

May 1, 1942

Today was one of the most exciting and at the same time the saddest day of my life. We evacuated with the Berkeley group at noon. Since our arrival at Tanforan we have had nothing but grief and trouble. Things are unsettled, and everyone feels miserable.

We had been up until 3 A.M. packing last night and both Tomi and I were sleepy. We got up about 9 and finished rolling left-over things into our baggage. All morning we scrambled around wondering what to take and what to leave behind. Art and Joe came in about 10 to offer their help but there wasn't much for them to do. Virginia Galbraith came over about 10:30 and helped me put things away while Tomi was over talking to her professors for the last time. Finally about 11, we said good-bye to the house-mothers and all the fellows and left for the Civilian Control center around the corner. A lump came to my throat as I clasped the hands of the fellows that I had lived with for the past year--they were really swell guys.

Once we got inside the Control Center the soldiers refused to let us out. Since we had some other baggage to place in the baggage car, we rushed around for string and scissors, and finally gave the stuff to Virginia, Dixie, and Naj to take out for us. Everyone in the reception room seemed to be in fairly good spirits. A number of Caucasians were there helping, serving tea and sandwiches, and saying good-bye to their friends. The Nisei seemed to be preoccupied in looking for their friends, and the general talk was about the fine weather. The day before had been rainy and all the evacuees had their blankets soaked wet.

About 11:45 we received instructions to get on the bus. The old people seemed in general to be gloomy, but the younger Japanese were rather gay, as if they were anticipating some new and exciting. All seemed to be looking forward to having a grand vacation! We shook hands with Duffy, Leila Anderson and Margaret Campbell for the last time just before we boarded the bus. Once on the bus, I wondered when we would get out again. It felt as though we were being sent to an execution chamber, and I wondered how a convict felt just before he died--just before he likewise would no longer see the things he had always had. Peering out of the bars at the Caucasians outside, some in tears, others with forced smiles, I wondered when I would ever see these people again; they had been the closest friends I had ever had in my life.

Once the bus began on its way, the air was filled with chatter: did we bring the phonograph records? Oh! No dances? Nuts! Isn't this a grand day? Wasn't yesterday just terrible? I wonder if the people had to sleep on wet blankets? As I glanced ahead at the bus driver and the lone soldier riding with us--somehow his uniform reminded me of a concentration camp. We were going to a "reception center" and yet we could not have freedom any more. We would be under military guard. How did that differ from the concentration camp? What had we done to deserve being treated as spys? Weren't we just as much a part of American population as those who had claimed descent from those who set foot on the soggy rock in New England? What the hell?

As the bus rolled across the Bay Bridge, I thought of the fine construction, and wondered if I would ever see it again. Tomi was looking around at the boats and airplanes and joining in the chatter. Every now and then she pointed things out to me to put in my notes. As I glanced over the water, I once more thought of saying good-bye to all the fellows. The look in Jim's eyes as we left lingered in my mind. As the conversation in our section of the bus shifted, I thought



of the last time we had done various things. Tomi and I then discussed in some detail our last China-meshi (Chinese dinner), the last bath, the last Italian dinner we had eaten. We wondered what kind of food we would get.

A plane flew under the bridge, and momentarily our attention was directed to it. I glanced ahead and noticed small children with their baggage number tied around their necks; it reminded me of pictures of European refugees. We thought of the accommodations that we might get in the camps as we glanced ahead at the soldier who was now talking to the Nisei girl sitting in the front seat. I wondered if the soldiers would patrol the camps or would be segregated entirely.

As we approached San Francisco, I noticed various buildings which we wouldn't be seeing for quite a while. We admired the scenery while someone commented that they missed the ferries.

As we passed a poster advertising a recent movie, I wondered how long it would be before I could see shows again. Would they have that kind of recreation in the camps. What else would they have. Are they going to have curfew? How can we keep up morale?

The conversation shifted <sup>to</sup> the work. "I'm not going to work more than 3 hours a day," one husky fellow remarked, and jokes followed. "Let's hold out for 45 minutes for meals." Threats of strikes went around, but all laughed and let it pass.

As we passed a Spearmint Gum ad, showing an ice-skater, we wondered if we could get out before we forgot how to skate. California students then began to sing Cal songs, and raise merry.

As the driver maneuvered his way through the maze of traffic, everyone expressed amazement over his skill. For many of the old people, this was the first time in their lives that they had been inside of the new bus. In fact, one confessed that she had never been outside of her district except to see a Japanese movie around the corner. Some shouted excitedly as the bus swerved by a truck, missing it by inches; the older people breathed deeply in thanks.

Upon seeing a newspaper boy, I wondered if we would have news again. It never occurred to me that I was taking along a radio. As I glanced once more at the youngsters with their identification cards around their necks, I wondered what kind of personalities they would be when they got out. As their mothers spoke to them understandingly they glanced about, bewildered, not understanding entirely what was going on. What would these people be like when we got out? It had been bad enough before when the Japanese voluntarily segregated but now they were being forced to stay among themselves. Nisei have been quite shy among Caucasians, but what will they be ten years from now? What would a Nisei or third-generations' reaction be when they first see a "Hakujin" (Caucasian)?

The girls sitting around us began to play and comment on St. Dandruff, Tomi's teddy bear. Some comments were made about today being May Day; girls fondly reminisced the "good old days" when they could dance around the May pole, and compared the procedure in the various schools they had attended.

At 12:45 we arrived at Tanforan. As we glanced at the black barracks, the merri-making and gayness suddenly came to an end and was substituted by groans. The morale, that had been so high a few minutes before, suddenly hit a low ebb.



As we got into the yard, we noticed all the baggage piled up there. It was impossible to recognize any individual's things, although everyone tried to find his things. When someone announced that the baggage of the people who came on the noon shift was still in Berkeley, the search ceased. Everyone looked out to see if there were anyone in the yard that they knew. Those who had come before curiously walked around the busses, seeking their friends or a pretty girl. We noticed that people were wearing boots and that the boots were full of mud--for the first time, I realized that many of the "rumors" we have been hearing were true.

We just sat in the bus for a half hour. Everyone seemed disillusioned and was groaning about one thing or another. The day was windy and cold. The soldier came back with a bag of unwrapped sandwiches but very few people accepted them as they were passed out. Some had deviled egg, some had jam, but most of them were merely pieced of bread with butter in between. Most of the sandwiches were dirty.

As we sat in the bus waiting to be unloaded, Tomi began groaning about how terrible the place was and that she hated the place already. She seemed to be crying as she hugged her St. Dandruff and peered out into the yard. I felt lousy too, but I tried to rationalize by thinking of the fine opportunity this gave me for a study. I thought of the maladjusted personalities that would arise, and thought of reading on abnormal psychology to get the necessary background.

As I peered out at the conglomeration of people in the camp--soldiers with guns, bus drivers, Issei, and Nisei--all in dirty, filthy dress, I wondered what was within, beyond the grandstand. I wondered where all my friends were, and began to look for some of them in the mob in the yard.

One by one, the busses went inside, and as we waited, we wondered when we would be able to get in. Finally, as we moved inside we curiously looked at everything in sight--nothing but shacks and shacks and shacks--bédades the track. As I noticed the rough handling of the baggage by the Nisei workers, I wondered if our things would stand the strain. Some had been tied with a small piece of string. One fellow remarked, "If I had to stay here for 5 years, I'd go nuts!" So would I.

The Greyhound busses and Bekins storage buses left. The families were carefully watched so that they would not separate when they registered. The newcomers were dressed in all manner. Some came in their Sunday best while others wore the dirtiest clothes they had. Girls walked around in high heels; others had slacks, colorful blouses, and boots. Among the young men, T-shirts and jeans were abundant. Very few women (aside from the middle-aged and the old) wore hats. The baggage that came in was left in the yard to be picked up later by Nisei volunteer workers who delivered them on trucks.

As we lined up, the men and women were separated. The men were carefully searched, but the women were left untouched. The search was for contraband in the hand-packages (radios, knives, and liquor). The larger baggage was unchecked. After the search, families once again joined and signed up for medical exams. A doctor made a rough examination of each individual for skin trouble and asked a few questions. There was actually nothing to the search or the examination. Anyone who wanted to could have gotten away with anything.

After standing in line for another fifteen minutes we were registered. I was pleased to see Ann Kunitani working there. Even though I distrusted her, I nonetheless was glad to see someone I knew quite well. She tried to give us a good room. In registration we were given a green slip for the medical

Tomi  
why?



workers to fill out. We turned in this slip along with our baggage registration number and then signed up for a room. The registration was being done by Nisei workers supervised by a lean Caucasian man. It took us approximately a half hour to register.

When we received a paper telling us the number of our apartment, a young boy was assigned to take us to our house. The fellow didn't know where the place was himself and we had to walk through the mud in the middle of the field. The field was full of mud holes and when we had reached the track on the other side our shoes were filthy.

Tomi and I almost passed out when we saw our "apartment." It was nothing more than a filthy horse stall converted into something fit for pigs. We were told by everyone that we were fortunate in having a three-bed apartment, since all larger families had to live in different shacks.

Our "home" consisted of two rooms with a double-door (cut in half) in between. The rooms were about 9 x 11 and 7 x 6 feet. There was a huge opening between the roof and the wall from which the wind and the dust gushed into the barrack. The floor had linoleum, but it was filthy with mud and dust. Two beds lay unopened on the floor. They were nothing more than steel frames with wire strung across the middle. The walls were unfinished and dirty and there was absolutely no ceiling. In both the front and back rooms there were huge openings two to three feet high to the next room. Everything that went on in the next room could be heard distinctly. The wind gushed through the entire barrack of 25 apartments. Indeed we had nothing more than a horse-stall converted into pig-stalls. The new barracks we noticed were better built and had fewer stray nails sticking out of the walls, but the floors of them were uncovered with linoleum and the wind gushed up from the floor. All the rooms were cold and dusty. No broom or mop was available to sweep up the place. No water, no heater, no mattresses, no baggage; Tomi and I had absolutely nothing.

We opened up the beds so that we could have something to place our hand packages on. Tomi had some candy which we ate, and we sat around moping about the filthy house. When the neighbors came in to tell us that the baggage had come in we rushed out to the grandstand to pick out our things, but in vain; the Bekin's van from Berkeley was late. People around us sympathized and told us that the night before some people did not get their things until 10 o'clock, and we wondered if we would have to shiver in the wind and dust-filled room until midnight.

We sat around all afternoon waiting for the baggage to come in but nothing happened. Finally we noticed a line forming in front of the mess-hall about 4:15. We were told that only one mess-hall was open and that there was not enough food for all the people in the camps. If we did not get in line an hour early, we would get nothing to eat. We, being hungry, joined the pack and got in a half hour before meals were supposed to be served.

Utensils and dishes were furnished, but they were dirty, and the food that had been on them was still visible. We ran out of forks and knives just before we got to the place, and we had to eat with tablespoons. We had potatoes (half) with absolutely no taste, lima beans, and two sausages. Bread was abundant, but there was no butter, salt, or pepper. Milk was for children under 7 only, and the tea was cold by the time we got ours. Desert of canned fruits had been left on the tables since 3:30 and were dirty. Rations were skimpy, but no human



being could eat large quantities of such food without becoming constipated. By 5:00 (regular meal time), there was no more lima beans left, and four sausages were served instead.

Only one mess hall was open and it was feeding 3,200 people. Most showers were not ready; there was no hot water available except that which the individuals heated themselves (so many electric heaters were used that some houses had fuses blow out quite often); toilets were dirty. The men's latrines were sometimes open to the public view, the toilets being screened by a wire screen. Toilet paper was nowhere to be found. In the women's toilet, there were partitions for every two seats. Considerable embarrassment was suffered by those touchy about morals. In the men's latrines, there were no partitions whatsoever; there were merely two rows of 7 seats (all open to public view). Since no system had been found to clean the latrines, they were all filthy.

The baggage finally arrived after supper. We jumped in and finally found our things scattered all over the lot. Once we had gathered our things, a group of young Nisei volunteers in a truck took us home with it. They were not paid workers; but volunteers. They worked from morning to night just helping people haul their baggage home. When I asked one fellow why he was working, he replied that he was helping because the others had done the same for him when he arrived. We were lucky and the fellows brought our things over right away. If the head of the family was around to gather all his belongings they were delivered that much faster; if he were not there, then it took longer because the boys had no way of gathering the baggage except through the five-digit numbers.

It was apparent from the way everything was that there was plenty of work to be done, but that there weren't enough workers; help wanted signs were nailed up everywhere, and those who worked were seriously over-taxed.

A canteen was in the main mess hall. It was supposed to be open between 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and then from 2 to 5 p.m. Supplies of candy, sodas, and cigarettes were available (Lucky Strike, Chesterfield, and Philip Morris--nuts, no Spuds). As we went to the canteen in the afternoon, we noticed that some of the dinner desert was out of the table already. It was only 3:30.

Apparently the Army had issued orders to bring no more than one can carry merely to keep the size of the load down. Those who disobeyed were much better off, while those of us who followed instructions were caught short on everything. We were supplied with no furniture of any kind--absolutely nothing besides the bed, straw ticks, electric bulbs, and food (which was lousy). At the meals it was matter of first come first serve and those who came late went without.

When we returned to our stall with our baggage, we noticed that there was no way of locking the place. We had brought a couple of locks because we had heard of thefts everywhere, but there were no hinges available to put the locks on. We noticed that on the double door between the front and back rooms, there were some nails to close the place for the horses; and we used them to lock the place up.

When we began to open our baggage, we found that we could put the unpacked material nowhere. The floor was dirty and there were no tables or shelves to leave our things. We could not pile them too high on the bed because our mattresses had not yet come to us. We could still find no broom in the house. In disgust, Tomi and I were sitting around when we heard a truck roll by with mattresses.



Tomi ran out with the box of candy our friends had given us in Berkeley and finally succeeded in bribing the boys to give us a mattress. The cotton mattresses had run short, and those who were not sick or invalid were given straw ticks. I guess both Tomi and I passed for healthy specimens (in spite of our real run-down condition) and they gave us a couple of rough, hard ticks.

Tomi was disgusted and began to cry; I felt the same way she did, but continued to rationalize by using the excuse about the study. The place was really lousy. We had absolutely nothing. We shoved the two beds together and spread the bedding over the two beds so that we could get warm. It seemed <sup>to</sup> anyone who slept alone would have to have a half dozen blankets or else would freeze.

As we sat around disgusted we thought of the terrible condition of the camp. The women's lavatory was the center of conversation for some time. Two seats were placed between each partition; there were no lights, and no toilet paper. Women walked with an embarrassed look from one toilet to another in the search for one which was private and at the same time had paper. The weather was freezing cold and the north wind blew in from the huge openings in the wall. Water was freezing cold; there was no hot water anywhere in our section.

We learned that there was as yet no curfew on anyone, no time when lights have to be out, no limit for the turning off of radios. As far as movement within the camp was concerned, the evacuees had complete freedom except from a few administrative offices and the post office.

On the first night Tomi's sister Sue and her husband came over. Rosie Imamura was also over to visit us. Late that night, Tally Yusa came over with his wife and asked me to be house-manager for the entire barrack. At first, I refused but on second thought it seemed as though it was an ideal job for getting acquainted with people. It would give me an opportunity to get some inside dope on the administration as well as the people on the block. The house-manager I understand has plenty of work, but I felt that it was worth it. Tomi and I talked it over and finally I accepted--for the sake of the study. Tally seemed to want his friends or people whom he knew in the group, so that he could hold the J.A.C.L. pack off at a respectable distance.

Late at night people were still hammering away, making their furniture out of the scrap wood that lay all over the camp. All wood that was cut off or left-over from the building of barracks was stacked in piles and we just helped ourselves. In the mess hall, there were three huge barrels full of nails for the amateur carpenters. Tomi and I resolved that tomorrow we would build our furniture.

We decided to write to Naj and tell him what to bring when he comes next week. He would need a socket and extension, for each room had but a bulb in the middle and nothing else. We had some plugs, but we needed the screwing sockets; otherwise there was no other way in which we could get electricity/ for other implements. We felt that we should have a card table to lay things on and felt that he had been wise to buy an implement to hang clothes on the day before we came. There was a general lack of food and we were all hungry. Brooms and mops were virtually non-existent and those there were were constantly in use. Hammers and saws were indispensable. We thought that Naj ought to bring plenty of bedding--more than he could carry--because it was cold as opposite-to-hell here.

When we went to bed, we noticed that the opening in the walls enabled the family next door to hear everything--every fuffle, every whisper in our room.



We were so tired that we didn't give it much thought, but we now understood the tirades of the young couples who had complained that there was little privacy and that they had to restrain themselves unduly. We felt sorry for Tosh's brothers and their wives who were living in the same room with their parents and in-laws.

We noted that one light in the barrack cast a light over three or four rooms and that unless all people were asleep the room was always dimly lighted.

We had begun the day with an anticipation of a new life--when we would be out on our own--when we could find out what we had or didn't have. We were somewhat optimistic, but now that we could see what we had, regardless to the promises that things would be better, we were really disillusioned. The general morale of the people--as well as ours--seemed to be low, and everyone seemed to be complaining about one thing or another. We didn't expect much when we came, but certainly we didn't expect to find conditions as lousy as they were here. Nothing was organized, there was plenty of work to be done, but who in the hell wanted to work for nothing? The night is bitterly cold; we have absolutely nothing besides our meager belongings and ourselves. We thanked God we had this much, but we felt bitter that we should have to go through all this when we had done nothing to prevent it. We felt more sorry for those who did not know what was going on. Complaining, bitter, cold, and tired, we are going to retire. Hell, if things don't get better I'm resolved to get out whenever we can and strike out on our own. I recall that DeWitt had promised that no one would be moved until the camps were ready; he didn't keep his word. Nothing here is ready. Showers don't work, toilets are without supplies, houses are cold and dirty and there is no way of cleaning them. Food is foul and conducive to constipation. There are no accommodations for anything. Nothing--absolutely nothing--but cold and bitterness here.



May 2, 1942

The alarm clock in the next room went off at 5:45 and the entire barrack awoke for breakfast. Some people had no idea what time it was, but others were awoken<sup>ed</sup> because the alarm (not too loud) resounded throughout the barrack.

When we got up much later, we found to our irritation that there were no facilities for keeping clean. I couldn't shave because there was no hot water. I discovered that there was a small outside faucet a few doors away, and Tomi and I used that to wash our faces. We were so disgusted that we didn't bother to wash our faces well and didn't brush our teeth at all.

At 8:30 I went to a general meeting of the house-managers in the housing headquarters while Tomi stayed in bed because it was too cold to walk around out of bed. We are on the north side of the house and get absolutely no sun in the morning; we also stop all the wind for the other side. Tomi and the girl next door (Mine Okubo the famous artist from U.C.) talked while I was gone. I understand that both were plenty griped about the whole thing. We discovered that the people in our barrack were rather nice people. All seemed to be helpful; all had complaints; but all were nice. One of Tomi's distant in-laws occupied the bunk next door; while behind us were another of her numerous in-laws. They didn't bother us at all, however.

At the managers' meeting, I discovered much to my joy that everyone was in the same fix, but that the entire procedure was in good hands. "Cap" Spiers, the housing and supply director, is really a swell guy. He gave us a long lecture on the lousy conditions, but assured us that things would be cleared up as soon as possible. He promised us that fire-fighting units were being organized; he stated that wood had been ordered so that the carpenters in the camp could make furniture for everyone; he told us that the showers and other mess-halls would be opened as soon as possible; and finally, he emphasized that sanitation would be improved--but the house-managers would be responsible. Among the duties of the house-managers were: being the go-between between all the people in the house and the administration; being the center at which information can be spread; being the director of all house affairs; being the check-up man for the population of the house; being the supply man for everyone in the house; being the trouble shooter for everyone. Spiers promised that brooms, mops and other supplies would be in soon and would be issued as soon as they came in. He emphasized however, that nothing will be issued to individuals; the house-managers are the only ones who can take anything out of the supply office. After the talk, the fellows who had been selected voiced their complaints.

After the general meeting, Spiers took us over to see Mr. Lawson, the director of the camp. I was glad to find that Lawson, like Spiers, was a swell guy. He apologized for the lousy conditions, and promised that he would do everything he could to improve them. He noted that this camp was not half as bad as some of the other camps; in fact, judging from some reports, Tanforan seemed to be one of the best camps. Mr. Lawson wanted a committee of five people to act in advisory capacity and to meet with him every day to voice the complaints of the various evacuees. He stated that he wanted to see self-government, and asked for suggestions from the house-managers. He suggested that the camp might be divided into three precincts, from which for the time being, the house-managers would select a representative. However, when the camp was full and complete a general election would be held to determine who would be the representatives.

The house-managers were given orders to canvass their entire barrack, to find out who was where and to fill out a questionnaire; however, the forms for the questionnaire were not yet available. We were to check up to find out if there



were any sick individuals or any small child that required any special attention.

I came home and then went out to lunch with Tomi. The lunch was a great improvement over last night. We had some weak chili con carne, beans, some strange bacon-juice soup, cocoa, milk for children under 7, bread, and some water. We still had no butter, fresh vegetables, or salt or pepper. The mess-hall was not quite so congested as it was last night--perhaps the lousy food had scared the touchy ones away. The morale had improved slightly and Tomi and I were in fairly good humor.

In the afternoon, I canvassed the entire house from one end to the other. It was a terrific job; for there are 25 houses. I found that some were ill, gravely ill and yet had to do without heat. One case was a woman who had pleuresy and who had been released from the hospital but a few weeks before; her husband asked for a warmer room, but no exchanges were being given. I couldn't get her a heater because they had not yet arrived. A couple of cases of hay fever and asthma were in terrible condition. They had to sleep on straw mattresses and they almost went crazy. There were a few cases of high blood pressure who could not get milk because they were over 7 years of age. On the whole, though there were relatively few complaints (compared to those brought in by other house-managers), and most people were very nice. A couple of reverends were there in the barracks.

I registered their names, identification (baggage) numbers, and the equipment issued to them in the supply houses (cots, blankets--if any--, bulbs, etc.). There were certain general regulations: all scrap was to be placed in the garbage cans which would be provided next week; rooms were to be kept clean; everyone was to take it easy on electricity because the fuses did not carry heavy loads; and toilet paper was to be provided and therefore should not be stolen. Besides asking if there were any ill and invalid in the family, I asked for a list of hammers, saws, and other tools as well as brooms so that we could use whatever we had in common. One objected that he had a right to his own property, but all the others willingly lent their tools to their neighbors. Blankets were issued to all those who needed them. The maximum for each person was a total (own and issued) of three.

Certain general announcements were also made. Elections would be held as soon as we got settled down; visitors would be allowed to come to camp, provided they had no contraband--they could talk to the evacuees in the reception hall, but could not come into the camp proper. The post office was open for regular mail service and parcel post, and mail is to be delivered beginning Monday the 4th.

One of the kicks was that the girls were not allowed to wash their own dishes; the dishes in the mess hall were dirty and yet if people brought their own dishes there was nowhere for them to wash them.

One 21-year old fellow remarked, in reply to a question as to whether he would be willing to work in the kitchen, "Sure I'll work. I didn't come here because I wanted to, and yet the government's feeding me. I don't want to owe these bastards anything when we get out. I'll work for my room and board."

One old couple (woman 74-years) remarked in Japanese, "This is wonderful; we have everything; there is nothing more that we can ask; we are entirely satisfied and happy. If there is anything you want us to do, we will do it."

Another comment, "There are many things I should like to have, but not if it will inconvenience anyone else."

*Tom!*  
*This will*  
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These cooperative comments almost floored me. All the other house-managers were getting complaints. One of the managers had everyone in his barrack angry at him. For the purposes of my study--which is now limited to social disorganization--this neighborhood is lousy--it's too good. The people are all honest, when the others are complaining about theft, and disobedience. My group was too docile and meek. Actually, it seems that this barrack--of rooms for three--were filled by two classes of people--both of whom have a vested interest in behaving. Young newly-married couples and old people who have had no children or only one. Thus, the entire group of small families--either very old or very young--is not a very good group for the study of social disorganization. The mechanisms of social control operate upon them too directly.

At dinner we had chili con carne again. We heard that the earlier arrivals had had salad, but we were too late and missed out. We once again had bread and cold tea. The food was lousy but I was so hungry that I went around and got a second helping and finally filled up. It was the first time I had eaten a real meal since I had come to camp.

All day, our neighbors have been pounding away with their hammers making their furniture, but we were so busy that we just couldn't get around to it. Late at night a few stray people were still pounding away.

Tonight there was a dance. Rosie came in with some stray male that she had picked up and asked us to go but we were both so tired and had so many letters to write that we just couldn't go. Well, we later heard reports from Tomi's sister who had gone that it was pretty good. It reminded her of a conference dance. She noted that young girls of 13 and 14 years of age came and mixed with men of 35 and 40. One of the mothers who lived in one of the barracks across the track was so frightened when her small daughter didn't come home after supper that she walked all the way over to the dance looking for her. Reports were that many barracks were lighted long after the dance was over while the parents stayed up waiting for their children to get in.

Well, today was much better than yesterday. We were still unsettled, and we still had no furniture, but things were better. The food was very definitely better and the general morale was good. Small games of baseball--catch--and some football was played in the track. Inasmuch as the track was too narrow, special rules were made: any ball that was hit outside the track was foul, any overthrow on any base was good for an extra base. It seemed a pity that young fellows in their twenties were wasting time playing games when there was so much work to be done, and yet when I thought of my own attitude yesterday, I didn't blame them. Since I began work as a house-manager, I could see the difficulty the administration was up against and sympathized with them. Since most of the people in my section were so nice, I couldn't help but wanting to do something myself. The job I had taken for purposes of research turned out to be a more or less welfare job. Tomi seemed tolerably happy (as happy as might be expected under the conditions), and in a way I was very happy. For the first time, we were really out on our own, and in a way we felt independent and happy. Tomi swiped a broom somewhere and cleaned up the room and it looked a little better. The people around us were swell and the morale was surprisingly high. It looks like things will improve around here if we work hard, and Tomi and I are resolved to work. There's no use bitching about lousy conditions and doing nothing about them. We're all on the same frying pan together; we may as well make the best of it.



May 3, 1942

Today was the first Sunday in the camp. Church services were held in various places---empty barracks, empty mess-halls, and in the grandstand. I got up so late that I didn't bother to go to the house-managers meeting, which are held seven days a weeks since problems arise every day.

I talked to the girl next door, who was a famous artist, who had been in Hungary when the war began. She told me of her experiences during her escape from Nazi Europe, and said that in spite of her experiences, this one really took the cake. Her major objections were the lousy food and the latrines. "I just can't get used to the idea of mass toilets. I saw one woman running around with her rear end exposed just looking for toilet paper, but she couldn't find one. I laughed so much I just didn't feel like painting anything like that." She had drawn a few pictures of horses to remind her of the former occupants of the stalls which she occupied.

Outside the people were busy as the proverbial bees. Everywhere, from 8 in the morning the people were busily building tools. When I awoke the air was a jangle of chatter, radio music, hammering, and the cries of babies. In the front, the men of the barrack got together and made a community wash line. The group arose more or less spontaneously. One man got the idea and all those in the vicinity pitched in and helped put it up. By noon, several parallel lines were up. All the people were friendly with each other, and freely lent their tools to each other.

Just before noon, news reached this section that rice was being served at the mess hall. It was indeed heartening news to the Japanese for this was the first time they had had Japanese food since they had come to camp. Most of the workers quickly finished their tasks and dashed off to the mess hall so that they could get there before the rice ran out. One man whined as he rushed by, "If there's rice, I'm going home and get some okazu" (anything that the Japanese eat with rice).

Tomi and I finished out collecting of scrap wood for our furniture and went over to the mess hall with Toshiko and Akira Yoshida. We noticed that by now the meals were all one hour early. Everyone was in a hurry and rushing, doing their best to crowd forward so that they would be able to get food before it ran out. Rumors were rife that there was a shortage of food and everyone wanted to get the best. The communal spirit and the traditional Japanese courtesy were entirely lacking.

The lunch we had was the best we have had since we came to camp. That isn't saying much, but that was at least encouraging. Toshiko got a lot of extra food for us by telling the workers that she was pregnant even though she wasn't. We were late so we sat by the cooks and they gave us their leftovers. We had milk, stew, rice, wienies, more stew, and chocolate pudding. The cooks, greatly over-worked men, noticed us and gave us some more rice. Rosie came along and raised a howl because we didn't have any soda. The canteen was closed from 12 to 1.

The general atmosphere was definitely better. Kids were running all over the track. They were playing baseball, football, tag, and other games and the general morale seemed to be high. There were a few maladjustments; a few people didn't get blankets, but by now some of the work shifts had begun, and things were running a little smoother.

Tomi went out in the afternoon with Marie Kyogoku to organize the crew for kitchen number 8. The food in the main mess hall was not too good at



its best. Marie and Tomi went around looking for people to work as waiters, cooks, etc., and I stayed home and built some furniture. I went across the street and grabbed some wood in the huge wood pile and made a table, four stools, three wall shelves, and two cabinets. That took almost all the afternoon. Mr. Kurakake, three rooms away, lent me his sharp saw and hammer, and I walked over to Tosh's place and helped myself to a handful of nails. Rosie browsed by about 4, and helped me put up the wall shelves.

Supper was surprisingly good. It seemed that the food was getting better every meal. We had excellent hash, rice, boiled potato, salt and pepper, but were too late for the salad or the jello desert. We were indeed happy that the food was becoming edible every day, but the dirt and filth in the kitchen still seemed objectionable. We ~~could~~ still see the food from the last serving in the "cleaned" dishes and utensils. Everyone ~~who~~ took a dish washed it before he took it for a serving of food. *we've ?*

On the way home, we dropped in at the Yamazaki's, who lived across the street from the post office. They were indeed happy. They had come prepared. They had brought 41 pieces of baggage; consequently, their apartment was filled with most of the conveniences. Since they brought all their tools, they could easily make anything else that they needed. Their rooms was clean; the floor was covered with rugs; cabinets were built into the walls; the room was wired off with drapes to separate the different families (two sons with wives); everything was running in order. Mrs. Yamazaki felt that they had the best shack in the camp and was taking everything in good humor. She didn't hesitate to invite anyone over for a feast, for she had a clean place and plenty of food. Mr. Yamazaki was making a string attachment for the shower. Since the shower would not operate unless one kept pulling the chain, he tied a piece of wood on to a piece of string to act as an extension and a foot regulator for the shower water. This was the first day that some of the showers were operating and the people in those sections were happy indeed. Hell, I haven't had a shower or a shave since I came to camp!

I noticed also at the Yamazaki's that they have newspapers here. The Sunday Chronicle, the first newspaper I've seen since I came to camp, was on the bed. The talk was centered about the lousy conditions in the camp--especially the latrines. They were dirty, but the main objection was that there were no partitions between the individual seats. Miss Wonda noted, "I'm old and I don't care, but I feel sorry for these young girls. They come in blushing and leave whenever they see someone."

Late that night a siren sounded. It was a blackout. I didn't know whether it were an air raid alarm or someone had escaped. Several people in our barrack got up and tried to put on their lights but the main switch had been pulled.

Well, things are getting better. Food is improving, and the general morale is surprisingly high. I worked all day, and was tired, but I feel happy because I'm on my own. I feel that I have some responsibility, and want to do a good job. I think that we might actually enjoy staying here.



May 4, 1942

I was busy all morning with my house-manager work. At the meeting, which is held daily at 8:30 or/and 1:30, I learned that the shower room at the end of our barrack would have opened today only some vandal had stolen all the electrical equipment necessary to operate it. All the wires, fuses, insulators, etc. were gone. The workers who were to have put it in operation were indeed disgusted when they had to go far out of their way to get material to replace them. I also learned that some families were to be moved soon. According to Mr. Green, only families in apartments in which they did not fit were to be moved. He stated that when the first batch of people came in only the old stalls were ready and all people, regardless of the size of their families were placed in their old stalls. Large families were stretched over several rooms. By the time the second group came in, however, all the old apartments were filled and all the new ones necessary were fairly complete. Therefore, those in the second group went into the new barracks, built for families of five, six, or seven, regardless of their actual size. By now, most of the barracks were ready, and Mr. Green wanted to move all groups into rooms meant for them before the Oakland group came in. He indicated that those who had moved without permission (many of those in the men's dormitory had moved to the barracks) would be forced to give up their places.

One of the women in my barrack has hay fever, and when she told me that she wanted a cotton mattress instead of the hay ticks, I told her that she would have to have the prescription of a doctor. She gave me a written note from Dr. Uyeyama, one of the best Japanese doctors in the camp. When I presented this prescription at the housing headquarters, they told me that since Uyeyama was not on the staff his signature and opinion would not be honored. I took the prescription to Dr. Togasaki at the clinic, and she angrily cursed the housing man and ordered the note copied; she immediately signed the new note--whispering in my ear as she handed me the note not to say anything about Dr. Uyeyama's opinion not being honored.

I noticed as I went in to see Dr. Togasaki that the clinic was indeed inadequate to handle the large number in the camp. There were about 3,200 people here now, and we expect the population to double by the end of the week. The staff was small, the doctors were overworked, nothing could possibly be done carefully; everything was in an uproar.

Tomi and I went over to the main mess hall to eat lunch. It was once again disgusting. We had sauerkraut and weinies, potato, bread, and jello. It might have been a good lunch for a German, but I doubt if many Japanese appreciate this type of diet. The sauerkraut was the lousiest I have had in years; it is one of my favorite dishes, but prepared this way, I almost puked. We had some foul bacon juice for soup.

Newcomers were once again coming into Tanforan. I looked them over and felt sorry for them as I saw them going through the same experiences I had had when we came here. I saw them registering, waiting for their baggage, walking around with a disgusted look, just as I had done when I came here first.

We spent the afternoon writing letters and postcards. We had been so busy since we got here that this was the first opportunity I had to do any writing. Really, I was tired out from running around doing all kinds of duties that the house-manager was required to do. Fortunately, not many of my group moved and I was at least temporarily spared extra work.

For supper we had for the first time something that resembled meat. It seemed like a meat loaf of some kind. We had rice, gravy, and--believe it or not--fresh



vegetable--cabbage slaw salad, and tea. It was unbelievably good, in fact, the best meal we had since we came to camp. We were indeed satisfied, and if meals continue the way they are, the only objection we would have is the lousy way in which they clean dishes. Marie Kyogoku was well on her way in her plans to open up kitchen number 8 for us, and we all looked forward to it.

We were so damned busy that we just went to bed early. Really this manual work and just walking around this damned horse track corks us out. I guess another Jap bites the dust along with the hundreds of nags in Tanforan.



May 5, 1942

I got up early today and went to the house-manager's meeting. There were several items of interest that were brought out there. It was announced that typhoid shots would be given all day tomorrow (9 am to 3 pm) to anyone, regardless of how many shots they had already taken. The maintenance crew chairman announced that unless the people stopped putting pennies into the fuses to make them carry more juice, the administration would be forced to take measures such as the imposition of a curfew to punish the guilty parties. We were told that the maintenance was not up to par because the men who sign up for work quit and leave when they find the going too rough.

We were given several stiff assignments. We were told first of all the get a complete list of invalids, children, and those over 65 and the cases of hay fever and asthma so that they could be given oil stoves and cotton mattresses. This list was to be in by 1:30 today. We were told that we must keep the latrines near our barracks clean, even if it meant that we should clean it ourselves. We had to announce that kitchen 8 would open today at lunch so that the people could go there. We were finally told that the lumber had to be taken out of the roads so that the owner of the track could send over a man to clear up the roads and level them off. We were supposed to work up a crew of our own to clear the grounds or else do it ourselves.

By now, incipient signs of social disorganization were creeping up in the fore. They had been apparent from the beginning, but here the cases were more flagrant. The most noticeable symptom of disorganization was petty theft. Japanese, with their traditionally strong social control, both by the community and by the family, should be unusually honest and cooperative in a communal society. However, we find that the members of the family groups were much more individualized and that theft--theft of almost anything unattached--was abundant. Food and food containers and utensils were stolen in large quantities from the kitchen; brooms disappeared as soon as the house-manager left them out of sight; linoleum was stolen from the stalls and placed in barracks; milk intended for babies was stolen in large quantities and sometimes small children went without milk because some selfish adult walked off with a thermos bottle full of milk. Fuses were stolen from electricity boxes in the laundries and latrines and placed in the barracks whenever the lights went out; toilet paper disappeared so rapidly that the supply house could not keep up with the amount of toilet paper that was stolen. Actually these cases of theft were caused by the lack of material. People stole toilet paper because they had been caught short. They had been caught short because the scant supply had been used up before they got to the latrine. Having been caught short, they don't want to go through that ordeal again and steal whatever they find. The next person finds that the paper is stolen and is caught short. He in turn steals the next time he finds any paper in order to protect himself. Nonetheless, justified or otherwise, this theft is a symptom of the breakdown of the governing values of the community. The Japanese have traditionally been honest--honest to the extent of suffering misery rather than suffer a loss of face--and in the past had blamed everything wrong on the Negroes and Filipinos with whom they sometimes lived. Yet, once necessity demanded it, even though many realized that by theft they would handicap others, they continually stole anything they could get their hands on. Almost every house had some toilet paper. Almost everyone must have stolen or brought it from home. Inasmuch as toilet paper was not one of the items listed by the Army to be brought, it is indeed surprising to find such a large number of families with toilet paper in their houses. In my barrack, 24 out of 27 barracks had at least one roll of paper.

*Actual incident?*

Mr. Green announced today that families would be moved on large scale



today, but only for the purpose of joining families which had been separated in the past or at doctor's orders. He indicated that several large families had solved their problems concealing lack of privacy by hanging up partitions of cloth. He indicated that all families of 5, 6, or 7 would be moved out of the stalls into the new barracks. He emphasized finally that no single men would be allowed to leave the men's dormitory to join any unrelated people in the other sections of the camp.

I noticed a survival of one of the old Japanese traits. In Japan, especially in rural districts, no differentiation is made between the toilets of men or women. In fact, men and women bathe together without thinking anything of it. In Tanforan, all latrines were clearly labelled one or the other. Women, especially the older ones unable to read English, nonchalantly walk into the men's toilets and mix with the men without feeling any different from what they had thought before. Obviously the younger people were disturbed and some demanded that signs be put up in Japanese.

Kitchen number 8 opened today. I had looked forward to this because Tomi had been working so hard, both in preparing food and in cleaning up the place in order to get it started. It opened at 11:15 with its first lunch shift. There were two shifts--barracks 13 and 16 in the first, and barracks 14 and 18 in the second. All house-managers from these four barracks had to stand guard at the door to make sure that no one who did not belong in one of these barracks ate in this kitchen. It was also important for us to be there because many Japanese were oblivious to the idea of shifts and would not know what was going on. Furthermore, Japanese are never too accurate about time; therefore, we stood guard to clear up any errors.

Not being accustomed to keeping strict time, many dragged in late. However, remembering the experience of doing without food when they went late to the main mess hall, most of the people stormed to gates at least fifteen minutes early. Many of the Issei were irked because young "punks" were being so strict about their behavior; we let most of the wise guys go today but threatened to toss them out, by force if necessary tomorrow.

The kitchen was the cleanest room I had seen since I came here. The dishes were wiped clean and the food was delicious. I ate with Tomi afterward with the kitchen help and ate all that was left. Believe me, the chili con carne really tasted like chili con carne. Unfortunately, Japanese are not accustomed to this type of food and many did not like it. The corn, the string beans, even though it were canned, was unusually good. Even miso shiru (foul Japanese soup) tasted good.

Tomi went to work at 1 in the kitchen as assistant cook. I wrote a few letters, and then went to the house-manager's meeting. Nothing important came up so I went over to the canteen with Hank Kobayashi and got an orange soda. We listened to Henry Takahashi's (J.A.C.L.) idea about self-rule. He seems to think he's quite a card around here, just because he happens to be on Lawson's temporary advisory council. When the election rolls along, I guess we'll see to it that he doesn't get a permanent seat unless he becomes a little more intelligent and open-minded. I don't mind his lousy views, but I don't like his shallow thinking and his lack of training in administration.

What exactly do you mean?

Supper was troublesome. The crab was about strictness in time, but the people were satisfied with the fine soup, salad, wienies, and peeled potato. I tried to take a shower, but found that all the water was ice cold; Tomi and I decided to let our filth ride for a couple of more days.



May 8, 1942

I slept all morning today. I was so tired from working that I just decided to take things easy. Tomi was pooped out too so we just groaned and groaned.

People were moving about today, adjusting the size of the family to the capacity of the barrack. Rumors were abundant. One was that all people in our barrack (built for three) would be forced to take in strangers to fill up the space unless we found someone to live with us that we liked. Others thought that all they had to do was to pack up and leave for anywhere that they thought they would like to live. All this moving, combined with the moving in of the people from Oakland, created such a confusion that the post office stopped delivering mail until the confusion was cleared up.

At lunch today, we had fresh spinach for the first time. This was the first time since we came to camp that we had any fresh vegetable of any kind. The spinach was raw, but it was so unique and unexpected that we gobbled it up with gusto. It was really an excellent lunch--rice, soup, and hash. The stuff we get here is not better than that of a fourth class hashhouse, but after being fed like pigs for a week, we didn't mind at all; in fact, we were happy.

After lunch Tomi and I went over to the clinic to get our typhoid shots. They told us yesterday that we would all have to go today. The set-up for giving shots in mass is really lousy. One nurse would register everyone that came in; we walked down the corridor and then another nurse would ask us whether we wanted inoculations against small pox or typhoid, or both. Then when we finally got to the place, one nurse put alcohol on our arm, another one loaded the syringe, and some doctor or his assistant shot the material in our arm. It was really a sad excuse for a clinic. There are not enough doctors around here, and they had dentists, optometrists, and others substituting for the M.D.'s. One woman in our barrack had a needle broken in her arm; another woman had to shout in agony because the "Doctor" bent the needle after it entered her arm. Tomi and I went through O.K.

At the house-manager's meeting at 1:30 we learned of various new developments. A new police department had been organized and <sup>was</sup> ready to work together with the house-managers to keep order within the camp. The Caucasian head of the force was a Mr. Arnold and the Nisei head was Mr. Frank Tsukamoto. I don't know how and on what basis they chief was selected, but they certainly did a good job selecting the most incompetent and inefficient asshole in the camp. Tsukamoto is a swell guy and easy to get along with, but is slightly tetchy in the head. Mas Nakano was selected as the representative of the police force at the meeting of house-managers. Thus far, there are only 15 men, but they expected to enlarge the force. The men patrolled the various beats in the camp 24 hours a day. Indeed, my first reaction, upon seeing the names of the men on the squad was that the police force required more policing than the rest of the population here.

Dr. Hirota came to the house-manager's meeting and pointed out that the people in the camp were not observing the quarantined areas. He emphasized that quarantined must be maintained at all costs, if diseases are to be kept down in this camp. It was stated that only members of the medical staff could go in or out of the quarantined areas.

One of the most stressed points in the meeting was that vandalism must be stopped in the camp. The administration threatened that unless the whole matter is cleared up within 48 hours, the military police would come in and take over.



Fuses were stolen from the laundries, the mess halls, from the heaters, from the medical offices under the grandstand, and from the empty barracks. Linoleum, which was placed by contract with the Army only in those old horse stalls with huge holes in the floor, were ripped up and placed in the new barracks. Since the work was done by contract, there was no linoleum left to replace the stolen goods. Toilet paper was never to be found in any latrine even though the house-managers filled them all every morning. Iron plates that had been put into the barracks for the gas stoves were stolen. The electrical wiring from some of the showers were lost entirely. All this must stop within 48 hours.

Another problem arose that caused some concern on the part of the administration. Peeping toms were seen operating near the women's showers and toilets. Women complained that young men were looking at them as they walked around the showers. Indeed, this spot is ideal for the peeping tom for all windows in the shower room were unfrosted and low. There were scant partitions between the women's showers and none between the men's. In the latrines, huge openings in the side were covered only by a screen, which can easily be seen through in the night. In order to check this peeping, the administration ordered all lower panes in the shower building painted, and the police were instructed to be on the lookout for such boys.

The house-managers were instructed to keep a complete record of all the people in his barrack. When this camp was transferred to some other center, the administration wanted a complete record of the man's conduct so that he could be treated in accordance to his temperament.

It was announced that field telephones might be installed throughout the camp for emergency use. As the things are now, no telephones within the camp, if there should be an emergency, the house-manager must run by himself to the doctor, the electrician, or whatever was needed. Indeed, if it should be some case of life-or-death, there is nothing that can be done. Taking cognizance of this, the administration decided to put in a few phones.

In regard to those who moved from the old shacks to the new barracks, instructions were given by Spiers that they were to leave behind the cotton mattresses and were supposed to get straw ticks. Those in the old stalls deserved mattresses was Spier's argument. However, when it was pointed out that the San Mateo County Health officials had demanded that mattresses used by one person be sterilized before they can be reissued, Spiers stated that they might leave the mattresses behind and keep the mattress covers. I don't know what the hell he was talking about mattress covers for, because they have not been issued to anyone in this camp. Maybe Spiers was having dreams that he had already given them to everyone. Strange how many things that are supposed to be out are not delivered as yet.

Finally, we were given the task of getting the list of heaters and electrical appliances in the entire house. We were told to hand in the list and that all electrical appliances not registered with the house managers would be liable to confiscation. The reason for this strict supervision is that there have been so many fuses blowing out that there are no more fuses left. Formerly the house-managers had kept the fuses, but now even they could no longer get them. The electrician crew of four or six boys were the only ones with fuses.

All afternoon my arm was sore as heck from the typhoid. I didn't feel sick though. Tomi went to work like a fool and came back fairly sick. Today, for the first time, I had time enough to catch up with my writing. Up to now, I have just taken as complete notes as possible and then filled in anything that I felt I left out, every night. Today, I was for the first time able to write



up my notes.

By night, the Oakland people were still pouring in. I noticed them waiting for their baggage just like we had when we came here. They were still delivering things about 10 o'clock at night. I saw them cleaning up their booms. They were all squaking; I guess they just didn't know how lucky they were. Hell, we have good food now; they have brooms and mops to clean their rooms with; some of the cans are clean now (even though most of them are as dirty and filthy as ever); I can't see what the hell they're moaning about now, but on second thought, I guess we're just hardened to this filthy condition.

After supper, Tomi went over to see her mother. Mich and Ann came over while she was away, and we discussed the lousy Nisei leaders in the camp. Ann felt that with a better representation of Nisei interests in the camp administration we might possibly get a better administration of Nisei needs. We got together and mapped out ways and means of taking control of the political machine in this camp. Our major problem was getting the J.A.C.L. big-wigs out. If the J.A.C.L. men were competent, they ~~wel~~ have no objections to them, but as long as they strut around like big-shots and don't do anything constructive and don't do anything other than red-baiting their enemies, I don't think that these guys need any support. I guess the more intelligent J.A.C.L. men skipped out of the place before they were caught; the ones I see here are sure a bunch of dopes. They might be good in their trained fields, but as administrators, they have no more place in there than we have.

I typed up my reports until 9, when Tomi came home. Since the rest of the barrack was so quiet, I decided that I had better not bother them too much, and we decided to call it quits.



May 7, 1942

Both Tomi and I were pretty sick all day. I wasn't exactly sick, but my arm was very sore, especially near the spot where we had our typhoid shot. Tomi had a much more positive reaction and couldn't work in the afternoon. She seemed pretty badly laid up. As I left at 8:30 for the regular house-manager's meeting, I noticed for the first time a man in a Japanese kimono going to the toilet. This was the first time I had seen Japanese dress since I came here.

We have had some pretty lively meetings and some stiff assignments, but this mornings' meeting was one of the best. It was announced by the medical staff that typhoid shots would be given every Monday and Wednesday from 9 to 11 for the rest of this month. It was also announced by Dr. Hirota that those who have had small pox inoculations should visit the hospital on the 3rd and the 7th day after the inoculation. Dr. Hirota condemned rumors that were spreading such as the one that an asthma patient that had been confined in the hospital died of diabetes because of the lousy care. He pointed out that the facilities were limited but that they weren't quite that bad. He also asked that all babies under 18 months should be inspected and registered along with their formula at the Dental Clinic before 11 or from 1 to 3 p.m. today. All pregnant women were directed to clinic no. 3. Dr. Hirota announced that the typhoid inoculations being given in the camp were the regular Army injections and were thus twice as strong as those given outside. Since those on the outside had included 1 billion typhoid per c.c., those given in the camp were 2 billion; however, those injected with this would be immune to two types of typhoid. The reaction, needless to say, can be expected to be twice as strong.

Quite a discussion was held on the topic of filling ticks. Apparently there was not enough labor to fill the ticks with straw. When the workers discovered the filthy conditions under which they had to work, they disappeared whenever the word was mentioned. Now that the new groups were coming in and there weren't enough ticks available, the problem of how they would sleep tonight arose. Spiers suggested that each arrival could be given a cover and told to fill his own as they were in Manzanar, and the other house-managers agreed that they had so much work to do that they did not care to recruit workers to fill ticks for the others. One suggestion was that ticks for those coming in today ought to be filled by those who came yesterday, since many of those who came before have already done so much work. It was finally decided that a skeleton crew should work to fill ticks for women and children, but that the men would fill their own.

In connection to the theft of toilet paper, it was suggested that a long bar be placed in each toilet. A hinge could be placed on one end, and the other could be padlocked. This suggestion was given to the representative of the maintenance department who assured us that he would set his men to work doing that in all toilets at once. It was suggested by one of the more intelligent house managers that the thefts may be due to the lousy accommodations given by the Army. "Why do people steal fuses? Because there isn't enough electricity here in each barrack. Why do people steal paper? Because there isn't enough here for everyone. Why do people cook in their homes and use up electricity? Because the food is so lousy no one can eat it." It seems that the guy said a mouthful. This lack of coordination and the shifting of responsibility is really a mess.

House managers today were given a pretty heavy task. We were told to complete a census of our entire barrack including men, women, and children, with a statement of the occupation in which they were engaged before they came to camp and their occupation now, a statement of their health condition (whether they were over 65, under 18 months, or invalid, or ill), and the complete list of the electrical appliances in their possession (whether in use or not).



The census was required because there was so much moving that the post office didn't know who was living where. The health information was asked by the hospital staff and the kitchen workers who wanted to know who needed milk and who didn't; and the list of the electrical equipment was requested by the police and the maintenance department who wanted to control the blowing out of fuses as much as possible.

Lunch was good as usual in the new kitchen. We had soup, noodles and gulash, potato, jello, and tea. It was really swell. Since I eat with the kitchen help, I get all I want to eat--in spite of my huge appetite.

After lunch I spent a few hours surveying the barrack. Some new people were here, and they really got ~~my~~ hot. I guess I couldn't blame them since I felt the way they do when I first came here, but in contrast to those who were already here, they seemed so damned fresh that I gave them hell. I told them they either cooperate or else I'd make them clean the cans for a week. I caught one guy cooking with a 1000 watt stove in his apartment and for the first time had to give him hell. I had to threaten to call the military police before he stopped. He asked me why I was so damned strict with my barrack when the other house-managers were letting their people get away with the same thing. When I told him that our fuse had not blown out once yet, he quieted down.

At 3:00 all the house-managers in barracks 13, 14, 16, and 18 got together and cleaned out the latrines and shower rooms that were located in the center. We had to do it first in order to set an example for the rest of the people in our group. Once we had done it, we could tell the others to do the same thing. Seven of us showed up for work and for a full hour and a half we worked in the slush. Believe me, the place was dirty. It hadn't been cleaned since we came to camp. At first we had to scrub the floors with a shovel to get all the dirt out. In some instances, we had to wet the dirt to get it soft enough to scrape off. Then we flooded the floor with water and got down and scrubbed the entire place, floor, equipment, et. al. with hand brushes. We then mopped up the place and finally swept out the dirty water. When we got through the things were shining--cleaner than it was when they brought it in. It was dirty and tough work, but I think it was worth it.

While we were cleaning the cans, we had an odd and yet sociologically significant experience. A middle-aged woman came in while we were cleaning the woman's latrine and wouldn't get out in spite of anything we said. She nonchalantly sat down on one of the toilets and went about her business in spite of the fact that eight men were there. Said she, "I'm just an old woman; what difference does it make if you see me?" The point is: in rural Japan, no separation of the sexes is made except during adolescence and before marriage. Therefore, for her, a married woman, it shouldn't make any difference whether men were around or not. The mores surrounding sex in America had absolutely no significance for her.

As soon as we were through with the cans, we had to dash over to the mess hall to guard the doors. Since new people were coming in, we had to be doubly vigilant at the door. Furthermore, by now, the news that our kitchen served palatable food had spread and many were trying to get in. We had to toss two people out today. All the policemen and firemen and the medical staff (who can eat wherever they happen to be on duty) manage to be on duty near kitchen eight during meal time.

The supper was again pretty good. We had some Japanese stew, cabbage salad, rice.



After supper I had to chase all the way over the housing headquarters to get some blankets for some new people who came in today! The fools brought only five blankets for a family of five. Tally wasn't in his office and we went all the way over to his house to look for him. His mother was in and finally, after about a half hour, Tally and his wife arrived. On our way over to the supply house Tally remembered that some friends of his had left some food for him, and he went over to the guard house to get it. He had some crackers, cheese, jam, peanutbutter, etc., and gave us some. I got the blankets and delivered them.

On the way, I ran into Haruo Najima who had just pulled in from Oakland. I was just smoking my last Spud and was wondering where the next one was coming from when Naj came over with three cartons of Spuds. Boy, was I happy? I gave a pack to Tally in exchange for some food, and Naj took another one just for good measure. We talked things over for a while and then parted.

We had several visitors tonight. Jimmy Yamada and Warren Tsuneishi came over and told us they were now on the police force and were doing their rounds. They dropped by to chew the rag because it was too cold outside in their beat. Warren noted that Henry Takahashi had a pan-Asia emblem hanging in his window and wondered if he knew the full significance of it. It was the same thing as the swastika in Japan. We regretted that dopes like Takahashi had gotten in Lawson's confidence, and wondered how we could get more efficient men in his place on the Advisory council of four.

Warren mentioned a rumor that was going about to the effect that prostitution had begun in the men's dormitory. He pointed out that the police force had been asked to stop it. He showed how it was possible. Obviously women couldn't go into the Men's dorm during the night because there were too many people there; however, all the men had to go down through the main mess hall to get to the lavatory. There in the main mess hall (directly below the dorm) were plenty of inconspicuous places where women were alleged to be waiting for the men. Warren thought that the offending women were adolescent girls just on the age when they were curious about problems of sex.

Haruo came over and we talked over the entire situation once more. He was disgusted when I told him that he had a fertile field for research in the men's dorm. He complained that he didn't know what kind of notes to take. Hell, I don't know what to write down either; how can I tell anyone else? Tomi went over to the laundry ironing building (where they have a strong electric current) and cooked us some canned macaroni. The three of us ate a pretty good meal.

We discovered on the way back that the showers for our district was finally open and warm water was running for the first time. I felt very happy, for now, I would be able to shave. I've shaved only once since I came here because it's too much of an ordeal to shave with cold water. Most of the fellows are just letting their beards grow.

Mine shouted over the opening in the wall that a man had gone berserk because he had nothing to do. I don't see how anyone could claim he had nothing to do unless he absolutely refused to work or play; there was plenty of hard work to be done; plenty of games (baseball, football, craps, and poker) to occupy anyone. Hell, I have so much work to do that I can't get anything done. I wonder if I'll ever be able to finish my paper.



TANFO  
SHIBUTANI  
REPORTS

Mrs. P. not yet copied

May 8, 1942

It rained this morning but since it didn't rain hard the grounds were not so badly soaked. I stayed in bed late and then got up and finished my survey of the people in the barrack. I got them to fill out the receipts and completed the census. Most of the old people were pretty nice, but some of the new people thought they were pretty tough. I had to threaten one man with the military police.

While I was doing the rounds, Tomi was still in bed. A couple of men including a Caucasian came into our room without even knocking and talked about putting four people in our shack. When Tomi told me about this I was worried, for the rumors doing the rounds in our barrack that we would have to take in strangers were apparently with some basis. For the first time since the day we came here I felt very gripped about this damn camp. Here they promise us that they would respect family groups and then shove four people that don't even know each other together.

I walked over to Housing Headquarters and learned that some new mess halls had been opened and that the idea of having identification cards was being considered. It was also announced that all people in the old buildings would have new cotton mattresses as a compensation for living in inferior houses. Spears announced that the ticks must be refilled every 15 days for sanitation and that mattresses cannot be transferred from one person to another without sterilization.

After lunch I went browsing around. About 2:00 o'clock I went into the men's dormitory for the first time after the people had settled down in the quest for Najima. It was an appalling sight. The place was over 100 yards long. Men, sloppily dressed and unshaven, were browsing around with no particular thing in mind. About half the men were in bed or browsing around or chatting with their neighbors. It was a huge hall with the beds about 18 inches to 2 feet apart. Ropes stretched between the steel supports and cabinets were nailed to the walls. In the middle rows where there were no walls things were nailed to the floors. In these cabinets were toilet articles and other minor personal belongings. Radios were playing in sections and hammering by the newcomers could still be heard. Card games and hana games were numerous and there were some games of crap going on. Young and old alike were in this hole, and many of them just sat looking at the passersby. Complaints about the food were rather common, and some were smoking as they chatted. A huge American flag in the corner was very conspicuous. It was rumored that the Nisei in the dorm were given hell by the house-manager there if they spoke in English. Issei as they passed the Nisei under the flag muttered baka-tare (dope or sap) at them. Bedding hung and piled about the room, and the floor was dirty. Clothes hung on nails in the wall. I saw Mr. Nakagawa the man who used to live behind Tomi's house. He seemed to be in good humor.

I noticed as I walked from one end to the other that numbers were painted on the walls. Baggage was stuffed under the beds. Women occasionally walked in to see their friends but they were indeed a rare sight. Young men cluttered around in their own groups. I noticed that the men near the windows facing the west had pinned up sheets to keep out the afternoon sun. Laundry was hung on the walls everywhere. Groups of men clustered around the various card games that were going on.

All in all it was an appalling sight. I was horrified that mankind had



degenerated to such a low stage. The dorm was filthy, dirty, undescribably sad. The men there seemed demoralized and indeed they were justified in feeling that way.

I noticed on my way back that the canteen hours had changed from 10 to 1 and 4:30 to 6. Since it was before 4:30 I could not get the candy that Tomi requested.

For supper we had fish, potatoes, and salad. After supper I learned that Mr. Uchida had arrived from Montana to join his family here and I had to chase over to housing headquarters to get a blanket for him. It was really windy and cold by now and Tomi and I had a hell of a time. We saw Shinji Yamamoto and he was plenty griped about the administration of this dump. He was griped because spears gave us plenty of work to do but after we did our work nothing came of it. For example, we made a survey of our barracks so that we could turn in a list of the invalid and children. Shinji had turned in his list long before with the name of a baby 7 days old and had asked for a cotton mattress and a heater. Both were available but neither one had been issued and he was plenty mad.

We went over to see Jimmy and Mary who had come in a few days ago. They were just getting started and were busy making furniture. Judy didn't seem to like the place and was giving her parents a bad time. They seemed to be disgusted with camp life, but when we told them what we had to face when we came here they said that all their friends had said the same thing and that they guessed they were happy.

After going home we prepared to go to bed. In the women's lavatory, Tomi noted that some women had hung some dish towels over the partitions so as to hide themselves. They were apparently embarrassed by the open toilets and had devised these towels as a shade.

We washed up at the laundry room because that was the only place where we could get any hot water. We heard some music and dropped in at one part of the laundry and there was a private dance going on. About fifty people from barracks 13 and 14 had gotten together under grapevine invitation and held their own dance. A radio was used for music. The group disbanded a little after nine to conform with camp regulations.

On our way home we met Mrs. Kanehara our next door neighbor. She was disgusted over the open showers and toilets. She just couldn't stand them. She stated that she had never had them before and didn't see how she was going to get used to them here.



May 9, 1942

I was awoken at about 8 in the morning by the din of hammering, the cries of babies, radios blasting, and the chatter of the people. I just couldn't sleep so I decided I may as well get up and go the house-managers meeting.

In the toilet I got in with some Oakland people that had come in recently. As they were talking amongst themselves they noted that they heard the food was better before than it is now. One fellow figured that there were about 5,000 people here now and that we would be here about 4 months. He was speaking of a woman who covered her face with her sweatered when she was in the toilet to cover her embarrassment of having people look at her while she was on the stool.

As I came home again Mrs. Iyeki came up to me and told me that we had the cleanest toilet in the camp and that others from other districts were coming here to use it. "You ought to put up some signs telling women where to throw their kotex and other stuff before the place gets all dirty again."

At the house-manager's meeting we learned that the problem of people going where they don't belong to eat had become so great that they were going to issue cards with different colors to indicate which mess hall the people were to eat in. It was announced that mattresses may be in soon, but in the meantime whenever they were need they would be confiscated from the men in the dormitory who would be given a tick to take its place. Dr. Hirota announced that all evacuees would be required to have a immunization certificate before they could leave the camp. Mr. Davis, assistant director, announced that the grounds had to be cleaned up immediately. He asked that the house-managers pick up some idle men and make them report to the south end of the grandstand by 2 o'clock. This order sure griped me. We house-managers were asked to recruit labor and when we get men to do necessary work they are not accepted by the Employment Office. If the employment office is to be more efficient in its work then they could be particular, but since they can't get labor to the extent that we have to recruit it for them I don't see why in the hell they are so choosy about. What in the hell is Mich Kunitani doing in that dump anyway?

The question of recruiting workers from the men's dorm was brought up. Mr. Davis balked at the idea. Fuji the house-manager there objected that his men were all working (35 out of 400). "Other ones all sick or old. Young man come in yesterday and still busy packing." He just didn't have the guts to ask. I don't blame him. Davis didn't have the guts either. He reminded me of an asshole anyway.

Apparently Nicholson had been here and had moaned about the dirty grounds. Davis and Lawson, bootlicking their superiors as usual, were excited because they got hell.

The house-managers then got an order to round up 30 men to clean up the front of the grandstand immediately. That was too much. We all went out en masse and rounded up all the young kids playing baseball in the track and put them to work with the threat of calling the military police. Over fifty poor suckers were rounded up. Gallagher put half of them to work cleaning up the grandstand and the other half were sent over to the hay barn to fill ticks for the newcomers.



I dropped in to chat with Hiro Katayama on my way home. He told me of various rumors that were floating around the place. Laughingly he told me of the rumors concerning the crazy man that ran around wild; another one about a dope that wouldn't obey the soldier's command and was sluggish; rumors had it that the soldier was arrested for almost killing the man. He told me of another rumor that three men had been shot trying to escape.

We went off to lunch. Boy was it good? We had corn beef and cabbage and the cooks in our kitchen were really first class chefs. After lunch Sue and Tosh dropped in and we learned that Tosh had a job as sanitation engineer. We looked over his report and found that it was pretty complete. Tosh's usual competence.

At 2:30 I went over to a meeting of the newspaper people and the Council of Four. Taro Katayama had tried to organize a paper here but his efforts had been blocked by the Council which felt that the "proper people" were not in charge. It was Henry Takahashi again. His objection was that in other camps a small minority had seized the power of the press and he didn't want to see the same thing happen again. After much wrangling and mud slinging--with Takahashi taking the beating since we was too dumb to match wits with superior brains in the newspaper and liberal crowd--it was decided that the professional writers would form a temporary committee to run the paper until something else could be turned out.

I went over to the dhrm with Warren and Mimmy Yamada, two writers, and noticed that they had a special room in the rear. Apparently the room had formerly been a soda fountain facing the main room. The fellows merely dragged their beds in there and had the place fixed up pretty well. In Warren's room there was a huge flag (he noted that it took guts to put it up in the dorm where they couldn't even speak English). I then went over to Katayama's place and there Charlie, Mich and Ann came in. We discussed various problems that were arising in the camp. Ann was concerned over the "Japanification" of the Nisie. We noted that the quest for prestige and buttoms had replaced the quest for money. Ann was griped that smallbirds were in charge of big things and did not act competently even though they tried to put it on. Mich was angry about the inefficiency of the employment office and noted that members of one family were putting their siblings and children and relatives to work and leaving other competent men out. The matter of stealing toilet paper was also discussed.

Since Colonel Washburn was here today for inspection the food was pretty good. We had baked ham, potatoes, and salad. What the hell! With the money they spent on the ham to impress the bastard they could have bought us better food for a week.

I typed my report and got a little peeved at Tomi. I worked pretty hard all day in my two jobs. If I had a little time I always tried to do something else--perhaps read. Here in a whole Tomi didn't get a thing done. She hadn't started her shorthand practices, she hadn't helped any--she wasn't even helping in the kitchen anymore either. Now as I typed she kept bothering me and it was really griping. Harnow came and broke up the quarrel.

We dropped in at the dance and saw any appalling sight. There were young kids 12 or 13 years of age. The people were of all ages; they were dressed



in all kinds of clothes. Even though it was the last dance the men were cutting in. It looked terrible. The wolves were roaming around but the gleam in their eye well fitted the designation of "wolves." I noticed that a couple of Issei women were standing at the door waiting to take their daughters home, and to tell the truth I didn't blame them. The place didn't seem safe for women.

After the dance I noticed that the girls went home in large bands. There were a few stray couples around. It was so cold that we just went home.

As we went over to the laundry to wash there was an old woman sitting in the wash basin washing her feet. She nonchalantly went about her own business in spite of the fact that strangers were in the room. We were afraid that she might undress and take a bath so we left.



May 10, 1942

We loafed all morning today. We didn't go to church as we should but we did dash over to the grandstand to get some candy and paper. I had to rush back to help the fellows watch the kitchen door again to keep outsiders out.

After a swell lunch of roast beef and gravy we came home happily and ran into Naj who excitedly told us that Bill Himel was here to see us. Tomi and I dashed over there and found Sue and Tosh waiting and talking to him. Bill was his same old self. He hadn't changed at all. He came down with Sue Nakamura. Sue and Tosh were waiting for Alex. Bill went out after some hamburgers and ice cream, even though he had already brought us some fruits. While we waited for him we noticed how the Nisei girls flirted with the guards. As we sat at the gate we noticed all the Caucasians who came in with gifts for the camp people. Many Japanese patiently waited for others to come. There were clusters of Nisei around the gate. The whole thing reminded me of visiting day in a prison. We could actually see the outside world from here. I wondered how a prisoner felt as he looked on the outside--hell, I was a prisoner!

When Bill came back with the food, we just couldn't believe that we were eating real food--for the first time decent food since we got here. Sue, Tosh, Sat, John, Mine, Toku, Chiaki, and I got together and did away with the ice cream in short order. The conversation, even with the food, centered about the toilets.

After supper, I read the paper--the first time I read the newspaper since I got into camp. I did some typing and Sue, Tosh and Rosie came in. Tomi got a little excited about bringing something home to mother for Mother's Day. Hell, I didn't even know where my mother was. Stockton had been evacuated but I hadn't heard from home.

Since it was Tosh's birthday we had some soup, a triple decker sandwich with tomato, liverwurst, salami, cheese, lettuce, roast lamb, bread, and salt. Alex had brought all that in. Boy what a day!

We took Rosie home in the rain and almost wrecked Tomi's umbrella. We dropped in at Mrs. Harano's to pay our respects, but everyone was in bed. The lights for the whole district was out and Johnny was reading with a candle.



May 11, 1942

Apparently it had been raining all night. I got up at 8 and waded through the quagmire to go the house-managers' meeting. The place had mud about a foot deep. It was just slush. I stepped into a soft spot and sunk all the way in to my stockings. What a mess. I went into the toilet to wipe the damn thing off with toilet paper, but couldn't find any. Finally I had to wipe by foot on wood. Everyone was wearing boots and were they dirty! The place was just soggy.

I learned before I went that two rooms in our barrack had leaky roofs and had to ask to have them fixed. Since no trucks could get through the mire crews were going about on foot to clean up the place. The meeting was full of announcements.

The police representative told us that their office was in the printing office. The announcement was made the laundry had been stolen. It was announced that any knife with a blade over four inches and flashlights with more than two cells were contraband and had to be turned in immediately. The use of candles was prohibited. A threat to confiscate stoves was made unless cooking in apartments ceased. We learned that there were two showers that didn't work, but they couldn't be fixed because the Army had the keys to the part that needed fixing. All house-managers between 2 and 14 were asked to compile a list of the straw ticks so that they could be replaced by mattresses. New managers were asked to remain for a session with the Council of Four (four assholes if you ask me)

Henry Takahashi was in arms because barrack 16 was a small barrack and had two house-managers. I told him yesterday at the writers meeting that the "proper people" were not in the Council of Four and apparently he was plenty griped. Tora Ichiyasu and I told him to go to hell and he just walked away.

I learned when I came home that Mr. Motoyoshi in our barrack (72 years old) had been picking up the paper around here since the day we came here. No wonder the place was so clean! I gave his wife a roll of toilet paper.

I worked all afternoon on my paper. Tomi and Mr. Motoyoshi changed the door so that the wind wouldn't be so hard on it. This led to some argument because they had the door out while I had stuff on the table and it all blew off. Was I griped! I guess staying in this dump has made me irritable.

After supper I worked more on the paper. Tally, Sue, Tosh and Tomi had some pies. After 9:30 I decided I had better not type any more.



May 12, 1942

We stayed in bed this morning and had an argument with Tomi. We were both griped, but we got over it by the time we got up. With Toshiko we went looking for the library of the camp. We dropped in at the housing headquarters and found that I had missed nothing at the meeting. At the canteen we found that there was nothing to buy except tobacco (roll your own) and newspapers. We noticed that the Nazis had opened their spring offensive and bought an Examiner. This action brought certain things to my mind. Why should we patronize an organization that has actively fostered fascist sentiments in this country for the past few decades? The God damned Hearst is truly a menace to American democracy. Why don't they put him and his sympathizers in a camp?

We passed the information booth and talked to Doris Hayashi. We found that she had talked to Lawson and Green but that both felt that there was no place for a public administration student in the camp. No need for a public ad student! Indeed, if one of those assholes running the camp had an elementary knowledge of public administration things wouldn't be so damned lousy around here.

We finally found the "library" in the middle of the field. We browsed around for a while in there. I noticed that there were "quiet please!" signs all over the room but that no one observed it. The "library" consisted of an empty barrack with eight mess hall benches and a few wall shelves. There were but a few books and plenty of magazines. Little kids were spending their time looking at the pictures in the magazines. We learned from the librarian that 175 books had been donated by Mills College and that 60 came from the Y.M.C.A. Evacuees were allowed to take out books for three days and magazines overnight--renewal as often as necessary unless the book is called for. I had just asked Dr. Thomas for a copy of Time for April 20 and the first magazine I saw there was that exact magazine.

Among the books I noticed were Lectures on Modern Idealism by Royce and I wondered who in the hell would read it. There were books on English for those wishing to become citizens, Wells' Outline of History, Kipling's Jungle Book, several classics in English literature including the works of Scott, Milton, Shakespeare. I noticed Vergil's Aeneid, a small Webster's dictionary, and a Lincoln Library. Much to my surprise there were new editions of Fairchild, Furness, and Buck's Elementary Economics and Sutherland and Woodward's Introductory Sociology. Sumner's Folkways was also there. There were several works on socialism: Lloyd's Men and Workers, Brooks' Social Unrest and Twentieth Century Socialisms. The payoff was a book: Handbook on Photography!

We noticed that the books were divided into sections: children, biography, miscellaneous, religion, history, dictionary. Kids were still running around all over the place.

We passed through the field where the men were building more barracks for newcomers. Caucasian carpenters were busily working, while the Japanese sat around watching. We noticed several wild flowers around here in the field: California poppies, wild snapdragons, lupins, dandelions, and buttercups. A plane suddenly looped over our heads and our attention was directed to it.

We rushed to lunch of corned beef hash, peas, and carrots. We noted that cigarettes were now very scarce and everyone was rolling their own--bull durham was all they sold in the canteens.



After lunch I had to go help some people clean out the can. In the meantime Tomi was having a hell of a time cleaning herself out. Using the douche in camp is quite a problem because all the toilets are open and there is no privacy. Women cannot wash nor do they have a place to change their kotex. Tomi walked all the way over to the laundry to get some hot water and then hung a nail in our wall to do the cleaning in some improvised manner. The lack of conveniences around here sure makes things tough.

Mary, Sue, Mrs. Harano, and Judy came over so I left with Naj to look over "Hollywood Bowl" the circular barrack for couples. We saw Fumi Iki there and looked over their quarters. It wasn't bad--somewhat bigger than ours.

I came back and ate roast lamb, salami, and salad with Sue and Mary while Tomi played with Judy outside. Warren Tsuneishi came over and we gave him his share of the fruits that Himel had left.

For supper we had vegetables, liver, and noodles. It was getting pretty good by now. After eating I worked on my paper for a while. Naj came over again.

Mr. Iyeki came in to tell me that the house-manager in barrack 18 had held a meeting of all his people and that they had discussed their problems together. Mr. Iyeki suggested that I did the same thing. I told him that Murata in 18 had to do things that way because he just got started and had to get information out quick but that we were settled and therefore would not hold a meeting until election time. In the meantime all problems could come directly to me. If there were any dissatisfaction, then I could bear the brunt of it. In the meantime I just didn't have time to organize any lousy meeting.

We washed up in the laundry room. I noticed that the women were doing their laundry at night because it's so damn crowded during the day. Women were helping each other with their wash.



May 13, 1942

I got up a little late and dashed over to the house-manager's meeting and found them in an uproar about the sanitation business. The idea was to get a permanent crew to clean the latrines.

I came home and worked on the paper for some time and in the meantime Tomi helped me by typing up the census of our barrack. About 10:30 we decided to go get our typhoid shots. The lines were over 100 yards long and when I asked if I could get in immediately as other house-managers do the watchman got nasty about Tomi's coming with me. He started lecturing us about house-managers brining in all their grandfathers even after we had turned to leave in disgust--the bastard, I felt like walking up to him and pasting him. We were so damn mad we decided to let the shots go for the week.

The lunch was the lousiest we had in days. We had lima beans, carrots, and bread. We were so damn hungry that we stole a loaf of bread from the mess hall and ate it with some canned food that we had brought. We broke two rules: no cooking in the apartments and no taking of food from the mess halls, but hell, we were hungry.

In the afternoon Tomi left and I started to work in earnest on the paper. Just as I got running smoothly Sue came in and demanded that she be allowed to eat the stuff that she had left in our room. Hell, if it's her food that's O.K. if she eats it but why in the hell can't she keep it at her own place. We have a cooker, dishes, and utensils and she always eats here and leaves the dirty dishes for Tomi to wash. Just because she brings some of the food she thinks she can run us. She sure griped me.

Right after Sue left some bastard came along and demanded the census. I had only one official copy of the census and naturally I wanted to know who was collecting it. When I asked the son of a bitch who sent him and where he came from he got tough. He said that he came after the census and not to answer questions. I yanked him inside and took off my glasses but he chickened out. On his way out he slammed the door and knocked some things off the shelf so I went out after him and gave him hell. He still was too yellow to fight and walked off fuming. I felt like murdering somebody.

At supper time it was decided that since too many people were eating here we must issue tickets. Since the new tickets that had been promised had not arrived and since we knew from experience that they wouldn't come for weeks, we decided to make our own. Kondo, one of the managers, happened to have a rubber stamp of his name so we used that.

As I was passing out the tickets I noticed that Peter was making a door knock. Because it is windy here we can't hear when people knock so various means were devised. Some people put a heavy rock on the end of a rope so that people could pick up the rock and bang it against the door. Pete drilled a hole through his door and put a rope through with was attached to a tin can inside. It made plenty of noise when it was pulled.

Toara, the other house manager, was laid out with the typhoid so I went over to see him and to talk over some problems with him. The camp police had complained that someone had stolen geraniums from the camp garden and had planted them on Tora's side. I had to ask about it. Tora told me about Clarence Sadamune, a half-Japanese, who had escaped from Tanforan and had gone



to the Army recruiting station demanding to be put in the armed forces. When he was refused, he tried to commit suicide.

I came home and worked on my paper and then went to the toilet for the first time in three days. The food is such around here that you have to take a laxative to keep going regularly.

For the third time since I came here I took a shave. I really felt clean. Shaving daily is a problem because you have to walk so far and because there is quite often no hot water anyway. It pulls like hell and hurts. Finally, the shower rooms have no mirrors.

Just as we were going to bed, Mine hollered over that the wage scale for camp had been announced at 8 to 16 Dollars a month. She was plenty griped. At 10 p.m. Tomi and I quietly got out of bed and listened to the Richfield Reporter to see if it had anything to say concerning wages. Sure enough we had to work 44 hours a week and were to be paid from 8 to 16 bucks a month. Were we go get something like \$2.50 to \$7.50 a month for personal upkeep. Boy this sure griped me. If we were prisoners of war or something like that then we should be glad to get anything, but after all we are citizens of this nation that is supposedly fighting to save the world for democracy--or at least to keep forces antagonistic to democracy away from here. If we are citizens and as long as we are willing to chip in and do our share why in the hell do we have to live in a dump like this and get paid starvation wages. What if we are getting free room and board. Who in the hell asked for it anyway? We could get along O.K. outside--a lot better than we can get along in here. We could keep a much higher standard of living anyway.

Precisely what is the whole thing all about anyway? Are we really fighting to save democracy? What about the fascist elements within this country that are doing their best to do away with our rights. A threat to our civil rights is a threat to the rights of all elements of the American population because it sets a dangerous precedent for the others to follow. Indeed "eternal vigilance" must be maintained. Why don't they slap guys like Hearst and the American Legion leaders in the concentration camps. Our democracy would be a whole lot more healthy if they were locked up. At least all the groups ought to have a equal break.



May 14, 1942

I got up early this morning and rushed over to the house manager's meeting. Several things were discussed.

In regard to police work, it was announced that persons who had visitors were to stay at home or to keep someone there so that when the visitors arrived the messengers could contact them at once. The managers were also asked to appoint someone in the house as a cop. We were asked to cooperate because otherwise the Army big shots might crack down on us.

The representative of the hospital announced that vaccinations were to be checked after 3, 7, and 13 days. He stated that eventually cards will be issued to all residents. He spoke of the complaint that the doctors were supercilious (made by a house manager) and replied that while some were that way most of them were working overtime to render as much service as possible.

The representative of the advisory council announced that adequate food would be provided for all kitchens. He stated further that all streets were to be named. He added further that plans were being made for a barber shop and beauty shop with the operators on the payroll. He said that more rice had been ordered and that cooks were being sought. He announced finally that elections for a permanent council would be held soon.

Mr. Speares then announced that no one was authorized to collect mail except the post office. Several house managers complained that the mail slot was in an inconvenient place and Mr. Speares promised that he would look into the matter.

Mich Kunitani then spoke to explain the nature of the work in the employment office. He made clear the fact that he had not been officially designated to represent the office and that his remarks were "off the record." He stated that a bunch of hicks were running the place and there there was no procedure for centralization of employment in the camp. He said that volunteers were given a preference in jobs. Spears interjected at this point that when the evacuees first came to camp there was work to be done and they administration didn't give a damn who did it; he stated that there had been regrets since because he had discovered that several jobs were filled by incompetent people. Eat, sleep, and sanitation were the major considerations, he said. Michi then said that the employment office needed reorganization, but that the main objective was to get work done. He digressed to say that there was to be no commercial activity on the side and that profits from the canteen were to go into recreation. He requested that house managers follow the regular procedure when putting people to work--fill out for WPA-401 to request for a worker, form 402 to hire him and to have him certified for work, and form 403 when the worker is to be fired or transferred to another job. He said that there would be no drafting of workers unless there were no more volunteers to do work.

Several complaints were brought up by the various managers. The manager of house 18 complained that there was dust on the roof but that they could not clean it because there was no equipment. A recommendation was made that a sanitation committee be appointed. Mr. Speares announced the barracks 2 to 14 would get cotton mattresses soon. He said that these barracks were given the



preferred mattresses because the quarters were not as good as the other barracks. He said the straw was to be burned and the covers to be laundered. The announcement was made that all mess hall workers had to have a medical examination for t.b. A complaint was made that there were water holes near five barracks and that unless they were filled the place would soon be full of mosquitoes.

When I got back Harno, Wong, and Jimmy Yamada were sitting around talking about wages, and the peculiarities of writers. When rushed off to lunch of hash, potatoes, spinach.

After lunch I had to pass out some meal tickets to prevent others from eating in mess 8. Tomi went after some packages and we got our Blue and Gold. She gave me a haircut on the porch. While we were sitting inside loafing one of the men of the barrack came over with some lettuce which he had received from some friend on the outside.

I had to stand guard during supper. A couple of tough guys came along and several of us had to get together to throw them out. We had fish, rice, salad, vegetables, and soup.

Mrs. Tanabe came over with a letter from a neighbor complaining about her making noise in the night when her daughter came home late. She promised that she would not yell at night again, and I told her to forget about the whole thing. I was naturally interested in what the mess was about but I could not get any information out of her. Apparently her 13-year old daughter had gone to a dance and had come home about 4 in the morning and she had given her holy hell.

Tomi and I went outside and played baseball with the old Issai in the house. Hirakawa, Kurakake, Iyeki all seemed to be pretty good.

I went in and did some typing for a while when Tally and Mamie came in. We looked at the Blue and Gold and then talked about the triumph of Harvey Itano. Sue and Tosh came over to talk. I wanted to work after they left but I couldn't type because it was after 9:30. I took a shower for the first time. It really felt good although there wasn't much hot water.

When we got back we ate some salami, cheese, crackers, and lettuce.

I noticed that it was beginning to rain a little.



May 15, 1942

I got up a little early and wondered about the letter than Mrs. Tanabe showed me yesterday. It would make a nice sociological document and I thought of ways and means of getting a hold of it.

At the House managers' meeting we were told that colored tickets would arrive tomorrow to be distributed for people in the various mess halls. Speares said that the house manager wasn't expected to do everything and that we didn't have to stand guard at the mess hall. Speares said that house managers should do everything possible to keep on the good side of their residents. He said that if there was anything unpleasant to do to let the cops do it. He announced that a newspaper will be out tomorrow and that a directory of the camp would be available soon.

A complaint was lodged against the hospital by manager Inouye of barrack 8. He said that a young 21-year old boy was missing from day before yesterday night until yesterday noon. He said that the family was very worried and checked with the hospital and the police and then with the house manager. When he could not be located, the neighbors formed a gang of 100 to 150 to hunt for him. While everyone was looking for him, news came that he was in the San Mateo hospital. Inouye complained that the cops and the hospital knew all about it but wouldn't say anything and therefore caused the trouble. He suggested that hereafter whenever anyone had to be removed from the camp the house manager and the relatives should be notified. Takahashi tried to defend the hospital by saying that the kid was an inbecile anyway.

Mr. Cooper came in and gave a long speel. He said that everyone had to eat in his own kitchen. He said that there were 7,400 people in the camp and the requisitions for the main and outlying mess halls totaled enough food for 9000 people. He said that some people were eating more than once. He asked the house managers to give out the colored cards tomorrow and to tell their people that "no tickes, no dinni". A manager objected that special workers were given special privileges in eating--like cops. Another manager complained that his people were complaining that other messes were better. Cooper retorted that all mess halls were feeding the same thing. All mess halls hereafter were to serve food at uniform hours: 7-8:30, 12, and 5. He said that wash basins were to be installed so that people could wash their dishes.

Speares said that Portland had been rated the best center, Santa Anita second and Tanforan third. He said that there was a riot in Portland and that Tanforan was therefore no longer third.

Ogawa said that there was too much waste of rice. He suggested that the officials try to get Chinese cooking bowls and Arkansas blue rice so that there would be less rice. Cooper said that he was trying to get the type of food that everyone liked, less potato and more rice and more fish. The last remark was met by heavy groans. Cooper remarked, "Well, I guess it depends on the generation." He went on to say that a special diet kitchen for babies would be going soon.

The announcement was made that a new canteen 120 feet long with candy, milk, soda, and toilet articles would soon open.



Rudy came into the room to demonstrate how to operate the kerosine stoves that were to be distributed to people of ill-health. He said there were only 84 stoves for the whole camp; therefore the hospital will have the last say in who was to get them. Babies under 1 and invalids were to get them, if there were enough to go around.

Dr. Hirota came into the room and was told that if there were any cases that had to be sent out of camp, the authorities, the family and the managers were to be notified.

Dr. Kondo spoke and said that quarantine was no being maintained. The police representative complained that there were only 25 cops left on his force and they couldn't possibly watch everyone. A complaint was made that the dust in the roofs of the stalls was unsanitary and Separes suggested that ladders be taken down so that kids could not climb up to raise the dust.

The announcement was made that for emergencies on Saturday and Sunday, Frank Hedani (52-1) and Kazuji Kamiya (men's dorm) were to be contacted for plumbing and K. Ono (14-18) and George Kamiya (67-5) were to be contacted for electrical troubles.

A new councilman from the infield was then selected.

It was suggested that flower-lovers be allowed to have flowers opposite barrack 26 for a greenhouse. Lawson had said it was all right.

A committee was selected to look after the rice and other kitchen problems.

The fire chief came and asked for volunteer firemen. He said that the work was part time and that while he preferred experienced men he was ready to train others. He asked that there be no more burning of trash until we have an incinerator.

I came home and worked for a while on my paper. The mattresses arrived and I had to go around telling everyone to clean up their old ones and get ready to take new ones. I then worked on the paper until lunch.

After lunch I worked on my paper again when the mattresses came again. I had to go out and straighten out a few messes that arouse. The guy from the fire department came around asking for a volunteer but I told him that my barrack was made up of good people all of whom were working and he left.

We had some good bread for supper and I noticed that lots of people were stealing some to take home.

I worked some more on my paper. Tally came in with food and a Sears catalog.



May 16, 1942

Rosie Imamura came in early to wake us up. She told us of a couple of rumors that she had heard. She said that girls were buying up all the candy in the canteen and then were selling it for five times the price. She also said with great fear that three girls had been attacked during the past few days.

Mr. Kanehara was making a geta when I stepped out. He told me that there was a man a few barracaks away who was selling them for 50 cents a piece and had already sold 200.

At lunch we talked and talked about food that we wished that we had. Anne noted that every time we get together we talked about food.

Johnny came over to eat some of the food that we had. We walked over to the P.O. to mail some letters but it was closed. I went over to the men's dorm and went in to see Wong. He had a nice apartment all separated from the rest of the stinking place. I noticed from the window that there were beautiful hills and trees and farms outside. This was the first time I had looked out since coming here and it made me want to leave.

I went over to Housing headquarters and Tally gave me my badge, some toilet paper, and some soap for the residents. On the way home I stopped over at Sat and Impie's and noticed that the place was quarantened. Impie was mad because the cop had bawled her out for not observing quarantine and said that she didn't see any reason why she should observe it when no one else did.

I worked on my paper for a while and then went out for a rest. Sue came along and we talked for a while. I noticed that the girls were all washing up for the dance tonight. I went over and got some lumber and then had to go to supper.

I had to go from door to door to announce the change in time of the mess hall and to deliver the newspaper.

I worked on my paper while Tomi went out to wash her hair. We made some sandwiches and looked over a memo from D.S.T. I continued to work on my paper. When Tomi came back we went over to the Yoshidas with the sandwiches.

Aki and Toshiko got into an argument over Americanism. Aki said in reply to Toshiko's remarks that we ought to fight for our rights, "You may think you're American but Americans don't think so, therefore, you're not American. Why are we here if we're Americans?" Toshiko got mad and gave him hell so we left.



May 17, 1942

We got up fairly early for Sunday and went over to the young people's service to see what it was like. There were hundreds of people overcrowding the place--mess 13. Even in the cooking room the people were overflowed. Rosal got sick so we left.

We noticed that the canteen had announced new hours: 10:30-12 and 1:30 to 4:30. They were selling candy, tobacco, paper, kotex. We went around 10:45 and there were 12 lines of people with about 15 or 20 people each. We noticed that to prevent profiteering only 25 cents worth of candy was allowed per person.

I went home and worked on my paper for a while when we got a call to the reception hall, Virginia, Bill and two friends were there and they brought a lot of things. Naj was nowhere to be seen although we looked all over hell for him. Virginia left some stuff for Nobu Takahashi in the garret so we took the stuff into Wong's room and left it there for him.

We had roast beef for lunch, with peas, salad, potatoes, soup and tea!

Tami took a loaf of bread. When we got home I worked on my paper when Sat and Jimmy came over. They said they were working as inspectors. I worked on my paper until supper.

We had fish, carrots, salad, rice, and a banana.

On the way home I noticed that Dr. Murata had put in front of his door a head of a horse carved from wood with the sign, "Wild Horse: Not Responsible if Bitten". It was cleverly carved from wood with a bottle top for the eye and linoleum for ears.

I found that I had caught a bad cold and that I couldn't type any more.



May 18, 1942

My cold got much worse today and I was in a hell of a state. I kept wondering if I should to to get my typhoid and small pox shots today. Rosie came in and said that she couldn't get any privacy in which to change her rag, so we had to leave. We were out in the sun and I noticed a couple of Nisei girls sitting there reading Japanese books. I asked them why they preferred Japanese reading and they replied that they may as well get used to the language since their parents were planning to take them back to Japan after the war anyway.

We ran into Mr. Kurakake who also had a cold. He said that he didn't have anything that a good dose of whiskey could not cure. Then he told us of a friend who had smuggled in liquor as pickled garlic. He said the guard smelled the stuff and didn't argue with him.

Alex Yorichi came by and started bitching about the graft in the camp. I went over the house-managers' meeting with him but I felt so bad that I just sat there in a daze.

After the meeting I went over the hospital and asked them if it was OK to take the typhoid shot with a cold. They said it was O.K. so I took mine.

We had to eat lunch with the kitchen help today because we were too busy watching the door.

I was laid up pretty badly. Tomi typed some letters to Dr. Sprahl for me. The combination of typhoid shot and cold seemed to be too much. Wow! Naj came in and took some fruits. I was so sick that I couldn't get up to go to the can. The fever seemed to be pretty high. I got letters from Dr. Nisbet, Mary Fulmer, the McDermotts, and Virginia and dictated answers to Tomi.. We had a hell of a time. I couldn't undress completely and get in bed because then I couldn't get up to go to the can. I couldn't stay up because it was too cold. Everyone who came in to see me about something knew someone else who was sick. It seems that there is a cold epidemic in the camp. There were numerous complaints about the hospital staff and their superior attitude. I couldn't get up for supper so Tomi went over and got some for me.

Later in the evening John Yoshino and Alex came by to ask me to be a speaker for the flag-raising ceremony. Tomi talked them out of it.

Tally came in and told me about the house manager's meeting that he had just attended. There had been several complaints about the canteen profits, the lack of equipment in the hospital and the house manager, especially Hirano were pretty mad and were planning to write DeWitt.

Since we had no bed-pan, we had to use a wash-pan instead. I couldn't even move around.



May 19, 1942

I was laid up all day. Tomi had to work like hell. Poor Tomi. She brought the food, she washed me, she brought in cold compresses, made me take a laxative.

We got letters from Sproul, Yasukechi. I had to walk over to the can in a make-shift outfit and everyone was pop-eyed. The letter from Sproul said that he had recommended me to the chancellor of the Telluride Association for a full-time fellowship to do graduate work in Cornell. It sounded good, but I decided that I wanted to stick it out with the D.S.T. study.

Naj came over in the afternoon and we looked through the Blue and Gād and bulled. The fever seemed to be gone. I dictated some letters to Tomi. She had to go out to get the supper.

As I lay in bed, my mind wandered over a lot of things. The place was noisy as hell. I hadn't realized it until now. The accommodations were so damn restricted, but I never realized how hard it was until I was laid up and couldn't move around. I couldn't help but think of the swell time that Tomi and I had had when we were in Berkeley--when we didn't have financial worries and just enjoyed ourselves and did nothing but go to school. That was a swell life, enjoyable and profitable.

After supper Tomi started getting a little sick. She kept on typing letters and I went over my manuscript since it didn't seem as though I could put it in any final form if I were to do some recording here.

There were odd sounds coming from the barrack on the other side. The sing-song recital of Japanese poems (naniwabushi) was prominent in the din.



May 20, 1942

The day was hot as hell. I got up at ten and had to start working right away to make up for the last two days. For the second time since coming to camp I took a shower. I noticed that someone had carved up a mole skin and had hung it in the men's latrine. It looked like Kikkuhi's work. I did the rounds in the barrack and then wrote a letter to Yasukochi.

We had a swell lunch of potato salad, cold ham, and ice tea. I talked to the other managers for a while. The cry in the mess hall was, "if we eat fast, we'll get seconds. On the first shift they don't give seconds because they're afraid they'll run out." People were stealing bread.

We basked out in the sun for a while and then went to sit under the trees around the track. It was so damn hot that everyone else seemed to have the same idea. A woman came over and complained that the laundries were filthy because people were washing their bed-pans in them. I had to go check up and give one woman hell.

Girls were walking around voluptuously dressed in shorts, seersucker and cotton dresses that they probably bought especially for the evacuation. Old folks went about informally, men without shirts and women with their skirts high showing their ugly legs.

I had to work like hell on my paper. I was so hot that the sweat just poured into my clothes. I had to strip to the waist and then go on typing. Just when I was going well the lights went out and the electricians came around to fix the transformer. Since I couldn't work without light, I went over to the P.O. about 4:30 and talked to the man in charge there. He said that he was handling quite a bit of mail and complained that the people didn't understand that he was here to serve them. He said that they were too antagonistic.

On the way home I noticed that the people were walking around in kimonos and some people were practically naked. I wondered how the adolescent boys were taking the whole experience. There had been several complaints about voyeurism.

I ran into Mich and Anne and we talked about education in the camp. Anne thought the Kilpatrick was a nice guy but a dope. She said that he was opposed to forums.

I helped Tomi wash the dishes and then worked on my paper until midnight. Everything was dark when we went out to wash.



May 21, 1942

I got up early this morning and went over to the housemanagers' meeting for the first time in a long time. Spears announced that the people in barrack 14 would be moved to the infield and that the men's dormitory was to be vacated to fill up the 14 barrack with bachelors. The house managers of the nearby barracks complained that they didn't want a bunch of bachelors around their places.

The medical representative reported that a baby girl was born on Tuesday. He said there had been no deaths on the camp. He said that a grandmother of a doctor had died in Centerville and the family had been allowed to go out to the funeral. He said that diarrhea cases who were not receiving attention were not following regulations. House managers kicked about this and said the hospital was not responding to their responsibility and that some of the doctors were incompetent. Dr. Hirota said that all doctors were selected on the same basis as army doctors and that they were all competent. He said that there just weren't enough to go around. A rumor that the passengers on the Tatsuta maru (30 of them) had died of diarrhea was brought up, but Hirota said that that was unlikely since diarrhea was not that serious. He explained that facilities were bad because the hospital had only Army rations and the Army is made up of young husky men and not women and children and old and feeble men. A rumor that uncooked ham had been fed was also spiked. Spears said that the reason why diarrhea was prevalent was not the cook's fault but that of the dishwashers who did not clean the dishes well.

Maintenance, canteen, personal service committee reports were not given.

Police representative came in to say that there was a penalty of \$2,000 or five years imprisonment for stealing lumber. Tally then read off a list of materials for sanitation and said that they would be available soon.

Suggestions were then made for improving the morale in the camp. The manager of 18 said that he held biweekly meetings of Issei men with a representative of the women's organization. He said that self government led to greater cooperation among the Issei and raised their morale. He said that he asked heads of the families only. He said that he made all announcements in the mess hall. Murata said, "Assume the desire of the Issei to get together and call the meeting." Abe suggested that in the new barracks the desire may not be there. Efforts to stop rumors were discussed.

Takahashi suggested that each barrack choose a captain. He said that a captain can then get together with other captains in the precinct and select candidates. He said that limitations might be placed upon the qualifications to keep the "firebrands" out of power.

Speares said that all we could do is to follow the experience of camps organized before us. There was a big squabble over the lousy distribution of work and the meeting broke up.

After the meeting I went over to the reception room and saw Dr. Thomas. We talked over the study, the conditions of the camp, and then had to wait for a long time to get my manuscript out of the camp. Davis was curt to Dr. Thomas and insulting to me. Thebastard. He acted like a southerner to a Negro. I hoped that someday we could string up son of a bitches like him.



We were a bit disturbed about Charlie. Earnie Takahashi came along and said he was educational chairman for the camp. I wondered what the hell he was up to and at lunch talked it over with Anne. She said that Ernie was just dumb enough to get along with Kilpatrick who she thought was an asshole of the first order.

Harno, Sue, Tosh, Tomi, Toshiko and I got together and bulled all afternoon.

Tomi gave me a haircut, and then we went to supper.

I worked for a while on an outline for suggested educational program in the camp. We then had a meeting of the education committee.

After the meeting I looked out and couldn't figure out if it were raining or whether we just had heavy mist.



May 22, 1942

I got up about ten. Ben Iijima came over and we talked about the study. I asked him if he would be interested in helping out and he said he didn't think he was qualified but that he would be willing to help out as much as possible. After Ben left I wrote Dr. Thomas and sent her a list of names of people who might carry on the study here after we left. We included Charlie on the list with some misgivings since we didn't know how he would perform.

Tora came over to borrow a drill. Mr. Motoyoshi came through and lent it to him.

There was plenty of mist covering Tanforan today. It was windy as hell too.

At lunch there were only three people sitting at our table and we got plenty to eat for the first time in a long time.

I was writing letters when Mrs. Akimoto came over and said she had hay fever and wanted me to get her a cotton mattress. I told her that since she moved into a barrack she was not entitled to one without a doctor's permit.

I walked over to the P.O., talked to Tally about the study and then saw Doris. They both agreed to cooperate. I then went up to the Men's Dorm. It stunk like hell. There were crap games, hana games and poker playing all over the place. Everyone spoke in Japanese and some guys just lay in bed doing nothing. I walked by Harno's place and noticed a People World on Ernie's bed. I wondered what these pro-Axis guys would say if they only knew what that was.

As I came out I saw Mamie and talked to her for a while. I went to the library but they kicked me out because it was too late.

I had to sit around at home for a while. Dinner was late because the water had been turned off for one hour and they couldn't cook. Immediately people started talking about the men having to stop the water because the women had clogged up the toilets with kotex. Mine said that she had always thought that country girls were the only ones who did not know how to get rid of "white horses" but now she knew how dumb everybody was.

The wind rose to a pretty strong pitch tonight. Harno came over and we talked over all kinds of things. Tomi was over at the Yoshidas. I studied Teggart since that was the only book I had around.



May 23, 1942

I got up at 8:30 and read Harno's copy of Allport's Use of Personal Documents. It looked pretty good but I didn't get a good chance to read it because I had to rush off to the House Managers' meeting.

We had roll call and as they called our names they gave us pamphlets on the WRA work corps to pass out to the people in the barracks.

We had reports on the clean-up of the camp before the Army inspection. Speares was very pleased and said that the residents and the house managers had cooperated very well and said that if there were any complaints then we ought to take them up with the Army and WCCA representatives. Jimmy Hirano then got up and said, "When we're asked to do something, we do it. We cooperate. How about the same kind of reaction from the WCCA? How about equal cooperation from the higher-up?"

Many complaints followed. No garbage cans were available in the infield. Hard balls were hitting and breaking the windows and no replacements were available. Some J.A.C.L. asshole got up and announced that absentee voters should ask for ballots. Then the squabble broke on the canteen.

The storm broke. The kick was that things were sold (while they were left) for script only and cash was not accepted. Only 2 books of \$2.50 each were allowed per family regardless of size. The major kick, however, was that the people had been told at the control stations to bring nothing and to turn their money into travellers checks. Since they had nothing, they wanted to buy; since they had travellers checks they wanted to use them, but the canteen would not accept them. Other house managers brought out various examples of people with lots of children and no money. Others suggested that script books be handed out to needy families. Others asked that McDonald be brought in so that questions could be raised about the profits of the canteen.

As soon as I got back I passed out all the pamphlets to the people and explained to them what it was all about.

We had corned beef and cabbage at lunch! It was swell but we didn't get enough. When we got home we had to eat some sandwiches.

I spent the whole afternoon working on an outline for the people to use in studying Tanforan. The Totalizer came out today. Doris came over to see me for a minute and then left.

After supper we all got together and talked about the flag ceremony. Everybody was griped about "God Bless America." I helped Mr. Tsukada write a letter to some welfare agency in San Francisco to collect the rent for his home. Rumors were prevalent that there would be no dance for some reason or another. The girls in the barrack were very displeased.

I met Alex as I helped Tomi haul things to the laundry room. He said he was going to a private dance.



May 24, 1942

I had just gotten up when a couple of girls came over with a box and said that Dr. Chernin had just come in and had left them for me. I got a bunch of folders. Lunch hour changed today so I had to go from door to door to remind everyone of the change.

After lunch I went over to the grandstand to see what was what. The place was full of visitors--Negroes, Philipinos, Italians--all with gifts, iron boards, and other useful things and one with a whole case of Coca cola!

I then walked over to the flag-raising ceremony. Most of the people there seemed to be rather cynical and some were really griped. Jokingly they were talking about singing "Kimigayo" or saying "Heil Hitler". As the flag went up in a not-~~too~~impressive ceremony, people were still walking around and very few seemed to be particularly interested in what was going on. Only those in front stood at attention. As the few voices here and there were pledging allegiance to the flag, a truck ran right through the middle of the field and forced part of the crowd to move out of the way. Goro Suzuki sang the Star Spangled Banner and then Rev. Goto got up and started talking. When he talked about some God "Who art the giver of all good things" some people behind me started to laugh out loud. He waved the flag plenty and end by saying "let us not be bittered by circumstances". Rumor was that the speech had been carefully censored. Then Davis got up. He was greeted by little applause and a big razzberry from way out behind. He said that Lawson was in Washington; he asked everyone in camp to keep the place clean and then said that he hoped all could return to the flag and be free. After a one-minute speech, he said down and another razzberry went up. There was very little applause in front and none where I was standing. Iyeki and Nakano also spoke but it was hard to hear what they were saying because of the wind. Then asshole, J.A.C.L. big-wig John Yoshino got up and said, "Look at the flag; it thrills you, doesn't it?" No one moved. The singing of "God Bless America" was feeble with a few girl's voices carrying the tune. Most people were already walking away.

I walked back to the reception room entirely disgusted with the whole thing. I noticed Nisei in heels, ties and coats and wondered what the hell was going on. Groceries were coming in in large bulk. I noticed that all visitors were waiting outside while the slow soldiers were going through their stuff. I noticed that a Nisei soldier and cases of mixed blood were around. Himel popped into view and we talked for a while. I then caught Tally, Charlie and Fred together and asked them about the study. They agreed to come over some night to talk it over.

After supper we played baseball for a while. Then Ernie Takahashi came over to talk about some symposium. He told us that between he and his brother Henry he expected to have control of the optometric end of the hospital so that one of them could get up and "be somebody" in the camp.

We went over to the Miyakes. They were playing cards. We then went over to the Haranos and ate. We got home at 9:45. Most people were still up since it was so warm.



May 25, 1942

There was heavy rain last night. The place is a quadmire of mud.

I got up at 10:45 and went to the hospital to get my typhoid shots. After than I had to stand guard at the mess hall. I noticed that there was growing dissention there againt George--the head cook. Apparently he and the big boss--Marii Kyogoku--don't get along together. Tera was trying to get all the house managers to back up Marii and to kick George out if necessary.

I wrote a letter to D.S. and then rushed off to a special house managers' meeting at 2:30. They gave us a blank to get people to sign giving the postal orderlies the right to open all packages and mail! None of the house managers raised a voice because they all felt that it was better to have all packages inspected and delivered.

I went over to the canteen and Mamie gave me some of her script book. I bought some soda and took it home for Tomi. She made some sandwiches and we had a feed.

I went from door to door to get signitures for the blank and everyone gladly signed. I didn't even have the explain the matter to some of the people; they'll sign anything the house manager brings along. Toshiko Yoshida was the only one intelligent enough to raise a squack and she yelled plenty about giving up her rights as a citizens. Aki got mad at her for that and told her she wasn't a citizen anyway and told her to sign. She finally did reluctantly.

Right after supper Charlie and Alex came along and they said that there had been an airplane crash near the camp. Alex said that many of the Issei were glad that there was now one less airplane to fight against Japan and was he mad! Tally came over soon and said that an airplane had crashed into the power lines a few miles off and that there would be no lights in the camp for some time until the whole thing was fixed. Charlie came in again and Tomi, Tally, Carlie and I bulled. No lights were available until 9:25 and I had to keep patrolling the place to tell residents that they were not to light candles because the fire hazard was too great.

We were bulling with Mine, Toshiko, and Aki when the lights went on. We ate over at Toshikos and bulled.



May 26, 1943<sup>2</sup>

I got up at 9:30 to rush over to the house managers' meeting to help Tora defend Marti in the mess hall trouble. However, when I got there the trouble was all over and the fellows were going home.

I stopped at the canteen to get some scripts. I bought some sodas and gum and then went home and worked on my daily notes. I helped Tomi haul the laundry to the wash room and then went home and typed some more.

After lunch I took my third shower in Tanforan and shaved for the first time in quite a while. I have been getting to be quite a mess since coming here but what the hell, everyone and everywhere is full of dirt and dust.

Carpenters came over to fix the windows and put hinges on them so I left and went to the canteen. Only sodas were left. Nothing else was anywhere in sight or hidden.

We walked over to Tomi's mothers to get a washboard and then had to rush home for supper.

While Tomi was out washing, Ben and Haruo came over. A couple of times I had to go over to see if Tomi was through but she wasn't. Pretty soon she came rushing over and yelling. The boiler had blown up. Aki Yoshida rushed over and fixed it. What a hell of a job for an experienced electrical engineer! Aki said the boiler was defective--that one of the plates was made out of lousy material and couldn't take the pressure. I helped Tomi haul home the wash.



May 27, 1943 <sup>2</sup>

At 9, Rosé came in to tell us about Jay, her new boy friend that she picked up in the kitchen where she worked. We were worried about Rosie because she gives so easily, and Jay didn't look like the kind of a guy who would go around with a gal like Rosie unless he could get something out of it. She talked on and on about him, and Tomi and I began to have our suspicions. She told us how he had tried to get her to go into empty barracks. Naj had told us about rumors going around the bachelors' quarters about Rosé.

We went over to the reception hall and saw Dr. Thomas and Mehren. Charlie, Tally, Mich and Anne all came over too. We talked about the study for a while and then bulled about the camp. She brought us some swell fruits. It was really good.

At lunch I got my hands on some menus. I thought that since I had the stuff we might as well as Tomi to make a detailed report on the dietetic value of the crap they were feeding us.

As I was coming out of the hall, I saw an old shriveled up old woman who reminded me in some way of my mother. She was much older but somehow her features and her walk reminded me of her. This was the first time I had thought of the folks for some time.

Tomi spent the afternoon working on the menu. I went out and ran into Mr. Fujii, the men's dorm manager who had just come back from jail in San Bruno. He had been picked up for gambling. He said that jail was good because they gave him better food to eat.

At the canteen I got some candy for Tomi. On the way back I asked Tally some questions about the camp and then went over to talk to Bob Iki about the recreation department. When I told him why I wanted the information he said he would be glad to cooperate in the study and told me anything that I asked him. I was glad that at least a few guys like Iki were around. He's wild but damn intelligent.

When I got home I noticed that letters had come from Gundlach and from pop. Tomi was gone. It began to rain. I prepared my talk for tonight and then had to go off to supper.

After supper I put on a coat, but not a tie, and went to the town hall program. I had to speak first on the aims of the town hall and managed to slip in a lot of things that Kilpatrick had not expected me to say. He sat in the front row but didn't say anything. I made a lot of dirty cracks about how "democratic" the evacuation was but he didn't say anything.

After the program, Tomi and I went over to Grace Fujii's place to interview her on the nursery school. She was in bed already so I couldn't ask her much. She said that the nurseries were under the rec. department. The names of the children were provided by the house managers.

I went home and organized some of my material and then had to quit because it was late.



May 28, 1942

Some guy came over in the morning to ask me if anyone in my house had a phonograph with remote control transmitter. He said that people living around the center were complaining that they were getting Japanese music over their radios. I didn't know of anyone who had a phonograph.

At lunch I took note of some mess hall ways. I noticed that under family style of serving some grabbed for themselves first, but that most of the people insisted in passing on the plates until all the others had their share. People were very careful not to take too much. When someone did take a lot, everyone looked at him. Some people said their prayers before meals. The conversation varied with the people. Friends sat with friends. Young people sat with young people rather than with their parents on the whole, although naturally there were some families that did come together. Some used forks to eat with; in fact, most people knew how to use forks. Some of the older people used table spoons.

After lunch Nobu Takahashi came over to moan. Today he had been moved out of the bachelors quarters and had been shoved in with three guys he didn't know. His friends had been moved somewhere else. Everyone was unhappy and they all moaned like hell. I had to cool off one of the Issei and had to tell off another one.

Mine's reaction to the bachelors was violent. She cussed like hell and then got all the cardboard she could muster and boarded up all the holes in the wall and the space between the ceiling and the end of the partition. She said she didn't like nor trust these bachelors. The Masuda girl was also disturbed and said she didn't like to go to the toilet at night alone if these men were to live in the same barrack. She asked me if I could do something to move them out.

I wrote some letters asking when we're getting out of here. I then walked over to Housing headquarters and then to the men's dorm. The place was empty except for a few beds here and there. The stench was still there and I almost vomited when I first went in there. It was a struggle to keep it down. I then went to the back room and found the newspaper still in Won's room. Paintings and flags and high-powered books were still there. Typewriters were all over the place. Open suitcases, etc. It was a mess.

I got home in time to clear up a mess. Toshiko had applied to move and her permission had come. Then she decided not to move, but the men who were to come there next had already arrived with their baggage. A big row resulted when Toshiko told the men to scram and they refused.

In the midst of the quarrel a messenger came and asked me to go to the grandstand. I rushed over and found a note from a B. Jones.

After supper I checked up on the new bachelors. They weren't so bad. Only a few of them seemed as though they would cause trouble. All spoke only Japanese.

With the help of Tally and Fred we sneaked into Housing Headquarters and started copying all the records. When we were half-way through the night watchman came in and scared the hell out of us. He said there was a Nisei woman outside, whose husband was a Filipino in the U.S. Army (an officer) and she was looking for her family. Tally rushed off to help her and we hot-footed out of there.



May 29, 1942

I got up early and went to the house managers' meeting. Mr. Estabrook (7 years with Berkeley police) had replaced Arnold as chief of police. He said that he was not under Davis but directly under Major Ashworth of the Army. He said that all county, state, and federal laws and Army regulations applied here. He said further that additional rules will be drawn up soon by DeWitt. He suggested that a law-enforcing committee including residents be organized.

Speares said that Mr. Byron of the Federal Reserve Bank would be in the center on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings to handle financial problems. Estabrook then said that a lot of trouble was starting because people came in here with huge sums of money in their possession. He thought it ought to be in a bank. Murata suggested that he get well-qualified people for policemen instead of kids. Korematsu wanted more say from the residents; Hirano warned about the fate of stoolpigeons. Ogawa then suggested that representatives of the house managers be at the meeting of the committee to form a law-enforcing group. Abe then said that the police should patrol with no power of arrest. He said there was a need for older men because there had been a lot of moaning about young house-managers. Speares said the only kicks he had heard were in connection with women house managers (Alice Matsui--ex Cal and another gal). He said he thought the women were doing swell, but if the residents didn't want them, they may have to change.

Estabrook said that he had 13 men now and may have 29 later (all Caucasians) to patrol. He said this was largely because of all the complaints made by residents of all centers about the inefficiency and the graft involved when residents were on patrol. When he asked if it would work this way, Jimmy Hirano got up and said, No. He objected to Caucasian police. He said he wanted self-government and the cooperation of the whites or possibly their supervision if necessary. He said that General DeWitt had promised self-government and he wanted it. Estabrook then said that he had let Frank Tsukamoto pick the men but Major Ashworth had objected. He said that maybe it was just as well for the time being and he promised to see about changes. He then went on to say that postal inspection was now under internal police and that contraband now included sugar.

Speares then announced that all the people who moved during the past week would have to eat in their former kitchens until mess 18 opened next week. He said the main kitchen would close as soon as the 18 mess opened.

The maintenance crew reported that all shower rooms were to be fixed so that the Issei who were short could reach the faucets. Several managers moaned that someone was swiping all the boards from the front of the wash houses before the gravel was brought in and consequently the mud was terrible.

In reply to the kick that the maintenance crew workers could not get anything at the canteen because they closed before the men were off work, Speares replied that canteen houses were set by the WCCA and could not be changed. He said that workers ought to be given time off to get things if they wanted it.

A complaint was raised that the man at the PO was discourteous.



A suggestion was made that laundry service be started. One of the men who formerly operated a laundry in Oakland said that he could make arrangements with the man who took over his place to come to collect all laundry. He said if the WCCA could set up a central receiving station the flat stuff could be sent out at a cheap rate and done without any profit to anyone in the center.

I went over to watch a sumo match. There was quite a tournament.

After lunch I worked all afternoon on my reports. I then went out and looked for Hiro Katayama to interview him on religious activities. I couldn't find him anywhere.

After supper I worked on the report on Tanforan. Naj came in and said that a lot of people who had lived in 14 had taken their linoleum with them when they moved into the midfield so that his place was a mess.

We talked about absentee balloting and bulled late.



May 30, 1942

I got up about 9:30 and passed out the Totalizers to the residents. Tomi was griped about something or another. I saw Ben Iijima. He said he was sick. I then walked over to the grandstand and ran into Sue. She gave me a popsicle.

I then went to the Memorial Day Service to watch Hirano perform. The flag was waving at half-mast, as the Star Spangled Banner was played. Rev. Okayama (Buddhist of S.F.) spoke in Japanese. Was I surprised! Rev. Kumata (director of Buddhist in North America) spoke in eloquent English. There was a vocal "Nearer my god to thee." The whole show began about 25 minutes late as usual. The crowd was a motley one. Some were in jeans and t-shirts or sport shirts; some were dressed in heels and suits; some women were in baggy clothes; others in their Sunday best and hat. Rev. Morita (Christian of S.F.) spoke in Japanese and Rev. Tsukamoto (S.F. Episcopalian) spoke in English. He mentioned the history of Japanese immigration and discussed the evacuation. He said it was tough but said others were worse off. Others have sons who have died in Pearl Harbor, Bataan, etc. He never mentioned once the injustice of the evacuation. He ended with the words, "Let us have faith. Action will prove our loyalty to the nation of our choice, not mere words". Then the boy scouts and the American Legion men were asked to the front and were given a wreath to put by the flagpole. There was a moment of silence and then the bugle sounded way out by the soldiers barracks--taps.

After lunch I worked on my paper until rather late. I took a shower and changed all my clothes. Tomi insisted that I was filthy. I didn't bring much change and I didn't feel like getting my clothes soiled since I had nothing but dress clothes and didn't have money enough to buy anything else.

After supper I talked to Mich and Anne about the forum. Wang and Charlie came in and we plotted ways and means of crucifying the J.A.C.L. We were all united in our opinion about JACL men. We had one on the spot and it was up to me and Wang to hang him by the balls.

We found out that Charlie was almost involved in an attack case. He was laying in bed at night when he heard a scream outside. He pulled on his pants and ran out with the only things he could find--a flashlight and a hammer. The girl pointed in a direction and said, "He went that way." Charlie followed and when he heard footsteps he flashed on the light and it was another woman who was so scared at his costume and his hammer that she screamed and ran for dear life. I could just imagine what the woman thought when she saw hairy Charlie with a hammer in his hands!

Charlie said that Jim Yamada had been picked up for playing poker.

I worked like hell on my paper until 9. Naj came over and we shot the breeze for a while.



May 31, 1942

I loafed all morning and then looked over the Tolan committee recommendations asking that Germans and Italians not be evacuated. What the hell is this anyway?

After lunch I read the papers. I then went over to Ernie Takahashi's and planned the Twon Hall with some guys. Akamatsu and Yamashita were there. Went with Yamashita to hear Dr. Bradley at mess 14. He said he was in the Congregationalists Committee of Social Action and said he was trying to help the evacuees. He discussed relation in the mid-west and the summer religious program. He said the world was full of uprooted people and attacked racism. He spoke with a detached and insincere air that irritated me all the way through. I hate patronizing and condescending Caucasians.

When he was through, I ran into Mary Ogi and asked her what she thought of the sermon. She said, "I guess we have been selfish in thinking only of ourselves."

I worked on my paper until supper.

At supper I discussed the forum with Alice Serra and she said the JACL ought to be lynched.

I worked on my paper until Naj and Tally and his missus came over.