

June 16th to June 30th.

M. Jipma

Included:

- 1) Portion of early diary May 22 - 26th
- 2) Also from June 13 - 28th
- 3). Sketches of furniture in house.
- 4). Letter - (1)
- 5). An essay by a high school student.

The Eve of the Evacuation

This paper, first of all, needs qualifications. I am not an authority or specialist on the problems of second-generation Americans of Japanese ancestry. I have neither made an intensive study of them at the University, nor have I travelled along the coast making a sociological survey of them. This paper is not written to make an impression. It will not attempt a patriotic justification of the nisei as one hundred per-cent red blood Americans, and then discuss his loyalty and devotion to this country. I shall avoid individual Bob stories, and attempt to look at the problem as objectively as I can. Above all, I do not pretend or believe that I am a representative of all the nisei in America. I am, in fact, very insignificant and obscure. I am exactly nineteen, young and inexperienced. The farthest south I have traveled is Carmel, and the farthest north, Berkeley.

I suppose by now the reader is wondering how a person so unqualified can write a paper on this topic. To tell you the truth, many things are very perplexing, and sometimes I find myself sitting on the edge of a trunk and wondering what it is all about. In the past I have always found that when I put my thoughts down in black and white I can inspect them more objectively and from a better perspective. This paper hence is a conglomeration of what I have read in the Hearst Papers, in the Life and Times Magazines, and a few miscellaneous ideas of my own. In short this paper is filled with conjectures and second hand materials. But it is a sincere and candid attempt to reconcile certain mental conflicts, which I am sure, any reasonable person would try to do, if he were in my place. If I fail to express myself clearly, and if my writing becomes confused, it will partly be because some things

are so deep, I can't quite understand them, and also under the pressure of events it is difficult to think clearly.

The first question which arises in my mind is why am I being evacuated. The reason why the nationals of enemy countries are being evacuated is obvious and perfectly clear. They are citizens of the countries with which we are at war, and hence, they are our enemies. In the case of the Nisei, however, who are citizens of the country, the same type of reasoning doesn't hold. There are many children of aliens from Italy and Germany in this state who are not being evacuated. As far as the legal requirements of citizenship are concerned, the Nisei is as much a part of America as any group of citizens. By all standards of civil rights and liberties, with which I have been imbued since childhood, we ~~are to~~ are Americans all. It would seem, then, there are other factors involved which makes the status of second generation American Japanese different from those other nationals.

One reason may be that if the first generation, the Issei, are to be evacuated, it will also be necessary to send some of their children along. There are many families whose children are still younger than ten, and since they are yet, too, young to support themselves, they will have to accompany their parents to the assembly centers. In order to prevent family separations, then, in many cases, it will be necessary for the parents to bring their children, Nisei ~~and~~ who are citizens of this country, with them to evacuation assembly centers.

Another reason so often advanced by the military as well as civil authorities is that in order to protect the American citizens of Japanese ancestry we are also sending them away to the assembly center. They claim it is difficult to discriminate between the first and second generation, ~~in~~ hence in order to protect the Nisei, in case of race riots, the government is sending them away. But this argument is valid only if the Issei are ~~interned~~ not interned; it holds true only when the aliens as well

As citizens are allowed to reside in this state. Perhaps, then, there may be truth to the claim ~~there~~^{it} is difficult in distinguishing one generation from the other. But under the more likely supposition that the issei only will be interned, how can one say there will be difficulty in discriminating the nisei and issei when there is only one left?

Attorney General Warren, speaking before the Tolson Committee stated that the nisei are a far greater menace than any alien group, and should be evacuated at once. How could anyone assert, particularly a learned person, ~~state~~ a statement such as that? In this case, no doubt, political reasons and individual aspirations had much to do with his line of thinking, but that some people may even lightly suspect the nisei is not to be doubted. Why are the nisei under suspicion at all?

I think one of the important reasons is that the nisei is not known. By that, I don't mean that there hasn't been any literature devoted to the nisei's problems and his person, but that very few of those in position to pass judgment upon us, such as journalists have seldom, if ever, met us personally talked to us, and seen us work and play. They never went to school with the nisei, or played with us on the baseball fields. Their opinions and expressions were probably formed in their youths, when the yellow peril was at its height, or they were obtained from secondary sources. ~~These men~~

These men are ahead of us by a generation, and unlike their children who have gone to school with us, who knew us long before the war began, they have begun to take notice of us only lately, and in their haste to obtain an opinion of us, they have turned to the newspapers, the M^cClintons and periodicals, the M^cTadders. I believe this is a significant point for at the University or in my own community of Redwood where I have come to make many friends, I rarely find the people staring at me and wondering about me. There was no hate, no distrust in

their eyes, I found ^{them} ~~in~~ only in those who wrote of us in the pulp.

I find it very different with those who knew us long before the war began, who went to school with us, and ^{with whom we} played on the soft ball fields.

But the entire explanation is not as simple as that. The papers have made a great deal about the nisei having gone to Japanese language ^{schools} and their having dual citizenship, their consequent absorption of the spirit of Japan. It is not to be denied that many have gone to such schools, ~~not~~ ^{that their} having two citizenships but what is so often deleted is that many have not gone to such school, many have not dual citizenships. What is more, those who have gone to language school have hated the thing. To make a categorical charge that all niseis are disloyal and should be interned on that count is not warranted, unless the machines of justice have become rusted. The familiar argument here is that it is difficult to distinguish the loyal and non-loyal.

The way Japan struck Pearl Harbor and the treachery of the whole negotiations have led many to conclude that all Japanese are cunning and untrustworthy. While the second generation is taller and fairer in complexion than his parents, he still retains many racial ~~features~~ features which makes the Nisei look like a Japanese. To the man on the street, the Nisei, even though he may be born here and be a citizen, he's a Jap. To this virin this war we must learn to hate the enemy and the Nisei looks too much like a Jap to be treated respectfully just because of a mere legal distinction.

There is also the problem of non-assimilation confronting the nisei, which is not peculiar to him alone. The Chinese, Filipinos, and negroes find the same difficulty in failing to become integrated into the stream of American society. Why, in the first place, do we have to add Japanese to American in designating the nisei. Why can't the press dispense with Japanese, and simply call him an American as we do in the case of the children of European immigrant. They don't refer to an

refer to a Polish-American, a German-American, an English American, a Swedish-American. Racially, the nisei is an oriental, a mongolian and that makes a great deal of difference. In scholarship, the nisei has proven himself capable. Many have been chosen valedictorians at their high school, and at the University, many have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. In school activities, such as sports, debating, and journalism, many have participated, but when it comes to social activities, to school formal, sororities, fraternities, hotel dance, there are few, if any at all who indulge in them liberally. Of course, there are economic reasons to explain this failure to participate in social activities, but even those more fortunate economically have also been unable to mix freely at social gatherings. Part of the inability to be assimilated is based on racial factors, which are too complicated for me to discuss. I don't know enough of the cause and inter-relations of race to discuss the matter intelligently, but I do know ~~as a~~ merely from the ~~body's~~ body's point of view, the color of one's skin.

What are the reactions of the nisei to the idea of evacuation?
I should say there are two schools: There are those who feel that having been born here and lived here all their lives, they feel hurt when they are accused as fifth columnists. Many have become so obsessed with the ideals of freedom and justice that they demand their civil rights in the best American tradition. An extreme case was cited in the newspapers when one nisei in Washington walked into a police station after eight o'clock at night to contest the constitutional right, as citizens, to be kept at home by the curfew. Without doubt, the action was prompted by the person's democratic conditioning and faith, that it couldn't happen here.

While that kind of reaction is of an active character, the second is a passive one. The Nisei feels that he is a victim of circumstance. As for as his racial heritage is concerned, he just happens to be on the wrong side of the fence, or as the Daily California put it, "Careless in the selection of his parents." Among those who thus resign themselves to the situation some become embittered and cynical. Everywhere he turns, Nevada, Oklahoma, California, he is not wanted. Pretty soon he figures there's no use trying, hard to get anywhere, for he hasn't got a chance.

On the other hand, the other Nisei ~~holds~~ takes into account the fact the nation is at war. These are not normal times, but times when emotions run strong. When the Nisei looks around him, he discovers soon enough that he is not the only one to suffer. Many of our American friends are forced to postpone their education in order to join the armed forces. When any one member of a family is killed in action, the family is broken. Because of rationing and priority schedules, civilian needs have been drastically cut down and individual readjustments are being made to meet the emergency. Luxury goods have been cut down from family budgets, recreations curtailed and commensurate amounts invested in Defense Bonds.

Furthermore, considering what the refugees in Europe were forced to go through when the Nazis invaded Poland and France, the treatment of the Nisei's on the West Coast is far more humane and considerate. No barracks were erected to provide shelter for the evacuees, nor did the axis nations ever take the trouble to establish W.C.A. offices to look after their properties. Most important of all, while there are

who would segregate and hate us for our racial heritage, who would deny us the democratic rights of the pursuit of freedom and happiness, there are many people in religious, social, educational and civic circles who are keenly aware of our plight, who understand our position, and who are sincerely concerned and interested in our welfare.

The immediate feeling, I think, of most nisei is one of uncertainty. No one seems to be certain when the exact date of evacuation will be, nor where we will go. The strain of waiting and wondering is very distracting. Between chapters in the text, I dash down to the W. C. A. office on Shattuck to be told to wait patiently and be reassured that while they are not sure, when the order does come, I'll be able to rejoin my family.

When the nisei views evacuation in terms of moving to camps and later resettling in inland states, he has all sort of ideas. To be sure the ideas vary according to age. The small children in grammar school know they must move because of something bad called war, but the moving isn't any different from going on a long trip or a vacation. Some boys and girls in high school think it will be a lot of fun to live in barracks, to travel to different states, and meet other kids with whom to work and play. But to those who have suddenly felt the responsibilities at home, attending to their property and real estate, preparing for the evacuation, the nisei, although young in years, has come into his own. This is serious business, it's a man's task to head the family, and someday enter the fields to work and support the families.

Strangely, while the evacuation creates many problems it also may solve problems which have troubled the nisei for a long time. Now a day, I hear a lot of boys and girls are getting married. It will mean that those nisei girls who are wearing their thirties and often a little beyond and who were unable to wed because the men folks were not financially capable of supporting a family, can now do so. Now with the evacuation at hand, the nisei discovers that money will not be as important as two strong hands to work with, and so the men are proposing right and left, while the girls don't seem to mind.

Thus far many nisei have had difficulty in getting a job commensurate with their education. Most men with an AB and AM degrees ended up in dingy Grant Avenue dry good stores, or apson boys in fruit stands. Well, now at Manzanar, I hear they will be ~~to~~ needing carpenters, doctors, shoe makers, teachers, social workers, and all the different skilled workers that a community needs. Of course, the most important work will still be in farming, but I should think those with certain professional trainings and propensities will be given work suitable to their abilities and experience.

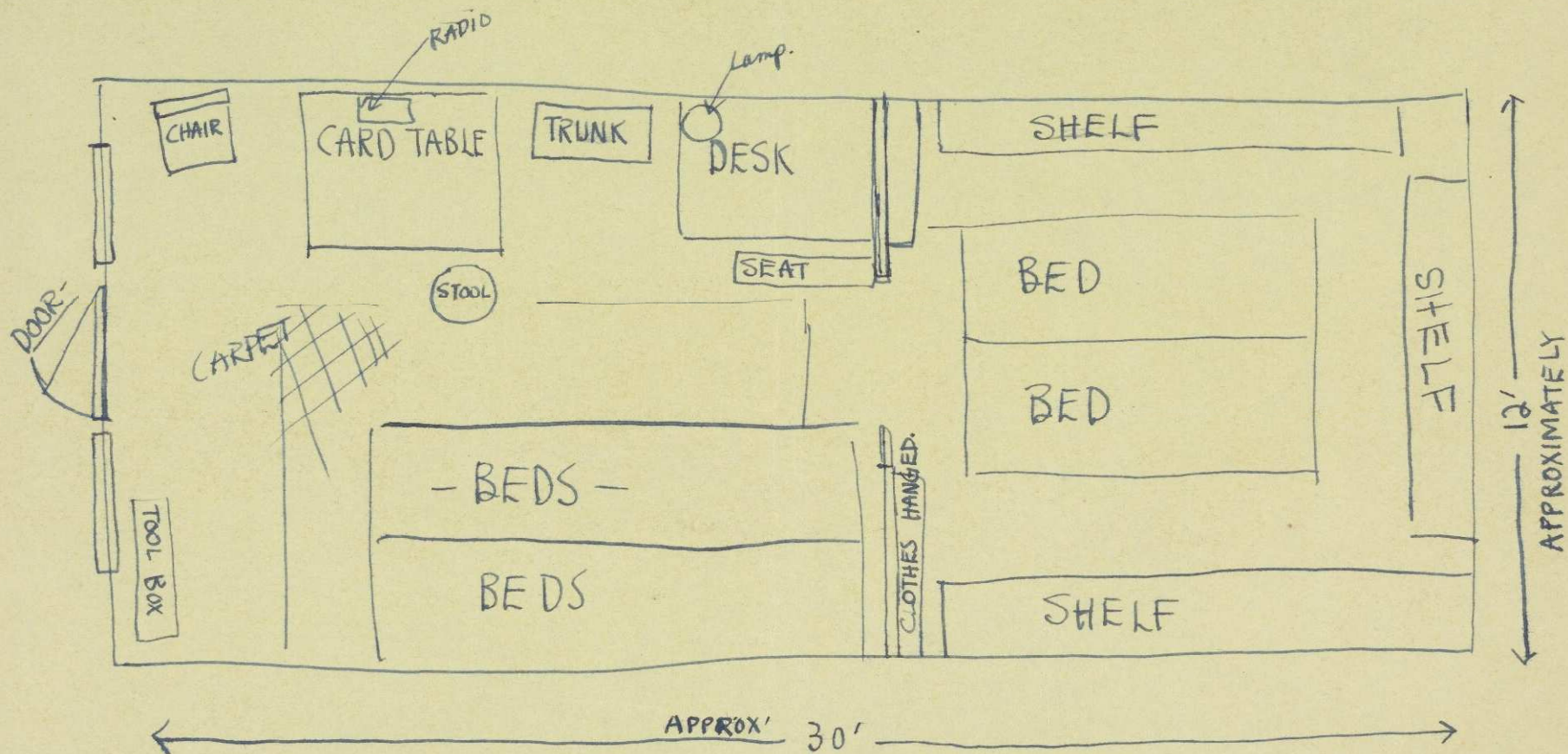
What will happen to the nisei when the war is over is really hard to say, I suppose, the states to which we will be sent will begin to clamor for our ousting and demand that we be returned to California. Whether California will accept us again in our former status of whether the stigma of our racial makeup will prevent our return is all a matter of conjecture. Possibly, after many nisei have served in the armed forces, the attitude of many people will change. Beyond that, everything seems blank, In any case, why worry about the future when there are so many things to attend to right now.

Sometimes, all this about evacuation seems like a dream. While I'm packing or crating the furniture, suddenly from nowhere, I am struck by the thought that I must be dreaming. It's not like that on a dreary rainy, or cloudy day, or at night, but when the day is bright and clear, it just doesn't seem that there could be a war with people killing each other, and all that.

I can't imagine any change has come about, and that I must move. Why everything seems the same in the country. The grass has turned green as it always has, and the oak trees are where they always were. Someone calls me, and then, reluctantly, I start to pack again, I begin to think about evacuation, and pretty soon, I'm all confused again.

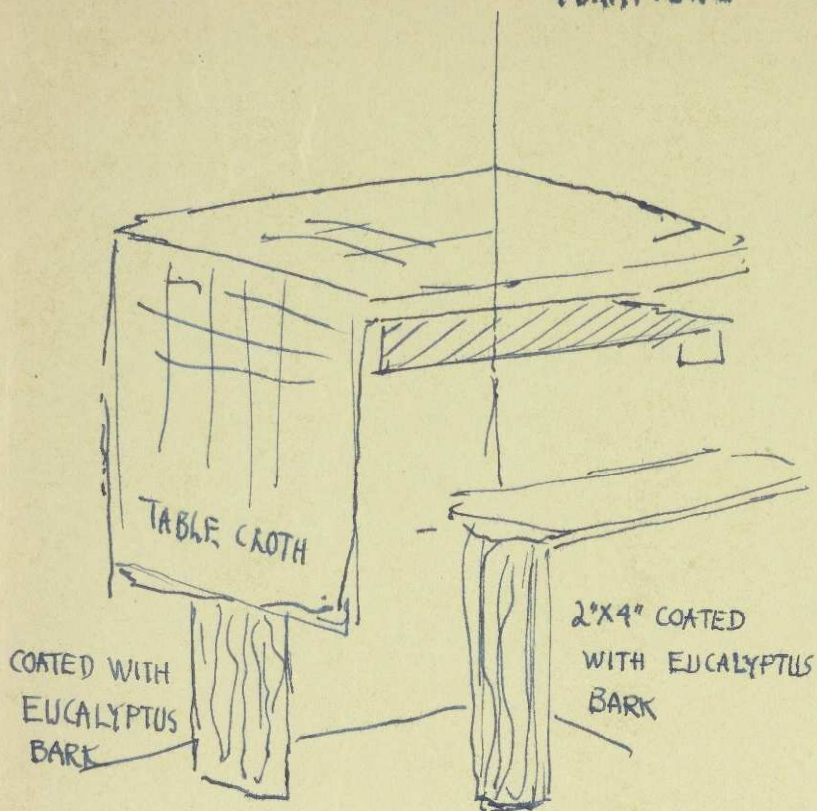
There is one cure when I'm feeling that way which never fails. I like to remember when I used to go home from the University library. Some nights, I would spend a few minutes beneath the Campanile to sit quietly on a wooden bench and look up at the stars high above.

I am told they are billions of miles from the earth, and million times larger than the earth, and the earth, in turn, is only a small part of a huge universe which knows no bounds. How insignificant, then, the problems of the "rise" seemed, how very ~~an~~ unimportant and trivial our personal problems meant in terms of the sum total.

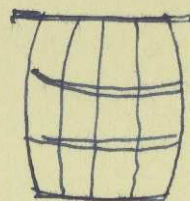


FURNITURE ARRANGED IN TWO RM HORSE STALL

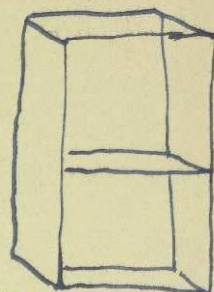
FURNITURE



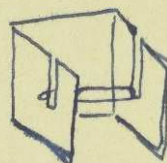
DESK IN CORNER OF ROOM



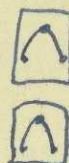
STOOL MADE OUT OF SMALL BARREL



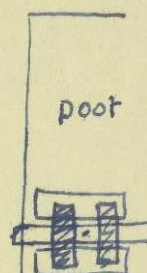
SHELF MADE OUT OF ORANGE BOX



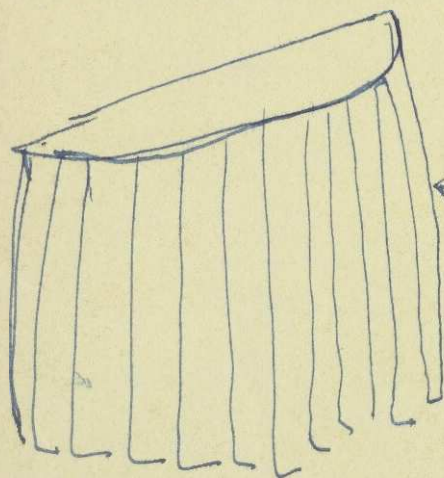
HOLDER FOR TOILET TISSUES



GETA (SANDALS)

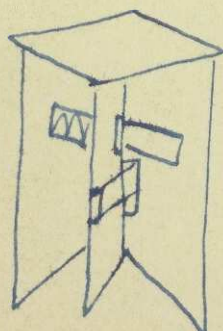


SLIDING LATCH USED TO BOLT DOORS

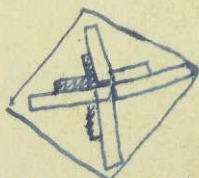


PLEATED TABLE CLOTH

DRESSER



STOOL



BOTTOM VIEW

Written by high-school
girl 18 yrs, old for school
public publication.

Impressions of an Evacuee

① The special greyhound speeded rapidly on the highway towards its destination. The time was about ten o'clock in the morning, and there was a little drizzle which promised to be rain in a few minutes.

This bus trip was different from the usual one. The passengers were alien or American-born Japanese and a soldier, who was an amiable person with a ready smile. With khaki uniform and shed sturdy gun he looked very much like a hero, and to the little children he was a beautiful god. They crowded around him at first timidly and slowly and the boldest little boy touched the gun. The soldier smiled, and the most bashful of the tots was soon laughing and talking with him. I noticed that the parents lost some of their tenseness and anxiety when they looked at the soldier.

A baby in the next seat started to cry. His little face puckered up, and long wails came. The tired looking young mother turned and smiled apologetically at me. "I guess he wants his change." After his diaper had been changed, the baby gurgled and shook his tiny fists. His problem was solved, and he was happy. He did not know where he was going or what was happening, but he did know that he was at peace with the world.

As I played with the baby, my youngest brother tugged at my sleeve and said, "Kay where are my cat and Kitties." I looked at the baby and told my brother that the Kitties were safe under the house and were "happy as that baby was. Albert looked uncertain, and I thought, "What a pity that even a five-year old has problems that seem so big to him."

At last we were nearing Tanforan, our destination and our future home. Thinking of the home I had left, my eyes misted, but shrugging

my shoulders, I thought, "For a few years, I'll be an evacuee. I'll be in the hands of the government and be taken care of. I'll be living in camps with other Japanese. But some day I'll be like other people, and live like other people. It won't be today nor tomorrow, but some day."

The room at Tanforan to which we were taken was large and unfinished except for two army cots and two straw mattresses. Nodding heads of green grass were shooting straight up from between the floor boards. Next morning everything that we did seemed new and exciting. Even trying to wash dishes was a new adventure on that morning, although it is considered a nuisance now. Never having slept on ~~a~~ straw mattresses many members of the family groaned about aching backs and felt about the mattresses to see whether there were rocks in them.

The day was spent in helping father find wood to make our furniture. All about our barracks we heard the pounding of hammers and buzzing of saws as newcomers worked to make crude furniture for their homes. Father worked rapidly and carefully, and even though the finished products seemed crude and rough, they were strong and sturdy. One day a lady friend of mother's came, who is, as my brother would say, "pleasantly plump." She sat on one of the chairs, which creaked and swayed under her weight; nevertheless, it stood sturdily on its legs, and didn't fall to pieces. Mother and I took out table clothes and embroidered materials to cover the book cases and tables and to make the room attractive and homelike. Although a week went by before we were completely finished with the making of our home, most of the essentials, such as chairs and tables, were finished the first day.

Coming home from supper that evening, I noticed that I could see the factories of South San Francisco. Dusk was falling rapidly and little specks of light were beginning to dot the city. A train raced

③
swiftly by, somewhere near the Bayshore Highway. Mingled with the smoke from the stacks of the defense factories. I looked at the barracks where lights were going on, and back again towards the city. The camp seemed the only reality, and all outside the green fence was only to think and dream about. Belmont, Sequoias and teachers were in another world. "Starting today, I am leading a life I have never led before, a life with only the Japanese people," I thought.

On Memorial Day the skies looked peaceful and calm, as if peace always reigned in the skies. In the foreground by the tall eucalyptus trees were the rows and rows of black tar-papered barracks and green-roofed horse stables. In this picturesque scene, the Flag rose slowly and majestically up the flag pole.

As the flag was raised, taps were played by Boy Scouts, and all the people gathered by the Tanforan Lake were very quiet. A lump came up my throat. The Flag reached the top of the pole, and after a few seconds of pausing there, it was lowered to stop at half-mast. The notes of the bugle faded away, and the Memorial Day Service at the Tanforan Assembly Center began. The National Anthem was sung by an Oakland girl; and as she sang I watched the Flag. The wind that constantly blows at this center furled the Flag and played with it. The Flag would show all its splendor in one second, and in the next would lie in folds by the pole. But the wind would soon carry it out, and all its glory would be shown again. As if in rhythm with the song, the Flag rose and fell with the notes.

One speaker's words were very impressive to me, and I shall remember them for a long time to come. He reminded us of the soldiers fighting for us at some foreign battle groundfront, who might be giving up their lives for us at that moment, and said that we should be grateful to be able to live in the United States, although we are not able to live in our own home.

From Files of Leroy Thompson - Reports of recreation program
obtained for final writeup
in last edition of Totoluzi -
at Center ~~was~~ given to War
Department & the Red Cross

The director of recreation for Tanforan first initiated several stop-gap phases of recreation immediately upon entering the assembly center, which then had a population of approximately 3,500. These include the erection of volleyball courts and softball facilities, the distribution of checkers, goph, and other quiet games, and the organization of center-wide social dance to be held that first night. This relieved immediate pressure on the Director of Recreation and gave him time to find out where all the people who were interested in recreation were located. Included in this group were church leaders, Y.M.C.A. leaders, athletic directors, Boy Scout executives, professional recreation leaders, Y.M.C.A. leaders, athletic directors and others. Of 35 such people located at Tanforan, on the second day, 28 attended a recreation advisory council meeting. The functions of this Council was to meet, perhaps but once, to set up certain center-wide recreation policies. Among these policies were the following generalities.

- A. In order to be a true recreation program it must be Center wide.
- B. It must service all groups and interests in the rec. field.
- C. Any division within the Center must be on a geographical basis in order to inhibit cliques and other minorities.
- D. Any recreation program conducted should meet the highest professional standards of the field.

With these policies in mind the Director of Recreation selected from information available from various sources eight recreation leaders. These leaders were chosen for experience in the field with emphasis on community organization and also to get a sampling of various groups so as to represent all interests within the Center. These recreation leaders or organizers were each assigned a geographical area within the Center; these areas having been selected around existing facilities. Each organizer was charged with the following responsibilities.

- A. To conduct a survey of his area to find out the types and age groupings of the people around his recreation center.
- B. To interview every interested party in his area in order to encourage everyone qualified to volunteer for recreational leadership.
- C. To select from this voluntary group someone with training, experience, and mature judgment to take over the directorship of that community center, and likewise to be responsible for all relocation in that geographical area.
- D. When this done, to come back to be a member of the recreation staff to coordinate a certain particular field all recreation centers.

On this basis, within one week directors were appointed for each recreation center and staffs of volunteer leaders averaging

25 to 35 for each center were functioning. Now these volunteer leaders are being assimilated into a paid staff, dependant on the scope of the program and the needs expressed by the Recreation director at each recreation center. The recreation staff is also functioning and is augmented by other skilled leaders to perform advisory and promotional service to all recreation centers. This service include arts & crafts, nature study, club, work, music and dancing, Assembly Center wide activities and other such services as may be necessary to coordinate the completed program.

2) Facilities, Equipment and Supplies Available.

When the Director of Recreation arrived at Tanforn there were available five new building (20 x 100) and several possibilities in existing buildings and a large play field in the infield of the track. One of the new building was immediately converted into a library, leaving for recreation purposes four new buildings, one unused mess hall, and three existing small buildings. These have been converted to reappear as 7 recreation centers and three pre-school play centers. This is possible through dual use of facilities and the operation of one very successful center without a building. This particular center has the largest group to work with and has the most comprehensive program, and steps are being taken to provide indoor facilities.

Having plenty of man power, in the 3 weeks of organizing this program, there has been constructed from waste and scrap materials wood, wire, and burlap, the following equipment:

- A. 3 basketball standards, 8 volleyball courts, 10 ping-pong tables, 7 supply boxes, 4 dispensing counters, 5 secretaries desk tables, 12 checkers boards and various other quiet table games, and 1 table bowling games.
- B. Various pieces of furniture such as chairs, table, benches, settees, and the like to furnish these centers.
- C. Various inside fixtures to make these facilities more adaptable to recreational purposes.
- D. 5 softball diamonds including bases, each diamond being leveled by hand. Each field is so laid out that it can be converted into a football or soccer field with very little effort.

All supplies, athletic, handcraft, or any other kind, have been donated by interested groups. Unfortunately, the amount of recreational supplies needed to service the community of 8,000 particularly one like this that really uses the available opportunities is a lot more than that which can be donated.

3). Specific activities conducted and number of classes or activity located.

There are now in operation seven recreation centers open to the public from 1 to 5 PM and 6-9 PM. These centers also are open in the morning to special groups as may be accommodated. Three pre-school play centers are operating from 9-12 in the mornings, for children under 6 yrs of age. In-service training sessions are being held for all leaders, volunteers or paid, once a week for two hours. In addition, all leaders are attending First aid classes, and are qualifying for Standard Red Cross First Aid certificate. Pre-school play center leaders are attending an additional 2 hr. class per week on Child Psychology and development. Also, there are several center wide activities which include.

- A. A weekly Saturday night dance from 7:30 to 10 PM.
- B. A weekly Talent Show of about an hour in duration.
- C. A weekly music appreciation hour, using recordings and talented evacuees as special artists.
- D. Adult recreation program tailored to fit the needs of the first generation group.
- E. Various all star athletic events conducted so as to provide certain spectator enjoyment values, especially on Sundays and holidays.
- F. Such recreational sports that may be conducted only on a center wide basis such as badminton, tennis, boxing, wrestling, & like etc.

4). Evacuee Staff

- A. Recreation staff: 9 rec. directors
- B. Recreation Center leaders: 8 rec. leaders.
- C. Staff for rec. cent 26
- D. Volunteer staff at rec. cent. 92
- E. Pre-school play center leaders: five recreation leaders.
- F. Pre-school play center volunteer leaders; 29 leaders
- G. Clerical assistance, ten stenographers
- H. Janitorial services, nine custodians.
- I. Maintenance & Construction crew: 12 craftsmen.

5). Compilation of reports for the weekend ending May 26 showed an estimated attendance of over 40,000 with 84 organized club and interest groups, with almost 100 different activities in general use. The 3 play centers serve a daily attendance of over 100 children of the pre-school age. During the same week the Talent Show had about 3,200 attendees and the dance about 1,000. Badminton interested about 300 participants & about 150 enjoyed the musical.

6).

b) Problems:

The main problem that faces the Director of Recreation is the matter of equipment and supplies. With such excellent leadership available and other specific situations and supplies. It peculiar only to this of Center, some way of procuring adequate supplies must be found.

The accepting of donations and haphazard contacting of interested groups certainly is not adequate for a program of this scope.

These people are ambitious and clever, and make various bits of equipment and facilities, so far as the raw materials is available.

However, such items such as athletic equipment, handcraft, and art supplies, and other sundry ~~by~~ articles cannot be made, and some way of obtaining them must be found if the Tanforan Recreation Program is to go on.

Tanforan Recreation Program.

The backbone of the recreation program is the recreation center.

The senior recreation leaders at each center is charge with the responsibility of providing any and all recreation for everyone living in the areas assigned to his center. Under him he will have various recreation leaders who will specialize in certain age or interest groups in addition to the normal functions of a recreation leader. There are seven centers at Tanforan, each one assigned a certain number of barracks adjacent to the recreation center. At the ~~recreation~~ recreation Headquarters there is a recreation staff consist of trained and experienced qualified persons in the following various fields,

Activities
Special Skills
Music
Day Activities
Girl Activities

Adult Activities
Pre-school Play Centers
Library
In Service Training
Social Activities

Each member of the staff is responsible for such Assembly Center wide programs in his field that are necessary, as well as being responsible for the training and organizing of his special field in all the recreation centers.

The pre-school play centers are run as a separate unit because of the special age groups which they interest.

The following facilities are available for recreational use.

- 1). Recreation Center Bldg. (7).
 - a). 5 X 100 barracks
 - b). One converted mess hall.
 - c). One converted existing small bldg.
- 2). Pre-school Play Center:
 - a). 2 existing small four room building.
 - b). 2 portions of new barracks.
- 3). The library - one 20 X 100 barracks

4. Outdoor Facilities

- a). 5 soft ball diamonds.
- b). 39 hole golf.
- c). 4 badminton courts.
- d). Tennis court.
- e). 1 model yachting course.
- f). 2 basketball courts.
- g). 3 touch football fields.
- h). 9 horseshoe courts.
- i). 7 volleyball courts.

5. Indoor facilities.

- a). Yoh + Shoji center.
- b). boxing gym.
- c). Social hall.

The following employees are on Recreation Programs pay roll.

- 1). 11 recreation director.
- 2). 8 senior rec. leaders.
- 3). 97 recreation
- 4). 18 nursery school teachers.
- 5). 26 assistant nursery school teachers.
- 6). 2 Librarian
- 7). 3 assistant Librarian
- 8). 5 technicians (Public Address System)
- 9). 9 clerical help
- 10). 3 janitor clerks.
- 11). 8 janitorial help.
- 12). 2 gardeners.

Recreation Program activities are built around the individual recreation center. Each center has clubs, age groups, and interest clubs; that are used to attract everyone who one who lives in the area represented by that center. Each recreation has activities in athletics, handicraft, music, nature study, dancing, and many other of the phases of recreation. Soft ball leagues, boxing, & wrestling, dances, movies, knitting, variety show, and other such items that may be more efficiently conducted on the Assembly Center-wide basis. The pre-school play centers are designed to take care of each and every child at Jonsson within

so I went down to Pally to get radio with the required frequency and also a small tool chest in a drug store.

Most of the wooden items, such as ironing boards, and old attic furniture, I broke with an iron pipe and burned them to crisp. All the garden tools, and heavy equipment such as an old oil drum used as a incinerator, our garbage can, the mail box, the garden hose — went to our neighbors.

I remember, I had to stand on the curb, and pass it to our neighbor for technically, we were not to leave our residents after 6 in the evening. "Some day when your folks come back, we'll return all these things," they said. A few days before we left, we received a letter from one of the earlier evacuees to Tanforan that it was advisable to come stock with a plenitude of can goods. So, I rode down to the grocery store and purchased some \$10.00 worth of fruit juices, canned soups, crackers, can aeroline, can tobacco for father. Mother assembled a whole baggage grip full of medicine including iodine, bandages, aspirin, mercuric, corn healers, cuticula, plaster, ungentine. Besides these were facial and washing soap, tooth pastes and face towels.

I had an old bike in the back shed which I was going to sell, but I decided instead to bring it thru the government warehouses, and have it sent when we were relocated to the permanent centers. In order to crate the box a friend came over, and together we cut a box, bagged boards over it, and had it ready before the leaving day.

Mother ~~learned~~ learned that the easiest luggage holder was a sailor's pack, and so going to Montgomery Ward's

— Day We Left —

One of the things in all this ^{process} evacuation ~~procedure~~ which I believe will remain indelible to my personal memories is the day we left for San Francisco.

The evening before I left home, I had just come back from the W.C.C.A. offices in San Mateo ~~Calif~~ after conferring with the people there. I brought there a list of items concerning the furniture, our personal belongings and all such matters, and had them checked. We went to sleep on the floor, as we had all our mattresses packed and made ready for the storage man who was to come the next day. The front room was littered with our baggage, a huge trunk, the beds which had been taken apart, the rolled up carpet, and small cardboard boxes filled with things we had repacked over and over again. "Let's leave these things here; no let's take them". How, very confusing, how utterly hesitant we were.

We had been doing our daily shopping each day, someone going to town on the bus to buy odds and ends. I remember spending a whole day in Palo Alto picking up clothing in one store after another, and they weren't luxury wears either, in fact, they consisted of basic clothing, shirts for dad and myself, jeans, sweaters, and jackets. I went to the Montgomery Ward to buy some trunks; good lords we had seven trunks of varied sizes, besides our small handbags and luggage bags. I recall how insistent mother was about getting boots, for when the rains come, the ground will be soggy with black molasses. Warm things—woolen underwear, heavy stockings—we need everything like that she said. Both our radios had been checked in at the police department, but Sis wanted to get something to listen to

purchased a very strong material, somewhat like corduroy, and made fine such sacks, one for each member of the family + a ~~set~~ miscellaneous bag.

Before we left the house, we all spent a day cleaning it. With heavy soap water, I washed the kitchen, repainted the heater, and sink, and cut the front hedges. Mother and sis cleared the parlor & dining room, while dad went moping and washing windows. I spaded the front garden and cut as much of the weeds in the back as I could.

We called the junk man over and had him appraise the furniture which he rated at such ridiculous prices we refused the first time, but at the end finally agreed.

Despite our anticipation that our packing would be thru before 5 in the evening of the evacuation eve, we actually stayed up until 12 o'clock. We spread the blankets on the floor, put the alarm on for 4 in the morning and slept but three hours. As soon as the alarm rang, we rolled up the blankets into the jean's material cover, and bound them firmly with the clothes line. Then, taking each grip I took them out to the front, checking to see that each was labeled with our family number and identification. The neighbors drove Mother & sis to the New Ranch, where all the people from Redwood were to leave, while Dad & I waited for the ~~the~~ moving men to come.

Not having a car or truck available, we wondered how we could arrange to have the baggage taken to our leaving point in San Mateo. There were two alternatives: The evening before a neighbor came and said that he was hoping to arrange

for one of the moving vans to get all the material from a central point in New Ranch hence all the individual baggage would have to be brought there by small trucks; the second, was to phone for a van directly and have our baggage brought to San Mateo. We choose the later because, if we brought our baggage to the central point they would have to be left there overnight in a shed, and while a bolt would be put on the door, there was no absolute assurance that things would not disappear. So sis phoned up the van man, and the next day when I went there were two men waiting for the mover. He was away from office for lunch so we waited, and I learned they were representatives of the group who desired to have their baggage taken from one central point, namely New Ranch. Finally, the owner returned and he told us all that ~~we~~^{they} were exceptionally busy tomorrow, and pondering. Then his scheduled replied laconically, "Just can't do it". I insisted that my sis had called ~~up~~ up the evening before and receive assurance from him that a reservation had been made and accepted. On second thought, he asked my name, and then added, "Oh, yes." He assured me he would have the small truck at the house tomorrow morning 7 o'clock, since we had to be in San Mateo by 9 o'clock. He asked me how many baggage I had and while actually there were some 25 I put the estimate very conservatively and said 15. The two men who were seeking one of the giant vans to accommodate the majority of the baggage from this town were finally able to obtain a van for 7 o'clock as well.

As dad and I waited for the moving truck to appear, we saw three cars pass by — one after another in 15 minute intervals go by — laden with trunks, baggages, and families. One had a trailer attached to the truck, and turning laboriously around the curve by the bridge, headed slowly towards New Ranch.

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When the baggage from the shed had been loaded, our truck looked like an overloaded wagon, but the driver - knowing his trade - managed to utilize every bit of space without drastically upsetting the balance.

When we began to pick up speed along Woodside road, and began to swing into stride along El Camino, I thought how for the last time I was looking at my hometown. Redwood wasn't a big city; but I thought it was big in the sense the people were liberal and not rabble-rouser - her despite the feverish clamor of the papers - the residents had not feeling of hatred toward me. The town was still inactive early in the morning, and it wasn't long before we passed the town line, and descended down the long level, approaching San Carlos.

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Soon the green hedges, and eucalyptus trees sign posts of San Mateo along the El Camino appeared and then the truck suddenly wheeled into a main thoroughfare of the city, and in 15 minutes I saw the masonic temple - our despot for San Francisco - bursting with vans, greyhounds, soldiers, cars, spectators and bewildered evacuees.

The Day We Left

One of the things in all this evacuation process which I believe will remain indelible to my personal memories is the day we left for Tanforan.

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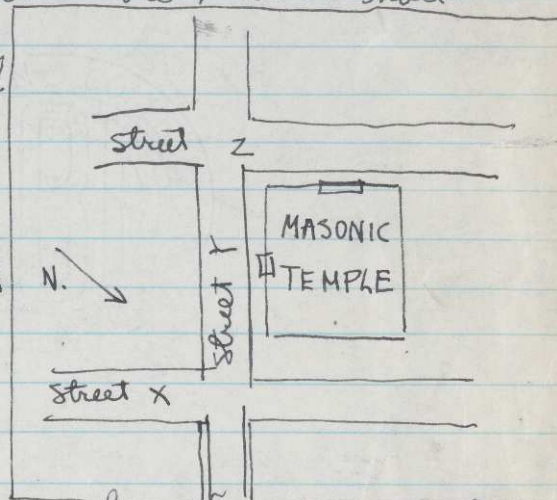
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When the truck got to San Mateo, all the furniture and baggage were unloaded onto a huge moving van. Already, people were milling around, and soldiers were standing at the entrance to the Masonic temple which was the scene of yesterday's registration. There were five vans ~~to~~, many from San Francisco lined up along the road beside the Masonic hall.

Street X., We helped the driver of our truck throw the rope over the ~~the~~ blankets, and ~~bring~~ had the baggage onto the van. Then, dad and I walked to the masonic temple, and went in.



The hall had been blocked into different sections. Certain groups were in one division and ~~at~~ each ~~the~~ group consisted of about 30 persons. Everyone was anxious to get into certain sections, because they felt they would be divided from each other unless they ~~were in the same section~~ ^{went on the same bus}. The blocks had been roped off so the number in the buses could be easily accommodated. Each bus took on about 30 people a time. One end of the hall was set into a booth, ^{in order that} so the people would be able to serve tea, and crackers to the waiters.

One lady was crying profusely; she had just said farewell to about 4 church women who had come to see her off. While waiting for our turn to come, the ladies who had advised us on our property and personnel belongings yesterday, went around the aisles asking if we wanted tea or "senbei" — the tea biscuits. One of these ladies happened to be a former classmate of the lady whom I just spoke of at the girls high school. ^{in high school} The server recognized her while distributing the refreshments; she had not seen her for over 30 years.

Most of the men were dressed in suits; the women folk ~~were~~ ~~were~~ wore coats, and in their best clothes. Some men, mostly bachelors, came in boots and working clothes. Most people didn't know just what to wear. I had thought of wearing my sport coat and slacks but remembering the news I had obtained previously concerning the muddy tracks and hardy camp life, I wore my jeans and leather jacket instead.

Dad, sis, and mother, however, wore Sunday clothes. ~~As~~

As I looked around the crowd, very few people looked dismayed. Of course, no one looked happy, but very few were in tears. Most of them carried a blank expression — the ~~children~~ youngster an indifferent attitude. There ~~was~~ is no doubt that everyone was ~~quite~~ excited. I felt nervously alert. I was wide awake. I didn't feel as though I were faking bravery or anything like that. It was not the matter of feeling that fashion.

The following definitions have been made without the aid of a dictionary, or after hours of deliberative meditation and profound thinking. They are the product of a instantaneous consideration, as if I had been questioned on a vox pop program, and the interviewer asked me what I meant by a liberal, conservative, progressive etc. Because they are minute reactions, I think they would be more valuable than embellished and mimical definitions made to impress you. They remain in their crude form — without a checking to correct grammatical errors. If you would rather have a more carefully written and well thought ^{out definitions} ~~definition~~, I shall supplement these later.

The progressive is one who essays to move towards something better. He is a liberal in the sense he is aware of things about him, and tolerant of the views of others. He is one step ahead of the liberal, for he is consciously thinking of improvements as he ~~discuss~~ meditates upon the problems of the world.

Inwardly, he feels that man can be bettered, his status improved and therefore, he feels that while things can not be accomplished immediately, by persevering and striving a better world may be the ^{end} eventually come.

All the changes he is in favor of may not be headed towards ameliorating the situation, but the progressive feels that he is doing something to better things.

Here in camp I would say the progressives ^{are those} ~~is one~~ who are actively seeking to improve material facilities as well as boost the morale of the people. They do not merely dwell upon ideas, but demonstrate their beliefs by ~~performing~~ concrete proposing concrete plans and activities ~~to see~~ in educational, recreational, and administrative fields, and going out to perform them. The two words liberal and progressive are interrelated but the progressive has a tincture of optimism which predicates a quality of faith in the ability of people, as well as institutions, to advance.

The reactionary is one who is belligerent and reacts violently to anything that crosses his beliefs. He is very sensitive, and takes ideas to heart, he lives by ideas, and shelter and food are of less concern to him. He will exchange secular comforts for a cause if he is an extreme reactionary. The reactionary may be obsessed by the injustice of a situation or ~~that~~ he sees something that the other poor fools aren't aware of. And in his cognitions, he is not satisfied to keep his ideas within himself, invariably he is forever trying to influence others - ~~to explicate his viewpoint~~ and by his conveyances convert ~~the~~ others.

Here at camp, I should classify those who violently oppose the administration, i.e. in the lack of medical supplies. He is the ~~the~~ antithesis of the conservative, for he's not scared. He is courageous, bold, defiant. ~~He is~~ A reactionary would oppose the evacuation, and if he could find no organization to support him, he would resist by going out on a test case, independently. The reactionary is very often outspoken, frank, blunt, vehement, and active. Seldom will he ever retreat into a complacent den, ^{an} ivory tower. The reactionary is an adventurer and explorer of ideas, and a crusader of what he passionately believes to be ~~is~~ the truth.

I think a conservative person is one who dislikes making changes, ~~who~~ either in action or in ideas. He is likely to look upon any movements that are foreign to the old fashion beliefs as reactionary and dangerous. Here in camp, the conservative people are those who will do only those things which the vast majority of the people are doing. The conservative people are those who abide by the rules and regulation laid down by the administration, who are totally satisfied by the explanations given by the militia that we have been evacuated for our own protection and for the victory of United ~~States~~ Nations; that we are doing our duty as citizens by staying in these camps. The conservative person is one who is extremely concerned with what the rest of the people think of him, who ^{is} scared to do anything outlandish for fear of the repercussions that may befall him and his family. The conservative is scared, for what will happen to his own skin. It is not so much the ideas that worry him, but

what will ^{to} happen ^{to him} if he should choose ^{another course} ~~otherwise~~ that disturbs him. I can't overemphasize that the conservative wishes to make himself as inconspicuous as possible, and tries to obscure himself in the actions of many so that no accusation can be made of him upon an individual basis, and ^{that} ~~only~~ disapprobation ~~will be~~ can be made only upon a large group, ~~and~~ hence, he will receive less of the blunt.

The liberal person is cognizant of the injustices of the evacuation, ^{and} he is likely to join those who are often vehement in their demands that improvements be made to accommodate the people in better fashion. He is interested in keeping contacts with Caucasians, so that when we leave this center we shall be in a position to resume our former livelihoods. There is more concern of mental ideas and interest on the part of the liberal, in contrast to the conservative, who basically dwells upon the conveniences and security of physical facilities.

The liberal may be not be a spokesman, but certainly a ready listener to changes, improvements, and is stimulated by those who would stand ^{and} up for civil rights.

The liberal is ^{an} reader of literary material, and mingles this influence into his economic and political thinking. By all standards he feels the world is in constant flux, and to quote "the only permanent thing in the world is change". Those people who think beyond the relocation areas, into the ~~for~~ time when the question of reinstatement ^{will} emerge, who are bothered by the barbed wire, who want to know why we have been evacuated, who feel that we should be stimulated to consider new suggestions ~~co-~~ the cooperative scheme — these would I classify as the liberal thinkers.

What I mean by a philosophy of life to which I referred in an earlier paper and which you ask recently in your comments.

It seemed to me before the outbreak of the war that there were two general philosophies or outlooks upon life. One was a long range view, in which the individual would struggle hard during his early youth, and enjoy the fruits of his labor at the twilight of his career. This outlook was personified to me in a contended old man taking a brisk walk in the evening. He had the appearance of a man of moderate living, who had worked hard in his youth, and now was spending the rest of his life, respected by his fellow men and throwing upon security which he had reinforced during his prime ~~maturity~~. The other view was a short and ~~low~~ gay life, ^{in which} ~~where~~ the individual was less concerned about planning ahead, but was intensely concerned with enjoying every single minute of the present. To hell with tomorrow, eat, drink and be merry today was his sole axiom.

To a large extent before the war came, I believe I had the former point of view in mind. My ambitions had always been to be a lawyer. I knew the profession demanded an exacting mind, and a discipline which could not be ~~made~~ ^{had} over night. So, during my high school years, I went into debating and public speaking which ~~are~~ ^{are} generally accepted as indispensable tools in the field of law. And when I came to college,

I decided I should study hard. There would always be a time to go to dances, to club meetings, but my four years of study were now. After the four academic years were over, then could I indulge in social frolics. In my freshman year, I received invitations from Stiles Hall, the Wesley Foundation, Churches, and the Y. S. C. to join their organization. But I postponed these activities, convinced that there was ample time yet, to join these various clubs.

During the summer vacation after working in the leather factory, I would climb a promontory off Kings Mountain, and resting upon a rock contemplate my ambitions and plans for the future. After four years of undergraduate work, I would enter Law school, and then, after three years attempt to break into some practice. Discrimination would be hard to fight against, but if a student were a top man he might be able to crack some law firm as a research worker. If that were not possible, I would open a practice of my own. Finally, if no alternative were open, the background of legal training would be valuable in entering any profession, particularly the world of business. Under the warm summer sun, I browsed thru the catalogue of the law school wondering how I would fair in "Torts", and Constitutional Law.

When I returned to the campus ~~for~~ my second year, I had not changed my views greatly. True, I had become more familiar with the campus, I knew where the buildings were and many of the faces were familiar, but as far as going out for extra-curricular activities were concerned, they meant less to me ~~of~~ in the way of ~~providing~~ preparing me for law, than the basic requisites layed down by the counselor. The closest I ever got to going out for debating was to attend the first two meetings of the junior varsity team. As I did last year, I merely opened the letters sent to me from Stiles, a various clubs with the curiosity to know from whom they had come. There remained two years for me during which I would have ample time to develop the skills of elocution and logic.

Then ~~in~~ on Dec. 7, 1937, Japan hit Pearl Harbor. I don't believe I shall ever forget the expression of one of the boys at the boarding house, when he dashed into my room to announce

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What he had just heard over the radio. He came in without hesitating to knock, yelled out my roommate's name and mine, and then found himself speechless. He was white, with a scared look in his eyes, and hardly like a college lad did he appear but as if he were a small child, he gasped out, "Japan started war with us now." It was Sunday morning, and all the fellows — there were some 9 nisei ~~among us~~, staying — went out ~~into~~ onto the front porch and sat there with bleary eyes. We didn't hardly speak, we just sat there and we didn't eat our meals. I felt sick inside.

The next semester, my ideas about a long, planned view of life were chucked into the waste can. Reality was today, not tomorrow. Things were happening so fast, it was foolish to attempt to plan for tomorrow. And so when the invitation to join Hiles began, I went around to the hall immediately. After reading the bulletin in the Wheeler Hall lobby, I went to the International House and signed up as a non-resident member. I went to the dances at the Japanese Students Club, I attended the meetings at the Wesley Foundation, and made a canvas of the most of the churches in Berkeley, attending a different one each week.

Perhaps, the major change was my moving to a calceacion boarding house. During my freshman year I had stayed at a Japanese boarding house below Shattuck Avenue, but with the outbreak of the war, I felt that nisei should ~~make themselves~~ avoid large companies in walking along the street, and impress the Americans that we nisei were Americanized, that we

So one afternoon, I walked up Channing, up Dwight, along College avenue asking the landladies if they would accept an oriental student. The most common reply was, "I'm willing to take you in, but I'm afraid the other boarders will object." I knew better. After trying fine places, and receiving the same answer, I began to feel rather discouraged, but I said over and over to myself, "Don't let this get you down, Ben, it's going to come in worse doses later." Just as I was about to let the matter dropped, I saw a sign asking for boarders on a brown bungalow located on Union Street, climbing off the fence, which I had been scaling when I ~~was~~ fell upon the sign, I went to the door and asked the owner, if he would accept me as a boarder. "I don't see why not," he replied and I promptly brought my wardrobe over. The fellow boarder was named Henry Oser, who had been with these couple since his entry into the University, making his stay there three years. I occupied a large, well-lighted room ⁱⁿ front, and Henry the adjacent room, ~~next to~~.

I had never been to a caucasian dance since my birth. I decided it was now or never, so when the Tower and Flame gave a social at the Phi Mu sorority house, I decided to go. I put on my sport coat and tie, ~~walking up~~ walked up Bancroft, and after enquiring where the house was, finally found it after turning around one block after another.

I was scared to walk in, why what would they think having a lone Japanese looking thing coming walking in. But the devil with this scary feeling, why with this evacuation, it's now or never. So I turned the latch and walked in. The first thing

I knew the receptionist wanted to know my name so she could print it on the identification card. I blushed continuously as she misspelled two cards in a row. I took the pen and wrote it my self. The girls were dressed in evening gowns. I had never gone to a dance where girls wore evening gowns. I walked into the large room and sat down on the divan, and watched the dancers. Gosh, how quickly they get together, I thought, at the J. S. C. dance, everyone was bashful, and would begin only when the party was about to conclude. I sat on that sofa alone for more than 15 horrid minutes. Everyone was dancing, except my self. Every couple that came in began to dance immediately. I began to perspire, to feel out of place, uncomfortable. I couldn't muster the courage to stand up and tap someone's shoulder and cut in. But then I thought of the impending evacuation, and I thought, "Now or Never."

Slowly, I got up. — I'm sure everyone was watching my next move. I walked up ^{to} a blond, short, and very beautiful, and tapped her partner. What a surprised look she had in her face, and the glance nearly weakened me, but somehow I began to dance. She recovered from her initial shock, I guess, and asked my name. And I, in turn, asked her. After going around the room once, she began to talk very amicably and I felt totally at ease. I learned she was an exile from Austria, and her name was Louella.

She came from Vienna with her mother and understood my position very well. After two or three dances I sat down again. and then I began to dance with other girls. I danced with President Sproul's daughter Gloria, a professor's daughter, and I made it a point not to dance with the same girl twice. Before the evening was over, I had danced with nearly every girl

on the floor.

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Joe Woodward a classmate in Public Speaking walked home with me that ~~very~~ evening. When I stepped outside I felt ~~so~~ exhilarated, I felt as though I had really accomplished something, I felt confident, assured as though I could do anything in the world. All that the nisei had been talking about non-assimilation was largely imaginary. There were narrow minded people, but there were many liberal inclined persons on this campus, and more than any place else, this was a place to reach an understanding.

Every Thursday afternoon I went to the meetings of the Junior Territory debate team. Somehow to a person who likes to speak it is exciting to stand before an audience however small it may be and to express his ideas upon an issue, its a mingled feeling of assurance, of enthusiasm and if for no other reason that to experience this emotion, I looked forward to those meetings. It was exciting, too, discovering new personalities and ideas.

On Sundays I attended the Sunday supper at the International house. And met many Chinese students, Indian student, and a fellow from Fresno. On Tuesday, I went to Stiles Hall, where I found a bunch of fellows who shared a common bond of ~~fellowship~~ friendships. After eating our dinner, we got together around a speaker who spoke to us.

And with all this going on, I took 20 units of studies - including Econ 1A, 6A. etc. I found that I did just as well by balancing my study work and outside activities, according to a schedule which utilized an economy of swiveling around.

One thing that was impressed upon me, and the impending vacation was that in this age when events of terrifying nature transpire each day, the future is not only insecure but entirely unpredictable.

I jettisoned my former belief in a long, temperate philosophy of life and in the process found a vigorous, stimulating, active & abundant way of ^{living} ~~life~~ that made me say, "Here is a moment of precious, fleeting living. Grab it, make the most of it, for it will be gone soon."

The anxiety of waiting for the vacation order, and the psychological strain which it had upon me is, of course another story. But this is what I meant when I referred to a Philosophy of Life in an earlier portion of my Diary.

July 19, 1942.