took mine around 11:30 p.m.

Saturday Sept. 26, 1942

After breakfast and cleaning I went to visit friends in other blocks. They are rather far away from ours. It is cooler in the morning so the visiting is done during the cool hour rather than afternoon.

It is almost 11:30 a.m. so I must dash back to my own block to eat. I know extra guest means less for their own block folks.

The children are getting bad manners so difficult to scold them when the couples are in. They have no child of their own so it is hard for them to understand. The children are getting very spoiled -- wished I had apartment of our own.

The little play ground we have is too small for all the children. There are over 40 children here. I do not approve my girls playing with boys--they do learn things they shouldn't. So I have to ask girls to play in the apartment. It is one of the worst problem when you are sharing one room.

The girls spend the time knitting or playing games. They tire very soon--they are too energetic to stay still in one room apartment.

During the afternoon while it is scorching hot the girls want to go to the canal to swim. I must stop them for fear the water may be contaminated.

The house is too crowded for the children--in order to have quietness for the sake of the neighbors I make the girls go to canteen whenever they ask. I know this is very wrong---after supper they walk to library. I am very glad of this. They will spend rest of the day reading. We also have Junior missionary--they study bibles and hymns after 8 p.m. It is a great help. I wish all the children well attend. We have half Christian and half Buddhist. Very few Catholics.

Sunday Sept. 27, 1942

This morning I went to Catholic mass for the first time. I felt strange and out of places since it differ so much from our Christian service. I went there in gratitude for bringing us our packages from Los Angeles. Father Clementine was here this Sunday. I heard Father Lavery is in East trying to build a Catholic Church for the Poston Japanese. He is doing his best to all Japanese resident in Poston non-Catholic and Catholic alike. He furnishes his service of bringing the needed articles and foods on his weekly trip. I cannot thank him enough for his generous and kind thoughts. When my package was brought to me with a big smile on his face I felt so humble and happy--I wish I can do something in return.

The girls go to Christian Sunday School on Sunday and one fourth of the block people go to Sunday services so it is unusually quiet on Sunday morning. There are three or four new faces on Sunday. They are the teachers from our block teaching summer school in camp number 2 and camp number 3.

This morning few men volunteered and went to another block for thinning white radish. The cook salted it and our block folks

enjoyed the green for supper.

We have some in our block but they are still too young. Two or three men is in charge of vegetable growing in back of all barracks and the front part is done by individual living there, as certain feet is allotted to each apartment. We had a big radish but only had about eight, so we planted few more this morning. They will be eatable in three weeks.

We hang laundries in wash room. From time to time few clothings been stolen--good shirt, Japanese night gown and man's pant. Some claim he must come from another block. They say quite a few are becoming desperate in need of cash on wearing out their old cloths and shoes. I remember one pair of mans shoe disappeared from the latrine about midnight. Some aid should come to stop this sad happenings. Whoever it is, I know, is not doing intentionally.

We have our own night watch man so I know everything is in order at night. Things disappeared during day time. I heard either when we are all at mess hall.

We have made our own curfew--asked our residents to be quiet as possible after 10 p.m. since many of the folks must get up 4 or 5 in the morning. But it is so hard for some folks as they have been used to go to bed midnight. Sometimes I wish they will segregate folks into two groups and put the early riser on other side and the late ones in another.

Monday Sept. 28, 1942

One disadvantage I felt in living with another couple is that she loves to wash the floor every morning and evenings. The children come in and dirtys the floor and it looks dirtier and another thing the shoe get wet. I cannot tell her to stop. It is her

only house is as much as mine. I wish we can all have the apartment for each family instead of sharing with another.

The lady bought some candies--she will always share with us. In return I buy fruits and give them half. This goes on and on. I told them they need not do this. But being in same room this is impossible on both side. I know we do spend more than we really should. I think this practice should stop entirely--just exchange things when we have a surplus. When they treat us I have to go out of my ways to return so I do not care to share room with another party. I donot want to inconvenience the other party. If we had big income it is another story.

Our kitchen staff is very amicalbe group--we are proud of our mess hall, everything is in order. The cooks even furnish their own Japanese seasoning in order to please us--we are very fortunate and grateful.

There are two or three old age agitator. I feel sad they always pick on the head people, namely, the block manager or councilman. The majority in our block is cooperative, it is the few who interrupts the smooth going. I wonder if its wise to put all these agitators into one block.

*Matsunaka  
elector*  
Today was election for the first generation councilman. The second generation had no voice today. Somehow we had a sad happenings after the result. I do not wish to disclose here.

Tuesday Sept. 29, 1942

We came here four months ago today. So the kitchen staff gave everyone extra wienie and bread--all is smile especially children. There is quite a few sad news in our block. I just heard today

one of our friend is living with her mother father-in-laws. They certainly want to move out. She will be a nervous break if this is going to keep on. For the sake of both parties I hope they can have separate quarters.

Another family had moved into our block sometime ago. I heard the reason today--the party they were sharing was T.B. patient. I am afraid there are many contagious diseases here. They are quartered in the same room with healthy room. If possible I wish the sick person with disease such as T.B. will be honest and tell the truth. So we can segregate them. I wish the doctors will give more thorough examination to each person in Poston so we can eliminate the diseased from healthy ones.

*Health anxiety*

The mosquitoes are pestering us eachnight. The girls are bitten wherever is exposed. I didn't bring any mosquito nets. There are quite a few without. The party in our apartment brought theirs. I burned a mosquito incense but it is disagreeable to our roomer so I hesitate to burn anymore. The only solution is to put on the light and catch the mosquitoes in action, but I know continually putting on the light disturbs our room mate---wished I had separate apartment.

At the last meeting I heard some one asked to do something about mosquitoes--I don't know how you can control it. I wish the W.R.A. would furnish us with oil of citronel, it will help. Burning dried orange peel is another problem you have to consider others as it gives too much smoke and give people a choking sensation.

In a few weeks we will all have enough of certain kinds of vegetables. Looking green all over I think Japanese are really a good farmer. Our block consists of all city people except one farmers family.

Right in our block there is one middle age couple sharing room with a very young divorcee her brother and father. She is very modern and sociable. She brings in her young girlfriends and practice new Poston dance steps. The middle couple are very quiet type and the husband is sick person . There is always a big fight and quarrel because the wife understands the younger set and is too lenient to her room mate. Now the wife and husband is separated just because of the room mate. It isn't the fault of neither side merely because the extreme are put in some apartment. I wish the couple will be able to have their own room. The poor wife will be a nervous wreck. Everything will work out the first few weeks but you cannot live in our condition in harmony for any longer than <sup>a</sup> year. There are many disputes just unavoidable. For the sake of friendship and from the stand point of health this is a very poor arrangement to have to live in one room.

At seven my room mate and I went to visit a sick person and also mother of a new born baby at the Poston General Hospital. The hospital is kept cool. I hate to leave the hospital. Everything seem to be running in order.

On the way back we stopped at our friends. This apartment is shared by 3 families of six adults first and second generation. One of the girl cannot get along well with the first generation couple Everything she does seems opposite to what the older couple wants to do therefore a friction exist. They are not in speaking terms. Made me feel unhappy since I know both well.

I wish everybody will go half way to make harmony and to make a more happy neighbors.

Usually evenings we sit out door till sleeping time.

Wednesday Sept. 30

Felt unusually cool--had my sweater till almost lunch time. Brought home one breakfast for older girl. She has a slight cold--thought it wiser to let her remain in bed longer.

Tried to teach girls some school lesson, but they do not get in to the mood of studying. Must wait till really school starts.

I must do my washing--no soaps at the block managers office so must hustle to the canteen. It cost plenty--as I must use plenty soap to get the washing clean.

I didn't bring my own broom so I am busy running back and forth to borrow one from the office. My wash board was also rejected at the station--so I must run in and out the office. I do not care to buy one now since my old one is in storage--it may come eventually--I hope soon.

*House*  
In building 7 in our block there is one family of seven, the elderly parents and 5 big grown up children. The children are all active in different fields--all the friends come for a conference or another. The room is well crowded. The mother complained and said wished she had a room of her own. The matter the children discuss seems to be important so she cannot chase them out--she only wants extra room.

Today the men folks are talking about having wrestling team in our block.

Baseball fans are listening in radio.

I am contemplating in getting job when school opens.

Duplicate

September 23, 1942  
Wednesday morning

Bang, bang, bang, went the mess hall bell and once again the beginning of our day was announced. Back home it was the cannery whistle and at school it was the good old alarm clock, but here we are started on our day by the clanging of the mess hall bell. Seven in a small room and all getting up at the same time creates a hardship on our one mirror, one bottle of hair oil, two combs, and one doorway. It seems as though everyone is trying to use the same thing at the same time. Of course this rush is for one purpose--to get to the mess hall before breakfast serving is discontinued. Immediately upon arising, we clothe ourselves and dash to the latrine to wash our faces and brush our teeth. There we meet the regular gang who all wake up with the clanging of the mess gong. The earlier ones are already returning from the mess hall and give us the usual advice--"better hurry up before the cook throws it out."

Sleepily putting our clothes on, rushing to the latrine to clean up, dashing back to the apartment to return our toothbrush and to comb our hair, and now we are ready to eat breakfast. Father, Mother, and Sister seem to have a knack of beating the four of us to the mess hall every morning. So it is a regular profession---the three go first, and the four boys of the family go trudging to the mess hall some ten minutes later. This procedure has been going on for the past four months--sometimes the boys get there first, but that is very rare. Mother, Father, and Sister eat at one table--with the older people. The four of us eat at another table--with younger people who are all

Wednesday morning--

males. We always meet the same people at the same table and seem to have the same remarks to say about the food. "Pancakes again--Gads, I'm getting tired of the same thing"--or, "What lousy coffee!"

So the prelude to this manuscript has been given and I now find myself situated before the typewriter to record the happenings and the thoughts for the day. My three brothers are sitting on the bench outside and basking in the warm morning sunlight--the fourth boy is typing this little paper. Father is already reading the week old paper--he claims that it gives him practice in English as well as up-to-the-minute news. Mother and sister are cleaning up the room (what little there is), making the beds, dusting the shelves, and are preparing to do the day's wash.

The preceding three paragraphs are repeated seven days of the week with the exception of washing on Sunday.

Very little happens in the morning so I shall cease my ramblings and go to work.

Wednesday evening--

Wow, it was a hot day. I can understand why the Indians are so slow and easy going in their living. In this heat it just doesn't pay to exert yourself full speed.

This typing is really imposing on the neighbors, the family, and my time, but for the sake of Sociological Research, I shall carry on. Come to think about it, why should this typing be an imposition on the family and the neighbors? When I was at

Wednesday evening--

school and when I was home, I could type far into the night and nobody would complain. This is supposed to be our home-- so why can't I type as late as I want and as loud as I want? I guess I could do these things if I didn't care about my fellow evacuee's opinion of me and my infernal machine. Well, it doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to diagnose the cause for my reluctance to type so late in the night.

*Housing*

In the first place I had a room of my own at school and at home. And secondly, the walls were just a trifle thicker than the walls which partition the apartments in Poston. And thirdly, there was a little more privacy than we have here. In this modern day and age, isn't it a little backwoodish to be living seven to a room? (You might as well include the neighbors who live in apartment A and C--they can hear everything we say and can see everything they want if they took the trouble to peek through the quarter inch cracks in the wall which serve as partitions.) Isn't the cramming of seven to one room slightly on the principle which sociologists are fighting against? Isn't this an excellent way to break down the morals of the Japanese people? Weren't these barracks intended for single men as the requirements are for soldiers and not for family units? All these questions can be answered by the simple three lettered word--"yes". These aren't all the questions that I have in my cranium, but some that just popped up as I write.

And why can't they improve this situation? Well, I don't know how they would solve all the problems, but I know of one

Wednesday evening--

they could solve. To begin with, there are seven persons in our apartment and it doesn't take a mathematician to figure that there are about three too many in the room. Not that I want to dispose of three members of the family, but just looking at the figures I would say that one room is just about right for four persons. In the other three apartments in our barrack, there are two in A, two in C, and four in apartment in D. Eight in three apartments and seven in one apartment. The ratio, I would say, is not according to democratic calculations. Why can't the Housing department do something about this? I know there are plenty of cases like ours--and they are going unanswered. Just across the yard there is one family with seven--but they have two rooms. Is this fair? Also in the same barrack, there is another family--and they, too, have two rooms. Well, I'll quit here, but my attitude on the subject is getting more and more disgusted as the days go by.

Until a couple of weeks ago, apartment A was unoccupied. We made an application to use the unoccupied room--but the Housing department informed us that this room was wanted by another family--and very urgently. When they put the rejection of our application such a way, we couldn't say anything. We figured that either it would be a large family or that they would have relatives or close friends here in this camp (they moved from Camp III). The case happened to be calculated wrong in both cases for this family happened to be as small as could possibly be (two) and they did not have any relatives and very few friends here. (Come to think of it, maybe I should type as loud

*Apartment  
A  
distribution*

Wednesday evening--

as I can just for spite.) Later I found out that this family was brought into this camp because one of the administrators recommended that they be moved here. So you see, petty politics comes before the satisfaction of a biological need.

Well, this morning I signed off and went to work. At the office I put in my routine number of hours, came home for lunch, returned to work, and then came home for dinner again. The day was very uneventful.

The family has a peculiar habit, but one which I think is very beneficial in keeping the family together. Before lunch and dinner, we all gather in our two by four room and talk a while before going to eat. All four of us who are working manage to get home a few minutes before eating time. I don't know how many families do this consciously or unconsciously, but I really think that this is one way of keeping the family together.

After dinner I sat on the steps of the empty men's barrack and slung the bull with a young minister. He invited me to prayer meeting, but I told him that I was not in the mood for spiritual uplifting tonight. As we sat there conversing, a little bunch of young ruffians from this block came to join us. Before long two of them were fighting and raising the dust in gusty volumes. It took the two of us to separate them and keep them from going at it again. The cause of the scuffle was undetermined, but I suspect that it was another one put on for our benefit. This same bunch always seems to come around for a visit and they always seem to get in a little scuffle. Well, the two

Wednesday evening--

of us talked about nothing in general--just a regular bull session.

After darkness had settled, I came home to write a couple of letters that should have been answered weeks ago. I found Mother studying her English lesson. She was having some difficulty with the use of prepositions in the sentences. Being a noble soul, I started to assist her and found that I had forgotten all the wonderful rules I had learned back in my good old grammar school days. We struggled through the lesson somehow, but I'm afraid she is more mixed up of the whole affair than she was when she started. After the English lesson was disposed of, I began the tedious task of writing my neglected correspondence. I finished around ten o'clock, much to my astonishment.

I thought of taking a shower, but the water seemed to disappear everytime I went to the shower room. Guess the water was playing hide and seek with me. As I waited around for the water to start again, my brothers returned from their round of visiting. So this time the four of us went in a group and stormed the place. Sheer numbers must have frightened the water system for the water came gushing forth with remarkable pressure.

By the time we got out of the showers, the rest of the family was already asleep--and before long we were also in bed. Suddenly I realized that I had a duty to perform--so I got off my feather--rather my hay filled mattress, dusted off this contraption and started to pound away. The first few plunks brought a storm of shouts from my brothers who wanted to go to sleep.

Wednesday evening--

But with the courage of a Spartan, I have typed a few pages. And now, I think I have deserved a nice, long sleep--don't you? So until tomorrow morning and the mess gong, I bid you adieu.

p.s. I wonder if this is what you wanted. Well, I'll know when you read it.

September 24, 1942  
Thursday morning

The usual morning activities are going on--not much to write about. At the breakfast table we had a lively discussion on the matter of honeydews that we had for breakfast. One fellow contended that honeydews were planted the first year and the crops harvested the second year. A number of us disagreed with him and thought that the crops were harvested the same year they were planted. We argued around and around, and finally asked a farmer of some repute what he thought was the usual procedure for raising honeydews. He substantiated our statement so the argument was settled. (The honeydew was delicious.)

*Personal  
leave*

This morning I met an old Issei gentleman who speaks fluent English. I heard that his son was leaving on a work furlough in the near future so I asked him what he thought of people leaving on furloughs at a time like this. He said that it was okay, but that it was kind of late to be going out on work furloughs. He said that he received a letter from Colorado--and the first winter snows had already fallen. He said that Californians were not acclimated to cold, snowy winters and might suffer as a result. He recommended that it would be more advisable to leave in the spring of next year and work until the middle of October or first of November.

Father has to go see the doctor this morning to see if his Palsey is any better. He hates the long walk to the hospital, but since there are no transportation facilities, he has

Thursday morning--

to rely on his two legs for transportation. Well, doctor's fees are low so he has nothing to worry about--that is from the financial angle.

Well, my brothers have left for work so I guess I better get going--after all, I have to earn my sixteen bucks a month.

Thursday evening--

Just came home from a ball game. Our block played the neighboring block and came out on the short end of the score. Quite a hard game to lose since we were leading until the last inning. A home run brought in the winning run. The whole family is outside sitting on our one and only bench and on the steps. It's kind of warm in the room tonight. Rather than stay up late tonight, I thought I would suffer the heat and type out this report. These bugs-- they get me sore. Maybe we better invest part of our next month's pay on some window screen. I wonder if the priorities have put a stop to the selling of window screens--hope not.

Why can't the W.R.A. put up window screens for us? They put them on the windows of the mess halls--why not put them on the windows of our barracks? Another one of those things that will go unanswered for a long time.

As I was coming home from work today, I noticed that the bungalows near the hospital were being furnished with some high-class furniture. They talk about making this town as democratic as possible, yet they pull one boner after another. The Caucasians are given nice homes with stoves, coolers, nice furniture, and private bathing facilities. A hundred yards a-

Thursday evening--

way you find the same citizens of the united States--differing only in skin color--yet they are given a single room that must serve anywhere from two to eight persons, a common latrine no furniture whatsoever other than a cot, and coolers are sometimes present if the residents have the money to buy coolers. I wonder if this/<sup>is</sup> carrying out the policies of democracy? I think not. I don't see how the people who live in these family dwellings can give talks on the topic of democracy and still feel justified in their talks. I asked a warehouse fellow if this furniture was coming through their department--and he said yes. Another fellow who is working in the warehouses also told me that one Caucasian person came into the warehouse and wanted a certain color of furniture because his rug was of a certain color. And on top of that, this piece of furniture happened to be in the back of the room and below a lot of other stored goods making it very difficult to get at. Well, maybe they are rationalizing some way or the other--but I can't see their point in being so particular.

Right after dinner I was talking to my sister about high school. Since school is starting within a few days, she was clamoring for a table to study on. This is legitimate demand, but the prospect of another table in our already cluttered up room makes me see spots before my eyes. Seven people with all their personal belonging plus a lot of home made furniture--well, I just don't see how we can manage another table. Poor kid, she will have to study under conditions that will make almost impossible to do good work. I don't know the conditions in the

Thursday evening--

other families, but I wonder if the housing department take into consideration the fact that a student going to school must have some privacy to concentrate. And with seven people in one room, it is an impossibility.

I wonder how the war is coming along? Last time I saw a newspaper was Sunday. After coming here to camp, I lost all interest in what is going on outside of this camp. It seems that life is just for the present --let the future take care of itself. I heard over the radio that they are running short of cannon fodder. Maybe they will call me--I'm 1A in the Army (or am I 4C?). I just got a letter from my brother who is in the army and he said that there is talk of a possibility of being sent across to the war front. He has been itching to get into the fracas--he said he might as well make use of his training--no use training for so many weeks and then end up doing latrine work, K. P. duty, road detail and the like. Just before the war he had a chance of being promoted, but now he hasn't a Chinaman's chance of being raised--although he has been through college. Too bad he has the wrong genes in his system--if he had the right ones and with his college training he might be something besides a buck private. I guess he wouldn't trade his heredity for anything in the world--even if he did have the chance of getting a couple of stripes on his uniform.

I wonder what is going to happen to the upside down world of ours? Looks like human civilization just can't get away from the barbaric practices of shooting each other. Long time ago they were content to kill each other in small numbers--now we

future  
outlook

selective  
service

Thursday evening--

do it in wholesale lots. Well, I guess we have the distinction of being the first group to meet a forced evacuation due to the whims of <sup>a</sup> few excited politicians. Shucks, we could be back home raising food for victory--instead we are living in this place.

Food for victory. That is the cry of the big shots in Washington. Yet through the magnificent efforts of a few uneducated politicians, they have moved about fifty thousand of the nation's finest farmers to a place where they can't do anything but remain idle. Yes sir, even I could be raising a few beans and a few potatoes a lot better than a lot of the "Sunday" farmers who took over the truck farms. I hear that the price of truck produce is so high that a lot of people can't afford to purchase the stuff. Made me laugh when the newspapers said that a certain politician from Sacramento wanted the Japs back in California to harvest crops. Kick us off our farms--then ask us to come back and harvest crops so that someone else can rake in the profits. I wonder if he thinks we are a bunch of dumb saps to take such rot. He doesn't have to worry--we will raise more than our share of the crops in these relocation centers and we will do our share of harvesting crops in other states, but I hope to high heaven Dewitt and the rest won't allow us to return to California until the war is over. And if they do allow us to return--I hope they allow us to return as free Americans to engage in private enterprises again, and to produce food for victory once again. (Is this a pipe dream?)

Attitude  
on  
evacuation

The whole family is in the mansion of ours now. They are talking about the heat and wondering when cool weather is coming back again. We just tore our home made cooler down during the last cool spell--and now there is agitation to re-install it. If this warm weather keeps up, we will have to take the cooler off the rafters and put her to work again. Electricity is cheap--it might not be a bad idea to use the cooler again.

I wonder what I am going to use for the construction of the table. I feel the urge of lifting a few pieces of lumber rising within me. Wood is about as scarce as hen teeth. The government ought to give us lumber to build our furniture--or else give us some furniture. I just as soon have the lumber--then the furniture would match the rest of the junk we have in the room.

I blowed another day's wages at the canteen today. Money certainly doesn't last very long with me. I bought some canned fruit for the whole family--and when I figured up how much I had spent, I found that my whole day's efforts had been given to the canteen. I wonder when the canteen is going to be turned over to the coop movement. I believe in the cooperative movement, but this is one time when I don't believe in it. Why not let well enough alone. The canteen was improving as the days rolled by and now they want to convert it into a cooperative store. I can't see any advantages in the system. Oh, yes, you could enumerate a lot of them, but we aren't going to be here forever. By the time you get the people here educated to the ways of cooperative enterprises, we will be leaving this place. And I think a lot of the leaders of the coop movement

failed to realize how individualistic the Japanese people are. A lot of coops have been started among the Japanese, but most failed due to the uncooperative nature of the members. Looks like we will have to go through another stage of high prices, diorganized management, petty bickerings, mud slinging by the Issei and the Nisei, anatgonism by those who do not believe in the conversion, dissatisfaction by the chronic ranks, and a lot of propaganda lecture's to convert the hold outs.

Two years ago today my Aunt died. And by luck my Uncle was evacuated to this camp. I don't know what kind of a ritual it is, but he gave us a bunch of canned goods and asked us to indulge in it. It is called the "san-kai-ki" or something that sounds like that. Since the family are Buddhists, they do not eat meat or fish--only vegetables for a while. Yup, I remember the day they had the funeral. I was in college--and I had to cut an English exam. The prof thought that I was making an excuse to get out of taking the exam so he wouldn't let me take a make up exam. Guess that excuse must have been used by some one else before me--should have thought up something more original.

They guy next door is bellering his lungs out. He must think he is another John Charles Thomas the way he is singing. I wish he would turn it off--very irritating to my auditory system.

Got involved in a long discussion with my younger brother who wants to go to college. Before evacuation he was writing to college and attempting to find a college that would accept him. He found a number of colleges--but the curfew went into

*Student Relocation*

effect and it was impossible to go out. After we got into camp, he let the Student Relocation Committee handle the problem. Looks like we trusted the Committee too much and didn't do enough on our part. If he had continued to work on it by himself, he would probably be out right now, but the Committee seems to have mixed everything up. He counted up his financial resources and found that he would have enough to see him through two years--just long enough to get his degree--if he went to Colorado State College. Well, the Committee notified him a few days ago that the U. of Minnesota was selected for him. He would like to go there, but after the first year and a half he would have to return--and without his degree. If he had kept up his end, I'm sure that Colorado would have accepted him. I know the Committee is doing a whale of a job, but it looks like my brother is unnecessarily delayed another semester or so. Just another one of those things that can't be helped.

Well, time to hit the hay--and hay it will be. I wonder if this is the type of work the research worker wants.

September 25, 1942  
Friday morning

This morning started out with the usual hurrying and scurrying to get to the mess hall in time to grab a few things to eat. As I went to the latrine to brush my teeth and wash my face, I ran into the fellow who lives in apartment D. He was late this morning--he's usually very early--I saw him while he was brushing his teeth at the faucet. As I saw the water streaming out of the box below the faucet, I could see the white soap and toothpaste remains accumulating on the ground. A thought went through my head at the time and I wondered how much he thought of the matter. Here was one person using the faucet and contaminating four apartments with his morning cleansing. The sanitation department has issued order for people to refrain from doing their washing at the faucets, but to do their washing in the latrines or the laundry room. No use telling the fellow that he is committing a wrong for he is too bull headed to change his method.

On the way to the mess hall, I could see that the moon had not gone down--it was still in full view. My brother remarked to me that all sane people would still be in bed--guess we must be insane. And then we began to discuss the time when we arrived in Parker and had to reset our watches an hour earlier.

After we entered the mess hall, the aroma of pancakes greeted our nostrils. This was the first time we had pancakes in a long time--they were very delicious. At the table we got into a discussion of the ball game that we lost last night. We were all under the impression that it was a league game, but it turned out to be a practice tilt. Darn good thing because

Friday morning--

we have our eye on winning the league championship. I think our block team is one of the rarest aggregation in the league. All the team members work in the kitchen except the first baseman, and all the members live on this block except the third baseman--he lives across the street. This coming Saturday the center fielder is leaving on a work furlough--that means that we will have to recruit another player.

From the mess hall I went to the block manager's office to read the bulletin board--first time I have seen to the office for a long time. There was nothing of interest there so I sat on the steps of Barracks Three and chatted with a fellow until we both had to leave for work. (so off to work I went.)

Friday evening--

Working at the office today and ran into a friend of mine who is a prospective teacher. He is still a prospective teacher because he doesn't know whether to quit or keep on. From his attitude on the subject of continuing, I gather that he isn't too enthusiastic over the prospect of teaching. He was another one of these students who didn't get a fair break in going to college. He is <sup>a</sup>dental student with another year to get his Dental Degree--he can pay his way completely--yet the Committee re-locating the college students couldn't get him out. I hope he gets to go out next semester--if he doesn't, he is liable to lose interest in finishing his career or even losing his talents that he has acquired in the past six years of college work. Getting back to the Poston schools--he claims that there are too many junior college students and less who are going

*Student relocation*

Friday morning--

to teach in the schools. We both agreed that a four years in college doesn't necessarily qualify him as a teacher, but it at least gives him something basic to make himself sure of himself. Two or two and a half year college students are going to teach in the primary and secondary schools--and there is talk that these schools are going to be recognized by the California Department of Education. In California, as I understand it, a teacher must have his teaching credentials--and that necessitates at least four years of college work and sometimes five. If they require so much training, how can our Poston schools meet the requirements if they use undergrads of college?

During the lunch hour I had a chat with \_\_\_\_\_ of the optometry department. As yet their equipment has not arrived--and they have been telling their patients that the equipment would be in in another ten days. They have been saying that the equipment would be in in ten days for the past two months. Today he told me that the equipment would be in in another thirty days. Some of the unfortunate people who need glasses have no means of having their eyes examined--so they have been suffering for the past three or four months.

For lunch we had egg-foo-yung--my favorite dish. It seems that everytime we have something I like, there are no seconds. And when we have beef heart or some other allied food that I dislike, they seem to heap mountains of the disliked food on my plate. It is about time that we had some beef heart--and how I dislike the stuff. From the looks of the garbage pails, I would say that the majority of the people dislike beef heart.

And I can't say as I blame them for disliking the awful stuff.

*Personal  
work*

After dinner I talked with a couple of the fellows who are leaving in the morning to go out on a work furlough. They were still in their teens, but were anxious to go. Instead of thinking of the trip as a work furlough, they regarded it as a swell opportunity to get out of the camp and to see the world. Besides seeing some of the other states in the United States, they would be earning some money to replenish their dwindling reserves. Both of these fellows had never worked on a farm and neither knew what kind of work "stoop" labor meant. They figured that if some of the city slickers could do the work, they could do the same.

Having nothing else to do, I went to the ball game being played in the neighboring block. Both teams were unknown to me so I tired of the game after watching it for a few innings. I saw a friend walking towards the canteen--so I joined him for another splurge at the canteen. Boy, what a gang of people in the canteen--a regular meeting place for the Postonians. It seems like the canteen is gaining a place in our society as the old country store with it's pot bellied stove had in the early days. Young and old congregated there to pass the time away and chew the fat with old friends. With so many people in the crowded room, I decided to leave the room and go for a walk. Some way or the other I got separated from my friend in the mob at the store--so I continued on my way alone. By the time I got home, darkness had settled. I sat on the bench outside for a while and slung the bull with my younger brother. Pretty soon a friend from our old home town came over

for a chat.

As we sat outside, our conversation turned to the problem of coops at the canteen. Finally we got to talking of the day when we would be returning to our home town. He is a very intelligent fellow and feels that our only salvation would be in working cooperatively in the farming world. We have a good nucleus for the beginning of coop since we have three families who are definitely interested in cooperative work. Two are farmers and the third is a greenhouse owner. One of the families have a number of sons--one is closely tied with the wholesale market, another is studying soil chemistry, and the third is educated in the lines of business. With these three fellows, the farmers, and the green house operator, we feel that we have a pretty good start for the future coop. Later on my other brothers returned so I left the discussion to begin my work with this report.

Mother and Father went visiting and haven't returned yet. One of the few times that they have gone visiting. The rest of the family are outside enjoying the evening air and talking. My neighbor just poked his head in the doorway a few minutes ago and asked me if I would like to join a bridge club that is starting pretty soon. Playing cards seem to be about the only past time one can indulge in during the evenings--just so long as card playing steers away from gambling, I see no evil effect of playing cards.

This afternoon I learned that a classmate of mine was in the hospital. So like a loyal friend, I went to pay my respects to her. During our conversation, we continued to refer to Dr.

Wakatake and the wonderful work that he is doing here. Although it is the code of doctors to give aid at all times, we both agreed that it was a shame that talent such as his had to be rewarded by a measely nineteen dollars a month. Recently he performed an operation that would have netted him a cool five hundred dollars--but here it was gratis. I jokingly remarked that she should have all her unwanted innard such as the appendix and tonsils taken out while here--save a few dollars. Well, she was progressing very nicely, but was having a hard time passing the time a way. A nurse chased me out at four-thirty so I had to go back to work.

These bugs--they certainly irritate me!

Singspiration was cancelled tonight--so I didn't get to loosen my vocal organs. This will give the residents of Block 19 a rest from my feeble attempts at carrying a tune. Sister has decided to practice her violin--so now I have to suffer the agonies of listening to her squeaks and squaks.

On the way home from work today I dropped in at the library to browse through a few magazines. It just happened that the first one I picked up showed pictures of the atrocities that the Japs were committing in the Orient. Possibly if I were of a different and of a more excitable nature, I would be willing to shoot the first guy who said that the people across the ocean were civilized. But as I looked throught the magazines, I began to wonder how much of the pictures were true and how much was just pure propaganda. No doubt some of it was true, but the exaggeration was so great that it was unbelievable. I'm of Japanese heritage and I am acquainted with a number of Issei

people--and the people who are creating the atrocities are identical as my friends and my parents. And I just can't picture myself or any of my friends do any such thing. Am I rationalizing and trying to cover up for the misdeeds that they are possibly doing over there? I think not. The more I looked at the pictures, the more infuriated I became of some of the impossible things that were shown. Thank God, all the magazines aren't cluttered up with such stuff. why even my favorite comic books are becoming tinged with the pictures and deed of the slant eyed orientals.

My three brothers and a neighbor friend are playing bridge in the room. My folks and my sister have pulled the curtains to obtain a little privacy in their evening sleep. I wonder how long they are going to play--I hope they don't play too long.

I received a letter from a friend today who is in Colorado. He said that it is getting cold over there--and that he had to go to bed at ten o'clock because the evenings were too cold. After reading that, I thought that Poston wasn't going to be such a bad place after all. We can stand the heat, but it's pretty hard to look happy in a freezing climate. Well, there are arguments for both side, but I kind of think that Poston is going to turn out to be the best camp of all.

I nearly committed myhem this evening when a four legged mongrel nearly took a chunk of my leg for his dinner. As I rounded a corner of a barrack on our block, this little squirt of a dog came rushing at me and frightened me out of seven years of growth. My first reaction was to get away from the immedi-

ate premises as fast as I could, but after seeing the dog, I gave vent to my anger and turned around and chased him. The tables were now turned and I was shouting and yelling and chasing him at the same time. He probably wondered what happened when he saw that his little funfest was suddenly brought to a standstill--in fact reversed.

From now until the game of cards quits, I'm going to be a first class heckler. Not much more to scribble about until the morrow.

p.s. Who is going to pay for all this wonderful paper that I am using? Should I send a bill to the Research Department for it? Please advise.

September 26, 1942  
Saturday morning

Almost had a notion to stay in bed this morning. Last day of the week so I thought I would make things easy, but as usual I was eating my breakfast. Saturday seemed to bring a slakening in the speed with which we went to clean up. Everyone who were usually late, were still later this morning. Breakfast consisted of eggs, toast, coffee, and cereal. Not<sup>a</sup>/very substantail meal, but the coffee was good for a change.

Breakfast over, I came home to sit and chat with my brothers. A fellow who lives across the yard was also here talking about the football games in store for us today. Even in a place like this we have the privilege of thinking and talking about the teams and their respective merits. Naturally we did not agree altogether on the outcome of the games, but this afternoon we will know the results of the games. The speed in which time passed seemed to surprise us--it seemed like yesterday when we were talking football. Now we are at it again--war or no war, footBall will keep going on.

Mother and Father were inside the house--Father reading and Mother cleaning the room out. It is surprising how messy a single room can become overnight. As I type this, I can hear the others going to work. The trucks are grinding gears and passengers are shouting for others to hurry up. Living near the main road has its disadvantages--as well as its advantages. On windy days the dust pours into our room from the road--there is no escape. Mornings and evenings the trucks and cars are continually passing by--makes one think of the streets back home.

Well, we were only half a day today. Not bad. Instead of

Saturday morning--

loafing the afternoon away, I guess I'll make a closet for the room. Don't know where I'll put it, but we certainly need another closet.

Saturday evening--

Half a day at the office today--so I stayed home and occupied myself by making a closet. Ran out of wood so I had to finish some of the parts by using cardboard. Dang it, I wish we had more wood furnished to us. No matter how much time or ingenuity a person has, he has to have materials to work with. Well, after I finished the closet, I showered and strolled over to the library. Thumbing through yesterday's paper, (or maybe it was older) I ran across a part of a series of articles concerning the "Progressive Education" method of teaching.

As far as I know, this is the type of education that they are going to institute in our schools. After reading the article, I wondered how anyone could continue to teach children in this way. From the article I gathered that "Progressive Education" was all right for "slow" children, but it held back the better students. Also the schools which taught this way produced students who ranked with the average throughout the nation, but the average included the southern states where the educational system was very poor. Therefore, the students in these schools were far below the students of the other schools in the same state. The article criticized the Progressive way very severely--citing trouble with students of the Progressive system because they were not educated in the fundamentals of reading,

Saturday morning--

writing, and arithmetic. I personally believe that the Japanese students are far above the average in studies--will this system of teaching apply to them? I have my doubts.

A few minutes before closing time, a friend who is an mechanical engineer came to get a book. After they closed the library, we sat on the steps of the building and slung the ball. He was married just before evacuation--and now feels that he can't leave camp on a work furlough because of family responsibilities. He had a civil service job before the war broke out, but through the combined efforts of some ignorant people and some politicians, he lost the job. He isn't sore about the matter, but he really feels sorry for the poor people who can't trust a fellow American. Our conversation ran more along the lines of the conditions of work outside of camp and how the workers would be treated after they were out. With winter coming on, we thought that it would be more sensible if the people stayed back until next spring. If a person is unaccustomed to cold weather--it is very difficult to work under those conditions.

Tonight we had dinner a few minutes earlier than usual because some of the people were leaving work furloughs. We had fish and lamb for dinner. The fish was okay, but the lamb smelled like something I can't mention. The lettuce situation in California must be getting pretty bad because the leaves were bitter as heck. Formerly if lettuce was bitter, no one would think of buying it. Now it must be a different story.

After dinner my three brothers and I became involved in a game of five hundred. Turned out to be one-sided affair as we lost every game. Around seven thirty one of my brother said that he was going to see a friend off--the friend was going to Nebraska. The game came to an end--so all of us decided to follow the crowd and see what was happening near the employment office. It seemed like the whole town was seeing someone off. It reminded me of the days

Saturday morning--

when people were leaving for the army or when people were leaving for Japan. Everyone seemed to be in high spirits--as if they were going on a vacation. When I saw all my friends--surprised to see so many of them going--I came home. I found another fellow waiting to see me at home.

*Attitude  
misunderstanding*

I invited him into the room and join me in some Hi-Ho cookies and ice water. (That's all we had.) I turned the radio on and got a newsreport. Towards the end of the program, the announcer said that the Japanese evacuees in Gila were committing sabotage. He accused them of sabotage because they were not going out to the fields to pick cotton. I don't know where they get the idea that all the Japanese are cotton pickers. Just because there are lots of farmers among us, that doesn't necessarily mean that we all are farmers. It made me sore to hear the announcer say that they were committing sabotage. Those that did go out made such a miserable mess of the things that it wasn't funny. After the first picking, the same announcer made fun of them because they didn't make expenses the first day. And now he calls them saboteurs because only a hundred and seventy of the ten thousand turned out to pick. Shucks, there might be ten thousand people there, but they all can't work--and there are a lot who aren't used to work of that nature. But to call it sabotage is a downright injustice. I wonder if he is calling the whites the same thing--I doubt if they are turning out in such great numbers. And I wonder why they don't pay a little higher wage--well, this bit of news seemed to create a swell topic of conversation for my friend and I.

After he left, I started on this report--and nothing much has happened since then. It is eleven o'clock--and the rest of the family are all asleep--maybe I shall do likewise.

#7  
September 27, 1942  
Sunday morning

Six days of work and the seventh of rest. So here it is Sunday morning-- the beginning of another week. We had breakfast an hour later than usual (8:00) so that we could sleep an hour later. Even with the extra hour of sleep, I met the same old gang in the latrine cleaning up. Early or late, there is a certain group that wake up with the breakfast bell.

Everything in the house is a little rushed this morning. Sister has to go to Sunday school. House-cleaning goes on with a little more vim and vigor. The menfolks are taking the day easy--all day to loaf. Sunday means that my day will be spent at a ball game in the morning, writing letters all afternoon, and church service at night. There is to be a ball game across the street pretty soon. My older brother and I plan to go see the game when it starts. My younger brother has gone to his math. course at block 36. My youngest brother is changing his shoes so that he can practice a few innings with his team.

Not much happened this morning--Sunday mornings are always quiet. Guess I'll go to the ball game.

September 27, 1942  
Sunday evening

Sundays are always quiet for me. After breakfast this morning I went to a ball game across the street. A bunch of young fellows were playing a game with some old men. Contrary to the opinion of many, the old men won the ball game. Experience vs. youth--and experience won. After the game was over, I bumped into my former high school English teacher. She had come to Boston for a visit with another lady. She was looking for my younger brother so we parted. Later on my brother told me that she was anxious to find how his college career was turning out. She had written a number of letters to U. of California in hopes of getting him situated in some Midwest college. Apparently no results came forth because she was still interested in his future plans.

Came home around eleven and washed the room out with water. It is a good thing that we bought a hose before the priorities made it impossible to get water hoses. Our broom is still as good as new as we wash the room out twice a day with water. Water is much better than a broom for cleaning purposes for it cools the room as well as clean it. By the time I had cleaned the room, the lunch gong had sounded. We had sandwiches and coffee for lunch. We weren't very hungry so the meal was sufficient.

After lunch I took a short nap and then started to write my letters. After writing a few lines, my brothers coaxed me into playing a game of bridge. We played bridge until dinner time. Dinner consisted of veal cutlets, rice, salad, tea and watermelons. After dinner I went out to see another ball game. After the game I came home, took a shower, changed clothes and went to church. And now here I am writing my report.

Sundays are very uneventful for me. I seldomly see anyone--and if I do, I just wave at them and say hello. I like to stay home as much as possible on Sundays for the whole family more or less stays home together this day of the week. Usually we get in a card game or we are writing letters. Maybe tomorrow will be a more eventful day--quien sabe?

September 28, 1942  
Monday morning

Blue Monday. Five more days until rest. The usual routine from waking until the time I went to the office. As I write this report, Mother is busily gathering the accumulation of two days dirty clothes. The boys in the family wash their own pants and shirts, but Mother and Sister wash our hankies, shorts and socks. We do the heavy washing, but they insist in doing the light washing. Sister is too young to work so she wants to keep occupied washing and mending. Right now Sister is practicing her violin--it gets too hot in the afternoon to practice. Father is reading yesterdays paper--he has a hard time making out some of the longer and more difficult words. At those times he either asks us the meaning or marks the word and asks us later thwn we are home. He gets a great deal of pleasure as well as knowledge from reading the paper.

Breakfast consisted of toast, butter, jam, and coffee. Not very much for a working man's stomach--but better than nothing.

Guess I'll go to work. Not much to write about.

Monday evening--

I had a very interesting day today. This morning I had the privilege to sit in on the assembly that the future teachers of Poston had. I got my first glimpse of the Caucasian teachers in a group. I hope looks are deceiving for some of the Caucasian teachers were pretty old. Maybe the older a teacher gets, the better they get--hope so anyway. A number of men gave welcoming speeches, among them were the project head, leaders from Poston I and II, and the director of the Poston schools.

Monday evening--

Another man gave a very long talk on the topic of "Education and Freedom". After the assembly I walked home with a friend and invited him to our mess hall for lunch. We had ham, vegetable salad, carrots, peas, and tea. (bread too)

The outcome of this school system is going to be very interesting. Although the director hinted that the students would be recognized by the California Dept. of Education, he did not come outright and say that they would be recognized. I wonder how the Japanese students are going to get along with some of the Caucasian teachers? As far as that goes, how successful are the Japanese teachers going to be? Well, the results will be very interesting to see.

Left the office a little early this afternoon and watched the fellows practicing with the weights. I don't see where they get the energy to lift those heavy iron bars on these hot days. Just to watch them made me tired. This weightlifting is just part of the recreation program that they have here. I think that weightlifting is one of the lesser known athletic sports in this town. Baseball seems to be the prevailing sport.

Tonight our block team is playing another league game. The people leaving on work furloughs have weakened many teams--our block came out pretty good--losing only one player. Later on they are having a movie on our block--maybe I'll go see it.

September 29, 1942  
Tuesday morning

This report is being written a few hours later than usual morning report. An early meeting this morning made it impossible for me to write it. It is about eleven o'clock. This morning we had breakfast at the usual hour. After breakfast I talked to a friend on the subject of the war. He told me that a friend of his was being sent to a Military Intelligence School to learn Japanese. At the camp where he was stationed, the recruiting officer made an appeal for the Nisei to turn out for the school, but there were very few volunteers. Most of the Nisei are under the impression that if they go to this school to learn Japanese, their friends back home will lose respect for them. How true this is, I don't know. Anyway, the majority of the Nisei soldiers, according to him are against the idea of joining the Military Intelligence Service.

After leaving him, I went back to the apt. to write up my report, but remembered that we were meeting a little earlier than usual. As I left the room, Mother gave me a slip which would enable me to get an insured package at the Post Office.

After the meeting, I went to the Ad. Building to see if I could get Apt. C in our barrack. The couple that were living there went out on a furlough and left the room completely vacant. I went to the Housing Dept. to see if I could get the room. I don't know what she was trying to tell me, but it seemed that she was trying to give me the brush off. She said that they were going to increase the number in our block so we couldn't have another room. Then I asked her how come a couple moved into our block just a few days ago-- and are occupying a large room. Whereupon she said that they were temporary residents. Temporary or not, I think that was a feeble excuse because we are all temporary residents here. (I hope) This couple came from Santa Anita and resided in Camp Three for some time, then they were brought to this camp. If that was the case, I wonder why they weren't left at Camp Three where there

Tuesday evening--

Last night of report writing. This will really be a relief off my mind. I just came back from the library--and what a mob there was in there. With cooler weather approaching, it seems that more people are taking advantage of the facilities that we have. Most of those there seemed to be in the early teens--very few in their twenties.

Immediately after dinner, I sat on the barrack steps of building 12 and talked to a young Nisei minister. Another Nisei joined us a few minutes later and started talking about his ability in "wolfing". The young minister tried to talk him into leading a sensible life in regards of the opposite sex. He was under the impression that everyone else in camp was leading a free sex life--so he felt that he was entitled to do the same. Anyway, after he left, the minister felt that some sort of sex education should be given to the Nisei. There is too much ignorance and false ideas concerning this topic. I quite agree with him and believe that there should be some kind of education along this line for both the adults and the minors.

After our bull session, I went across the street to watch two girls team playing softball. It was such a dry affair that it became uninteresting after the first inning. I started to take a walk and ended up in the library--to look at magazines. Rev. Goldwater (Buddhist) is speaking in block 28, but I remembered the fact too late. I imagine it is half over by now. From what I hear, Rev. Goldwater is a very peppy, intellectual man. He is one of the few Buddhist priests that can give a sermon in English. He is a popular priest among the Nisei.

Right now the rest of the family are involved in a game of go-ishi. Two players and the rest as sideline coaches. I tried my hand at the game, but found that my ability was far inferior to my younger brother.

Tuesday evening--

We had chow mein, pickled radishes, rice and tea for dinner tonight. At lunch we had hamburger, mashed potatoes, carrots, bread, and tea. For the past couple of days the food had been pretty good--wonder how long it is going to keep up. I talked to some other fellows and they said that the food was pretty good in their block too. Something must have slipped up for we haven't been eating so well for a long time.

The dust blew pretty hard today. The dust has been blowing off and on for the past three days. As I came home around five o'clock, the wind seemed to pick up more dust than was necessary. By the time I got home there was dust in my hair, in my mouth, in my eyes, and on my face. It is a pretty long walk from the office to our place.

The latest Pacific Citizen is out. Spent an enjoyable hour reading the paper from cover to cover. This is about the only means that we have of keeping up with the other camps. Of course letters come in, but by the time we get the news, everything is distorted way out of proportion. I hope this paper continues to print the material that is so interesting to us. There was a very good editorial on the subject of race prejudice--it was written by a well known man.

Well, this takes a load off my mind. I started out full of pep and ambition, but kind of pooped out in the end. I hope this remains confidential and the writer will remain incognito. Some of the things said might be distorted and used against me or the rest of the people in here. There are a lot of errors in this paper both grammatical and in the mechanics, but I hope that some of the things that you asked for are contained within. Well, this is 30 for the time being.