

I worked in the morning at the desk typing up my daily journal and writing more on the progress report.

Newsstand All the canteens are closed on Sundays ever since last week, but the newsstand opens for a little while. Michi and I went over shortly after lunch to get our paper. We argued with ourselves as to whether it would be too early to go immediately after lunch, or whether we should wait until two. It's all a question of timing, for if we go too early, there's no newspaper, but if we go even fifteen minutes beyond the optimum rush, we're likely to be without a paper. Our neighbor passed by without a paper which was our cue to rush over. A long line of perhaps fifty persons were lined up in front of the newsstand. We looked around for someone whom we knew that could get us a paper, but there was no one there we knew so we joined the line. A tall very blonde Caucasian girl, somewhat pretty, stood in line ahead of us with another Caucasian woman. A girl in front of us commented on her whiteness. We conjectured as to whether she might be a teacher, though my guess was that she was not for she didn't look the type. We decided to get an EXAMINER for the Shibutanis since we didn't see the elder Shibutani in line and knew they would want a paper. The line behind us grew as rapidly as the people got their papers and moved out.

Governor Sprague's Letter I should add something that occurred immediately after lunch which I'd forgotten to mention. I ran into Joe Imai, our neighbor, in front of our place. In the course of conversation, Joe mentioned a letter he'd written to Sprague in reply to a letter Sprague sent to the DISPATCH. He wanted to show me the letter and his answers. Sprague's letter read to the effect: If the Nisei wish to prove their loyalty, they should go out to the sugar beet fields of Oregon and help in the national war effort. Joe had answered the letter pointing out that while Sprague had mentioned the relatively few who were going out to the beet fields (only about 700) there was much work to do around the project and that the 15,000 persons all told were not idle as Sprague made them out to be. Sprague replied to Joe somewhat in the following manner; the Nisei were removed from the military areas of the west coast due to military necessity. If the Nisei wish to prove their loyalty to the United States which they declaim verbally, they should go out to help in the sugar beet fields where there is a labor shortage. It would be a much better way of showing the American people the Nisei intention to help in the war effort if they would join in the work of producing for the nation rather than living in idleness off the taxpayers money. Joe's reply to this letter was centered on the point that regardless of military necessity, an injustice had been done the Japanese by their removal. His point was that any group removed by military necessity would have an injustice done them, and his whole letter of reply tried to build a case about this point. In other words, he was viewing the problem from the standpoint of natural rights innate in man to live wherever he pleases regardless of consequences, a typical Catholic absolutism growing perhaps out of the faith which Joe has taken to himself.

I felt that there was more to be said than Joe had declared in his letter, especially with reference to the matter of "military necessity" about which Sprague makes so much. However, in view of the effort which Joe himself was making, I said little in criticism and encouraged his interest in the subject. Joe added that Sprague had sent a letter to the President pointing out that the Japanese have not been cooperating and that they should be deported.

Session at Billigmeier's Bob had told us that he'd like to meet us at 2:00 to discuss a message sent by D.S.T. Michi and I went down to the Shibs with the newspaper and there Harno joined us. By the time we got to the Billigmeier's, Jim was already there. The matter of business apparently had to do with the progress report and the urgency of getting it out soon. There was little discussion about it all, and perhaps others were of the mind which I was, that the general pattern of the chapters were pretty clearly in mind. For myself, I should have preferred to spend the afternoon writing as I'd intended. Somehow our gatherings don't go as they should. Perhaps it's due to the wide difference of background among us and the varying interests we have in the research. ~~There's~~ There's relatively little in common for us to talk about concerning the study.

Bob mentioned the excellent material that Spencer has been getting out, and the amount of material Kikuchi is piling up. Tom, I think, felt a little discouraged and resentful of it, for he too expressed the feeling that he would have preferred to work this afternoon rather than spend the afternoon in discussion. Somehow the material I'm getting doesn't satisfy me at all, and I suppose I feel much as Tom does.

About 4:00, we decided to break up, and we went around to the new teachers' barracks still under construction to look them over before returning home.

Jim's Comments on the Concert We talked about yesterday's music department concert. Jim was proud of his sister's performance, though he didn't say as much, and well he might be for Mae did a fine performance. But he wondered why Fumiko Yabe had been placed on the program, and then failed to sing at the concert. The reason given at the concert was that she had caught a cold and couldn't sing, which was unquestionably the case since Michi had been talking to her about it during the past week. Said Jim: "How come Fumiko Yabe was on the same program as Mae?" I wasn't sure how to take the question. Did Jim mean that Fumiko didn't deserve to be on the same program as Mae, or that ~~Fumiko~~ one singer on a program was enough, or was he simply wondering why Fumiko didn't sing when she had been placed on the program. Michi explained that it was a question of getting those who could perform on a program of this type, and with the lack of instruments, it is necessary for vocalists and others not requiring ~~the~~ instruments to carry the major burden. Jim further queried: "Was Fumiko really down with a cold? She seemed peppy enough when I saw her with a bunch of kids." Michi reassured him that she was down with a cold, bad enough to prevent her singing though she might not be in bed.

Michi and I discussed Jim's comments later. She thought it a funny thing for Jim to say. Probably her interpretation of his question was correct. Jim perhaps thought that Fumiko had been scared out of singing after hearing Mae sing in the practice rehearsal. Mae is undoubtedly the better soloist of the two, and a much better trained musician, but Fumiko sings with youthful exuberance and has nothing to be ashamed of. There are unusually strong ties that bind the Sakoda family together and give rise to a family pride; Jim was undoubtedly elated at the splendid response shown by Mae's audience to her singing. Fumiko, on the other hand, is not the kind of person to be concerned about her comparative ability with others overly much, and frankly admits superiority on the part of others if they are better. What has possibly irked Jim in the past is the popular ovation given Fumiko heretofore, and this perhaps was a triumph for the Sakoda family since a keenly musical audience had given laurels to Mae where they properly belong. Perhaps Jim would even have liked to see Fumiko on the same program as Mae in which the superiority of the latter as a singer would unquestionably come out.

Record Concert As on every Sunday evening, Michi and I prepared for the record concert. We had to borrow Ted Tokuno's console model radio-phonograph because the P.A. system is in use with the dance cabaret. Both Michi and I were concerned as to whether the motor pool would be on the job tonight to get the radio-phonograph over to 2420, for they had failed us thrice before. We debated whether to go to the motor pool directly, or go over to Ted's to see that the instrument was picked up. We chose the latter, but when we arrived, the car did not turn up and I decided to chase down to the motor pool for a car. As I started out on the quarter mile jaunt, I ran into a taxi parked on the firebreak and fortunately was able to get them for the task of transportation. There were problems of getting the messhall opened and of getting the instrument properly packed without the aid of any other male hands that further complicated our preparations.

The instrument reproduced well, and the audience of perhaps 150 persons who appeared seemed to enjoy the concert. When the concert was over, however, there was no one remaining to help in the clean-up except our usual friends, the Hisatomis, Shibutanis, and Haruo. The taxi had promised to return at 10:00 to return the radio-phonograph. We waited until 10:15 yet no one showed up. There were no telephones handy by which to get in touch with the motor pool office, and I didn't wish to chase around to find one since I'd had previous experience in trying to reach them by telephone, but failing. We decided to leave the machine at the office of the block manager, a very helpful fellow who'd aided us in setting up the phonograph earlier in the evening. No car turned up in the meantime, though it must have been 10:30 by the time we left the vicinity. Michi was quite clearly put out about the whole affair.

Somehow, it seems that the transportation department can never be trusted to appear, especially in the evenings, even though requi-

sitions are carefully submitted to the motor pool office. I had asked the taxi driver whom I found on the firebreak whether he had seen any requisition for the record concert, and he said that he had not though he had been there half an hour earlier. He admitted that the dispatcher at the office frequently did not look through the files of requisitions especially in the evenings. The incident reminded me of the troubles I use to have at International House in Chicago of getting the janitors to arrange for slide projectors and other equipments when we were putting on programs. Perhaps, this is the type of business which one has to attend to oneself if there is to be no slip up. While we were waiting for the truck to turn up after the program, Tom remarked, "Oh, well, the transportation here is never dependable. We ought to expect them about 10:15 instead of 10:00." It seems a general opinion that transportation can never be trusted in this project.

Midnight Snack. Michi was particularly anxious tonight that the gang come over for a midnight snack. I knew she wanted to show her appreciation in some way for the trouble they'd gone to in helping us after the concert. Harno was reluctant to join us, and even left earlier than the others after Michi dragged him in.

We all read the Sunday papers while the girls prepared cocoa, sandwiches, and other food. Harno ran across the item in the paper referring to Nisei induction into the army which I'd read with some distaste earlier in the day. (See Sunday CHRONICLE, Nov. 1, 1942, Section "This World", p. 5.) Said the article in part:

The United States Army will not discuss the Japanese in its forces. No facts or figures are released on their number, their use or their stations. Certain it is that no Japanese aliens or Japanese-Americans have been inducted since December 7. Draft boards have been instructed to give them automatically the 4-E status of enemy aliens.

".....Columnist Drew Pearson's Washington-Merry-Go-Round in August said they numbered (they referring to enlistees before Dec. 7) 644 with alien status, plus 3,000 Japanese-Americans, formerly of the Hawaiian National Guard, most of whom are assigned to the 100th Battalion at Fort McCoy, Wis."

My feeling had been that the article was full of errors. For one thing, there have been Nisei enlistees since Dec. 7, 1941; ~~for~~ they were inducted as late as April 1942. Then again, Hawaiians are not the only ones in the army, and I would suspect that there are an equal number of Nisei and Issei from the Pacific Coast who have entered the forces. Furthermore, as the article stands, it again points to the discrimination which is "automatically" made of those of Japanese ancestry, and tends to reinforce the tendency in the American public to "naturally" accept this discrimination. Harno was disgusted and discouraged at reading the item, and though he made no comments, he wanted Tom to read it. Their ~~xxx~~ silent reaction seemed to bespeak the attitude, "What can we do in the face of such things?"

The women talked of the misbehavior of the sugar-beet field widows, wives of those who have gone to work in the fields. Kay and Haruo screwed up their face as much as to say, let's not hear any more gossip. Michi told of the case of Keiko Tsuboi who has been playing around a lot leaving her child to fetch for himself. Keiko told of a similar case of a girl in her block who also plays around with fellows since her husband is away at the fields, and doesn't pay attention to her child.

Kimi Kato The talk turned to some of the piano teachers. Kimi Kato is one of them, and one of the worst according to Michi. She feels sorry for the girl since Kimi is deaf almost to the point of being unable to hear any normal conversation, but she insists on teaching and wanting to advance in piano. Keiko, who knows Kimi Kato, says, "I went over to their place the other day. They want to appear as if they know you and you (Michi and I). Mrs. Kato, Kimi's mother, spoke of you as Michiko-san. I was surprised because I didn't think they knew you that well. So I said, 'Oh, yes, I know Mr. and Mrs. Miyamoto,' I insisted on using your last name, because I don't like to talk in terms of personal names to those who are strangers. Then they wanted to know how well I knew you. Anyway, they talked as if they knew a lot about you. For example, they said, 'Oh, yes, Michiko-san and her husband were married just before evacuation.' So I said, 'Oh, according to what I understood, they were married several months before evacuation.' I just kept pretending I didn't know you too well, but it's crazy the way they talk."

It seems that Mrs. Kato is especially ambitious about her daughter's advancement in piano. It seems impossible that Kimi, who is now about twenty-two and has attended the U of C., can ever become a pianist considering her deafness, but Mrs. Kato wants more than anything else to have her daughter become a good pianist. They are to have their piano shipped out. They had one in their former home, but since they felt that piano too valuable to bring here, the Kato's bought a smaller piano for fifty dollars, and paid fifty more to have the thing crated and shipped. Kimi herself is not unwilling to advance in piano, and refuses to take up any other work despite the fact that she can hardly teach pupils due to her deafness. Mrs. Kato is described as a very aggressive woman, as is her daughter, and Mrs. Kato's sister apparently also has a peculiar interest in buying a grand piano. (Wife of Dr. Henry Takahashi of San Francisco.)

Mrs. Kato once spoke to Michi about the resemblance, physically, of her daughter to Michi. Since then, Michi has noticed that Kimi tries to do her hair in the same way, and assume some of Michi's mannerisms. Actually, it seems difficult to see any resemblance, except that both wear eyeglasses.

Evacuation Rumor The rumor of further evacuation still continues. Jim brought it up today at the Billigmeiers, and I half suspected that he wasn't sure whether to think of it as having some basis in fact or not. Said he, "Have you heard the rumor about our moving to Arkansas? (We lightly passed it off remarking that we'd heard that one before.) No, but, this is much more definite. They say

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that someone received a letter from Arkansas saying the projects there are building more houses, and that these new barracks are for people from Tule Lake who are to be relocated." The rest of us continued to show a skeptical attitude, and presently Jim began to laugh about the whole issue, and to treat the discussion as rumor.

Weather Winter weather has definitely set in after a wonderful period of Indian Summer. More accurately, it's Tule Lake autumn. Clouds shut off the sun, the wind whistles down our chimney, and there are occasional rains though it's infrequent by comparison with the weather we're accustomed to in Seattle. The weather today was the outstanding feature of the day. Early in the morning a kind of blue haze hung over the camp, largely due to smoke from the chimneys, but I could feel the sun through it and I thought the haze would lift to make another beautiful day. Shortly after Michi left for the music building about 9:00 a.m., the wind started to blow up, and by the time she returned about 11:00 o'clock, the wind was whistling across our valley and sweeping the dust in clouds across the firebreaks and sandy alleyways between barracks. Michi's face was gray with the dust when she entered and she seemed depressed by the dirtiness of the camp. A flurry of rain came, and we hoped that a shower would follow to dampen down the sand, but the afternoon continued dry and dusty. When I went to the canteen in the afternoon, the wind again increased to a new fury, and the sand beat against pedestipans and window panes as if it were blown out of a huge sand blaster. Fine particles of dust sifted through the cracks of the door and window panes covering all the articles in the apartment with a coat of gray. Near the western windows, there were small rifts of the dark fine dust. We were discouraged by the weather. Everyone in the washrooms were talking of the dust, and sand.

Record Concert Right after breakfast, I went to Ted Tokuno's to straighten out the problem of the radio-phono which we'd left at the block manager's office in 2407 last night because the transportation failed to show up. Ted was still in bed, and awoke sleepy-eyed to see what I wanted. He seemed not a bit perturbed that we left the radio-phono with the block manager, and declared that he himself would pick it up today on the pick-up which he uses on the hog farm. I offered either to help or to get the motor pool to do the job, but he declared it was all right and wouldn't hear of it. I felt guilty about making him go to the trouble.

Music Department Michi is disgusted about her work in the music department this morning, especially after the difficulties of last night about transportation. She's been feeling discouraged about the music department anyway for several weeks past, and even with the triumphs of the concert last week end, she still feels the hopelessness of trying to carry on. She left this morning vowing that after next Sunday's record concert, she would not put on any more.

Block Manager Talked to Tom Maekawa, our block manager, for a few minutes this morning. He was just returning from a trip down to the administration building to see about the clothing allowance. He informed me that Shirrell, Fleming, and Connor had gone to San Francisco this morning to learn what had happened about the clothing issue. Said Tom: "They goin' get allowance, all right. But not so good, this delay." Tom senses the pulse of feeling

in the block people pretty well.

Dust Storm I went to get a haircut in the afternoon, and this time the results were much better than the last time. One takes chances getting haircuts here, for there's no telling who's a good barber among the fifteen odd men and women who work there. Teiko Nakazato, Cook's secretary, brought me my August pay check so I cashed it ~~me~~ at the store just as Michi had done yesterday. We're flush again for a change.

The dust storm started again while I was getting my haircut and I got caught in the middle of the firebreak as a strong gust of wind blew the sand into my face and mouth. Michi remarked later that two girls, who live in the adjoining barrack to us, were complaining about the dust and feeling rather discouraged about the life here. They'd rather live in a place like Portland where it may rain but one doesn't get as dirty.

Jeanette Smoyers. Since we had agreed to visit Jeanette Smoyer who lends us the records for the concerts and her roommate Mary Durkin, Michi and I prepared to make the visit. Tom and Tomi who were also invited asked to be relieved of the social call since they have to get their absentee ballots notarized, and Tom feels that he should work anyway. He's going to avoid social visits until Christmas, and then take a vacation. Tom is now thinking of trying to get relieved from full time duty at social welfare. Said he, "Jim was right when he said he'd think twice before taking an eight hour a day job."

Michi and I spent a most enjoyable evening at the Smoyer and Durkin's place. Hanny and Bob dropped in, too. The talk rambled from one subject to another. We started with Bob, Hanny, and Inez's Halloween pranks, and moved on to the problems of Nisei writers, literature in high schools, literature in general, our early reading habits, precacious children, weddings, and on and on to cities most suitable for living. One rarely finds evenings like this in a gathering of Nisei. Conversation is a lost art among the Nisei---they have too little to draw from in their experiences, and they read too little to be interesting in the realm of thought. Even our gatherings with Tom, Harno, etc., lacks the verve which this evening's discussion had. Of course, we see the others too often to find conversation with them constantly lively, but the fact remains that few gatherings of Nisei would have been comparable. We felt stimulated, and wanted to stay all evening, but left reluctantly about 11:30.

Weather After yesterday's dust storm, the little rain we had last night was welcome. After breakfast, we spent considerable time cleaning up the fine dust that had accumulated all over the room yesterday following the dust storm. Michi went to work but returned about 10:30 and continued cleaning. A little snow fell this morning.

Keiko Tsuboi We were a little disgusted with Keiko Tsuboi this morning. After the Kawamotos left this morning, Keiko sat down and put a lot of the Kawamoto's honey, which they leave on the table so everyone can use it, on bread which she intended bringing home. The Kawamotos like to have some extra things on the dining table, such as honey, catsup, and jam, which the messhall doesn't always provide, and which are particularly desirable when there's bread on the table with nothing to put on it. Aki frequently invites us to use his things, and we use it with his consent, and also contribute some of our own things. But Keiko's dabbling Aki's stuff on bread which she intends bringing home, after he and his wife had left, we thought, was going too far. The worst of it is that it's pretty generally known that she has a lot of young fellows visiting her during the day in her husband's absence, and there's a feeling that she probably toasts bread for them.

Midori Furushiro On our way home from the canteen this afternoon we ran into Midori Furushiro cleaning a pair of pants out on her porch in the 600 block where she lives. She announced that she's leaving tomorrow for Nyssa, Oregon to join her husband in the beet field. Jim, her husband, she said had left over a month ago. "You can't keep him in." It's a funny thing about farmers, once they get accustomed to living on the outside working on the farm, it's impossible to keep them away from the farm." It seems that Jim wants to run his own farm again, and though he was working at the farm here, couldn't bear to stay within the bounds of the camp working for somebody else at low wages. All the boys with whom Jim went want to stay out there but there's no way of knowing whether they'll find enough to do to stay out. However, Midori is packing all her things away just in case they need to be shipped out. She doesn't want to leave it scattered for the roommate to care for.

Midori is worried about her father-in-law. He will be left alone in the care of their friend who is also living in the apartment. She would take the aged, about sixty-five, father along to the farm, but he prefers to stay behind and wait for the travel permit which will take him to Arkansas to join other members of the family. The Furushiros once farmed in Arkansas, and other members of the family have been relocated to the center out there, which may be the reason ~~from~~ for Mr. Furushiro's desire to go out there. The travel permit may come any minute, or it may be delayed for a long time, but the elder Furushiro doesn't want to miss his chance to leave for Arkansas if and when the travel permit arrives so he can't afford the chance of being out somewhere in Oregon.

The trouble is that the people of her block are extremely critical of her and her husband for leaving the old father behind. Their attitude seems to be that the children should remain to take care of the old man in one way or the other; at least, they feel she should not leave him behind. To be sure, there may be only one month more of work on the outside and they may have to return in the meantime. But the father prefers to stay and take his chances on getting the travel permit. The people of her block are from the Clarksburg area, from where Midori and her husband come, but they were in the particular area where they had little contact with Caucasians, and their attitudes are extremely Japanese and conservative. They seem to thrive on petty gossip. On the other hand, the Furushiros were out in an area where Japanese contacts were relatively limited, and their outlook is different. At least, they don't quibble over small matters. Midori describes the people of her block as "terrible", and she says there's only one other family who doesn't participate in the petty arguments that generally characterize the block. She's thoroughly disgusted with the people of her block, and she's glad to get away from them.

We've heard of the squabbles of the block six people, and of how difficult some of them are to get along with. This was the block that caused Elberson no end of trouble once because they wanted to kick out their block manager without giving any good reasons. And this is the block that has a lot of tough Kibei in the messhall that run the place as if they were kingpins.

Tom and Tomi Just about eleven in the evening when we were about to retire, Tom and Tomi dropped in on their way home from the Jacoby's where they had had a duck dinner. They brought us a piece of very delicious pumpkin pie that Mrs. J had baked. It was really excellent.

Keiko Tsuboi At lunch today, mother was a little disturbed by the fact that the marmalade which Michi and I had bought for our dining table was reduced considerably this morning though we hadn't got up for breakfast. The Kawamotos have contributed honey and "ketchup", so we felt that we should add something to the table too. The food needs sauce sometimes, and frequently no butter or jelly is put out with bread on the table. We immediately suspected Keiko Tsuboi because we'd seen her greedily using the Kawamoto's honey yesterday without even asking permission for its use. Perhaps we're doing an injustice suspecting her, yet that's the way we've come to think of her.

Mrs. Tanaka

Mrs. Tanaka, mother and May say, is just like that too. Mrs. Tanaka, I'm sure, is mentally sub-normal being almost like a child in much of her behavior, and her home, children and herself look as dirty as if she never cleaned up or washed clothes. We knew her family while in Seattle, and mother recalls that the girl who grew up to be Mrs. Tanaka was always a little abnormal, and unable to participate in the activities which other children indulged in. Her folks never talked of this particular girl, although the others of their children were well known, and it is said that she was kept at home much of the time cleaning house and doing the washing for the others.

When I first saw this woman, I thought she was an Indian, for she is much darker than the average Japanese, and her facial features and guttural speech remind one of the Indian than of the Japanese. We later discovered to our surprise that she lived in our block, and that she is the daughter of a family we knew well in Seattle. Once the fact of family relationship was mentioned, we could see the family resemblance, and we have since observed the Tsukuno family visiting her place on infrequent occasions. Her husband, a man of very intelligent mien but of rather poor attire, struck me as an unusually well informed individual for one who is an immigrant Japanese, but he always shows concern about poverty and has for the past several weeks been out in the sugar beet fields to earn some extra money for the future.

The woman shows an inordinate affection for her three small bedgaggled children. The smallest one, a boy of about three, is certainly ~~only~~ old enough to walk around for himself, but Mrs. Tanaka is constantly picking him up, and he is spoiled to the extent that he cries for everything he wants. My sister, Nobu, one day observed her with two of her children in the bathroom. When she entered to take a shower, the mother had the older girl undressed and ready for her bath, but the little boy was sitting on the bench refusing to remove his clothing. Nobu saw Mrs. Tanaka entreating the child to remove his clothing for the bath. When Nobu came out of the shower ten or fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Tanaka was still pleading with the boy while the little girl stood naked waiting for the mother to bring her into the shower. Nobu suggested that Mrs. Tanaka should at least take ^{care} of the girl first before she caught a cold, but the poor woman seemed unable to gather her wits and seemed at loss to know how to handle the children. She kept saying out loud, "What shall I do? He won't remove his

clothing," and then would turn to the adamant boy to plead for obedience. Nobu left in disgust, but saw the woman reclothing the little girl without taking her into the shower and bringing the children home.

Michi one day encountered Mrs. Tanaka in the washroom when some of our dishes needed washing and Michi was cleaning them under the faucet there. Mrs. Tanaka dropped what she was doing at the moment when she sighted the pyrex pot that Michi was washing, and ran over to Michi, grabbed the pyrex pot out of her hand, and wanted to know all about the pretty glittering pot. "She was like a child with a shiny new toy," Michi declared.

Living as she does only two barracks away from us, we frequently encounter her and have observed her ever since our arrival. She appears to be about forty (her husband must be over fifty for he has greyed hair and beard) and her small, unkempt, bent-over figure would make her look older if it were not for her extremely glossy black hair and smooth dark face. As one passes her nodding a good-day, she opens her dark eyes wide and stares into one's face as if to ask, "Are you really being friendly to me," and then would return the childish smile of a simpleton. Her speech which is invariably in Japanese is guttural and mumbling so that one can scarcely understand her unless one listens closely. No one in our block pays much attention to her though, when her husband was still here, his opinion was respected by other men and he was accepted fully. She apparently spends an unusual amount of time with the menial tasks about the home, washing, cleaning, and bringing up the children, but her attention scatters so and she indulges the children so much that she can never get her work done. She takes hours to wash a small batch of clothing, and then is unable to make them clean.

At every mealtime, she brings an extra plate, and after the meal, loads it up with left over food, always asks for half a loaf of bread from the cooks, and brings it home apparently to the feed her children between meals. Once or twice I have seen her knocking at the door of people in our block and asking for something. Mother tells me that she sometimes comes around to ask for five cents because her children are hungry and they want candy. Mother asked her why she did not get some money from her husband, but Mrs. Tanaka replied that her husband declares he cannot send her money any longer because the WRA prohibits it. Mr. Tanaka is a kindly man and probably does not desire to mistreat his family, but he probably does not trust his wife to use the money wisely and does not send her any. Sometimes she calls at the kitchen to ask for food because her children are hungry, but the cooks have tired of seeing her there and are unwilling any longer to accommodate her. Last Sunday when May held Sunday School classes for little children at her home, upon request from the church, Mother invited the Tanaka children in thinking it would be good for them to mix with other children. May objected, perhaps unwittingly because the children were dirty and unkempt, but rationally because she didn't want the children to have to bring pennies as do the others.

Mother seems to feel especially sorry for the woman, perhaps in part because she has known the Tsukuno family for years up in Seattle, though she had only heard of this particular daughter. Today she suggested to Nobu, who is now waitress in our mess-hall, that she bring some extra food for Mrs. Tanaka since she was hurriedly trying to gather up some things before the other waitresses cleaned up the tables. Nobu objected, declaring that the cooks didn't like to accommodate her too much any longer because she would only come back to ask for more. May and Nobu seem to take a more realistic, but also less sympathetic view, of Mrs. Tanaka. One might describe the attitude of the block people to Mrs. Tanaka as a desire to be as kind to her as their natural repugnance will permit them to be.

Cabaret Internationale The Cabaret put on by the dance department is clearly turning out a grand success. On Friday night the Cabaret had its premiere at 720 before an audience of administrative personnel. On Saturday, the Cabaret was put on as part of the Harvest Festival. And for the next two weeks, every night, the Cabaret is to tour the community showing twice in each ward. Members of the personnel staff who have seen it speak in high favor of the production, and particularly of the cleverness of Wujio Shimoda, the only male dance instructor in the department. On Monday and Tuesday nights, the Cabaret was showing in our ward, and twenty tickets per night was allotted each block at the price of ten cents each. It is said that these tickets sold out fifteen minutes after they were placed on sale. No doubt the buyers were almost all Nisei.

Some repercussions are being heard from the parents of children who are participating in the Cabaret. Miss Durkin, the school teacher, mentioned that one of her pupils does a dance act in the Cabaret, and that during the past week she has noticed how tired the little girl looks. When Miss Durkin inquired about it, the girl admitted that she hadn't been to bed before twelve thirty during the past week due to practices and performances, and Miss Durkin thinks she will permit the girl to rest during her class period for the strain is undoubtedly telling on her.

May came home from the social welfare woffice where she works to tell us of one young high school fellow who came storming into her office today. Said he, "I want to see Mrs. Akamatsu," perhaps because she was the only one the young fellow knew in the department. May, who is receptionist, replied that Mrs. A. was out and inquired what she could do for him. The young fellow, with three of his comrades behind him, then said, "Well, someone in the social welfare department went and told my father that I've been skipping school to work on the Cabaret. I want to know who it was that told my father. I haven't skipped school even once, and the story is a lie. I want to know who it was that told the lie." May was dumbfounded but replied, "What is your name? I'm sure noone in our department ever heard of you; at least your name has never been mentioned here. Are you sure it was someone in the social welfare department?" The boy replied that he had heard definitely

from the block manager that it was someone from the social welfare department, and that he was going to find out even if he had to stay there until midnight to find out. May continued to insist that such business was not a part of the work of the social welfare department, but she offered to inquire around if he wished her to. In the meantime, the young fellow cooled off and decided that perhaps May was telling the truth. He finally walked out with his cohorts, saying, "Well, I'll go back to the block manager and ask him again who it was. Both he and my father know who it was, but they won't tell me. But I'll find out if it's the last thing I do."

The Cabaret, which is said to be an elaborate affair, must take a great deal of time from those who participate in it, a large number of whom are young school children. These performances which are to go on every night for two straight weeks must perturb parents who wish their children to pay more attention to their study. One would guess that the father of the boy in this case probably refused to let him go on with the Cabaret on the ground of what he had heard, and that the two probably had a quarrel about it. It is of interest to note that I have not heard similar repercussions from the cases of children who put on Issei entertainment in various blocks, though, to be sure, there are not as many children participating in these entertainments, and they do not fall on successive evenings as does the Cabaret.

Messhall In the past several days, several new features have appeared in the messhall. First, a large painting, about 3' by 4', was placed on one wall. It is in rather bright pastel shades and depicts a mountain woodland scene with deers pasturing in the foreground. One of the young messhall waiters is said to have done the job. Another smaller and darker painting was contributed by one of our block people. Then, on the posts running down the middle aisle, several hand carved vases appeared one day and was later adorned with paper flowers of bright hue. The vases had been hued out of whole wood and stood on small platforms that were appropriately shaped to support them. There is something Oriental about their appearance, though as a rough work of art by an untrained hand, they are remarkably good. I had observed one of the bachelors in our block, who is constantly doing woodwork, carving out these vases and was surprised to see them turn up in the messhall. All these efforts have improved the appearance of the messhall considerably, and there is indication that further improvements are to be made. At tonight's block meeting, the matter was briefly discussed with Tom Maekawa, the block manager, pointing out that some of the other blocks have been making unusual efforts toward improving the appearance of their messhall. The reaction from some seemed to be one of indifference, but the city people seemed to respond favorably and suggested that we should try to make ours the best looking messhall.

A large sign appeared today on the back wall of the messhall bearing the Japanese characters "Giyu-Koho". It is done in charcoal ink on a plain wooden background, a sign such as one frequent-

ly sees hanging in Japanese homes. They serve a double purpose of an art piece on the one hand because the Japanese characters possess an aesthetic appeal, and of a motto to remind the dwellers of ideals which they should follow. This particular sign had been done by the chef of our messhall obviously to serve the dual functions mentioned. Mother tells me that Giyu-Koho means Gi, with integrity, yu, courageous or manly, Ko, service to community, ho, way. (With integrity or sincerity, courageous or manly, service to community way.) All the Issei stopped on their way out to observe the motto. The chef is a stickler for giving proper service to the people in the messhall, and it perhaps is a reminder to the Nisei waiters and waitresses to attend to their business carefully, but it is perhaps also a warning to the diners that the chef himself is doing the utmost and for the people not to "crab" too much about their food but to contribute of themselves to the welfare of the block. These are conjectures, yet knowing the history of the relationship of the chef to the people of the block, it seems not an unfair conjecture.

Block Meeting Tom Maekawa announced a block meeting for tonight, and in his English announcement stressed the need of the Nisei to turn out because of the importance of the meeting. He made no comparable stress in his Japanese translation. Tom has had difficulty getting the Nisei out. I attended the block meeting, while Michi stayed at home to do some work. (See Block Meeting, Nov. 4, 1942) There were some twenty five persons present, of two hundred dwelling in this block, and they were all men and three-quarters Issei. Matters discussed were the by-laws of the cooperative, which were received quite favorably, and the question of Nisei induction into the army, which clearly brought out an unfavorable response. Other matters were taken up, such as fixing up the appearance of the messhall, putting up wallboards in the bathhouses, and of having a Japanese bath. The Issei completely dominate these discussions. I felt griped about it, for there seems to exist a complete disregard of the Nisei view by certain members of the block. A small minority of the intelligent ones take a more liberal view and wish to hear all opinions expressed regardless of its source, but the majority of the outspoken Issei are completely unwilling to hear the Nisei. The thought continually troubles me, and when the opposition seems impregnable, I feel I'd like to get out of this unholy mess as fast as possible into a society where one can express intelligent opinions and have them heard by intelligent people. The utter shortsightedness of the Issei who can only think in terms of the reality of today eats at my vitals.

"Ouiji" Magic For the past ~~two~~ two weeks, the "ouiji" fad has spread considerably among the young people, and apparently has affected even some of the Issei. (See page 2, TULEAN DISPATCH, Oct. 28) Nobu had a party tonight at her home to which she invited the two Komure girls living in our block, who are addicts of the ouiji oracle, because Mrs. Wallace of the post office wanted to see how the thing goes. Michi was invited over, so I dropped in after the block meeting to what the fad was about. When I arrived, the

Komure girls were sitting at a card table with Nobu and Masaya Kawasaki, each at an end of the table. Mrs. Wallace, a young girl from Indiana stationed here with her husband in the army, was just observing as were May, Michi and Kaz. This method does not use the ouiji board. The very simple principle of the ouiji oracle in this instance is for four persons or less to sit at a card table standing only on three legs. Thus, the card table tips easily, and can be made to tap the answers on the floor. Most questions are in the form requiring an affirmative or negative answer, with one tap for "No" and two taps for "Yes". All those seated at the table place their fingers lightly on the surface of the table. Then, the medium starts by inveighing the "Ouiji" to enter the room, and when it is present, the questioning beings. If there are disbelievers at the table, or even present in the room, or if a disbeliever is asking the questions, there will be no answer or the answer may be wrong. If all are believers, and this is determined by questioning the "Ouiji", "Is Mary, or John, a disbeliever," and getting the proper response, then correct answers will be given to all properly phrased questions. The mystery of this oracle is that no one understands what causes the tapping of the middle leg (of three) of the card table, which gives the answers to the questions.

I watched the girls closely to see what happened. Jane Komure, the younger sister, was sitting between one of the two upright legs of the card table while Toyoko Komure was sitting between the other two legs of the table. My sister, May, and Masaya Kawasaki were sitting on the sides of the table on which one leg had been ~~raised~~ folded up and out of the way. Physically, it was possible that if May and Masaya pressed on the tables together while the other girls released their pressure momentarily, the table would suddenly rise on the middle leg and down on the side where the leg was missing. The Komure girls then needed to press back on the table once more to make the table tap. Generally, however, I could see that the medium, Toyoko Komure, was pressing her finger in such a way that it would unbalance the center of gravity of the table and thus make it tap. Clearly, the whole thing was one grand hoax, but some of these present seemed to think the thing real and enjoyed it immensely.

I was especially interested in the questions which were being asked, for they revealed much, in the minds of the people, that were of interest to them with regard to the future. In the questions previously asked prior to my arrival, they had found that the ouiji is a spirit, that it is the spirit of each family and of its ancestors. The question were framed by one of the Komure girls, Ques. "Ouiji, are you a spirit of each family, and of its ancestors?" Ans. "Yes." I was struck by the extremely Japanese characteristic of the Komure girls, not so much in their appearance, but in their thought and speech. Their pronunciation was extremely poor, and the older girl couldn't say thirteen, but rather said "turteen". Why should the "Ouiji" be a spirit of the family and of family ancestors; why not the spirit of cosmic powers, or the elan vitale of the world? One of the girls asked in a moment of skepticism, "But how can the spirit of one's family ^{know} ~~be~~ about things

happening outside the family?" but the girls answered that the spirit knows everything and is everywhere. It was the immediacy with which the question "Are you the spirit of the family?" which arose to their mind which struck me, for that question might not have occurred to me.

All the questions that arise in girls' minds had been asked. Masaye is to find a boy friend in 1505-C, and is to be married in about nine and a half months. We're to have three children, two boys and a girl, none of whom will be musicians but two of whom will be scholars. I suspect that these girls perhaps may not think very highly of music in the first place, and, furthermore, they probably think in the Japanese mode that the father will have much more to say with what the children shall be. Nobu is to have two children, although she hasn't had any in thirteen years. Tom and Tomi Shibs are to have four children. The Murakami girl is to have eight children, as is the older Kurose girl. Nobu is the smallest and oldest of the girls and it was perhaps natural that Toyoko should think that Nobu would have only two children. Michi and Masaye look bigger and so they are to have three children. One suspects, again, that Toyoko thought of three children as an unusually small family, and probably decided that that would be the number two Americanized looking girls would desire to bear. She herself is fairly big, while the Murakami girl is a farmer's daughter, so they were appropriately given eight children apiece.

The most amazing revelations came after Mrs. Wallace left saying that her husband would now be off duty and would expect her home. As soon as Mrs. Wallace stepped out the door, Toyoko exploded, "Gee, I'm glad she didn't ask me who would win the war, because I would have had to tell her the war would end in eleven months with Japan victorious." It seems the Komure family have been spending a great deal of time at the ouiji business with the parents as well as the youngsters participating. I clearly felt that Mr. Komure's influence was reflected in these prophecies of the ouiji determined at the Komure home. Toyoko continued, "We asked Ouiji whether Japan would invade the United States, and Ouiji said, 'Yes'. We found out that Japan would soon take the Solomons, then invade Australia, then go to China, and finally come here. The invasion of the United States is to start in about nine months, Japan will take all of Panama, Mexico, California, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska. But Japan isn't going to touch Canada. All the administrative personnel will have to flee from here at the end of nine months, and we'll be out of here at the end of nine months and a half. Japan will win the war by the end of eleven months and we'll be able to go back home."

Toyoko further declared, "We asked Ouiji about our family crest. You see, my grandmother once dug up a suzuri-ishi (charcoal slate) in the family garden, and on it was a crest that looked like either an egg plant or a gourd. Our family crest is an egg plant, but the gourd was the family crest of Toyotomi Hideyoshi. Now, our family lives in Kagoshima, and it seemed strange to find Hideyoshi's family crest in Kagoshima for he was supposed to have died in Korea during one of his expeditions there. If this crest

my grandmother dug up were really a gourd instead of an eggplant, it meant that Hideyoshi died in Kagoshima rather than in Korea as historians claim. So we asked Ouiji whether the crest was an egg plant or a gourd, and Ouiji answered that it was a gourd. That means that Hideyoshi died in Kagoshima; won't it be wonderful if we were to go back to Japan and find out that Ouiji was right? Another thing we asked about Ouiji was about our family takara (treasure). My mother says it's been lost for a long time. We found out that the treasure is buried three feet from the well, and we even found out how deep it is. It's two feet deep. So we're going to be rich. We asked Ouiji where we're going after the war, and it said we were going to Singapore and stay fifteen years to make more money. Then we're coming back to the United States. Anyway, we're going back to Japan first after the war."

The naivete of these expressions, and the extreme Japanism of their thought trends surprised me. The orientation of the Komure girls is almost entirely toward the Pacific Coast and Japan. Jane Komure is to study at Stanford and become a registered nurse though she will not practice nursing because she'll be married; the Komure's are to go to the conquered territory of Japan; they are to return to California; and so on. There is no far sighted plan in terms of possible consequences of this war, no effort to improve themselves except in monetary terms.

The girls made much of believers and disbelievers in the Ouiji. I sensed immediately a strain in my relationship with Jane Komure as soon as I started asking questions about the validity of the Ouiji, so I dropped the matter and rather listened to what they had to say. She was almost hysterical in her seriousness about the oracle. After returning home, Michi told of how Jane Komure almost lost her temper when Michi and May started to question Jane at the beginning. By the time the party was over and May, Nobu, Kaz, Michi and I were left, it seemed that May, Nobu and Kaz had been impressed by the strangeness of the trick. May was skeptical, yet she couldn't understand why the table should tap. I demonstrated to her what I thought was the legitimate answer for it, but May thought that there was really something to it besides my demonstration, for, as she said, the tapping sounded different. I was flabbergasted, and almost fuming in my attempt to explain that the thing was purely a mechanical trick, but Kaz too seemed to think there was "psychic power" that caused the tapping. They admitted there was no spirit, but they wished to admit as much of the non-substantive to say that there existed some "psychic-power" that went beyond the conscious state.

To tell the truth, the Komure girls had not applied the principles of the trick correctly, for the whole thing is obviously based upon the social psychological principle of suggestibility. They should have demanded a slightly darkened and utter concentration from the participants; furthermore, they should have required the persons requesting answers to questions to be at the table with their fingers touching its surface. But the evening's affair was carried on with a casualness that defeated the possibility

of getting suggestible responses from the participants.

After getting home, Michi and I rehashed the evening's affair. Michi declared that the younger Komure girl had been extremely serious about the whole thing, believing that the oracular power of the Ouiji was absolute. But the older girl had confessed to Nobu that she didn't believe in it as much as the younger. There would never be a denial of the power of the oui-ji in the younger Komure's interpretation, for anything that goes wrong is due to the presence of a disbeliever, and everything that goes right is because everyone is a believer. Hence, skeptical persons may not ask questions, since they are disbelievers.

Michi, I think, made a rather good point about the oui-ji when she declared, "Everyone here is so concerned about the uncertainties of the future, and they want to know what to expect, it's no wonder that the oui-ji is so popular." It is a means of trying to anticipate the future. And it is as popular among the Issei as among the Nisei, it seems. But the popularity of the oui-ji shows the level of intelligence with which we are dealing, for obvious as the manner in which the oui-ji is conducted, there are still a large number who believe in it implicitly.

Weather The mornings are extremely cold now. One has to keep the fire going in the stove all night if one doesn't wish to freeze in the early hours of the morning. In the past two weeks or so, it's been necessary to keep the fire going in the stove all day, and we never allow the door to remain open as we had to have it throughout the summer. One feels a little more clostted in a small room such as ours.

Music Dept. The music dept. had a staff meeting this morning to discuss various points concerning their winter program. With the new recreation supervisor, Carter, here to replace Ted Waller, Harry Mayeda is concerned to see that all the programs continue as vigorously as they did throughout the summer. I suppose he'd like to make the transition to the new director with as little drop in the staff morale, and hence of community morale, as possible.

After Sunday's record concert, when we had so much trouble over the matter of transportation, Michi has been ready to quit the record concert for the winter. She's almost been discouraged enough to retire from the music dept., though I advised against that for her work does give her something to keep her mind occupied here. Today's meeting was in large part to discuss the question of the record concerts for the winter.

Michi's objections to continuing the concerts are: (1) We can't get any support from the motor pool, and they've failed us so many times now that she can't put any faith in them any longer; (2) She can't get any cooperation from others in the music dept. about cleaning up after the record concerts, and has to ask her friends to take care of the matter which is something she considers discourteous toward her friends; (3) the winter months are too cold for people to come out late at night and the messhalls aren't adequately heated for an audience to sit quietly listening to records; and (4) under the circumstances, it isn't worth the effort to continue the present practice of Sunday evening concerts. Harry, however, rather insists that the record concerts continue, and it seems that he wants Michi to continue them. He realizes the difficulties one has with the motor pool, but he will approach those in the transportation dept. whom he can trust and have them see to the transportation of the machines everytime. He suggests shifting the hour of the program to Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock, and have the concert in messhall 7020 where no cooking is done on Sundays and there will be no disturbance of the record concerts. His major point was, however, that everyone is having his problems in trying to put on these programs and is having to use make-shifts for the solutions of their problems. One suspects that Alice has told Harry of Michi's perfectionist tendencies, and that he was trying to get Michi to be more pragmatic. But Michi is an absolutist about music, and though she will make some concessions about the need to use whatever is available to gain the desired ends, she nevertheless sets the ends on a pretty high plane. From Mayeda's discussion, it is apparent that the recreation dept. is concerned with the morale of the community, and, in fact, it has probably been described by Shirrell as the chief morale builder. Early in the history of the community activities program, when

Ted Waller was trying to expand the community activities to the point where it crossed arms with other departments, I felt that Shirrell's tendency was to hold Waller down considerably and restrain him from his expansive tendencies, but it is now quite the contrary with Shirrell. He would promote the recreation dept. as much as possible, he has come to see it as an extremely important factor in morale ever since the days of the farm labor strike and especially since the Labor Day events. The latter occasion was a beautiful island of calm midst a period of continuous turmoil. Shirrell appreciated it greatly.

The music dept. is still concerned about getting some pianos for thier music instruction. The dance dept. is getting enough funds from their Cafe Internationale to get a few pianos, but since the spat between the dance and music depts., Michi doesn't expect the use of what pianos the dance dept. gets for ~~the~~ music dept. use. Here again is the difference in standards of performance, for in Michi's eyes, it's too much a desecration of music to have it performed popularly as the Cafe Internationale performs its dance routines.

The public school is also having trouble getting music teachers, and has again asked the recreation dept. to furnish teachers for the children. In their previous request for teachers, it was the music depts. understanding that the members of the latter staff would have to work half day under the supervision of the public school music staff and then return to the rec. dept. in the latter half of the day; but this arrangement was unsatisfactory because of the placement of authority in the school dept. and the amount of time it would take. Now, however, the request is for music teachers to help one or two hours a day, with the rec. staff retaining their autonomy. Carter made the point that the music staff should think of this, not as going over to work under the education dept., but rather as if the music staff were contributing to the welfare of children who at present are not getting an adequate musical education. Michi remarked, "Caretr's a good psychologist." What will come of all this planning by the music dept. yet remains to be seen.

Miscellaneous Mother advised us to see the art exhibit at 2908 which is running for two days. We wanted to go, but Harno reminded me of the Issei meeting that is going on tonight. I went to Miss Smoyer's home immediately after supper to get some records for Michi's Sunday concert. Their new place, Miss Smoyer's and Miss Durkin's, is a very pleasant apartment, though it is small, and I stopped for a few minutes to chat. They offered to get some coffee for us, or anything else we might want. I wonder to what extent the evacuees depend on the Caucasians here, or elsewhere, for help of this kind. Mr. Fagan dropped in while I was there. My observations led me to think that he was interested in one of the two ladies, probably Miss Smoyer. Said he, directing his statement to Miss Smoyer, "I saw you in the dining room this evening."

To which Miss Smoyer replied, mischievously, "I'll bet you saw a lot of other people there tonight, didn't you?" Fagan was momentarily flustered, but plunged on undaunted. Fagan had come in with a very stiff left leg, and Miss Smoyer in her pleasant way explained how he'd got water on the knee and had drained three c.c.'s of water off the knee, but with her explanation was a tone of sympathy that clearly pleased Fagan as much as punch. The cavalier in Fagan would pop out here and there, but each time Smoyer would pull him back to earth, pleasantly but definitely. In the midst of an extended conversation about Japanese art, Fagan suddenly sighted the broken blind that has constantly come down off the window and which has become something of a joke between Smoyer and Durkin. It was lying on the bed. "Hey there," he broke in, "What's the idea of breaking all the furnishings I've given you. I guess you need a man around here to keep you in repair." Smoyer's eyes twinkled, and Fagan, reminded of his stiff knee, went on, "Well, I guess I'm only half a man right now." Fagan was in fine fettle tonight telling of his experiences in Japan, and of his opinions about Oriental art.

Fagan is perhaps fifty and looks more the business man or perhaps a grey-haired superintendant of a shop than he does a student of art and literature, but in the presence of Jeanette Smoyer, keen-minded student of literature, drama, and art, Fagan makes a definite show of his interest in art and what not. Smoyer is perhaps thirty-five or a trifle more, tall and a little thin but not angular despite her thinness, and quite attractive especially in her very mobile expressive face. It was pleasant watching the 'rejuvenilated' Fagan going into action, as I had seen a hundred college youths enter into maneuvers. I was tickled.

Michi's comment when I related the happenings was, "It's good for the morale." It is true that the coming of the teachers ~~xx~~ has aided the jaded spirits of the administrative personnel who had hitherto ground their nose too deeply in the messy affairs of this project.

Issei Meeting The meeting which was to begin at 7:30, was already under way when I arrived at 2720 about a quarter to eight. Shirrell had apparently gotten off his chest a few points which he wished to impress on the community, and Father Dai was translating at the time I entered. The meeting was not as well attended as the previous one two weeks before, but the audience was also less critical of the administration. One felt a favorable responsiveness on the part of the Issei this time, and perhaps it does reflect the more settled condition of the community that has appeared in the past two weeks. But there were some points raised tonight that bodes some ill for the future. The large group of farm and construction crews will soon be without work, and they shall have to depend on the overtime piled up, or on unemployment compensation, for the winter months when there isn't sufficient work to go around. That is a bad sign. There is also the question of Nisei induction into the army that will undoubtedly create some opposition from the Issei in the future. There is a cycle in the outcropping of disturbances within the community. As one problem

after another is settled, new ones come up. And the tendency seems to be that minor disturbances set off others which all added together create the major disturbances that so sorely try the administration. Attendance at mass meetings is also reflected in the extent of problems existent in the community. When, as today, things are relatively quiet in the community, even the Issei are not prone to come out in the winter weather and participate in the discussions, but when there are issues to discuss, nothing dampens their rebellious spirit. This is unfortunate, for the time to discuss the problems is before they lead out into major difficulties; the time to let off the safety valves is before the boiler bursts. We are indeed human all too human, and the alternative is perhaps to create those stimuli which will induce people to think about important issues while thinking is possible.

Domesticity Michi was waiting for me to get home because she was hungry and hoped I'd join her in some soup. I joined her in some soup, and, in fact, drowned ourselves in it before we were tired. It was pleasant souping, seated at our fireside (our monstrosity called a stove) walled in from the crisp cold of the sharply silent night outside, with only the two of us warming our vitals with "Continental Chicken Noodle Soup."

Japanese Poetry Group At the washroom, I ran into Mr. Shinozaki, bronzed, weathered, kindly, smiling father of five intelligent grown up children, who had spent his life farming on a plot on Puget Sound. He wore an outrageous pair of dungarees, a clean worn blue pair that was patched in brilliant red in half dozen places. I was surprised, but made no comments, but he offered the explanation. He'd just been down to the meeting of the sanryu-haiku group (Japanese poetry group), and this was the type of costume which all members of the club wears to the meetings. A mild form of Bohemianism. Said he, "I haven't participated in such a thing for thirty years, and it took a little time to get used to this sort of get up, but now that I've been to several meetings I think nothing of it. Several Caucasians who were at the meeting tonight were surprised to learn that even farmers and common people among the Japanese are interested in poetry. I think it's a good thing for the Caucasians to learn what kind of people we are."

Mrs. Tanabe's Funeral Rev. Shiggeo Tanabe's mother died laast night after several months of illness. She had been confined in a hospital in Tacoma even after the evacuation and only recently Shig went up to Tacoma and arranged to have her brought here. The funeral is to be tomorrow afternoon, and mother was asking whether I would go or whether she should go. I was undecided as to whether or not to go. Mother is concerned as to how much ko-den (money gift at death) to give. In Seattle, one would know pretty well, for we can go by past services and gifts received, but here the values are so different that mother's not sure what the new standards are. She stopped to ask Mr. Shinozaki and he suggested that most people give about 25¢.

Mr. Shinozaki continued, "I personally don't believe in these money gifts at death. We're all of us rather hard up and we're not making enough to afford any such thing. It all comes to the same thing anyway when everybody keeps exchanging obligations over and over. Besides, it costs nothing to have a funeral here; there's no need for money gifts. I don't believe in it."

Miscellaneous Tom and Harno dropped by in the afternoon to announce that he was going to get some data from the social welfare files. There's evidently some excellent stuff lying around.

Harno Harno came by asking for some ideas on how to write up his labor report for Elberson. I suggested possible ways of writing the thing and he decided he'd treat it historically and descriptively, including the analysis as he goes along. He had a cold, and Michi suggested he come over in the evening before going to bed for a drink of hot lemonade. In the evening we all drank hot lemonade, while Harno told of his drinking experiences. Said he had never drunk until graduating from the university.

Bootlegging A certain amount of bootlegging goes on around here. Mr. Tani told Harno of how the cook would sometimes make wines from prune juice and other fruits, and then get sick on it by drinking it before it had mellowed properly. He suggests that potatoes can be used for making ~~alcoholic~~ alcoholic drinks.

Family Trouble Dr. Kambara's wife came into the social welfare office today, according to May, to ask for Mrs. Akamatsu. The latter was out and May asked if she could do anything, whereupon Mrs. Kambara, a young Nisei girl recently married to the doctor, asked if Mrs. Akamatsu had gone to her mother-in-law and told her to move out of her apartment in the 700 block because there isn't enough room there. May was puzzled at first, but she gradually got the story out. Mrs. Kambara doesn't get along with her husband's mother, and when they previously lived together in one apartment, there had been so much trouble that the mother-in-law was asked to move out. She was placed in an apartment in the adjoining block where diet patients have access to a special kitchen. Recently, however, Dr. Carson has requested that all extra persons in the block be removed due to the excessive number of persons who require residence in the block for special diets, and Mrs.

Kambara, the elder, was asked to take another apartment in a different block. She refused declaring that they had no business moving her, but when they put increasing pressure on her, she packed up and appeared at her son's home. She had come claiming that Mrs. Akamatsu or someone had notified her that she would have to be moved out, or rather that someone had thrown her out. The young wife again seeing her domestic peace threatened came seeking Mrs. Akamatsu for an explanation and of determining some way of getting the mother-in-law out of the place. The girl couldn't wait to see Mrs. Akamatsu so she went off declaring she would hunt up her friend. Mrs. Akamatsu is the wife of a doctor and probably knows Mrs. Kambara.

Michi had heard some remarks among her Sacramento friends to the effect that the Kambara's were having mother-in-law trouble. The case probably has been gossiped about.

Post Office Thievery This evening Masaye, who works at the post office, was late getting home because her department had a meeting after the work hours. The meeting resulted from a little difficulty that developed during the day over the ~~thief~~ thievery of a book. A Book of the Month edition arrived in the mail for Woody Ichihashi, and he was asked to call for it at the PO as is everybody under the present system. A girl came in his stead, perhaps his girl friend, and asked for it though she didn't have the block manager's slip necessary or anything. She was properly informed that only the owner of the package could call for it. But, in the meantime, the clerk discovered that the package couldn't be found although others claimed they had seen it only a short time before. They were positive they had seen it on the shelves. The girl was therefore asked to tell Mr. Echihashi to call for the package on the following day since the package seemed to have been misplaced, but she apparently hurried off to tell Woody, and he came back shortly thereafter. The staff looked high and low for the article but couldn't find it. Woody was stalled off with the declaration that a more thorough search would be made.

In the evening, a meeting was held to discuss the whole problem of post office management, for there have been a number of petty thievery going on there and packages have frequently been missing. All the ~~clerks~~ clerks claimed they had not stolen the package, and denied any knowledge of where it might have gone. It has been the practice, though not rightfully permitted by the post office regulation, to allow outsiders behind the counter. Mrs. Wallace, young Caucasian head of the inside office, thereupon laid down the law that hereafter noone is to be permitted behind the counter, and great care is to be taken to see that nothing is stolen.

Nobu, who related all this to us and who worked as the head Japanese worker in the post office until two weeks ago, declared

that it was not surprising such things occurred. For one thing, the personnel of the post office is too young to recognize the necessity for responsibility. Masaye is the oldest person there and she is only twenty four, while even Mrs. Wallace, the head, is a young married girl of twenty-two who loves to jitterbug. The others range from seventeen to twenty two. Mrs. Wallace doesn't sufficiently impress the need for care in the post office, for she herself likes to have her fun and plays around at the post office sometimes. Frequently, when she is ill with a slight cold, she will be absent from the office. Under the circumstances, there is no one apart from Masaye to keep things in hand, for some of the young girls are pretty irresponsible. Two of the experienced boys left a short while ago for the sugar beet fields, and the new young fellows are inexperienced and too young to assume responsibilities properly. Even the army soldiers stationed in the office to inspect packages aren't very fast thinkers, and they're just nice big fellows according to Nobu. Finally, in the past month, the army has required that all baggage inspection be done at the post office instead of at the warehouses, because Capt. Patterson doesn't want the soldiers too much scattered around, and this has crowded the office to overflowing and caused considerable disorganization.

In Nobu's estimation, the only remedy is to select the personnel over again with a minimum-age limit and careful selection for persons willing to assume responsibilities. The job is a busy and hard one, and she even suggest raising the pay of some to the highest wage category. The present bunch is, by and large, just a group of happy-go-lucky kids, and can't be expected to assume the necessary responsibilities. Part of the trouble is that Mrs. Wallace isn't permitted to select the personnel herself, for Mr. Fagan declares that he'll do the selecting at the placement office, and they'll take whomever he sends.

A quiet day today. Spent most of the day working at the desk and puttering about the house. Worked in the morning until Hiroshi Sugasawara showed up to inquire about the method of writing material for Cook of Information for whom he's now working.

Sugasawara When I heard that Hiroshi S. is now working for Cook I thought Cook had picked up a good man for the job. Hiroshi has imagination, and though his major interest and training is in photography, for which he has unusual talent, he writes well too. But today, Cook had told him that his report on the Average Day of a Person in Tule Lake had too much imagination, and not enough facts. So Hiroshi had come to seek my advice. He defended himself saying that for him everything that he has written is a part of life, that a morning is not merely a morning, but a certain type of morning that needs to be described. Well, Cook's subject is a lousy one anyway for factual writing. Hiroshi left with the remark that perhaps he needs to get disciplining anyway, and that he'd try to write in the more cut and dried manner.

Michi and Tomi went to Keiko's to get their hair washed, a thing which has become a weekly practice for Sat. afternoon. They get together and exchange stories and opinions, a good way to spend a part of an afternoon each week. Keiko always puts out tea or coffee and they have a little social to themselves.

Tom came by saying he's going to work at the welfare office this aft. on some juicy material that he's found. I went along with him and ~~gather~~ looked over some of the materials in the files.

Mrs. Tanabe's funeral On our way to the office, we saw dressed up people on their way toward the 4700 block. Rev. Shig Tanabe's mother died here yesterday, and they're having her funeral today at 3:00. Since Tanabe is known both in Tacoma and Sacramento, there will no doubt be a large assemblage of persons.

Mother dropped in this morning again to inquire what we should do about the funeral. She asked whether I would go, but I rather felt that since it was Shig's mother and not he himself, that most of the people would be Issei and that mother should go. Then, the question arose as to what koden (money gift at funeral) should be given. In Seattle, the most that would be given would be ten to twenty five dollars, but here the maximum is around fifty cents. I suggested twenty-five cents since mother doesn't even know Mrs. Tanabe. She also has to attend the ceremony for the death of Mr. Karikomi. The Karikomis are at Minidoka, but since there is a small ~~large~~ group of friends here, there is to be a tea and a ceremony. Koden has to be given here too and will be sent to Minidoka, and a little contribution has to be made for the tea party.

I later learned that Mrs. Tanabe's funeral was conducted by Shig's friend, Rev. Kitagawa (or Father Dai, an Episcopalian. Tanabe is a Methodist) and done in English rather than Japanese, which was rather surprising, for Kitagawa speaks Japanese better than English, though he is all right in the latter, and the audience was undoubtedly mostly Issei. Koden was taken at the door

as usual. The hall was filled with people.

Dr. Watanabe We went to Doc's place tonight to give him a record which he'd ordered through us. It was Bach's Arioso and a Tarini played by Szigeti. We tried it out---very beautiful. Doc then played other records, a Chopin concerto played by Rubinstein, which was really good, and Tschaikowsky's piano concerto played by Egon Petri. Alice, his lady friend, dropped in about 8:30 or 9:00 before going on duty at the hospital at 11:00. She says her nursing hours are from 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. She then sleeps from 8:00 until about 3:00 in the afternoon. This, however, is rotated so that she has a different shift each month.

Drs. Togasaki The Togasaki sisters who are now stationed here as doctors have been causing much comment. We inquired of them and Ted said, "They're all right. They're good doctors. But they're women and I guess some of the other doctors resent them a little, and they don't act like women, express their views. The thing is, they know their stuff so the others really can't say anything. Like Kazue Togasaki, she has training in public health and in communicable diseases, and she really knows her field.

We had heard complaints that the other doctors had to take general as well as specialized problems, whereas the Togasaki sisters insisted on treating only within their specialized field.

Neighborhood Controls Michi and I barely made 8:00 o'clock breakfast this morning. The breakfast bell rang even as we lay in bed conjecturing whether or not to get up. By the time we had washed up, people were already returning from the messhall. We wondered again whether to remain at home and find something for a bite, or whether to try for a breakfast at the messhall. It was certain there would still be plenty left on the table, that wasn't the question with me. Rather, one feels the embarrassment of walking into the messhall in the face of others returning to their homes. People of the block talk about one's habits, and most of these farm people seem never to miss breakfast, so that we're especially conspicuous by our absence from the breakfast table. I walked past those returning wondering what their attitude toward us might be. They smiled and even grinned at us, which in itself is without malice, but I suspect these people talk about our lazy city habits behind our back. Of course, almost everyone retires an hour or two before we do, but that still doesn't put us any better off since we're the non-conformers.

Waitresses in Messhalls The workers in the messhalls have a surprising knowledge of the individual habits at the table of everyone in the block. The cooks stand behind their serving counter and watch the people eat, and the waiters and waitresses necessarily get a good view of personal eating habits from their contacts with the diners. Kaz helps during the meal hours, and he comments that mild and sweet mannered Mrs. Kasahara has atrocious table manners. The first thing after reaching the table and seating her baby at the high chair, she remains standing and reaches for all the dishes in sight and piles it on her plate. When others are reaching for the same dishes, she watches closely with her eyes as if to see how much they take. Mrs. Tanaka, of course, comes in for her share of criticism because of her habit of taking food home for the children, and begging the cooks for it. The bachelors are the worst offenders in the matter of reaching across the table for whatever they want, though of course the 'boarding house reach' is a common practice among the general populace of Japan. Why this is the case, I've never learned. The Issei chef, an old crab who looks like he might have been the cook for a labor camp, used to chef at one of the finest hotles in Spokane, and he hates to see people reach for their dishes instead of asking for it.

May told Michi this morning of some remarks one of the waitresses made to Nobu who is also waiting on the tables. Our table, she and others said, is worse than Mrs. Tanaka's in the matter of leaving food in our plates. "Why don't we take only as much as we want instead of piling up our plates and then leaving half of it uneaten," they asked. I guess I'm one of the offenders on that count because the food is so frequently tasteless that I can't finish what I take, but the Tsuboi family is pretty bad on that count too, especially because Mrs. Tsuboi takes too much for little Denny who rarely touches much of his food.

The people have gripes to make about the cook and waiters,

but they on their part apparently have things to say of us.

Football I've never outgrown my love for football. I love the dash and trickiness of the game, and the competition involved. A couple of teams of small kids were playing a league game out on the firebreak this morning, so I went out to watch them. Joe Fujii, young father whom I used to teach in Sunday School long time ago, was out walking with his child in his arm. The Joe Fujii I used to know was a small rascal of a fellow, but now he's turned out a very conscientious father. He used to be something of a playboy around Seattle, but marriage perhaps was exactly what he needed. Joe was partially watching the game, too, but he was paying more attention to his baby girl. Everytime an atuo would pass, he would say to the child, "See, otombiru (automobile) daro (low-grade Japanese for 'isn't it?')". His affection for the child is unquestioned, but I wished that he would speak better Japanese or English to the child. He would point out the bicycle, and other objects, and the child would stare with large dark eyes. The football game went on with much squaking from either side about various points of the game. In touch football, with emphasis placed on the passing game, there is much argument about interference on passes. The referee was a young lad of about fifteen, perhaps three or four years older than the players, and his word seemed to be law in this game though on some points he was obviously a bit hesitant about the rule. The younger players seem much more agreeable to the referee's decision than the older ones who would as soon run the referee out of the game than give up certain points of decision.

In the afternoon, the Fukai boys living next door, were outside kicking the football. I went out to join them, but I don't seem to have any of the coordination I used to have. The wind was very strong and it was cold and hard playing in it, but I enjoyed the exercise.

Miscellaneous Mr. Shibutani came by on his way to the store to get a Sunday paper. We had bought the Examiner for the Shibs last Sunday, and today he asked if we wouldn't like him to get the paper for us. He stopped in after getting our Chronicle and chatted a while. He commented on our room which he hadn't seen before. He's afraid that when Tom and Tomi leave, he and his wife may have to move out of their present place because the family next to them are crowded in the same size apartment though they have nine in their household by contrast with four for the Shibs. We jokingly offered him our place in that event. Mr. Shibutani feels hesitant about going out to Denver, as he had originally planned prior to evacuation. In the insurance business, he needs a car to reach the various families for solicitation, but with the gas and tire ration being what it is, there may be difficulties in getting about. Nor can he find business among non-Japanese. Nor can he go in for some new trade at his old age. Thus, his future is to him something of a puzzle, and he hopes for a betterment of conditions such that some solution will be offered.

I spent part of the afternoon repairing the kitchen table about which Michi has been hounding me. The Shibs and the Hisatomi's have fixed their place up very neatly, and Michi apparently has become interested again in getting further improvements on our place. She doesn't ask for much, but I guess I showed my impatience at not being able to get at my work. But it was a satisfaction to repair the table and get Michi's expressions of satisfaction.

Harno dropped in during the afternoon to bring some moss he'd picked up on his hike with others of the coop gang who wlimbed the lava rock hill. Michi was tickled to have the heavy green plant which adds further to the greenery now filling our room. She's got two sweet potatoes and one yam in bottles of water, which is not counting the several she's given away to mother, Keiko and Tomi, the two cactus the Billigmeier's gave us and the one she brought from Seattle, the geranium the Bs gave us, the ivy they gave us, and the ivy mother gave us. There are other miscellaneous plants in our room which she cares for constantly, all of which reminds me a lot of Michi's mother who had a considerable love for plants.

Harno's artist roommate, the queer Kibei who almost drove Harno crazy, returned from the sugar beet field. The fellow brought a lot of canned goods and some candy, not for his roommates with whom he doesn't get along, but for friends of his.

Record Concert We had remarkable service tonight on the record concert. The P.A. system was at the messhall well over an hour before the concert. Three taxis and trucks ~~in~~ came to pick us up. Sumiko Takemoto, dependable girl, had dropped in earlier in the evening to inquire when to get the stuff together. And they promptly arrived at 9:30 to return the P.A. system to Bob Sawada's home. This is the result of Michi's crabbing about the lack of service in the several concerts past.

There were perhaps 125 persons in the audience tonight. In response to Michi's question as to whether they wished to continue the concerts through the winter or not, about 70 left replies of which perhaps 60 asked for the continuation of the programs. But Michi's feeling less and less inclined toward the continuation of the program, and says she'll fight to have it terminated. In her opinion, programs on a block or ward basis should be promoted rather than the community wide type of thing. But the classical concerts are unsuited to ward activities due to the lack of interest on such a small selective basis.

Attitude to Dances Suzuki, block rep. of block 24, remarked after the concert that the people of the block who lends us the hall for the Sunday evening programs had turned down a group who had come to ask for the use of the messhall for a dance. (This was on the occasion of the Harvest Festival, when the music dept. wanted to have a taxi dance to earn money, and the 24 messhall was the closest to the outdoor carnival. As it was, they had to take 26, which was full two blocks and a half from the carnival, and too much out of the stream of traffic)

Said Suzuki, "This fellow here tells me that the people of this block refused the use of this messhall for a dance the other day. They'll permit its use for something like classical record concerts, they think that's all right, but they don't approve of dances. Course, I didn't hear it myself; I'm only the block representative, and the people don't tell me anything, except when they've got woes to unburden. It's funny, they're pretty conservative. There're a lot of Christians in this block, and they think dances are immoral."

The Gang They dropped in as usual after the Sunday evening concert. We talked about the farm with Kay who says there's still about two weeks of harvest left. Tom told of some of his findings at the social welfare office. Most of this was confidentially said after the Hisatomis left. Both Kay and Keiko have colds, and they wished to retire early.

Sexual Life of Japanese Our conversation got off on the sexual life of the Japanese, about whom Tom remarked that he had always had the impression previously that the Japanese are a pretty moral people, but he now thinks they're no different from Americans. He said he used to argue with Issei, pointing out statements of Lafcadio Hearn and others declaring that the Japanese morality isn't particularly high, to which the Issei would vehemently declare that that is not the case.

One suspects that there is a degeneration of moral values in these relocation centers that would bring about a condition of considerable interest in sexual matters. The bachelor's quarters are, of course, one of the pregnant sources for the development of this interest, and the gradual lowering of moral values. But apart from such specific sources, there is in the limitations of privacy caused by the absence of private toilets and showers, and the lack of partitions for sectioning apartments into rooms, an even more real source of stimulation toward sexual interest. Perhaps the accurate way to state the problem is this, that sexual interest has always been prevalent among these people, but that moral censors against giving this interest expression has previously had a higher threshold.

Engagement Announcement

Masaye Kawasaki told of her younger sister's engagement party last night. Bernice, I think her name is, was engaged to Morris Abe. They knew each other in Seattle, and they probably decided to get married recently. When the marriage is to take place has not been announced.

~~Post Office~~ ~~Went down to the post office~~ Masaye has been sick about the post office for the past week. She being the oldest worker down there since Nobu left, although she's only twenty four, has placed a burden on her to be responsible in a large degree for what goes on down there. At least, she does more worrying about things than do the others. Even Mrs. Wallace, the head of the post office, of the mail delivery division, is so young and irresponsible in many ways that when Mr. Ganger, the U. S. Postal Service head at Newell, gave a talk on the responsibilities and procedures of running a post office, Mrs. Wallace realized for the first time what was involved and said, "I never realized before all that's involved in running the post office, and of the responsibilities I have to assume. I guess we'll have to be more careful from now on." Nobu was telling Masaye this morning that the two of them should go to Tsukamoto and Shirrell and talk the whole thing over with them since the post office is to be under fire at the council meeting tonight. But Masaye hesitates, feeling that she shouldn't get too much involved where Mrs. Wallace is concerned since she works so closely with the latter.

Nobu came by later and told me that she didn't know what she should do. If the council discusses the post office tonight, and has Mrs. Wallace on the floor, there're going to be difficulties unless some facts about the situation there is cleared up. For one thing, Nobu feels that the kids working there may get blamed for things for which they aren't responsible. To be sure, some of their carelessness is due to their own faults. But when the whole problem of the post office is boiled down, Nobu feels that it's essentially the lack of a responsible head with a capacity for organizing the activities who is at fault. Nobu hates to say as much, for she feels friendly toward Mrs. Wallace and has no desire to put her in a pickle, but as long as Masaye is on the spot as badly as she is, there needs to be something done about the situation.

The problem thus boils down to this, how is the blame which properly belongs on Mrs. Wallace's shoulder for her lack of understanding of the responsibilities involved to be placed upon her when Nobu is her friend and has no desire to hurt her. Yet, if that fault is not pointed out, then the Nisei in the post office all of whom are working hard, are going to get into hot water. In the long run, if the post office continues as it is going, there will be problems affecting the whole community seriously.

At present the conduct of the post office is extremely haphazard. The kids working in there are by and large all too young to understand their responsibilities. Furthermore, they are short-handed, and the best workers have resigned as a consequence of finding outside employment in the sugar beet fields, or quitting due to the strenuousness of the work. Some of the kids throw packages around, although Nobu used to warn them that something might be broken if they should drop a package. They permit people to come behind the counters although that only disturbs the work

routine and adds to the possibility of thievery. Mrs. Wallace contributes to the confusion by being absent at frequent intervals with a cold or other ailment.

I suggested to Nobu that we go down together to see Tsukamoto and Shirrell, for if something isn't done about it now, by the time the Christmas rush starts, the place will be in a bad state of disorganization. We saw Tsukamoto but couldn't get hold of Shirrell, and in the meantime, we had to leave.

Thomas, et al. The day was spent in discussing the problems of the relation of the study to the Regional Office, of the personnel of the study some of whom are dissatisfied with their present circumstance, the urgency of getting out the progress report, and of some of the problems cropping out in the study. The Dept. of Justice wished to recruit persons who know Japan to give information about military objectives in Japan, and had already started investigation in Hart Mountain. Thomas wondered if we'd heard any rumors about it, but we hadn't as yet.

Tsuehijama down at Poston is considerably distressed about the research program there, and wishes is apparently unsettled about her future. We talked of the need to get out our progress report immediately so that some comparative analyses could be made of our findings. There may not be much to compare, unless we get more dope than we have already.

Council Meeting The council meeting tonight was rather tame. It's clearly apparent that the council is marking time waiting for the new organization to come in. In the meantime, they hopefully wait for the day when they can be relieved of their onerous duties, except for politicians like Tsukamoto and fellows like Koso who want to see that politicians don't get their way entirely. There is nothing of that attitude common among politicians, to oil their road to the next election, in this council body. They would just as soon get out of the council and stay out, by and large. The political impulse ~~is~~ isn't strong. It's understandable when one notes the extent to which the Nisei are trodden underfoot by the Issei. No wonder the Nisei don't want to stick their necks out in political thought.

Making Breakfast Michi and I made breakfast this morning, that is, got to the messhall in time. We were about the last one in, which isn't unusual, and half the people were leaving by the time we got there. We got kidded about our lateness.

Pedagogy Class Michi's pedagogy class which used to be held at 6908 is now to hold out at 508 where a piano was recently placed. This is much better for it's right within our block, and saves Michi a half mile walk, and it's good for the students since they also live closer down this way. Michi was elated to know that she would have her class here. I went along with her this morning to build a fire for her since it's a pretty cold morning and the rec. halls are the coldest buildings on the project. Mike Kiyonaga, one of the Hawaiian boys who teaches string instruments at 508, had already built the fire for her. Some of these Hawaiian boys are very thoughtful; they go out of their way to do kindnesses for others whom they like. Mrs. Omachi, the oldest pupil in Michi's class, arrived while I was there. She's the one who has six children and whose husband deserted her so that she's barely ekeing out a livelihood. Her clothes hardly looked warm enough for the chill of the morning, though the jacket she wore looked as if it were of cow skin and fur. Michi thinks she's not much of a musician, but she wants to help her since she realizes how hard it is for the woman.

Armistice Some people hoped that there might be another legal holiday since today is Armistice Day, but Shirrell pointed out at the council meeting that all government agencies are working and that we wouldn't be an exception. However, when I went down to the post office this afternoon, I discovered that all the soldiers had gone to Klamath Falls, perhaps to join in a parade, and that there were none left to check on packages that came in. They were to return by 2:00 o'clock, but I didn't try again today.

Elberson and Billigmeier Bob and Don seem very chummy; they're often always together and they seem to get along well. Bob had some three dozen eggs in corn flake boxes, one for us, one for Shibs, and one for Murayama. Elberson and Billigmeier came in for a few minutes to chat. I asked Don what he thought of Coffee Oshima's remark last night, that Elberson ought not to have sent out such a letter as he did concerning the fact that only twenty out of sixty-two councilmen had turned up on Council Day at the farm. Elberson's letter was sent to the block managers urging them to go out to the farm to work one day, although he felt that since only twenty councilmen went out, that the argument for cooperation with the council by the block managers seemed to him a weak one.

But Don was particularly disgusted with the Council last night about their proposed council dinner. The proposal had been made about two meetings ago, and Coffee Oshima was suggested as head for the committee to look into the problem. It was suggested

that the committee inquire into the possibility of getting some of the Caucasian staff to shoot ducks for them, since chicken or turkey for that number of councilmen would be too expensive. Last week, it was found that the Caucasian staff thought that unfeasible, so the new proposal was submitted that they ask the WRA to pay for the dinner. Oshima apparently then went into see Shirrell about it, and since it was out of the question for the WRA to pay for such a dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Shirrell invited the council to dinner as their guest. As Don put it, "That's almost like highpressuring the Shirrell's to give the dinner." It does have an aspect of poor taste. Don went on further to comment that this was merely another expression of the fundamental attitude that has characterized the council to date, to try to get things out of the WRA for nothing.

Kosoband Shibata I ran into Koso and Shibata near the canteen. They are urging me to apply as a member of the technical staff of the Planning Board, but I'm not sure what to do about that. I indicated that I thought the technical staff might be suspect from the Issei point of view, for I have noted in the discussions of the technical staff in the meetings discussing the Planning Board, that the Issei don't see what the tech. staff is all about, and they can't understand anything like research. They're skeptical to say the least. Said Koso: "We've got to have some young blood in that Planning Board. The Issei leaders on it are good men and they're intelligent, but they lack imagination. It requires young Nisei to provide the imagination which is necessary for that kind of work."

Shibata commented on the final defeat of Koso's stand for a primitively democratic procedure (the argument for bringing questions back to the blocks for discussion before passing upon them.) at the council meeting last night. Koso has stood alone on this issue although abetted by some who speak up for his view now and then. Koso then remarked, as he had before, "I don't trust Tsukamoto. I hope he doesn't get into the council on this next election. Personally, I prefer to see a bunch of amateurs in there who are sincere in their interest in community welfare, rather than smooth politicians like Tsukamoto who aren't sincere in their work for the community."

Shibutani Since we have to deliver the eggs to Murayama and Shibutani, we dropped by the latter's place this evening. Tom immediately showed me the PACIFIC CITIZEN and pointed out several articles in it, some of which disturbed him obviously. One had to do with statements from Raymond Wheeler of Montana to the effect that he preferred not to see Jap-Americans getting leases on land in Montana. He declared he would fight it all the way, for the Japanese have always had a lower standard of living and could run down the standard of the farmers there by this lower standard of theirs. The other had to do with the objections of the Native Sons to the relocation of Japanese students, while their own sons were fighting on the battle fronts.

I suppose my reactions aren't as acute as are Shibutani's

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but it gripes me in my own way to see this sort of thing. With me, it leaves a sense of hopelessness and futility in fighting the whole mess, yet I keep telling myself that I have to do something about---all the Nisei have to do something about it. But what can we do? If there were only some large and powerful group to which we could attach ourselves, our psychological problem would be solved, if not the real problem of gaining equality for ourselves. It places us in a position where it makes me wonder whether there can ever be brought about the situation of understanding, of common understanding, from which alone can proceed that kind of amicable relation that will bring peace to us.

My sister, May, has the same characteristics; the anxieties about our unsatisfactory position which calls out in her, now and then, that impulse to attack this problem vigorously. For a few ~~meetings~~ ~~she~~ weeks, she'll attend all kinds of meetings in an effort to understand the whole thing and try to do something about it, but when she begins to feel the futility of the weak efforts the Nisei make, she gives up in hopelessness.