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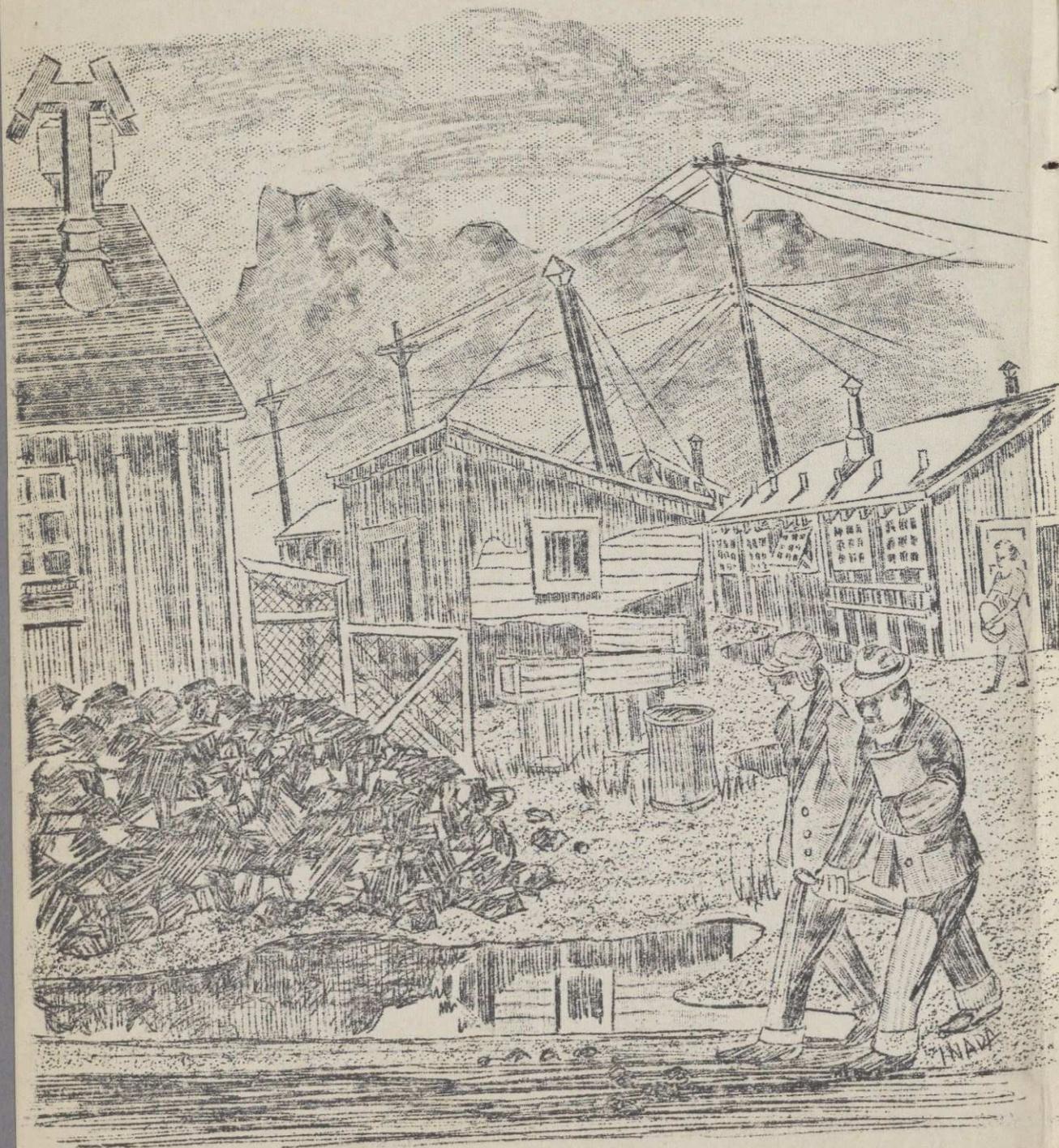
A TULE LAKE
INTERLUDE

FIRST ANNIVERSARY
MAY 27, 1942 - 1943

The Tulean Dispatch

The Tulean Dispatch staff joins in with the many loyal Americans in Newell in dedicating this publication to the Japanese-Americans who volunteered their services to the United States armed forces.

In their willingness to stake their lives and fight for their native land despite the adversity of their circumstances they have made known to all free men who are fighting, a new and rich concept of American democracy.



A TULE LAKE INTERLUDE

FIRST ANNIVERSARY
TULE LAKE W.R.A. PROJECT
MAY 27, 1942-1943

Published by The Tulean Dispatch
War Relocation Authority
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At Tule Lake •

The rainbow comes once more
 To arch the clearing blue,
 Bending above this new
 City; and there before
 Me lies the verdant moor
 Of lake-bed bathed with dew,
 And barracks stand in view
 On right side of this tor.

With out-stretched hands I cry
 For joy that blooms in seven
 Rich colors in a bow.
 It holds me rapt, and oh,
 My heart leaps to the Heaven,
 I almost reach the sky!

Ken Yasuda

Foreword

The first anniversary of Tule Lake Project marks another milestone in the lives of 15,000 Japanese evacuees. It also marks the beginning of a new life for thousands of loyal Japanese-Americans. Some will assume a completely new role in the olive drab uniforms of American soldiers. Others will emerge out of their physical confinements of sentry towers and fences, out of the self-imposed darkness of doubt and fear into a new world to face new responsibilities with new determination. By new responsibilities is meant the acceptance of obligations and trials borne of all citizens in any democratic community.

The book attempts to symbolize the earnestness of the War Relocation Authority, which is in no way responsible for the evacuation, in permanently resettling individual Japanese evacuees into normal American community as rapidly as possible. National Director Dillon S. Myer and staff have undertaken a gigantic social problem for which there is no precedent in American history.

Accounts of the progress and adventure of the first year cannot possibly be recorded exhaustively in this little book. To do so would require volumes of research work. What is attempted--more or less--is a general picture of the lives of the Japanese evacuees, the description of their temporary home, the glimpse of their social and economic backgrounds and how they think and feel.

With the realization that this gathering is not so much a complete summary as a living record of the evacuees, it is hoped that the collection will move all American readers closer to the problems of Japanese-Americans.

In preparation of this book, the editor has had the advantage of the guidance of Dr. Yamato Ichihashi, former professor of Japanese government and history at Stanford University and author of "Japanese in the United States," and Mr. John D. Cook, Tule Lake Project reports officer.

-The Editor

THE BUTTE:

TULE LAKE 1942

Now comes the sun with distance-piercing days
 Revealing far the earth of folded past,
 Reminding kin to kin of common birth,
 Of fires endured, of dusty rains consumed.
 Beneath these hills lie countless memories:
 Of mountains born in flames, their watery graves;
 Engulfing death, and ever-creeping life;
 The terrored days of our white sister's birth,
 Who now serene and quiet with her veil,
 Was born a black and wanton hellion cone
 Spewing her thickened blood of liquid stone
 Of silent watching broods of cliffs and buttes;
 Of blackened skies and yellow lightning's blows,
 Recoiling earth, the deadly hail of rocks;
 Of seeing far the herds of dying deer
 Sunk in a sea of flesh-consuming fumes.
 Now to our quiet land so rich with pain,
 Now to our laps great hordes of black-haired men
 Each day at dawn arrive with waving arms,
 Their earthly stores bound up in bags and crates,
 Fleeing some god to find a refuge here.
 Beyond the curve of earth, what range has burst?
 On crumpled smoking plains, what thousands perished?

-S. K.

Introduction

The book presents a series of articles written by young authors; they touch upon various aspects of the evacuee life as experienced by the nisei during the past year. The articles are descriptive, historical, sociological, reflective, impressionistic and even flippant, and thus, because of their nature, they may appear somewhat disjointed. Nevertheless, they, as a whole, vividly portray and reveal the nisei minds as affected by what has happened to them since the outbreak of war. The writers speak simply and sincerely that which they have felt and thought, and of the new environments in which they have been forced to live. To them it has been a drama, indeed, an intense one, that has involved some 110,000 human souls; the drama has embodied many comedies and tragedies. How these comedies and tragedies strike the uninitiated can only be surmised, but to those who have actually participated in them, they are apt to stick for a long time. Ultimately, however, it is hoped that the more intelligent and courageous, at least, will emerge philosophically victorious.

At the same time, any human drama, and, in particular, a tragic one, whether fleeting and limited in scope or not, should not escape the serious attention of the thinking public since it too is involved even if indirectly. After all, unless the public is willing to rectify mistakes (committed by whom does not matter), and then to help in restoring to a normal life, these unfortunate evacuees and more especially those of the young generation, this so human a problem will likely breed yet another far more tragic one that might drive them into a philosophy of despair. This must be avoided.

This writer is an old man and a long resident in the United States, whose mature years were de-



"A SINGLE LEAF"

For the anniversary issue on the founding of the Tule Lake Project, the Editor has asked me to write an article on the social background of the Pacific Coast Japanese from the "school boy" Japanese to the present day. I accepted the job gladly, thinking that it would be an interesting research. I read up on the history of Japanese and their problems on the Pacific Coast, and even went through the voluminous reports and transcriptions of the Tolan committee hearings. And now the job seems appalling. I have decided that I am not a scholar after all, but would much rather be a poet. From sheer laziness I prefer to insinuate the forest from speculating on a single leaf, which is the methodology of the poet, rather than to present the forest by gathering statistics on the number and variety of leaves per square mile which is the methodology of the scholar.

This particular leaf refers to myself, a nisei, who lived on the Pacific Coast, now living in a relocation center. The forest is all of us Japanese who were living on the Pacific Coast. I shall try to tell about myself, how I lived, how I thought. It is impossible that this particular person is typical of all the

nisei who lived up and down the coast from San Diego to Bellingham, in the fishing villages, in the city apartment houses, on the farms, in sawmill camps. It is hoped, however, that from the account of a single person, one may get an idea of the vast forest which we are a part.

"LAND LAW"

The America that I know is the Pacific Northwest, the farmlands of the Puget Sound region. The first impressions of childhood are those of clinking harness as father drove his team early in the morning, to clear the land going out with his rumbling sledge loaded with dynamite and chain to snag out the roots. I remember the dull blasts, the huge piles of stumps burning, the digging of endless ditches through the black muck; the first days in the country schoolhouse, munching peanut butter sandwiches, playing cop and robber; the teacher who used to play the organ with such fervor as we used to sing "Good Morning to You!" Childhood days in retrospect seem full of peace and happiness, but there was one thing which I remember as a dark shadow over my childhood and youth. In those days there was a word I remember my parents using in hushed voices, often I would hear it while half asleep and a vague unhappiness would trouble me. "Tochi-ho"--was the word; "Land Law".

What "Tochi-ho" meant I was to realize as I grew older. For several years after the passage of the alien land law, my father went to work for a dairy, doing the team work and raising cow feed for the corporation. However, he was never happy working for someone else, and was talking about the "futureless job". Then one spring he was given a half an acre on which to grow lettuce. My mother took care of it, and the crop was sold at a good price. Next spring we were given another acre, this time mother grew peas, and there was a bountiful crop and a good price. Gradually father worked less and less for the dairy, and more and more for the family, and it was in this way we extended our precarious independence. No money, however, ever came directly to us, for the "land law" prohibited Japanese aliens from leasing land or buying land for agricultural purposes, so that we were not supposed to be "farming", but "working". The crop was all sold by someone else, and we kept a diligent record of the time spent working on the farm.

It was a strange and difficult decade for the Japanese farm-

ing pretty sure that he would not run afoul of the "land law". In schools, or when it was necessary to fill out occupational blanks, we would swallow our pride and write "farm laborers" when asked about our parent's occupation. Gradually, however, the specter of the "land law" dissolved from the consciousness of the Japanese community. It was not that the law was changed, but rather that the children became citizens of age, citizens with rights to be like anyone else, first here, then there, then at an accelerated rate throughout the valley, until most of the families were to farm the land again. Many nisei became good farmers, many began to take active part in the cooperatives, many began to go into the shipping business, some for private shippers, others working for the cooperatives. Twenty years after the enactment of the alien land law, no one paid any attention to it, least of all the white Americans, for seeing the orderly rows of crops that filled the valley, the vegetables and berries that were so plentiful, the thousands from the towns and cities who found employment as harvesters in the summer, they knew where the prosperity of the valley lay.

As we grew older along with the dying of the "Land Law", our consciousness as "Japanese", a racial entity, grew less and less. As most Japanese families, we were intensely "neighbor conscious". There is a Japanese saying "The neighbor next door--more than the brother far away"--meaning that the man next door is much more important than any kin who may be far away. It might seem a strange philosophy to a people to whom family is so important, but when considered thoughtfully, it is but a manifestation of the intense social consciousness of the Japanese.

Whatever the principles may be, we were always close to our American neighbors. The first of the vegetables would go to our neighbors, they in turn would bring their venison from their hunting trips and trout from their fishing trips. At Christmas, the same Santa Claus would visit both houses. The children would go Easter Egg hunting together. Mother would exchange recipes. At school as we grew older, there was less and less consciousness of race, progressing together we made new friends, and through clubs and Boy Scout troops, and Hi-Y, through the fellowship of learning algebra and suffering Julius Caesar together, we became personalities, rather than Japanese or "hakujin". Because of intelligent and high-minded teachers, no one felt "out" of any class room discussions.

The social life of our parents, however, was to have a different direction. In spite of the neighborly friendliness with everyone, still the difference in the backgrounds and the barrier of the English language haltingly used kept them from being wholly satisfied. They wanted their friends, especially those from the same "ken", or province from which they came, so that they could talk of their boyhood, of the rivers and villages that they had known together in their youth.

When two old men get together, their provincial dialects would come forth, so that an understanding listener could tell immediately from which province these men had come. Thus were born the "Kenjin Kai's" (Provincial Clubs) so maligned in the American press as some mysterious power to control the members in a political--way--which in reality were semi-formal groups of people from the same locality, whose bonds were common childhood. It could well be imagined that New Yorker meeting another New Yorker on the other side of the Atlantic would have a great deal to talk about in common.

"NIHONJIN KAI"

The unique institution of the first generation Japanese, however, was the Japanese Association. It was founded wherever Japanese were found in numbers. Historically it was first founded in San Francisco in 1900 when during an outbreak of Bubonic Plague, all Orientals, both men and women, were subjected to a violent form of injection in public, and the Japanese as a group protested to the municipal health officers against the practices. This is not to say that the Japanese Associations stem from this occasion, but the incident serves to illustrate the general characteristics and the raison d'etre of the organization. Fundamentally it is not a social organization. Rather it acts as a clearing house for the problems that arise to any racial minority, especially with a language handicap.

A list of the activities of the Japanese Association of Auburn, Washington during the last several years would be illuminating as to its character. When in 1940, the new income tax laws went into effect, bringing into the fold of income tax payers many Japanese farmers who had never had an income large enough to be familiar with income tax forms, to whom the terms Capital investment, depreciation, non-exemption, were difficult, it was the Japanese Association which took the initiative in bringing to-

gether many farmers and with the aid of the nisei from the Japanese American Citizens League explained to them the working of the complicated tax forms. When the nisei soldiers began to be drafted into the army, it was the Japanese Association which sponsored banquets and gifts for the departing soldiers as is appropriate to the occasion.

Another activity is the sponsoring of the New Year's Day meetings, to which all the residents of the district came to exchange greetings, abolishing sensibly the old custom of "Nenshi"; of going from one house to another until by the time the fourth house is reached, one is necessarily intoxicated from the obligatory cups.

The Japanese Associations of the Pacific Northwest were instrumental in holding a series of annual conferences for the nisei farmers, securing for the lectures and discussions specialists from the State Department of Agriculture and from the State College of Washington. The delegates were asked to bring back to their respective districts notes and suggestions to be reported to the local association meeting. Dearest to the heart of the youngsters was the annual Japanese Picnic, looked forward to as an institution of many decades' standing. One can see from the foregoing activities that the Japanese Associations has its closest counterpart in the Chamber of Commerce of the American civic life. Gradually of late, its powers and necessity for its existence have been waning, to be replaced by the younger people's groups.

In passing, it must be said that it was the existence of the Association with its group entity, with its ponderous threat of group disapproval which was largely responsible for the low crime record of the young Japanese immigrants in their younger days.

THE NISEI WORLD

Like the Japanese Associations, the Japanese Language school was a distinctly issei-sponsored institution. There are a variety of reasons for their establishment in America. First there is the pride that most first generation Japanese feel in their Oriental culture. To many parents, the thought that their children should be unable to read or write in the language of their parents was unthinkable. Coupled too with the meagerness of American literature on Oriental matters, with the richness of the heritage of culture that could be opened with this key of language, it is little surprising that parents insisted upon the

children learning to read and write the Chinese characters.

Secondly, there was the vocational consideration. As the nisei grew up, more and more it was realized that position in American firms were closed to them, and that the only firms which would employ the second generation Japanese were the Japanese firms or American firms doing business with the Japanese, and that they were employed on the basis of their knowledge of the Japanese language. Consequently, there was a tremendous interest in the study of the Japanese language when it was felt that the success in life seemed to depend on whether or not the second generation could read and write in the language of their parents. It is to be seen that the difficulties were tremendous, and the results achieved fall far short of expectations.

There is another world in which we lived, the nisei world. This, too, was a world full of groups and institutions. The first group for the young people was the Japanese Young People's Society, an all-inclusive group for the young people in their teens. It had been sponsored by the Japanese Association to educate us socially, not in the sense of mingling together, but rather as a medium through which we would begin to feel our responsibility as young men and women. That was the ideal conceived by the elders. The members' ideals were quite different. We had as our leader a liberal intelligent young man who was nisei, and we had the privilege of listening to him talk about the structure of Japanese language, about the history of Oriental culture; we learned to work together with the girls in preparing for parties and banquets.

On rare occasions we went to theaters together. We did not quite reach the stage of dancing until several years later. However, games such as drop-the-handkerchief, winkum, hot potato, were thrilling enough. Several times the Japanese Association received protests from outraged people who had heard terrible stories of behavior, claiming this creation of the Association to be a moral disgrace to the Au-



burn community.

Many demands were made that the group be divided into girls' and boys' groups, and that they meet separately as is proper. However, our leader stuck it out, and Japanese Young People's Society survived its first trial by rumor.

NISEI GROUPS FLOURISH

As the nisei grew more numerous, more and more groups began to be formed. First the Christian young people formed a group known as the Auburn Christian Fellowship, its members generally composed of the children of the few Christian families in the district. Then the Buddhist young people were organized into the YMBA and the YWBA. There was a girls' club organized known as the Lioness Club, why so named, I never found out.

There were, in addition, many athletic teams, baseball in the spring, basketball in the winter, sponsored by the Young People's Society. At one time there were five teams in existence in our community. The teams would play on the high school grounds or in the high school gym. Similar teams were organized in the communities throughout the valley, and of course in Seattle, where there were many teams with hoary traditions dating back more than two decades. In addition there were Judo groups, and Kendo groups.

The most important group however, was the JAACL, or the Japanese American Citizen's League, a group for the nisei of the voting age, to study civic matters of interest to the nisei, with something of the character of the Japanese Association, but American in ideals. The Japanese American Citizen's League was national in scope, and the biennial conventions held in the typical American style were large affairs with mayors present, sight-seeing tours, sayonara balls in the best hotels.

Such then were the three worlds in which we lived: the world of the America of everyday, with no differentiation from the Caucasian Americans, the world of the nisei, the world of the first generation Japanese. The correctly integrated life of a healthy minded nisei lay in the proper balancing and coordinating of the three worlds. Gradually, of course, the power and the influence of the last-named is waning. To many nisei who have founded independent homes, the influence of the issei world is almost nonexistent. For them the problem is the proper balancing of the world of their nisei friends, and the world of American in general in their proper perspective.

It must be admitted, of course that the division of the social world into nisei, issei, and American classification is purely academic. Who is to say whether going to play with a nisei team in a competition with a local commercial team is a nisei or an American activity? Each activity may not fall into the correct category, but they do show the general character of our overlapping worlds. It may be illuminating to show the activity of a person for a given week to see how a nisei may divide his time among the different worlds in which he lives.

INTEGRATION OF LIFE

I lived on a farm at the edge of a small town of a population of 4,000. Daytime activities, of course, were wholly devoted to the farm work. In the free time in the evening, let us see how this person, who was myself, spent his time. Let us begin with Monday: Monday was the night on which the local camera club met, of which I was a member. This may be called a purely American activity, at least as far as the group and atmosphere went. This group met at various members homes, and the wise cracks, the refreshments, the topics of conversation were wholly American. Tuesday nights were Judo nights. One might say that these were wholly nisei-issei nights, one's companions were wholly nisei, but the activity taught was the ancient courtesies and skills of Kodokwan.

Wednesday night was choir practice. This might be called a wholly American night. The choir was that of the Methodist Church, and I was accepted into this group as a useful if not a thoroughly reliable bass. Thursday night was Judo night again. Friday may be a 4-H club meeting. This might be called an anomalous nisei-American world. The group was wholly composed of the Japanese boys. The 4-H club of Auburn, the ideology, and materials furnished from the county agent's office were nothing if not American: the 4-H creeds, the materials on how to construct a cold frame, how to mix fertilizers, how to keep a farm record.

Saturday night be free, and one might go to the public library to browse around and talk with others who have come for the same purpose. Or one might go to a basketball game to watch the local team play against another. In this case it would be a purely nisei night. On Sunday evening one always spent a wholly nisei night, meeting with other nisei in the group which met in the Salvation Army Hall, a group of about 20. Other nisei might go bowling,

for which there were good facilities in our town, the nisei formed teams which competed against the commercial and fraternal teams of the town.

Sometimes a traveling Japanese film showman would come. Those nights would be wholly Japanese. Girls might go to learn Japanese flower arrangement from a teacher who made a trip out to the country once a week. This, too, would be a wholly Japanese evening.

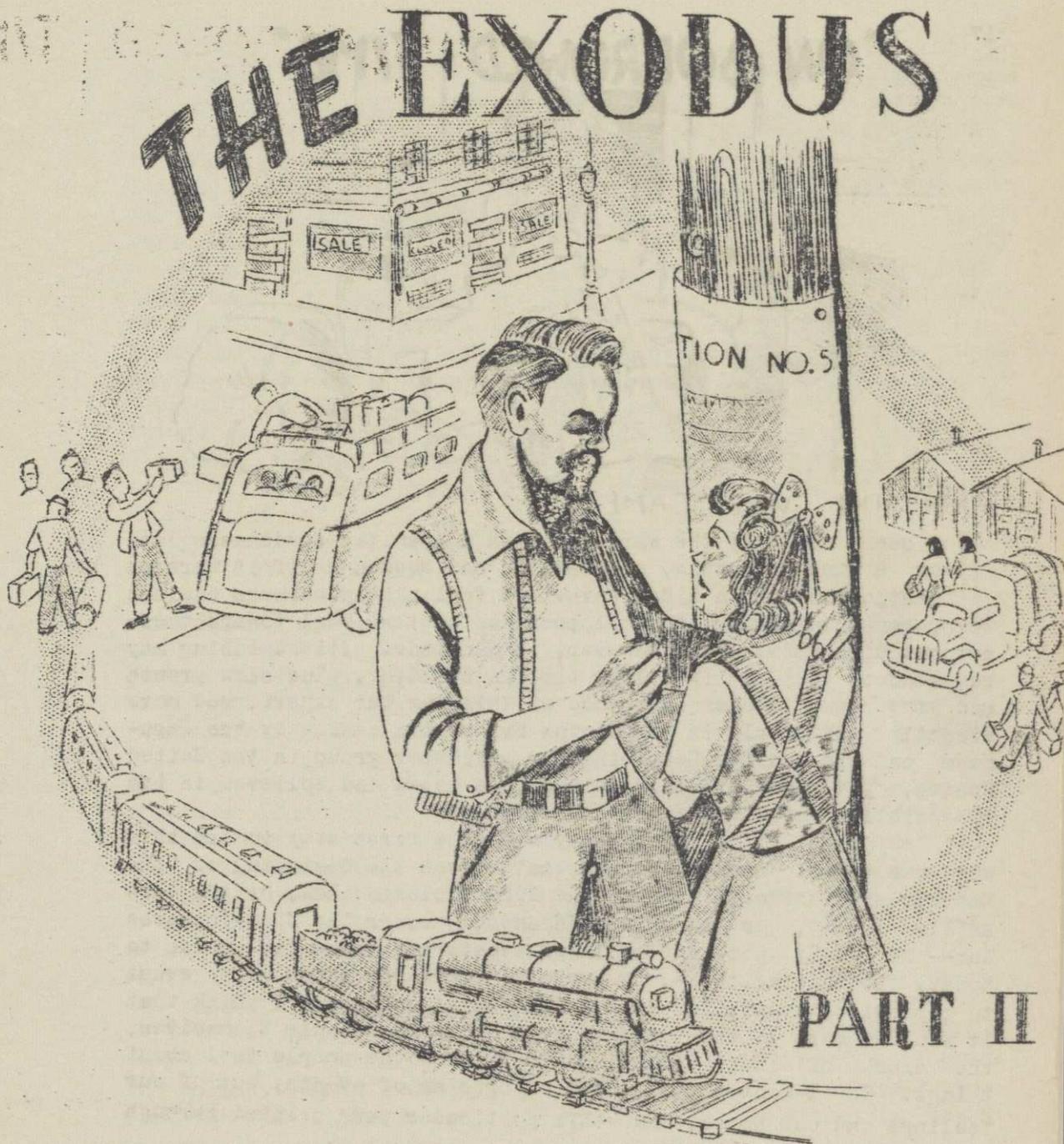
One can see the variety and the richness of a life possible to a nisei, and one can realize that living in a world of a racial minority could be an actual asset, and not a liability. As this minute account of a week is given, one can see that there is nothing that cannot be understood about the life of a nisei if one but takes the trouble to imagine how such a life would be.

Now in closing to touch briefly upon the social aspects of the life in these relocation camps. Life within these camps is not in any sense a black hole of frustration as many might think, nor on the other hand, a light-hearted round of depraved idle pleasures as some congressmen seem to think. There is food enough to sustain life decently; if one is ambitious one can learn many skills, learn the English language if one be deficient in it; there is work enough for everyone, and to many college trained individuals, this is often the first opportunity to exercise their knowledge actively in the community's behalf.

The evils lie in something more subtle than physical privations. It lies more in that something essential is missing from our lives. No matter how insulated a person was psychologically, yet he walked the streets or the roads of the country side and saw other human beings. Here the cutting off of self is complete. The barbed wire with its watch tower is a real and actual demarcation line between two real worlds. It cuts into the efforts toward real integration of life for which the nisei has been so hungry, the successful balancing of our lives of all the elements of the three worlds of which he is a part.

The primary problem is that of keeping alive in the residents the sense that they are a part of the national effort. The most devastating effect upon a human soul is not hatred but being considered not human. The only true solution to the problem of the nisei lies in solving the problem, not humanely, but in a human manner, of restoring the sense of oneness with the world at large.

--Shuji Kimura



"ON BORROWED TIME"



AND THE WAR CAME

It seems now that the war came with a dramatic suddenness late on a Sunday morning, as dramatic and sudden as if it were an earthquake or a tidal wave. We feel a helplessness against wars, something akin to the helplessness that we feel toward those natural disasters. War, however, is man-made. Its beginning may be sudden, but it is a long time in building. The slow growth and the ever closer imminence of this war was experienced more directly and deeply in the months before its coming by the Japanese on the Pacific Coast than by any other group in the United States, yet paradoxically enough, we hoped and believed in its impossibility more than any other group.

I suppose that no one can say when the first step toward this war was taken. Some might say that it was the beginning of the Manchurian incident; others, the 1924 Exclusion Law, or the Versailles Treaty, or the Russo-Japanese War, or the Sino-Japanese War--one might pick any train of events and trace its course to today. It is fruitless, however, to trace the cause of an event to a previous event, for such a process is endless. I think that it would be more to the point to talk about the people themselves, the clash of their ideas and ideals, how the people feel about things. So I want to talk, not of tracing of events, but of our feelings and our hopes, how this particular person lived through

the coming of the war and in its opening, leaving the broad view of events and historical significance to the historians, telling the story from the rather limited viewpoint of a rural nisei in the State of Washington who was one of the thousands of nisei who feared, hoped against War, who felt the shock of the war, and who was one of the 100,000 who took part in the "Evacuation" that followed.

For most niseis, I believe that the opening of hostilities begins back in 1931 with the Mukden incident. It was then that many a nisei going to school began to feel assailed over the military actions of an Oriental nation across the Pacific Ocean, assailed and made to feel somehow responsible for the whole affair, although most of us were as puzzled and at loss to explain these things to ourselves, let alone to hostile Americans who had their dander up against the reprehensible Japanese in general. The nisei took several attitudes upon feeling the rising tension against them. Most of us took the attitude that this was America, that we were Americans, and that all this was none of our doing,--don't blame us for what our cousins are doing over there. It was a logical attitude perhaps, certainly it was typically American, but somewhat lazy. A few withdrew into themselves, and expressed no opinions whatsoever. And there were a few, praiseworthy, but few in number, who began to read and search for the true perspective of events and cultures in an attempt to understand the developments in the Orient. There were a few who became violently anti-Japanese (anti-Imperialist Japanese, that is to say), joining the communist Party and decrying the actions of the Japanese military, few of the "intelligentsia", taking such an attitude; others, taking the opposite tack, became morosely race-conscious, though the opinions of the latter did not find channels of expression in the nisei press. But to Americans, and nisei are Americans, international problems are but a small part of the conscious world. Much more important are the events closer to home, the Lindbergh case, the world series, the Depression, the schools, the football teams, the movies. We got along.

Then in 1937, came the invasion in earnest of Northern China; some time later the sinking of the "Panay", the events deepening the animosities of the two nations, but it seems that somehow toward the end of the decade, that we nisei were becoming hardened toward the ever increasing tensions, and that we no longer felt

the shock of events in the Orient as a personal injury against our peaceable lives in America as we had felt earlier at the time of the Manchurian incident. The belligerence of our Japanese cousins were beginning to be borne with a certain resignation to Fate. More and more, however, things began to change for us. Sometimes lake resorts to which we had used to go swimming would refuse us admittance, saying, "We don't mind you, but other people don't like to have you around". A popular skating rink would have a certain night only for the Japanese. We began to notice that our younger brothers and sisters were more cliquish among themselves at school than we had been. In the economic life, our lives went on at a steadily expanding rate.

In the fall of 1939 the European War began. The Draft Law came into effect in 1940, and here and there nisei boys began to be drafted into the army. We still felt quite secure: a few months of training, and they would come back. Then in the spring of 1941, all our parents who were aliens were asked to register at the post office to be numbered and fingerprinted, and asked to tell about investments and reading matters. With the conscription and fingerprinting, the free and easy America that we had known passed away forever. Then one day in July, we found that all the checks written by Japanese bounced back. The commercial treaty between Japan and the United States had been abrogated, and the nisei had to bring their birth certificates to the bank to prove that they were citizens and to have their accounts unfrozen. The Japanese ships suddenly ceased coming to the Pacific Coast ports. Communications became tenuous. Then throughout the summer, the American State Department began to urge Americans to leave the Orient, "This is the last chance--", "Remain at your own risk"--. Many nisei who had gone to study in the Orient began to return again, each bringing back stories of food rationing in Japan, of fuel rationing, of "sufu" clothing that melted in the first washing, of the 50 yen shoes, of the taxis of Tokyo coasting to a stop to save gasoline, of the charcoal-burning trucks. Hearing these stories, we did not dream the possibility of war. There was a talk at that time of basing the United States Navy in Singapore, and as long as the United States kept a blockade of strategic materials we felt that a war could not start. Will the war start today? Of course not. Will the war start tomorrow? No, not likely. The future was a series of tomorrows. We pinned our hope on faith that somehow things will muddle

through, as it had done in the past.

There was something in the air as the diplomatic negotiations went on in Washington in the November of 1941. During the Thanksgiving holidays the Japanese Young People's Christian Conference was held in Seattle. At the officers' meeting a suggestion was made that we send a telegram to Washington of our hopes and prayers of the conference that their conversations might lead to a peaceful conclusion. The gesture now seems so ineffectual and naive, but the incident reminds us how futilely we hoped against hope that the war might be averted, and how deeply concerned were the young people those sunny autumn days.

A SACK OF RICE

In the first week of December rumors began to go around that now since all shipping commerce was stopped, between Japan and the United States, the Japanese consulate office in Seattle was going to be closed. My mother recalled that when sister was born, her birth had been reported to the village in Japan from which father and mother had come, and in which the grandparents still lived. Of late, there had been a strong demand among the American citizens, both Japanese and Caucasians, that such dual citizenship should not be continued for it placed the child in a position of being a citizen of two countries. Hearing that the consulate might close its doors in the near future, mother decided to cancel the registration in Japan of my sister's birth immediately. On Friday of the first week in December, we went on our farm truck to Seattle, found our way to the big office building downtown and took the elevator to the office. We opened the door with the chrysanthemum seal of Japan, and entered the gloomy office. It was a gloomy place that day, gloomy not only from the gray clouds over Elliot Bay, but from the gloom of silence, the gloom of men with nothing to do but sit and smoke.

"What is your business?", the chief clerk asked. It was a typical consulate reception, for somehow the clerks and office staff of the consulate seemed to think themselves superior to the rest of the immigrant residents in America, and they communicated this attitude even in their forlorn dejection. The consul himself was a sensible and courteous man, but the sad staff seemed to be an office fixture, even with the coming of the charming and able Consul Sato. After finishing our business, we went out of

building quickly, breathing a sigh of relief at having disposed of something hanging over our heads, and escaping from a gloomy place.

Though we did not know it then, it was the "last chance". Two days later was Sunday, December 7. Sister and I came home from the church, and I made a bee-line for the radio. Church would always make us late for the first numbers of the New York Philharmonic, but I always looked forward to Deems Taylor. The familiar Sunday afternoon music filled the kitchen, when strangely all of a sudden a voice cut into the music to say, "All members of Squadron 3 report to Sand Point immediately--all members of the Squadron 3 report to Sand Point immediately---" repeating several more times. Sand Point was the naval air station. My heart skipped a beat, but the returning flood of music drowned out my thoughts, although a vague apprehension remained. Few minutes later again the music faded, and a voice cut in to say: "Bulletin: Word has been received that the unidentified black ships that have bombed the United States Naval Base at Pearl Harbor are believed to be of Japanese origin. Columbia will issue further bulletins as news of further developments are received." As the voice stopped, the music of the symphony came on again. I looked out of the window at the sunlit pasture. I could hear my mother at the sink getting ready the Sunday dinner. Father was oblivious to everything but the newspaper. I sat and listened to the music for a little while. Then I said slowly, "Japan has come to bomb Hawaii. Looks like the war has started." My mother turned white. Father put down his paper. "I guess Japan has become desperate and struck."

When the symphony was finished, my father said to me, "Shuji, when war comes, we do not know what will happen; but as long as we have food, we can get along for some time. I think that you had better go buy another sack of rice, right now." It seemed preposterous to me, but somehow his serious face made me say "All right." I took the truck out of the barn and went to Frank Mayeda's gas station and grocery down the road. He was reading the Sunday paper and his radio was turned off. I told him about the bombing of Pearl Harbor. We did not talk much. I asked for the sack of rice, and didn't buy anything else, so full was my mind with turmoil. How right was my father's instinct from his peasant boyhood for the primary consideration for food in a crisis was brought out 6 hours later when the "Trading with the Enemy

Act" was proclaimed, prohibiting all transactions with enemy aliens. He was right. There was a fundamental security in a sack of rice.

ON BORROWED TIME

Let me say that the situation in my family was peculiar in that I, the nisei member was technically classified as an enemy alien in that I had been born in Japan, although I had been raised in this country. Immediately after the war started, the birth certificate as a proof of American citizenship had to be carried about by the nisei as a pass to the most common activity: getting a ride on a bus, "Here's my birth certificate; I'm a citizen", buying gasoline: "Here's my birth certificate: I'm a citizen;" cashing a check: "Here's my birth certificate; I'm a citizen." I, of course, did not possess this magic paper, so that the best that I could do was walk instead of drive, and not buy anything.

That evening our nisei Christian Fellowship's Sunday night meeting was held as usual in the Salvation Army Hall. We all sat close together that night. "I felt so funny--the people on the street stared at me so this afternoon." said a girl.

"Gosh, I sure hate to go to school tomorrow" said a high school boy.

"I wonder what's going to happen to us?"

"We were so scared--but the boys laughed at us when we looked so scared."

So the conversation went. I felt rather piqued that these nisei who were citizens should in any way feel ashamed of themselves now that the war had started. I pointed out to the boys and girls gathered about the circle that they had nothing to be ashamed about in their being Japanese. The future, of course, was unpredictable, but no one ever knew the future any way. We knew, however, that somehow ways were opened no matter what we lost, and that we could always live on; that war changes nothing, that right still remains right, only more so; that wrong still remains wrong, only more so; that our true friends remain friends no matter what happens; that the only way in which we could keep on treating others and being treated is that we act sincerely. I believed those things then. I still believe them now. Still I know how those youngsters felt, how full of trepidations they

were as they faced a new world at school on Monday, and somehow, I was glad that I was not in their shoes, though I had spoken to them in such brave fashion.

Immediately on the night of the 7th, a new word came into our world: FBI. On Monday morning we heard that during the night, the FBI men had arrested the former president of the Japanese Association and the treasurer. It was whispered how the men with guns had come at night to take them away, not allowing them to say a word to the family, watching them even while they changed clothes. That the two should be arrested was weird and terrible. Fear came to the house of every family in which the father had served in the Japanese Association. The worst thing was that there was no particular thing that they had done so that each felt as vulnerable as the next man. The only thing was that they were leaders.

Another thing that was striking to us as the war started was the sudden appearance of the word "Japs". Now that the war has been going on for nearly a year and half, the word "Japs" is so familiar that it means nothing in particular, but prior to the war, the best journals did not use the word "Jap", classifying it in the same category as "Wop", and "Dago", not used in the best society. Now over the radio and in the newspapers, "Japs" was the only word used. Somehow it seemed as if a mask of good manners had dropped from the face of America. Together with the high-pitched and tensed speech of the radio commentators, the effect was rather overwhelming.

As the year turned, however, gradually our economic position brought back a semblance of normal life again. The Trading with the Enemy Act was modified to allow us to run our business, although almost all the larger houses closed by the war failed to reopen. The small people, however, were generally allowed to get on somehow. We began to plan our spring planting, we began to haul fertilizers for our acres again, for seasons will not wait. We helped with the work on the farms from which fathers had been interned. Being on the land is a source of strength in times of insecurity. We could not conceive of life on the farm which would be different because of the war. To plow, to plant seed,

to weed--we felt as if they were an inexorable process of life which we could not change. As we worked in our fields, a man came in and talked to us. "I hear that the government is going to take all you Japs away from here and send you to the sugar beet country. Yes, sir, that's what I heard at the Rail."

"Oh Yeah?", I said, and would pay no attention to him. Beer parlor talk.

Then one day an item appeared in our local paper about the Farm Security Administration arranging to rent a large office space in our town. Our valley was a rich valley, and there was little need for large scale efforts of the FSA for the farmers here. I thought it strange, and I asked the managing editor of the local paper, who was my friend, why the government agency was setting up such a large office here. His answer was evasive, and he quickly changed the subject. A suspicion crossed my mind, that it might mean something. I said nothing about it to my parents, but the thing kept worrying me in the back of the head.

The next event in the consciousness of the hectic days of the spring of 1942 was the series of the Tolan Committee hearings at Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle. This was another straw in the wind, and the wind was decidedly stronger. We had heard that the Tolan Committee was going to conduct hearings on the questions of whether or not to evacuate the Japanese aliens from the Pacific Coast, and we hoped that we could have a chance to express our wish to stay and to add to the agricultural production of this area. However, when the nisei who had gone to the hearings came back, they had a different story entirely. "We went with the idea that we might fight to prevent the evacuation of the old folks," they said, "but the question seems to be not whether or not the aliens should be moved. It's the question of whether or not all Japanese, aliens and citizens alike should be moved!" I had a funny feeling in the pit of the stomach.

PROCLAMATION NO. 5

Then the newspapers began to publicize these hearings, however, we doubted again. The facts presented smacked so much of the old anti-Japanese propaganda: the low living standards, the spies, the saboteurs, the strategic-lying farms near aircraft plants, near naval bases, and all the old hocum which we knew were false or meaningless, that we thought it another publicity stunt. Why should anyone want to move us out of here? We

were producing far more than anyone else--we knew the land--we knew the crops--it would be foolish for the country--and who could take over? Where would they build houses to put us? What of our equipment and crops? They wouldn't confiscate it, would they? All these questions added up to the "impossible". "Why didn't those city papers lay off the cheap sensationalism?" I thought contemptuously. Looking back now I realize how superficial had been my attitude toward the Americans in general, and conversely how essentially superficial the attitude of the Americans is toward the Japanese also.

Essentially my viewpoint was that of the rural or small town nisei all of whose American friends spoke to him by first name, whose houses were open to him, whose parents knew him, and among whom there was no fear. Do those Americans whom he knew so intimately want him evacuated away from this valley into the hinterlands of the Idaho beet fields? No, not one. Therefore the people who were clamoring for his removal were foolish and ignorant people to whom one need not pay any attention. What I knew, but did not really understand in my heart, was the fact that for each American who knew the nisei well, there were 10,000 who knew him only as a member of an Oriental race who lived in dilapidated houses, raised vegetables at a fearsome rate, or who sold fruit and vegetables, or who lived in the more squalid sections of the town and cities and engaged in unknown activities and customs.

Then there was the military mind to whom war was the supreme activity of mankind, while to most of us, war is catastrophe to be avoided and fought--the military mind to whom a vegetable ranch next to an aircraft factory was a supreme opportunity for sabotage--while to most of us an aircraft factory next to our farms is a noisy annoyance and an encroachment on our acreage. Then there were the thousands more of Americans who had never even seen any Japanese, and whose only source of information or opinion were the radio or the newspaper, both eager to be the "fustest with the mostest". If it is true that it is knowledge that brings strength, and that it is the unknown that brings fear, it is not surprising that there was hysteria in those insecure days.

The period of doubtful rumor ended sharply however, when in March, President Roosevelt by a proclamation gave to General Dewitt the power to remove all persons, non-citizens and citizens alike as he saw fit from his area of Western Defense Command.



Few days later a map came out in the newspaper showing the areas to be evacuated. All the heavy centers of populations were included. We were included in there all right. Now what? Work had been started. But it was really official this time.

Even with the official proclamation, however, we still clung to the thread of hope that no definite period had been set. Perhaps we could stay till July and harvest the crop that we had already started at least. In April the county agent asked me to make a survey of the Japanese farms in our vicinity. The purpose of the survey, he told me, was twofold: First to know the extent of Japanese investment and acreage, and second, to aid the new tenants in farming the land in the crops planted. The survey took in the crops, the acreage planted or intended to be planted, the fertilizers used, the equipment on hand, and suggestions to be used by the people taking over. I was told to assure the farmers that the government would see to it that they received a fair return for any labor expended on the crops, though just how he could not say. So I went from farm to farm.

I felt a pain in my heart as the farmers carefully listed the pea poles on hand, the sacks of fertilizer, the hay for the horse, the cultivator that they must sell or leave behind. There was a gulf, I knew, between the two viewpoints: the evacuee's primarily wanting to know what will become of my crops, what will become of my pea poles and my horse?, while the viewpoint of the Americans

were primarily: "Given these equipment and crops, how can we continue the process of growing these crops with these people gone?" The Japanese had led a highly specialized life in the valley, so that almost all the shipping vegetables were produced by the Japanese, and the dairymen and the berrygrowers among the white farmers had no interest in engaging in growing lettuce, peas, cauliflower that they had no experience in growing. In the hysterical fears aroused in the cities and in the official circles, there was the fear that the Japanese farmers would cease to care for their crops or that they would plow under the crops. It was somewhat disgusting to those who had so courageously plowed and planted in spite of freezing and lack of credit.

At the time of the survey early in April, approximately 80% of the people had as yet no arrangement to have their equipment and crops turned over to a receiving farmer. Now the Farm Security Administration swung into action, and we were asked to register our acreage and our crops and our equipment values with the office. To the office would come white farmers and Filipino farmers to look over the farms. The FSA would act as an intermediary in arranging fair prices. If the credit investigation of the prospective buyer was satisfactory, an application for a FSA loan would be sent to San Francisco for approval, and the buyer would be able to pay for the farm and its equipment. Of course not all the farmers made such arrangements. Many owned their own farms. They leased to others. Others made private deals with neighbors to take over. The majority of the cases were tenant farmers, however, so that many outright sales were made through the FSA. There were tragic cases of people who were buying their land through the Federal Land Bank of Spokane who were forced to lose their land through forfeiture because they could not make arrangements to finish the payments.

Soon after the opening of the FSA offices throughout the valley, the orders came that the people in the northern part of the King County were to evacuate to Pinedale in California within two weeks. Still many had not made arrangements. How the majority of the people who evacuated first in the County disposed of their affairs is still a mystery to me, but there were a few abandoned places. I know of a few greenhouses abandoned, and in which there are weeds growing.

Now the selling of personal household goods began in earnest. "Refrigerator for sale"---"Dining Room Furniture for sale"---signs

appeared in the windows, ads appeared in the newspapers. Mother sold some of the furniture through the farmer's Auction Pavillion. "Have you sold your furniture yet?" was a common greeting. Cars began to appear in the streets with "Evacuating--car for sale" "Good tires" painted on their wind shields. Naturally in a limited market with so much for sale at once, many things were sold cheaply. Furniture for \$5.00, refrigerator for \$40.00 were rumored. "Don't sell at a loss," the government pleaded.

THE EXODUS

The metropolitan Japanese were being evacuated earlier than the rural Japanese. The people in Seattle were being moved to Puyallup as all this was going on. They would pass about ten in the morning in front of our house, rumbling lines of huge chartered buses loaded black with people, and waving as they passed our house. Sometimes I would be working, but I would not want to look up. I wanted to hide from them--perhaps because while they were being sent away, I was yet free, or perhaps because I wanted to flee from the thought of being sent away like them. Months later I was to understand the instant feeling of comradeship that one evachee feels for another. Going from Pinedale to the Tule Lake Relocation Center, our train passed by the Turlock Reception Center. The children poured from their barracks to wave at us, and all of us on the train waved back frantically.

As soon as the Puyallup Center was occupied, the people from the surrounding valley went to see them. There came back rumors of haggard faces--of lack of food--exaggerated, no doubt--but hearing these stories we would send food to Puyallup--and preparing for our own evacuation we bought concentrates such as powdered milk, raisins, cheese, vitamin pills, bouillon cubes, chocolates--all in anticipation of starvation--and all of which were, as far as we were concerned, absolutely unnecessary. "What kind of clothing shall we take?", What kind of luggage is the best? They say you can't take knives or flashlights. How much can you get into the duffle bags? All these questions kept the women folks busy and jumping.

One afternoon we saw an army truck go by the house and stop at a power line pole. We ran out to see. There it was: Proclamation to all persons of Japanese ancestry residing in King County north from the Pierce County line--and so on--and ending: General John L. DeWitt, Western Defense Command, the Presidio,

San Francisco, California. The inevitable had come. Our farm had still not been disposed of, and here was the notice to evacuate in 14 days. We had difficulty because the farm was on an estate with several other farms, and the lawyer for the estate would not release the lessor from the lease. Finally we made arrangements to sub-lease to the new tenant, being still responsible for the payment of the rent. There was still a tremendous amount of packing our goods for storage. There were the difficult decisions of what to leave and what to take. A week before the date set for the departure, all the families went to the high school gym to register. The ladies registered us, gave us a family number, 16848, the number to be written on all our baggage; they gave us tags to put on our baggage, and tags to put on ourselves with our family number on it so that we would not get lost. The doctor looked at our temperature and looked into our throat, asked us if we had had our three typhoid shots. Next we went to the FSA desk and told them about the arrangement that we had made for the farm. "Have you any debts?" they asked. Next to the Federal Reserve desk. We asked if we could store some of our things with the government, and he said, "Haven't you friends with whom you could store your things? We will not take responsibility for the things we take. However, if you do not have friends with whom to store things, you may bring them to the Western Producers' Exchange, and we will take it away." It was not very encouraging, and it hurt our pride to ask them to do something for us which they did not seem eager to do. We decided to store all our things with our friends.

What to store, and what to throw away? An old collection of high school papers would come out of the attic. I could not bear to burn it. Sisters did not want to throw away the rocks that she had brought home from the beach; in the barn, old preserve jars, old harness, old kerosene lamps. It was a tremendous job to even throw them away. The junk man bought our papers and metals. But still we had to burn big piles of things. I gave my pictures to the camera club friends, the piano I put into the church parlor, the washing machine and dishes went into the basement of one friend, the books into the basement of another friend. Here and there, our boxes were scattered all over the town. The furniture we put into a barn of another evacuee. The beds and a few cooking utensils we kept until the last day, and then put them in the barn with the furniture and nailed the door. Now it

was noon, and we did the last minute chores. Father fed the horse an extra gallon of barley. Then we loaded our truck with our and a neighbor's luggage, and started for the train.

TO A NEW WORLD

The 18 car train was drawn up on the siding along the packing house from which we used to ship our peas and lettuce, and the place was full of people. There was a tremendous lineup of trucks loaded with baggage. Along in the middle of the afternoon, it began to rain. We wondered how everyone could get all the baggage, duffle bags, and blankets into the two baggage cars but it was easily done. Many friends had come to see us off. We sat in the red plush seat of the coach. "How's chance of getting a free trip with you?" "Tell us what they feed you." "Don't forget to write."

We didn't feel so bad about leaving with all the excitement of leaving. But soon when six p.m. came and the train began to move, and we saw old Mr. Ballard waving his hat at us, his coat collar turned up against the rain, mother began to cry. I couldn't see through my tears either. I saw the Main Street Crossing--there were more people waving. The train began to go faster and the berry rows, the rhubarb, the lettuce fields, the pea fields began to slip past our window like a panorama. My throat hurt, but I couldn't take my eyes from the familiar fields and pastures slipping so quickly away.

An hour later, toward sunset, the sun came out again. We saw it shining over the Puget Sound. The country was no longer the familiar scenes of our valley, and we did not feel so badly. It felt good to relax and close my eyes. I felt at peace as the train rolled steadily southward. So ended the world I had known since boyhood and a new world of the evacuee began for me.

--Shuji Kimura

I am a citizen--
 Let no slander
 Slur my status.

In the other war,
 I stood with countless others
 Side by side
 To fight the foe.
 My arm was just as strong
 My blood fell
 As bright as theirs
 In the defense of a new world
 More precious far
 Than any tie of land or race.

If in this holocaust
 It be decreed
 My loyalty be tested
 By submission,
 What is the difference
 If the end be same?

LOYALTY

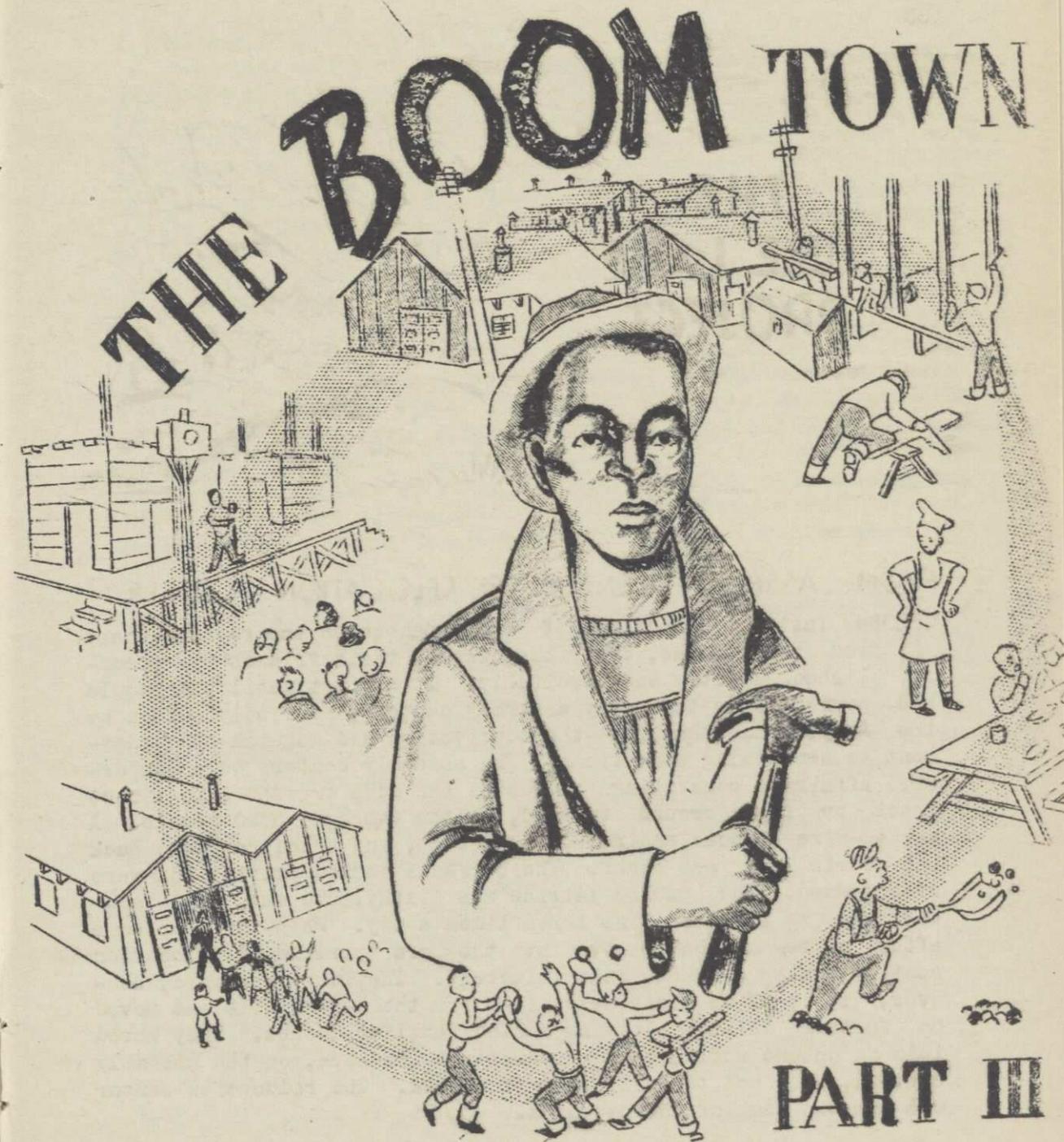
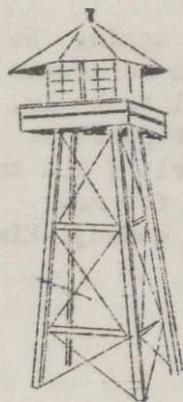
My reason may be tested--
 Not my heart.

O, what is loyalty
 If it be something
 That can bend
 With every wind?

Steadfast I stand,
 Staunchly I plant
 The Stars and Stripes
 Before my barracks door,
 Crying defiance
 To all wavering hearts.

I am a citizen--
 I can take
 The bad with good.

--Sada Murayama



THE TULE LAKE PROJECT



FROM ASSEMBLY CENTER TO RELOCATION CENTER

The initial uprooting of the Japanese on the Pacific Coast from their homes, their businesses, their friends was accomplished swiftly and mercifully. It was not until the people had poured into temporary assembly centers, hurriedly set up by the Army, that they felt the deprivation and anguish of adjustment to new living conditions. The assembly centers were temporary affairs, consisting of wooden barracks crowded into a race track or fair ground to hold, on the average, 5000 people. A barbed-wire fence encircled the camp, and soldiers paced back and forth day and night. The barracks lacked privacy and were overcrowded. The public latrine was filthy. To eat, the evacuees had to stand in line three times a day. When the time came after a few months to move into the more "permanent" relocation centers, many evacuees felt reluctant. They were required, however, to pack up their belongings for the second time and moved on further inland, leaving behind familiar scenes. They moved into an unique world, an improvement, to be sure, on the assembly centers, but not too different from them. The relocation center was now the home of the evacuees.

GENERAL LOCATION, PHYSICAL LAYOUT

A few miles south of the Oregon border, and miles away from the coast in a lonely valley in California, a town of 15,000 sprang where none had been before. The valley was formerly a lake bottom owned by the Federal Bureau of Reclamation, and drained during the last two decades. It was gradually settled by homesteaders, and boasted a dreamy little town with a few stores, called Tule Lake. The only large town in the vicinity, Klamath Falls, Oregon, was 35 miles away north of Tule Lake. The site for the new town of Newell was selected on a flat piece of ground comprising 26,000 acres. Tule weeds covered the sandy ground, but there were no trees to be seen anywhere. In the summer it was hot and dusty, although the temperature usually did not exceed 100 degrees. Winter arrived early, and the mercury usually fell a little below zero. The region was dry, and it averaged ten inches of rainfall annually. To the south lay Abalone Mountain and to the west, the more picturesque Castle Rock. On the other side of Castle Rock was the mountain where Captain Jack and his band of Modoc Indians had made their last stand for freedom. On clear days, the white crest of Mount Shasta could be seen rising in the blue sky.

That was an year ago. The town proper is now a neat collection of wooden structures, and a person could traverse from one end of the town to the other on foot in 15 or 20 minutes. By the main highway stands the military guardhouse, and next to it the post-office. Then on the right is the administration building and the living quarters of the administrative personnel, consisting entirely of Caucasian workers. On the left are the barracks of the military police, separated from the town by fences. Beyond the administrative quarters are the base hospital and the warehouse section. Next to the hospital is the wide fire break, on which the high school is now being built. Then there is the "Colony" which house the 14,000 to 15,000 evacuees.

In all there are seven wards, each separated by a wide fire break. Each ward is composed of nine blocks. The block is the basic unit of the Colony.

In each block there are a laundry room, ironing room, men and women's shower rooms, a recreation hall, and a mess hall. All of these have to be shared by about 250 people. There are also 14 barracks, all 20 by 100 feet in size, divided into from 4 to 6 apartments.

Several hundred feet away from the outer barracks are barbed-wire fences. Beyond this the evacuees can go only during the daytime. Even then they cannot go beyond the Project Area, which comprises 26,000 acres, including Castle Rock, and the Project Farm. This area outside of the Colony provides room for hikes, and search for sage brush trunks and relics; these are developed into artistic creations. Beyond that, evacuees cannot go, and it would do them no good to go, for the military police would soon bring them back. It is in this setting that the evacuees must nurse their grievances, work and find enjoyment in living.

ADMINISTRATIVE ORGANIZATION

The administration of the Tule Lake Project is at present in the hands of Harvey M. Coverley, project director. This important position was held by Elmer Shirrell from the beginning of the Project in May to December, 1942. While the Project Director is responsible to the regional office in San Francisco and the head office in Washington, D.C., he is otherwise in complete charge of the Project.

There are a large number of evacuees helping in the various departments, working as clerks, secretaries, laboratory technicians, doctors, and truck drivers.

One important aspect of the organization is the high degree of centralization of authority. Plans are formulated in Washington and administered locally. This arrangement gives some evacuees cause for irritation because they are unable to express their individuality as they desired and they do not have much voice in the government of the Project. The distribution of food, for instance, is entirely in the hands of the administration, which decides what the colonists should eat three times a day in the mess hall. Private enterprise is prohibited, and the wage scale, practically uniform for everyone, is fixed. The administrative arrangement was one which makes it easy for the evacuees to turn their dissatisfactions against the administration, which controls their destiny. This is especially true of the older evacuees, the issei, who have very few opportunities for coming in contact with the administrative personnel. On the other hand, many evacuees come to look to the WRA for help and even subsistence, making themselves potential wards of the government. This change is an acute one, when it is considered that most Japanese prior to evacuation would have been ashamed of accepting any sort of

charity or aid from the government agency.

Because of the gulf that lay between the administrative personnel and the colonists, even in the living arrangement, misunderstandings between them flourish. This was especially true during the first six months when everything was so unsettled. A mimeographed newsheet was about the only means of communication, and it was not sufficient to allay the suspicions the colonists had toward the administration or to squelch the numberless rumors which were circulated daily. The administrative personnel were all not acquainted with the ways of the Japanese people, and friction arose in almost every department over minor issues. The teachers probably came to know the evacuees best through their daily contact with their pupils. For the others it required patience and social-psychological insight to understand the feelings and the ways of the evacuees.

POPULATION

The residents in the Tule Lake Project are evacuees from several widely separated areas on the Pacific Coast. The first group to arrive was a voluntary group of 447 from North Portland and Puyallup Assembly Centers; they arrived on May 27. The rest of the first 1370 that arrived between May 27 and June 4 were from scattered regions in the states of Washington and Oregon. On June 6, 482 arrived from West Sacramento and Clarksburg. These first arrivals filled up Ward I, and started community activities within the Colony. Between June 16 and 24, people from in and around Sacramento began to arrive daily from Walerga Assembly Center in groups of about 500.

To the people from the Northwest, the ways of the incoming Californians were in many ways strange and "barbarious". They brought with them their slang, their zoot-suit boys, their jittersbugging, their dark skin. For a while there was a clash of sectional groups as they eyed each other warily, but eventually they settled down together peacefully. The Walergans numbered almost 5000 strong, and brought the population up to 6540. Between June 25 and 29, 2413 more Californians arrived from the Arboga Assembly Center, consisting of people from in and around Marysville. Between July 4 and 13 Californians from the so-called "White Zone" area in and around Chico, Marysville and Lincoln arrived in groups totaling 1904. The total population of the Colony had risen to 10,942, most of them being Californians. The

last large group to come in was from the Pinedale Assembly Center, which housed people from Washington and Oregon. Between July 16 and 24, 4,036 Northwesterners arrived. Smaller groups arrived from various other centers, and the peak population was reached on September 10, when the grand total was 15,276. The number since then had diminished because some people left for work and resettlement. Thus on January 31, of this year the population was 15,004; on March 31, the population was 14,535; on April 30, the population was 14,141.

While there are about 15,000 Japanese in Tule Lake, not all of them are aliens, as some suppose. Fully two-thirds of the residents are American citizens, born and raised in the United States. Most of the aliens are above 35 years of age and half of them are 56 years old or over; many of them are too old to do much active work. Most of the citizens are below 30, the largest number being between the ages of 17 and 21. In general the citizens are young yet, one half being 8 years old or younger. A large number are only beginning to learn to fill responsible community jobs. It should be remembered that there is a large number of children within the Colony, too. Roughly speaking, of the 15,000 evacuees, 5000 are below the age of 18, 5000 are between 18 and 35 (practically all of these are citizens), and 5000 are above 35 and practically all aliens. Out of every 15 of these, 7 are females. Consequently, even if all of the males between the ages of 18 and 35 were to leave the Project for work, they would not exceed 2600 or 2700.

The third generation, or sansei, is increasing with nisei marriages. About 2000, or two-fifth of the nisei, above 18 are married. In the Project there are more than 1600 sansei, half of them born of issei father and nisei mother, and the other half of nisei father and mother. The sansei can be expected to have very little trace of Japanese culture, since generally they will be little influenced by issei.

Besides the issei, nisei and sansei, the category of evacuees most frequently mentioned is the so-called kibeï nisei, literally "nisei who have returned to America". They are made up of nisei who have been sent back to Japan when they were small, and received their basic education over there. When they return to America after spending five or six years or more of their most impressionistic years in another country, they find that they cannot speak English, act and think differently from other nisei,

and consequently they are more like issei than nisei. Many kibeï nisei, however, go through high school and even college in this country, and acquire American ways sufficiently to be accepted by nisei as one of them. Other nisei who received their basic education in American schools here return to Japan for a short visit or for several years of education, often to learn the Japanese language which is so difficult to master.

Nisei in Japan are called "America Modori", which, interestingly enough, means "returned from America", and is out of his elements in Japan. In all, less than one-fourth of the citizens have ever seen Japan, and the number who have received their basic education over there is exceedingly small.

The population of Tule Lake is a conglomeration, not only of issei, nisei, sansei, and kibeï, of men, women, and children, but also people from the city, from the country, and from all walks of life. Too often the Japanese is pictured merely as a domestic servant. Actually only 15 per cent of the evacuees have been engaged in the service occupation. Ten per cent of the evacuees have been engaged in professional and managerial jobs, 13 per cent in clerical and sales jobs, 40 per cent in agriculture, 16 per cent in semi-skilled work and 6 per cent in unskilled work.

The proportion of nisei who have graduated from high school and college in the country is strikingly larger than the proportion of the general population in the U.S. Consequently, a large number of nisei are qualified to fill skilled, technical and professional jobs.

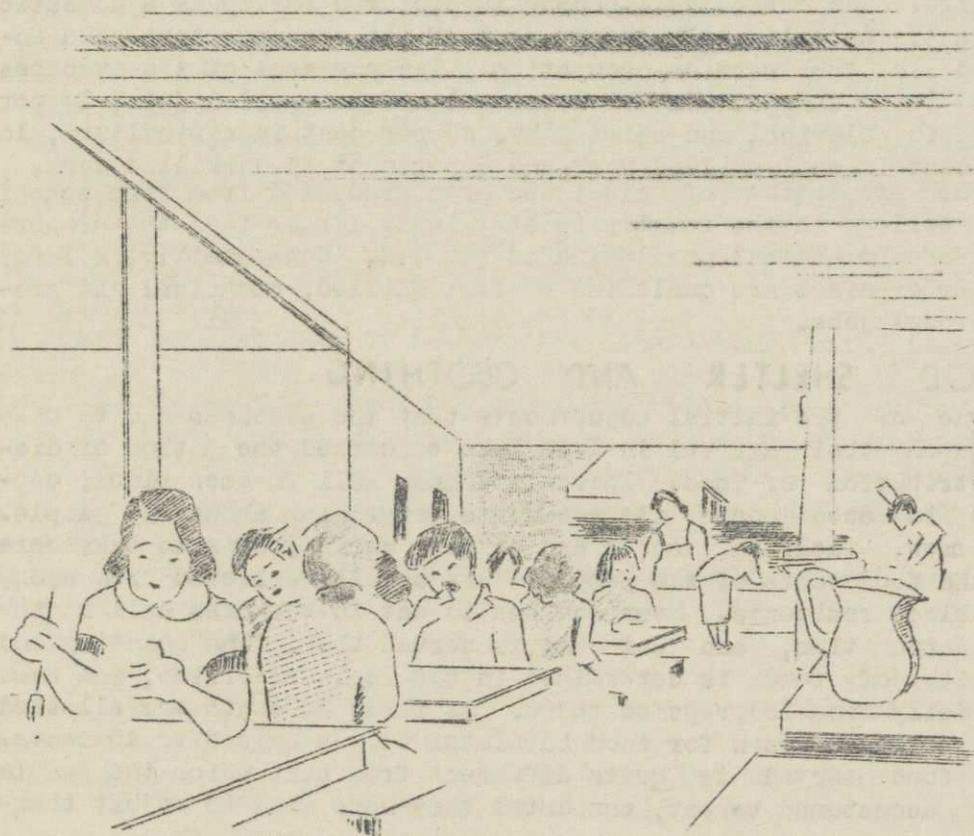
FOOD SHELTER AND CLOTHING

One of the initial adjustments that the evacuees had to make upon their arrival in Tule Lake concerned the method of distribution of food. There is a mess hall in each block, capable to accommodate its residents, averaging about 250 people. Its crew, including cooks and others, whose job is to take care of the food wants of the people, are usually selected from among the block residents. Everyone has to eat in the mess hall at the appointed time, and eat what is served them. The quantity and quality of food is determined in the regional office, and even the daily menu is prepared there. At first 35 cents was allotted per day per person for food but later it was raised to 45 cents. The food served is quite different from that which the people were accustomed to eat, and until they were able to adjust them-

selves to the new arrangement, there was a great deal of dissatisfaction over the food.

Rationed food cannot be bought by evacuees, as it is made available only through the mess hall. While they get their quota of sugar, meat, and margarine through the mess hall, they cannot cook in their own apartments. Food that is not rationed can be bought at the cooperative stores. For some residents the food served in the center mess hall is better than that which they had been consuming prior to evacuation, but for others it is quite unsatisfactory. Everyone, however, the gourmand and the non-gourmand alike has to eat from a common dish.

The problem of shelter has also added strain to the adjustment of the people. The barracks are all of the same size--20 by 100 feet; the smaller apartments housing two or three are 15 feet



wide. While the others are from 20 to 25 feet wide, and house from four to six persons. The only furniture in the bare room are army cots and in some cases steel cots. Closets, tables, and chairs had to be fashioned out of scrap lumber by the evacuees themselves. Consequently, during June there were mad rushes for scrap lumber dumped at one end of the city. Construction, however, ceased in June and scrap lumber became unavailable for the late comers. Colonists gained some valuable experience and skill in furniture making.

The problem, however, was one of privacy. In most apartments the best that could be done was to make screens to partition the room since there wasn't enough lumber for partitions. Young children made too much noise in the one-room apartment; visitors were always dropping in. It was probably the most difficult for the high school pupils trying to concentrate on their homework. For the young lovers and the newly-weds, lack of privacy was a hardship. Fortunately most newly-wed couples were able to move into smaller apartments by themselves.

Although the mercury dropped below zero during the winter time, it did not cause much hardship on the colonists, since the walls were lined with sheetrock and there was plenty of coal to feed the huge army stove provided in each apartment.

Clothing did not present a great problem to the people. At first many parents of large families were worried because their children were wearing out clothes too fast, and they did not have the means of replacing them. This was solved, however, when the WRA began to issue clothing allowances monthly to each working person, the largest amount of \$3.75 going to adults. Very few people dress up during the week, except ministers, teachers, and a few office workers. Many girls wore slacks, and the boys ran about in jeans and cords and work shoes. Only to church, parties, weddings and funerals did people wear their Sunday clothes. Everyday clothing needs could be satisfied in the cooperative store within the Project, but many people made use of the mail order house to purchase clothes they desired.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

To look after the welfare of its residents each block has an evacuee who is selected as the block manager by the administration. He is responsible for distributing the mail, making announcements, answering questions, receiving complaints, holding

meetings and elections. While he is the liaison officer of the administration, he is, at the same time, the handy man for the block. He wields considerable influence among his block people; but block managers as a group has not developed political power.

So-called self-government is left in the hands of nisei representatives, selected one from each block. These representatives, called the City Council, (The City Council was dissolved in March. At the time of the publication of this book, a new body was under consideration.--Ed. note.), and meet weekly to discuss community problems. The power of self-government is limited to what the Project Director or instructions from the central WRA office would allow. The chief or main work of the councilmen is limited to investigating and taking to the right authorities the problems of the evacuees arising in the Project. A Judicial Committee has been set up to try people for local disturbances.

One serious shortcoming in the system of representatives is the fact that only citizens were qualified. Since the issei do not have a voice in this governing body, their opinions are considered by the councilman in a regular meeting of barrack representatives within the block. Most of these representatives, usually known as advisors, are issei, and are able to have some of their opinions expressed through the councilman. When an important issue arises within the Council, councilmen usually see it is advisable to consult the block advisors and people at a block meeting before coming to a decision. Block meetings are usually dominated by issei, the nisei being generally too young to muster together enough interest from their ranks to make their voices influential. Consequently, whenever issues are brought back to the block, the decisions are mostly made by the issei.

If there should be any disapproval to the decision made by the Council a referendum by all those above 16 is held to decide the issue.

Because of the serious shortcoming of the Council, a representative body for the issei, called the Planning Board, was created by the Council in October. While it was to be an advisory body to the Council and the administration, it functioned in reality as another Council, investigating complaints, bringing up charges, and settling disputes. The foregoing temporary Council adopted a charter which was approved by the people. By it, among other things, four representatives were elected from each ward, thus eliminating the system of having one councilman from each block.

These four became responsible to the ward as the unit composed of so many blocks as already described.

These political groups never wielded a great deal of power, and never aroused much interest on the part of political cliques. Interest in the JACL was very weak, and in February JACL leaders had just begun to discuss plans for a Tule Lake Charter. Their plans were upset, however, when the registration issue arose. The Civil Liberties League, a nisei organization to fight for the rights of the Citizens, made its appearance recently. The kibe had no organization of their own, and organized themselves spontaneously at the time of the registration. The other nisei, except for a few councilmen, showed very little interest in political activities.

In time of extreme emergency the people themselves usually took up the issue, selecting their own negotiating committee to settle the matter. This happened at the time of the farm strike in August when the farmers carried on their protest against the existing food shortage. In October the mess halls carried on their own negotiations for fairer treatment, and brought the issue to a peaceful settlement. During the registration in February, both the Council and the Planning Board resigned, leaving the matter of negotiations and choice of registering up to the people themselves. This lack of leaders and channels through which to carry on negotiations left the people susceptible to leadership by rabble-rousers, whose judgments were not always in the best interest of the people. Because of these factors, conditions of mob-rule was sometimes seen in times of emergency. At no time, however, was it necessary to call in the military police because all issues were settled peacefully. After all, the outbursts were like family quarrels, irritating, but without disrupting the general flow of activities within the Project.

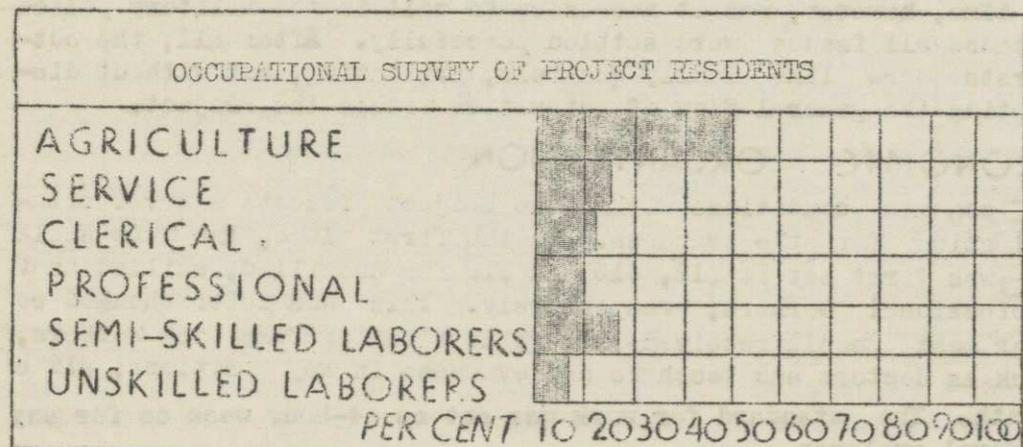
ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION

Economic conditions within the Project presents a novel situation for the evacuees. In the first place, the wage scale was first set at \$12, \$16 and \$19 for unskilled, skilled and professional workers, respectively. This was later changed so that most people received \$16, while a few professional workers, such as doctors and teachers and evacuees in key positions, \$19 a month. The standard for work was set as 44-hour week as for any federal employee.

As a policy of the WRA, all private enterprise was prohibited. At first a community enterprise division was set up temporarily to run canteens, barber shop, magazine stand, beauty shop, shoe shop, radio shop, and watch shop. In December this was taken over by the Cooperative Enterprises, a cooperative organization with over 6000 evacuee members paying a membership fee of \$1 each. Over \$100,000 worth of business is handled monthly by the Cooperative Enterprises which is self-supporting. All of the routine work is done by evacuees, who are paid the Project wage scale. Policies of the Co-op are set by a Board of Directors of 14 evacuees and one representative of the administrative personnel, who are also allowed to become members. One issei and one nisei directors are selected from each of the seven ward assemblies, which in turn are made up of one issei and one nisei representatives from each block.

The average mark-up is about 12%; but after expenses are paid the over-charge amounts to about 5%. This makes the cost of goods to customers considerably less than on the outside. This over-charge is to be returned to the customers according to the amount of patronage in accordance to regular co-op principles. Scrips are being used to record purchases, and their use has been made compulsory to increase the amount of tax-free income to be distributed as dividends.

The economic organization within the Project has necessitated changes in the attitude of the people. The uniform wage and the



cooperative type of enterprise have reduced the difference in the economic status of people. The poorest evacuated is about as rich as any other, as far as his life within the Project is concerned. Some people have felt that this lack of difference was ideal. Also, except for men in key positions, many have lost initiative in working hard, a trait for which Japanese were known. Since one job pays as much as another, and a job of one kind or another is not difficult to get, there is a sense of security on the part of the workers, even if he does not work hard. This sort of attitude is leading many evacuees into a frame of mind where they do not want to shift for themselves and take risks, but would rather remain "wards" of the Government until something turns up for them.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

The organization of religious activity within the Project of 15,000 people is unique. In spite of the fact that residents have come from scattered sections of the coast and from all denominations, there are only two large churches--the Christian Union Church and the Buddhist Church. These community churches have been organized with a minimum of friction between denominations, and have been active in ministering to the religious and recreational needs of the church goers. As new incoming group came in, room was made for them in the church structure, making large community churches possible.

The Christian Church is made up of Protestant denominations--mainly Methodist, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Salvation Army Independents. The Catholics and the Seventh Day Adventists hold their own services separately. The Tule Lake Union Church is governed by a Board of Stewards composed of eight issei ward stewards, their secretary and treasurer, eight nisei ward stewards, their secretary and treasurer, and twelve ministers. Under the ward stewards there are block stewards who help to take care of incidental business in contacting church members.

The activities of the church are divided into those for the issei and those for the nisei. For the issei the emphasis is on religion. In each ward there is a Sunday morning worship, a Bible Study class on Sunday evening, and a Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening.

For the nisei, on Sunday mornings there are worship services, and Sunday School classes throughout the Project for the various

age groups--Beginners, Primaries, Juniors, Intermediates, Seniors, College of Life. In the evening fellowship meetings are held in four different places, and speeches on cultural topics and music are emphasized.

The Buddhists have a similar church, except for the fact that their activities are not so numerous as those of the Christians. They have their Sunday Schools on Sunday mornings in each ward, a Sunday worship service for adults, in the afternoon, and evening services for adults on Sunday and Thursday. Corresponding to the Christian fellowship, the Young Buddhist Association, composed of nisei, hold services in two different places. Except for the sermons, which are delivered by issei priests, these YBA services are held entirely in English. Programs are usually composed of the sermons, gathas (hymns), a speech by a YBA member, readings, and some sort of light entertainment put on by members. Since evacuation, nisei Buddhists have taken over a great deal of the control of their own services and have "Americanized" them a great deal using English where they formerly used Japanese.

--James Sakoda



A DAY IN THE RELOCATION CENTER

It is early spring in Tule Lake. During the long night, the cold atmosphere descended on the earth leaving a silvery white coating of frost and ice. And with the first clanging and clashing beat of the breakfast gong, sleepy Tuleans began their slow process of beginning a new day. It is seven a.m. P.M.T. and semi-dark, but artificial lights cut through the haze of a new morn as a clatter of feet, noisy coughing, running water, and the banging of barrack doors become frequently louder. In the distance there is the muffled sound of a truck, and within the block, resident people greet the day.

Stepping into the brightly lighted mess hall, partially conscious mess attendants manage to appease the appetites of the early morning breakfast seeker. It isn't strange to see the first six tables hurriedly occupied by twenty or thirty elderly males.

Men who have risen with the crow of the cock; yes, they are farmers and the nine months change of mode has not altered their particular habit pattern of thirty years. Consistent as dawn, these men start their day in the early still of morning. Seated behind the early risers are a number of farmers' wives and their children, but the mass march in as the farmers leave their tables: school children, city folk, and young men and women grumbling and sleepy occupy the remaining tables. This is the beginning of a day in Tule Lake.

Gradually about eight a.m. one by one, in couples, or in groups of six or eight, workers leave the block for their individual destinations. Garbed in oversized "g.i." jeans, shoes, carpenter's overalls, wool jackets, and field caps, seven laughing and joking issei men of fifty to sixty years of age sauntered by. The faces were familiar--farmers turned carpenters.

"Good morning," I greeted the group with a nod of the head.

"Hello...morning," they replied with a nod of their heads.

"How's the carpenter business?"

"O.k."

"so...so."

"Very good."

For an answer, no one agreed. They all expressed the attitude that carpentry wasn't hard; that it was interesting and kept them trim and out of doors using their hands. Others confessed that it was a source of nails and wood for home purpose to make benches, tables, and other knick-knacks to make the home livable and pleasant.

"How do you occupy the hours you aren't working?" I asked.

"Say, I have my hands full practically every spare minute, hunting waste brush around this camp in order to make flower vases and stands," replied one of the men. "And," he continued, "my wife makes artificial flowers all day long and far into the night, and she insists that I make all the vases..otherwise I prefer to sit with a few cronies, smoke my pipe and talk about the farm we all left behind. Life would be sweet." The others nodded in assent and several laughed, commenting that he probably wouldn't make anything if he were left to his own devices.

Several mentioned that goh, shogi (Japanese games comparable to checkers), and mah jong occupied a great deal of their spare time. As a matter of fact, two insisted that they went whenever the sessions took place. One genial old man humorous and smiling

stated that he loved to sing ballads and recite ancient tales of beauty and courage; that he was in the engei troupe (entertainers) and insisted that everyone come and join the jolly band. All the others laughed loudly and one commented: "But you are a natural born actor and a God gifted orator whereas we were less endowed and consequently must be entertained by the likes of you--excellent showman!"

"As you prefer," the comic replied, "and thank you for the compliments." Roaring with laughter they continued on their way to work.

"...well, well, about time you showed up," a quartet of young nisei women accosted a late comer. "Did you forget to wind the alarm?" they added.

"Hello," greeted a young man, "I had a late breakfast." Laughing gaily, the group began walking toward the administration section of camp. Two of the girls, nineteen years old, worked in the hospital as nurses' aides, and the other two, twenty-one and twenty-three years of age, worked in the administration as secretary and steno-typist; the follow aged twenty-one, worked in the warehouse as a mess swamper and driver. Conversation evolved around the coming big Saturday night dance, the Thursday night card games, what to do on Sunday afternoon, the possibility of a fellow going out to school, the beet-fields, the urge to go places, boys and girls, and doesn't so and so look so cute with that certain fellow.

"By the way," I asked, "what do you people do beside work everyday and have your social fling?"

"You mean brain-work?"

"Yes, more or less...don't you feel like doing something else besides running around?"

"Listen, bud," one girl challenged, "I'm so busy I can't get around to everything. Why at nights besides Saturday and Sunday, I have to go to sewing and artificial flower making classes. I've got to drop flower making though. And besides that, I have to wash my clothes on Saturday afternoon, my hair needs fixing, and I have to knit a sweater and some socks too..."

"Look," broke in her companion who worked in the hospital, "I don't know anything about nursing and I have to keep on my toes to see that I don't pull any boners. I have to keep learning and the staff changes our working hours from day shift to night shift and I'm telling you it's plenty tough...I haven't got time to do

anything."

"Boy," sympathized the warehouse worker, "I didn't know you all worked so hard. All we do is take it easy...plenty easy. One of the fellows brought a football and we toss that around for an hour or so to warm up. We all have a heck of a swell time. Our boss is a swell guy. Now don't get me wrong...we work plenty hard when we really have to, and sometimes we put in overtime when shipments come in late; but we never work as hard as we did back home. Here in camp, I've had plenty of time to play ball, 'bull' with the fellows, and go to socials...not bad at all."

"Say," stated the secretary who was silent until now, "I heard from Roy in the Army and was he sweet...but I don't know whether to go out and get married just yet. Mother doesn't want me to. It sure keeps me busy writing letters to him and knitting socks, too."

"...Riki's band is pretty good now," commented a fourth girl, "I can dance to his music for hours and hours. But I sure miss those good old days when I could go to real ball-rooms in the city and have some real fun...none of this mess hall food smelling dance palace. I sure get bored with this camp life."

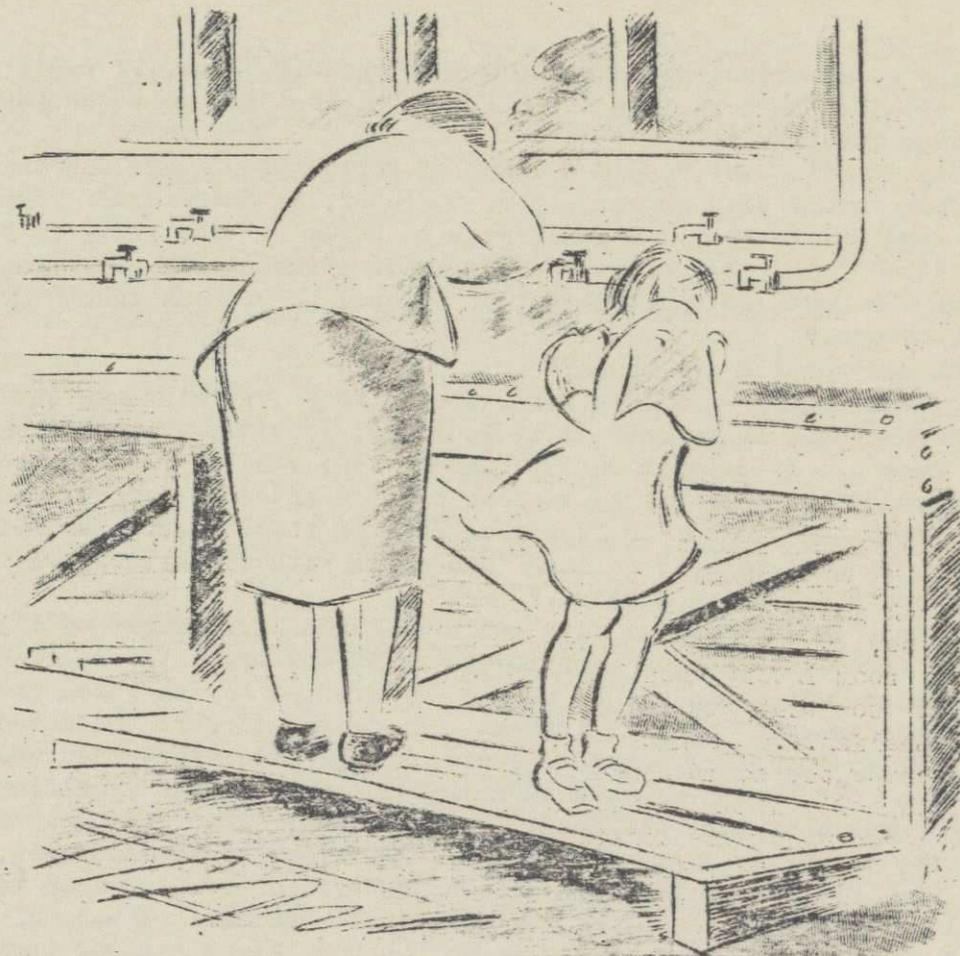
THE MORNING WASH

About 9:15 a.m., the sky began to burst with patches of rich blue and the sun began to seek out the cold terrain. Silvery white veils melted away, but steam refused to rise; it was still cold. From the washroom the voices of several issei women commented lavishly about the unusually chilly spring days, the difficulty in getting clothes washed as often, the rapid wear of clothing, the price of soap, the difficulty in keeping the house clean, wide cracks in the floors and the lament that a washing-machine for sheets would be ideal.

"How are your English classes?" asked a woman of forty-seven years as she paused a moment over the steaming wash-tub and peered at her neighbor.

"Oh, I'm not doing so well," she laughed a reply. "I'm kind of dumb and it takes a long time for me to learn."

"I should go to English class, but I don't know a single word of English and I don't think I can learn," commented the first woman. "Besides, it's too late," she rationalized. "However," she continued, "I'm learning to make artificial flowers every



other day and now our apartment is covered with bright colored flowers. I'm getting better now, so I think I will have something to give my son in the U.S. Army. He sends me so many things and I haven't a thing for him; I guess he will like some of those pretty flowers though. And besides, they will make a charming present. I am also knitting a pair of socks for him too."

"Your son will certainly appreciate those fine gifts you make," a third woman of fifty commented. "If I weren't so sickly, I could do a great deal more, but just to wash these clothes once a day and iron them makes me tired. I haven't been healthy for the past five years, and with the internment of my husband and

the loss of my oldest and dearest son to the U.S. Army...I really can't seem to do more than sew a little at home and go to church on Sunday mornings."

"Well, that's that," said a woman of forty-three years and the wife of a former city grocery store operator, "I guess I can make it to school on time. I don't want to be late. You know, it's just like going to grade school again after all these years; everyday I get so excited that at times I go without taking my pencil or pen."

"How many pupils are there?"

"Oh, at times when it's warm, twenty to thirty students come to learn. When it is cold as it is today, possibly only fifteen or so attend. It depends on the teacher too; some of them try to hurry you through, but my teacher is kind and considerate. We learn more and like it better than some of the others. Perhaps someday I will be able to laugh and smile with my children when they speak and jest in English."

And so, the mother of five adult children hurried out of the laundry room intent upon learning to speak and write the English language so that she may be able to understand her children who spoke English...a tongue foreign and unknown to her. Gathered around crude tables and benches, seated on apple and orange crates, seventeen old women grasped an unyielding pen and began writing simple words that were difficult to understand. A nursery school of forty to sixty years old pupils. Ambitious and hardworking, many lean over their task and with concentrated effort manage to legibly write: Mrs. Yamada: "My son is in Manzanar. I want him here." Paradoxical but true, women who have lived a major part of their lives without learning English, sit in patient concentration adjusting their spectacles, squinting at the blackboards, murmuring a comment or two, laughing at their mistakes, gazing with mischievous comprehension as they struggle on. Many students have memorized the words to: Star Spangled Banner. Question was asked: "Why learn English?" The answer was simple and direct: "I would like to learn English."

QUIET AFTERNOON

It wasn't long before the noon whistle blew, and thousands of workers and school children hurried to their respective blocks eager to see their mothers and fathers or anxious to see if an expectant letter would be waiting for them at the block mana-

ger's office. Strolling into the mess hall, various murmurs of approval or disapproval can be heard. If the table reveals roast veal and mashed potatoes, the comments will be: "Oh's and ah's." On the other hand, if the food looks and tastes like beans or fish, the growls and groans from the younger working set can be heard. And for a few minutes after lunch, families get together and discuss the gossip and news of the morning and prepare for the long walk back to their jobs in various places.

The afternoon sun is warm and many Tuleans take off one sweater but retain the other. About two p.m. the kitchen crew of youthful dishwashers storm out and head for the block manager's office to have a game of cards, or to pick up a basket-ball and volley foul shots around the basket. And if the mood suits them, they just sit reading the comics and film magazines until the evening hour when they once again shed their shirts and wash dishes, silver-ware, pots and pans, for 250 people. Among the waitresses, a number of them head for a class in artificial flower making and knitting.

"Going to English class today?" questioned one girl of a kibei friend.

"Yes," answered the kibei, "I have to learn to speak and write you know...and this is the day I go to class. I'm sorry that I can't go with you to the new sewing class. But I think it is more important for me to learn English."

"Sure," replied the nisei girl, "I'll see you tonight at five in the mess."

With the approach of three p.m., the block is hushed with the quietness of a Sunday afternoon. Practically everyone has wandered off to classes in English, a great number to flower making, sewing, knitting, woodworking, or to work. Among the few left in the block are three or four sickly and aged members of both sexes.

MIDDAY SUN

A batch of eight retired farmers and merchant men sit around in the sun with pipes, cigars, cigarettes, and roll-your-owns, and with pocketknives, chisels, hammers, and sandpaper--carve interesting pieces of wooden vases and stands. All day long they talk.

"If we were home this season we would have cleared enough money to retire!" emphatically stated one old man. "But now, we have nothing, and it would be a miracle to see a live fruit tree

when we return."

"That's right," joined in another old man who was intently rounding off a knot in a rhythmically shaped carving. "We still have to pay taxes for the land, the truck, and the passenger car. Every year that we hang onto them it will be harder to pay...and the value will drop too."

"Sometimes I'm glad I sold everything," started an old man rolling a cigarette. "I didn't get much...practically nothing, but it would have been worse to have it taken in taxes we can't afford; what with sixteen dollars a month."

"Besides," began a third crony, "we have to pay our insurance on the barn, the truck, and the car."

"Don't forget that life insurance policy, too!"

And far into the day, the group gossip about the events in Tule Lake, the moral, the religious, the home-town left behind, the winning and losing of the war, panaceas for all evils, and what should be done that isn't being done.

A baby cries and a mother soothes the child to sleep. A young nisei mother is busy feeding, nursing, and washing the baby's particulars. It is a difficult day for a mother, but she lives in a world of her own as she watches the growing infant and dreams of the day when he will become a great man. The father is a young man working during the day as a mechanic, and for the duration of the night chances are the man of the family will be patronizing the attentions of the infant while the mother sleeps.

"Frankly," stated the young father, "before the baby arrived I was worried. Circumstances here in the camp didn't look so bright for a birth, I thought; but the doctors are really efficient and nothing went wrong. Boy! I was relieved when everything went off o.k. And another thing, I don't have any doctor bills to pay either! The bills in themselves would have run into quite a bit; but the biggest break is not having to work so hard. I can't walk the baby and feed him at night the way I do now, if I had to put in a real ten-hour day back home...I'm really a fortunate man."

"Hello," greeted a young kibei couple, "just dropped by to see the baby. How is he?"

"Fine as ever," replied the mother. "He's asleep now...are you two going to English class?"

"Yes, we both started several weeks ago, but haven't learned much," the couple answered laughingly. "But," continued the

young husband, "We can really do some studying here and learn the language well enough to feel at ease among the nisei and white Americans as well. Working in the grape-fields and speaking Japanese continually never helped matters. Now, we both work in the same mess hall and have plenty of time between hours to go to school; maybe we'll know enough English to get along after the war."

EVENING SHADOW

It wasn't long before the warm sun began to dip farther west and the atmosphere became a little chilly; a light wind began whipping the earth and school children hurried homeward laughing and shouting as they dragged their books reluctantly as boys do. The girls clung to them as intimately as all females prone to do. Within an hour, tired and irritable, happy and vivacious, adult workers trampled the earth for home. The old block resounded with the noise and chatter of human beings.

Sitting and standing next to the pot-bellied coal burning stove, adolescents, youths, and old folks alike chat about the coldness of spring weather, the outcome of Saturdays' baseball game, the lack of incoming letters, what to do tonight, the coming engei-kwai (Japanese entertainments), and what is on the menu for tonight. Children play tag, run, laugh, and whirl vo-yo's and shout. The shower boilers are hot and heavy black smoke whip the air laying a dark gray haze over the colony. The growing darkness and the cold winds announce the time of day: it is close to dinner time -- six p.m.

And with the varied clanging and banging noises, the people of the block stream into the mess hall. Once again, there is the familiar cry of enthusiastic reception or dull singularly unpleasant voices of dissention. Within a half-hour, the orderly mannered and well dressed tables are a jumbled mess of left-overs, empty trays, dirty cups, saucers and entree plates; the tables are unoccupied.

It is dark when the occupants return to their apartments and idly sit around the coal burning stove chatting about the latest rumors, something humorous, something inspiring, or simply talking. Others read the Daily Tulean Dispatch newspaper, make a crack, or listen to the radio programs; while others prepare to go out to various meetings, or to a friend's apartment for an evening of social relaxing.

Stoking the shower-boilers, two old men watch the flying coal flames and the belching black smoke as Tuleans walk in and out of the shower rooms performing the last routines before retiring. High in the sky, sightless, wild birds cry and the heavens reveal a pale cold moon and clear dots of stars flicker and sparkle like points of brittle icicles.

About nine p.m. the greater number of people still sit at home talking and listening to the radio as they knit, crochet, make flowers, read magazines, or write letters. Wandering back through the cold winter night, several ambitious nisei who attended night classes in academic pursuits exclaim unanimously: "Boy! It's cold."

One hour later, lights go out one at a time within each apartment and the dark Tulean night becomes even darker; but a few lights burn on. Laughing and chatting a great deal, a number of youths who work at various jobs during the day, sit congenially sipping tea and munching cookies as they enjoy a social evening of a closely knit group of their own. Card games, discussions, ouiji boards, and singing provide the bulk entertainment. But like all good things, about eleven p.m. the guests bid the host or hostess goodnight and meander off into the cold clear night.

And as a lonely warden makes his midnight rounds, all interior lights are out, and the people of the block are home at rest. This is the end of an early spring day in Tule Lake.

--Hiroshi Sugawara

Fleeting Impressions

It is like a dream--the scenes so familiar, voices that echo in the distance, the cool breeze that sweeps soothingly over the firebreaks, the clangings of the mess hall bells, the chatters and shrill laughters of carefree children. The wiry grasses growing along the firebreaks and between the barracks, the purple hills in the distance, Castle Rock's outline in the evening when the sky is light--like that of an Egyptian mummy; the sound of a phonograph jiving away in a laundry room, the stamping and shuffling of feet--jitter-bug session.

One year in Tule Lake Project. A thousand and one events kaleidoscoped into a Dali-like impression: softball games along the firebreaks. The "Ohs" of the crowd as the batter takes a healthy cut at the ball--strike? Oh, you robber!

Dust. Dust. The weather of Tule Lake, as unpredictable as a woman in a millinery shop. Snow in May, Indian Summer in November--but all the year round, wind, wind, and more wind. Wind, gentle as a baby's breath; strong enough to rattle the windows; wild enough to shriek between the telephone wires--whirling dust and papers like a miniature tornado--sending fine dust particles seeping through the windows; blanketing furniture and floor with a coating of white. Dust. Dust. Dust.

The first snow-fall. Tule Lake Project under its baptismal covering of white. Tiny cool flakes, floating down, silently, gently.

Hey, it's raining again. The incredulously: By golly, it's snow. Well, I'll be damned.

Snow, gentle snow. It piles up on the front door-steps; it's slippery as the dickens, and it invariable turns into slush. snowballs, snowmen, and snow fights. Castle Rock transformed into a snow-white castle. And far off on the opposite side of the project, the hill to the right of Abalone mountain--it looks like a hot cross bun with its cross-like frosting.

And look at those dots on Castle Rock. Down they come. Home-

made sleds, Sears and Monky-Ward specials; long, short, narrow or wide--they bump, lurch and careen dangerously down the steep side --the snow whipping into your face and the hair turning silvery white.

Tired of sports? How 'bout a dance? Here's a bid. It's the Pensioneer-Mick's super-doooper. Let's take a look. It's a mess hall but Christmas, what a change inside! Look at that centerpiece! And look at that bar! Cokes. Genuine cokes. How do these boys do it? The orchestra is not a push-over--it's Miki Tanaka and his Stardusters. And sweet or hot, the boys can whip it out. Tables with cloth. And white-clad waiters. Yeh, man, this is the limit. Hey garcon! That's the stuff. Roast pork and dressing. Pickles and jumbo olives. Ah, appetizers and salad. Cokes and more cokes. Stuffed like a pig and then on with the dance. An evening of enchantment and finally, "The Story of the Starry Night". The dance has ended but not the memory.

Time doesn't march in Tule Lake. It flits by. Events pile up on events. Talent shows, songfests, forums and festivals. Holidays and more holidays.

How 'bout a talent show? Here's one that looks good--the Cafe Continental. Yukio Shimoda and company. Tap dancers, acrobatic, ballet, rhumba and more Yukio. Music by Woody Ichihashi and his band, vocals by Miki Tanaka. Fantastic acrobatics and weird dances. How do the spectators like the show? They eat it up and clamor for more.

Fourth of July. The real McCoy. The glorious Fourth on the firebreak. Heat, sports, games and dances. A historic moment when Old Glory unfurls and flaps its silken spangles and stripes in the cool breeze. The sun pours it on. Parasols blossom out like gay-colored mushrooms. Around the sumo ring, issei men squat around impassively. The referee clad in traditional costume, prances around the wrestlers and shouts his warning cries: Akiyoi, nokotta! Akiyoi, nokotta, nokotta!

The thuds and grunts of the two superably conditioned athletes --perspiration glistening on shoulders, backs and legs--bare and tanned; brawny arms locked in steel-like grips; faces contorted, chest heaving--

Akiyoi, nokotta, nokotta!

The final concentration of strength, the sudden dexterous twist of the body and then the heavy thud of fallen body--

Jozuda! The shouts of approval from the spectators. The match

is over.

An interval of time flitting merrily along--softball, hardball, mess hall gongs clanging harshly in the morning; lunch and supper to the same old tune--school for the youngsters, work for the old--wash-room conferences--squabbles and laughters--the jeers of the youngsters:

Come on, now! You do it. The cycle continues: That's sharp. Eat it!

The fountain of youth, the heart of cornucopia, the idling site for all--the canteen. Fruits, soft drinks, ice cream, groceries, hardware, dry goods, stationery and knick-knacks.

Ice cream's all out, so's peanuts. We have crackers but no butter. Meat's rationed and so are canned goods. What the hell kind of a store is this? The shrug of the shoulders--what can one do?

Here's a block manager; what is he? Nursemaid, janitor, messenger, complaint board, diplomat, tyrant, judge and jury. He's one and all.

Hey, the light fuse is out. My wife is sick, call a taxi. Tell that guy next door to cut out the snare drum. Where's my newspaper-----?

Wait a minute boys, I'm not Solomon and neither am I Superman. I'm just the block manager. Tell it to the councilman. Oh, yeah? What councilman?

Who lives here? The bachelors. Oh, the bachelors. Phew! It sure looks like it. Look at those unwashed socks and shorts. What's that pile of dirty shirts and hankies? Don't they ever make the bed? What's this pile of ash and papers? The dump pile. Gad! What a mess! Look here, boys, suppose a visitor dropped in to see you? Let them come? What guts!

Pic, Life, Time, Look, Reader's Digest, Colliers and more Pics. What food for brains. Cut-out pictures of gals on the walls, nude sketches on the door, women on the brains and women in their talks. What a bunch of hard-up guys.

What are those sprawling green buildings? And what's that tall chimney for? Well, sir, that's the Base Hospital. You've got a toothache? Your tummy hurts and your tonsils are bad? Well, the Base Hospital for you. Your wife's expecting, your father is ill? The Base Hospital's the place. Some outfit, that Hospital. It's the panacea for all illness, the final resting

place for some and the start of a new life for many.

Labor Day--parade, floats, baseball games and bazaars. The flag pole dedication and more talent shows. Harvest Festival and Thanksgiving. Chilly evenings, frost on the grounds, silence in the night and the glistening blanket of white. Noels, Holy Nights --the first Christmas in Tule Lake.

Rumors and more rumors. Did you hear about the councilman who got beaten up? What's all this junk about resettlement? We'll be here for the duration. Rain and mud. Snow and slush. Basketball, football, talent shows and more rumors. War will be over by spring. That's what you think?

Who's leaving today? Why, didn't you know? Well, I'll be darned, let's get going. There's the bus coming down the highway. Look at the mob--old and young, male and female--plenty of tears shed and hand-shaking galore--they look happy and yet they are weeping.

Well, look who's here. Didn't know you're leaving. Give my regards to old Chicago. I'll be there before the summer is up. So long, old boy; don't forget to write.

The bus rumbles into life, rolls into motion and slowly passes through the gate onto the highway. It picks up momentum and amid waving of hands rapidly dwindles into a tiny dot, then into nothingness.

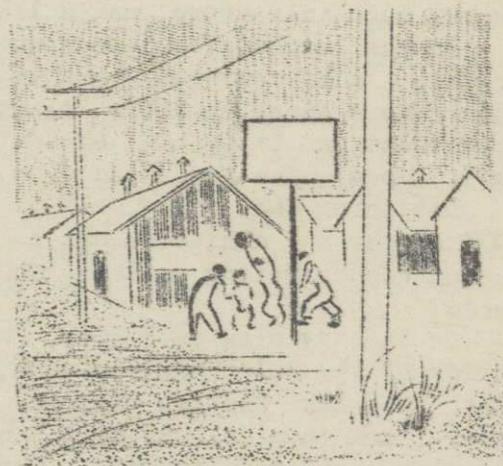
And just outside the project gate--the mecca of hikers--rugged, steep, and historical landmark--Castle Rock. Up its sloping sides, youth gaily trudge. Sage brushes and grass, huge boulders and small pebbles, the winding path leads from one ledge to another. The peak at last where twin crags stand guard over the sprawling countryside.

To the north, the dark squares spot the plain--barracks; and countless spirals of smoke climb into the afternoon sky. The nipping breeze sweeps refreshingly over the rocky ledges, the western sky assumes its nocturnal coloring of silver and gray, the shadows drape over the slopes their mantle, a tower stands outlined on the hilly slope--dusk has fallen.

A myriad fireflies glow among the barrack windows and from a distance the faint wail of the train carries back mournfully on the evening breeze. It's twilight over Tule Lake.

--Arthur T. Morimitsu.

ATHLETICS



As much a part of the life of every resident at the Tule Lake Relocation Center as anything during the initial year was the athletic program. A one phrase description of the program could well be "from nothing to something." To start from a scratch is a tough problem in anything, and it was no exception when it came to getting a favorable recreation plan going here. At first all that the recreation directors had to work with was a lot of sandy space, a very limited amount of supplies, and the hope that the people, as they came in, would bring more equipment, which they did.

Out of the first group of volunteer workers to arrive on May 27, 1942, a small athletic staff was selected. Their first duties involved in laying the ground work for a recreation program for the incoming people. By holding various organizational meetings and the laying of diamonds, they were able to prepare for the first major sport, softball. Proving to be a hindrance during the early days, besides other things, was the battered morale of the people. They were yet to recover from the troubles of the evacuation and seemed reluctant to cooperate or help.

The weather was an unknown factor with which to consider. Rumors were to the effect that it snowed, rained, etc. for nine out of twelve months, but except for a period in mid-winter, the conditions turned out to be passable. All in all, though, to get sports started in this Project was a job which involved much hard

work, much initiative, and a little luck.

In the beginning there seemed to be hopes for building tennis courts, golf course, gymnasium and other facilities. Endless hours were spent in their planning by interested persons, but as time went on it became evident that all those things were just wild hopes. The ideas ended up in the ash can.

Realizing that they were not going to get much aid from the WRA as far as athletics was concerned, the sports directors soon began concentrating on doing what they could with what was available.

On the evening of Friday, June 12, 1942, with only a few hundreds of the colonists in camp, organized sports was inaugurated into Tule Lake history with the start of a eight team men's league. From then on, as more and more people arrived and as the population neared its peak, more softball accommodations had to be made. Also hardball was started in the early part of July. At the height of the ball season last summer, there were from nine to ten leagues going full speed, playing an average of six games per evening, with over 1500 people competing.

The panorama of sports in the following months included eight-man touch football and basketball as the major sports, while in the field of minor sports table tennis, volleyball, fencing, judo, sumo, horse shoe, tennis, track meets, boxing tournament and marathons were featured. Of all the major sports, the most successful was basketball, followed by hardball and softball. Although enthusiasm was shown in touch football, it never reached the popularity of the other sports. Despite being forced to play outdoors on sandy courts and under the most adverse weather conditions at times, basketball reigned as the king from November, 1942 till May, 1943--nearly six months. Outstanding minor sports were the track meet held in July 1942, the two day boxing tournament held in March 1943, the marathon race, and table tennis.

Athletics were definitely a morale builder in that first year. With time meaning very little, looking forward to the important games or programs was a big thing. And a helpful factor was that the Tuleans, issei as well as nisei, were very sports-minded, as was proved by the huge crowds which witnessed the big games. Even the girls drew as many as 1000 fans for a single softball game, and many events drew well into the thousands.

Of all the difficulties encountered in the first year, the two biggest problems were created by the battle with the elements, and the battle of the competitors. First, the battle of the elements. For some reason or another, constant wind storms would come up, sometimes at the most unexpected times, to create havoc with the playing of anything. Also something unusual for many Californians was to play football in the snow. This battle with the elements was bad but nothing could be done about it. However, the second battle, the battle of the competitors, could most likely have been avoided to a great extent. During the horsehide season and football, too, the playing fields became scenes of protest, fights, etc., which sometimes would grow into gigantic proportions, threatening to upset everything. In basketball, there was less of that kind of trouble than in the other major activities.

No one seemed to be able to explain just exactly what was creating the misunderstandings, but some called it "camp psychology." Whatever it was, sectionalism and frayed nerves probably had much to do with it.

Carved into the history of Tule Lake sports thus far has been names which will never again make the headlines here, for relocation has taken a number of the young men and women back into normal life again. But then again the foundation for new stars of the future was laid because the youngsters had a good sports program too. Although the question of juvenile delinquency did break into the camp picture from time to time, the fact that the youngsters were able to compete in sports must have helped to hold it down. If their program had been possible to be more complete, there is no doubt that juvenile delinquency would have been cut to a smaller extent.

Nevertheless, the opportunities which the young boys and girls had to play in organized leagues and under capable leaders, will help them in the future and for many it was a chance which they may not have had elsewhere. In considering all the facts, there's no question that the first year for providing recreation for the Tuleans has been a difficult one, but much was accomplished--friction caused by sectionalism has been broken down, new friends have been made, the spirit of cooperation has been brought about, a means of taking up the people's leisure time was provided for anyone who wanted it, and best of all, it did keep up morale.

--Kunio Otani

Chronology Of Events

1943

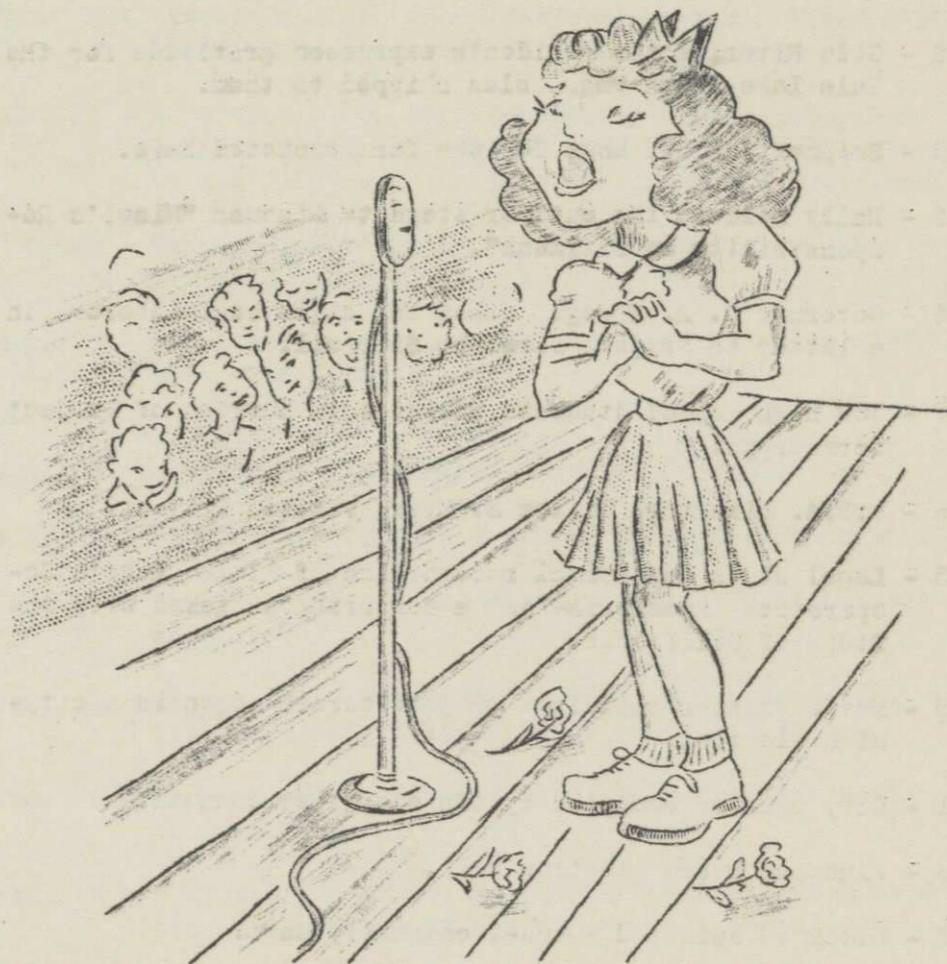
- MAY 27 - First contingent of evacuees, consisting of 450 volunteers from Puyallup and Portland Assembly Centers, arrived in Tule Lake Project.
- MAY 30 - "Hello Dance" held at Mess Hall #720.
- JUNE 11 - Colonists held public meeting with acting Project Director to discuss self-government.
- JUNE 15 - Project's official mimeographed news-sheets "Information Bulletins" adopted permanent masthead with the name, "Tulean Dispatch".
- JUNE 18 - Temporary community council formed.
- JUNE 20 - "Woody" Ichihashi organized dance band.
- JUNE 24 - Wage scale of \$12, \$16, \$19 announced. Transfer of 4,200 evacuees from Sacramento Center completed.
- JULY 4 - Recreation Dept. presented a day-long holiday program.
- JULY 8 - Influx of 9,166 evacuees from Military Zone No. 2 began.
- JULY 11 - 3,000 persons attended outdoor forum on citizenship questions.
- JULY 15 - Influx of 4,000 former residents of Pinedale Center began.
- JULY 28 - Colony census taken.
- AUG. 4 - Uniform meal planning established throughout the 64 mess halls.

AUG. 13 - Canteen No. 3 suffered \$4000 fire damage.

AUG. 22 - Indian skeleton found under barrack #5111.

AUG. 24 - Project farm began harvest.

AUG. 29 - Bill Marutani awarded first place honor in the Oratorical Contest in the Senior Division, Ruth Hijikata, in the second division.



- SEPT. 1 - The right of freedom of religious worship shall not be jeopardized announced officially by the W.R.A.
- SEPT. 6 - Shiz Tamiki, sponsored by Canteen No. 3, elected queen of the Labor Day Festival. 102-foot flag pole erected in the center of the colony.
- SEPT. 14 - Project elementary and high schools opened for 3,800 students.
- SEPT. 16 - More than 500 left the Project for sugar beet harvest.
- SEPT. 19 - Gila River Center residents expressed gratitude for the Tule Lake grown vegetables shipped to them.
- SEPT. 25 - Shipment of 600 hogs for the farm expected here.
- OCT. 2 - Rally held at the outdoor stage to discuss "Nisei's Responsibility as Citizens".
- OCT. 6 - Governor C. A. Sprague asked for sugar beet laborers in a letter to Project Director Shirrell.
- OCT. 7 - 400 high school students assisted in harvest of Project farm crops.
- OCT. 12 - W.R.A. Director, Dillon S. Myer, visited Project.
- OCT. 15 - Legal steps for formal recognition of Tule Lake's Co-operative Enterprise as a corporation taken with the State of California.
- OCT. 20 - Movie theater building project turned down in a city-wide election.
- OCT. 21 - City charter accepted by the community council.
- OCT. 26 - Planning board election held.
- OCT. 27 - Block 43 selected a model community unit.

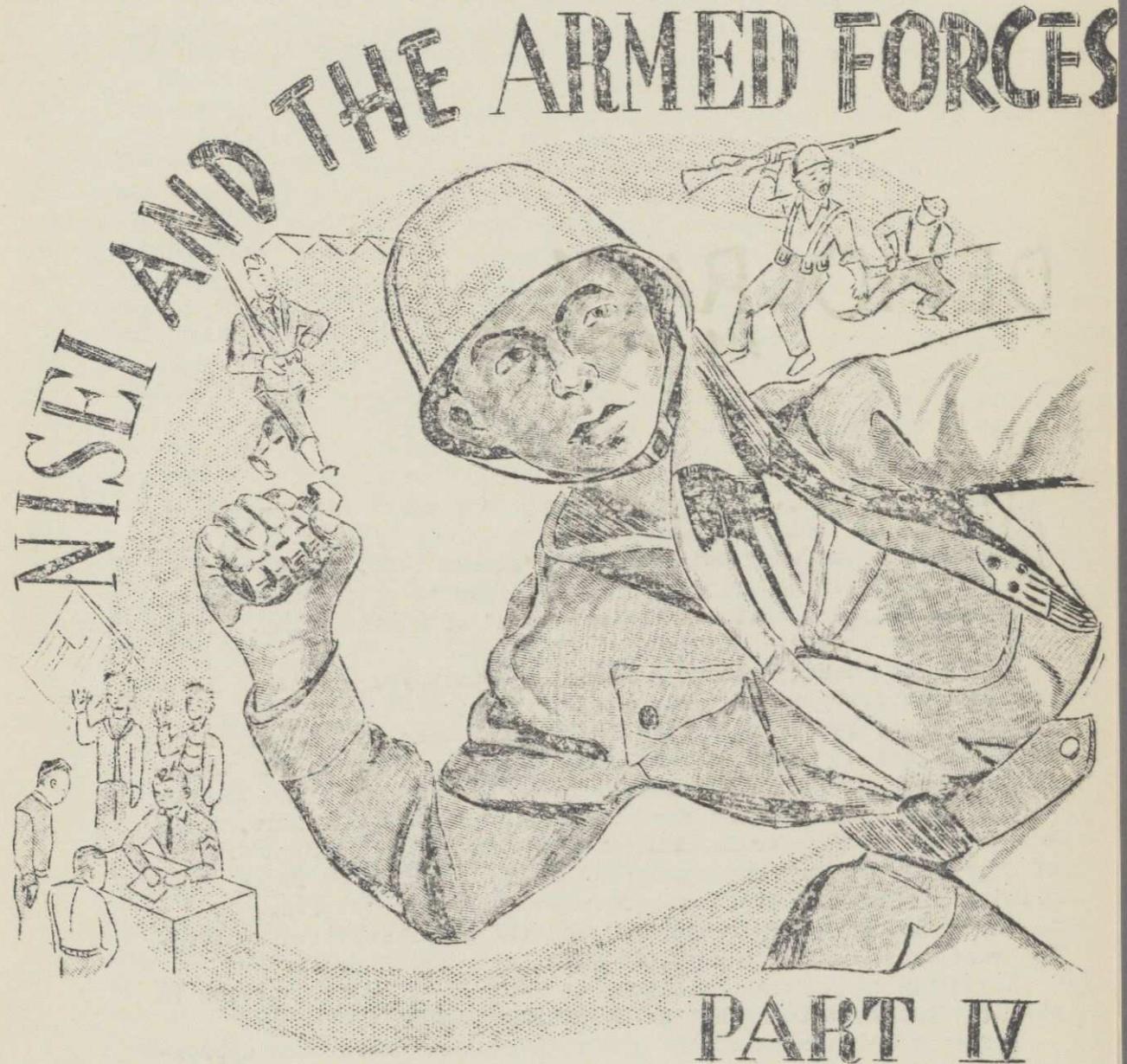
- OCT. 31 - Harvest festival.
- NOV. 7 - Army Japanese language school at Camp Savage opened enrollment for qualified Japanese-Americans in the relocation centers.
- NOV. 26 - Colonists enjoyed turkey dinner for Thanksgiving.
- DEC. 4 - Project sent largest delegation of volunteers to U. S. Army school at Savage, Minn.
- DEC. 7 - Little Theater group performed before first-nighters. Press Club sponsored Red Cross benefit dance.
- DEC. 12 - More than 2,000 toys donated by various churches and organizations throughout the country received here to be distributed among young children for Christmas.
- DEC. 22 - Harvey M. Coverly appointed to replace Project Director E. L. Shirrell.
- DEC. 25 - Colonists spent Christmas quietly attending church services and choir concerts.

1943

- JAN. 8 - City council established judicial panel.
- JAN. 13 - 450 volunteers relieved coal crew labor shortage.
- JAN. 26 - Parent-Teacher's Association organized at Project grade school.
- JAN. 30 - Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson announced the formation of special nisei combat team.
- FEB. 6 - Army representatives arrived to recruit volunteers for the combat team.
- FEB. 9 - Registration of all colonists began and Project schools closed to enable teaching personnel to assist. Mass

clearance program announced.

- FEB. 11 - First chicken egg hatched on the Project poultry farm.
- MAR. 1 - Registration of aliens began.
- MAR. 10 - Male citizen registration ended.
- MAR. 20 - Senator Wallgren, author of the bill to transfer control of W.R.A. back to the army because of reported coddling of evacuees, visited the Project.
- MAR. 26 - Shoe rationing procedure set-up.
- MAR. 29 - Red Cross drive launched to raise \$1250 to carry on the work of the local chapter.
- APR. 3 - Young People's Christian conference held. Leave clearance procedure simplified.
- APR. 9 - Planting of 10,000 trees started.
- APR. 13 - Project clean-up day.
- APR. 26 - Volunteers for the nisei combat unit given physical examination by the army examining team.
- APR. 30 - High school student body held "Kanaka Carnival."
- MAY 5 - In a new administrative instruction, W.R.A. allowed nisei to hold elective offices in the community government.
- MAY 6 - Co-op reported a total of unallocated net saving of \$85,993.52.
- MAY 8 - N. Y. A. opened vocational training opportunities for 25 Tuleans.
- MAY 12 - Community Activities Section planned U.S.O. for nisei servicemen visiting the Project.



DEMOCRACY *in action*

At one of the U. S. Army camps way down south in Mississippi, squads of men marched about the parade grounds while drill sergeants barked out orders, "squads left, squads right. Out on the firing range the sharp staccato of the machine gun fire was mingled with the "boom-boom" of a mortar gun. Jeeps dashed madly around.

What's so unusual about a scene like this you may ask. It's an usual activity in any army camp.

Yes, true, but this is Camp Shelby, the only camp in the country designated by the United States War Department as the training ground for the special Japanese Combat Unit. And the men here, about 4,000 of them who had volunteered for this unit, which was created by the War Department in February 1943, are Americans of Japanese Ancestry undergoing intensive training to fight Mussolini, Hitler or Tojo whenever or wherever ordered. Over a thousand of them were recruited from the ten relocation centers. The rest of the group came 4,000 miles away from Hawaii.

Was there no American citizens of Japanese ancestry serving in the Army before this? Why the Special Combat Unit?

Before the outbreak of the war in December, there were approximately 5,000 nisei soldiers in the United States Army. (This figure represents the largest percentage in proportion to all na-

tionalties--Etc.) The bulk of them came from the Pacific Coast and were serving in the various branches of the Army at many of the camps situated along the coast. They trained side by side with their fellow American soldiers.

When war came, the army did not know what attitude to take concerning the Japanese American soldiers in their midst. If the nisei soldiers were sent to the Pacific Combat Area, how could they be differentiated from the soldiers of Japan? What of the attitude of the Caucasian soldiers? There were many other puzzling questions. Until some solution to this problem could be found, nisei soldiers training in the combat branches of the service were transferred to non-combatant groups. A large percentage of them were shifted to the medical corp division. Subsequently all nisei soldiers on the Pacific Coast were transferred to camps in the Mid-West. Simultaneously, General DeWitt, commanding officer of the Western Defense Area, proclaimed that American soldiers of Japanese ancestry would be barred from the coastal area. This was done to eliminate any possibility of a spy hazard. The Pacific Coast was jittery with invasion fear. The coast was in the grip of a war hysteria.

Those who reported to the Selective Service Board as their induction turn came were told that the Army was not accepting nisei into the service at the present. Many volunteered but received the same answer. All nisei were automatically placed in the 4-C, aliens, and 4-F, physically unfit, classification.

NISEI COMBAT TEAM

A few months after the outbreak of the war, evacuation of all Japanese, aliens and citizens alike, from the coastal area, was ordered by General DeWitt. Subsequently all were placed in ten inland relocation centers.

During their confinement either in the assembly centers or later in the relocation centers, the nisei sent hundreds of letters to the Secretary of War and even to the President of the United States, asking that they be allowed to serve in the Army. But the answer was always the same, "The War Department does not at the present time contemplate taking nisei into the armed forces of the country." Plainly the War Department, had not as yet formed any definite policy in regard to Japanese-Americans of military age.

Their loyalty questioned, denied even a chance to prove their

loyalty, the nisei became wrapped up in their sense of grievances and lived an apathetic life within the confine of the centers. The nisei jokingly referred to their 4-C and 4-F classifications. But beneath their banter one could discern a note of resentment and bitterness.

In such environment, Secretary of War Stimson on January 28 suddenly proclaimed, "Plans have been completed for a nation-wide voluntary induction of American-born Japanese now in the ten relocation centers and elsewhere in the United States and the Hawaiian Islands. Loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry will compose a special unit in the United States Army. This action was taken following study by the War Department of many earnest requests by loyal American citizens of Japanese extraction for the organization of a special unit of the Army in which they could have their share in the fight against the nation's enemies.

"It is the inherent right of every faithful citizen, regardless of ancestry, to bear arms in the nation's battle. When obstacles to the free expression of that right are imposed by emergency consideration, those barriers should be removed as soon as humanly possible. Loyalty to country is a voice that must be heard, and I am glad that I am now able to give active proof that this basic American belief is not a casualty of war.

"Steps must be taken to determine those individuals in whom the United States can place full trust and confidence. The questionnaire is a means to that end."

Plainly this was an initial step in a program to restore the nisei back into normal community life where they could share the lot of the general public. The questionnaire and the Combat Unit were the keys. But before this could be done, their loyalty had to be determined first, for the government was fully aware that there were some "whose ties with the Japanese Empire were such as to disqualify them for positions of trust in this country."

One of the nisei's reactions to the announcement was that of confusion and they failed to see the gravity of the issue before them. Experiences of the past year rankled in their minds, and they hesitated; they doubted; they questioned.

Place any other group under similar experience and the reaction would have been the same. For, after all, the basic emotions of human beings are all the same regardless of racial differences.

Far sighted nisei leaders as well as the WRA Administrative staff pointed out the seriousness of the issue at stake. "The

whole future of the nisei in the United States is at stake," they said.

"You are on the spot, you must look forward and not backward. For your own sake you can't let the bitterness and hurt in your hearts blind you to the tremendous implications of your refusal to cooperate. The people on the outside will not know your reason. They will simply think, "There, that proves it. The Evacuation was necessary and right. Those people are disloyal. Look they won't even join our sons to fight for democracy."

"The people on the outside do not know of your loyalty and therefore the success of the government's program is of the utmost importance. You should be thinking of your duty to your country rather than the rights which have been temporarily suspended due to exigencies of war. Establish your loyalty first, then your rights will be that much easier to recover."

THE ANSWER

The government patiently waited for the verdict which was to decide the future of the nisei in the United States. Were they still loyal in spite of the bitter experiences which they had undergone or had the strain on their loyalty been too great?

The Volunteer Combat had been endorsed by the President of the United States. On February 1, he had written to the Secretary of War Stimson endorsing the plan and attesting to its high purposes in these words; "I am glad to observe that the War Department, the Navy Department, the War Manpower Commission, the Department of Justice, and the War Relocation Authority, are collaborating in a program which will assure the opportunity for all loyal Americans, including Americans of Japanese ancestry, to serve their country at a time when the fullest and wisest use of our manpower is all-important to the war effort."

The answer came in slowly and then gained momentum as the issue before the nisei became clarified. Leaders, who took a long range view of the situation pleaded in behalf of the future welfare of this racial minority.

At Minidoka Relocation Center, 300 volunteered. This group represented 19 per cent of eligible males of military age. Although the other centers did not have as high a figure as Minidoka, Army officials expressed satisfaction with the results obtained.

Nisei soldiers in training or fighting at the front and the volunteers are all of one opinion in their determination to dispel the doubts and suspicions about their loyalty to the country of their birth. They had to justify the faith placed in them by liberal minded army officials as well as others who had worked diligently to make this opportunity possible. A volunteer from the Topaz Relocation Center wrote:

"I have volunteered because it is my firm conviction that the destiny of the Japanese American people is here in America.

"I am as much embittered as any other evacuee when I consider how our race was singled out to be uprooted from our homes, farms, businesses on the Pacific Coast and herded behind barbed wire fences, even though we are American citizens and our parents are law-abiding pioneers who have been denied citizenship by the U.S. naturalization laws.

"Devote the utmost of ourselves to this cause, and not let the darkness of our present situation or our grievances prevent us from proving our worth before the eyes of the American public."

Another letter from a nisei serving as interpreter in the Solomon Islands to his former instructor at Camp Savage reflects the same spirit.

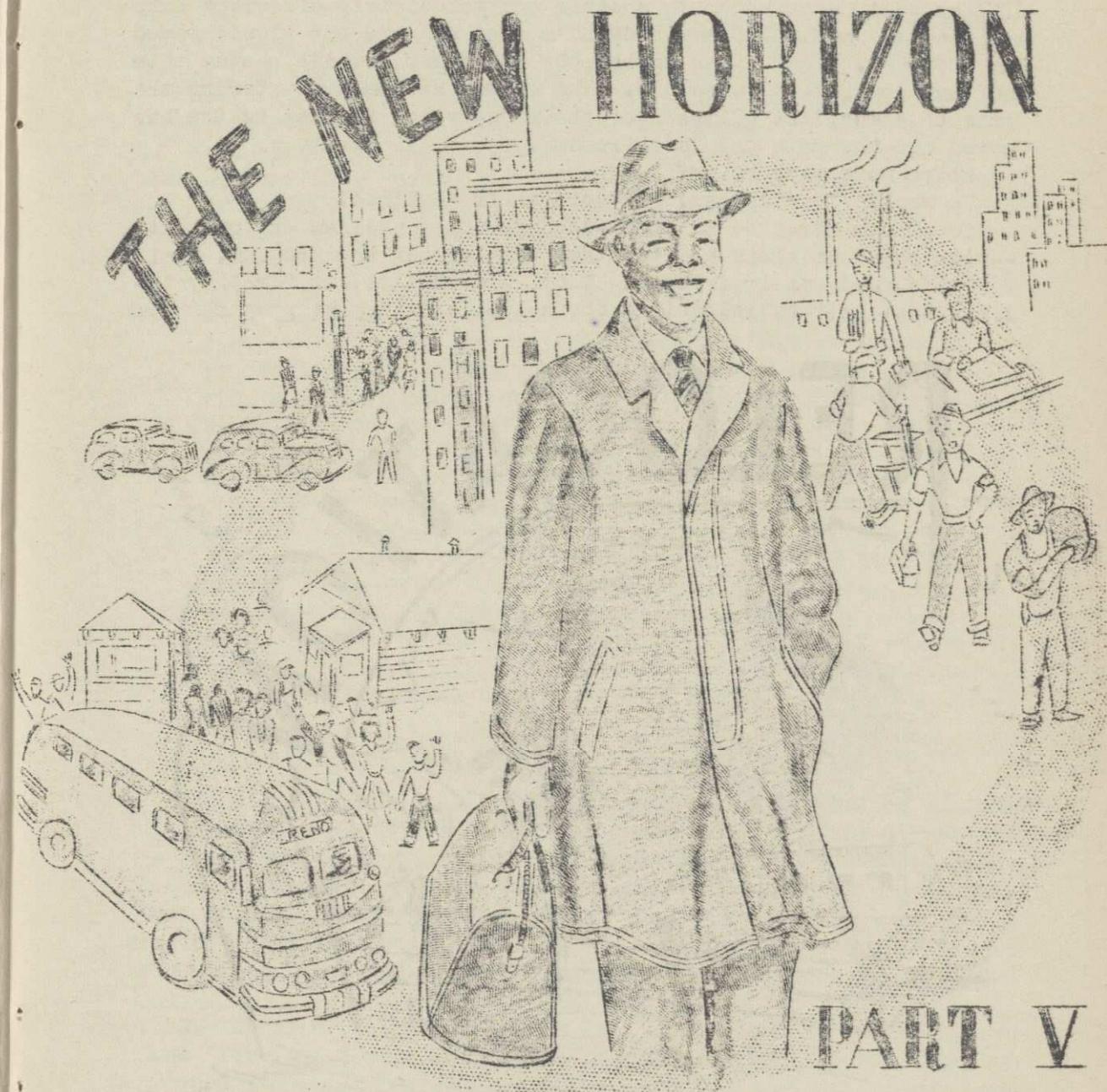
"I have a good chance of not coming out of this alive and I tell you that I don't mind dying but I won't stand for anyone undoing all of the work that you, our classmates and all of us are doing."

When Japan attacked Hawaii, nisei members of the National Guards rushed out to the field and manned machine guns in defense of the Islands. Three members of this group recently received recognition from the War Department. Former nisei members of the Hawaiian National Guard, about 1,000 of them are now on the mainland training for active combat duty.

About 175 soldiers are serving in the South Pacific combat zone acting as interpreters, according to the recent United Press dispatch.

They and the thousands of others who will follow them into the widely scattered combat zones are proof to the scoffers and the doubters, who are continually trying to discredit the loyalty of the nisei, that Americanism is a matter of the mind and heart and is not based on ancestry. Nisei are fighting to gain public recognition of this fact in addition to fighting the axis.

--Tsuyoshi Nakamura

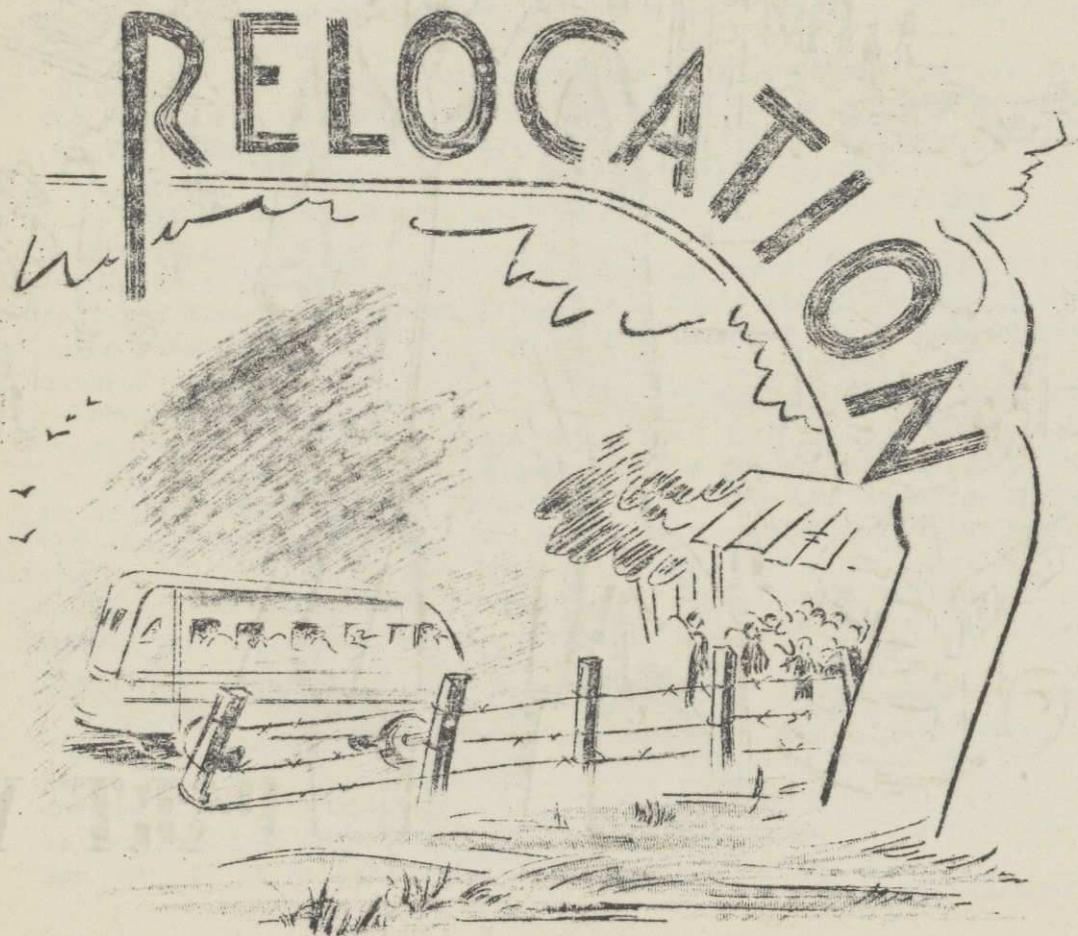


The bus' motor began to sputter and immediately dissolved into an even hum. The hum became a roar and the bus slowly moved forward. Only a few on the bus and their friends seeing them off had eyes that were dry. The crowd streamed up toward the gate to catch last glimpses of their departing friends as the bus moved out the gate and into freedom.

Where were they going?

To work! To colleges! To join their families!

To places strange to them--strange faces and new environments--with hopes in their hearts; they are leaving the project, their families, and their friends. They bravely set out for they believe that only by relocating themselves can they be prepared for



the more difficult post-war period; by going out they can best serve this, their country, for they know that they are not helping to win the war by staying in the relocation center.

Those in the various camps do not think themselves to be pampered or coddled. They do not have any choice in what they want to eat. They do not have the privacy they were accustomed to back home. But, with all the inconveniences, dissatisfaction, and grumblings there are many who are afraid to venture beyond the security of the wire fence.

"Fear on the part of the evacuees is another factor which has discouraged their venturing away from relocation centers to work on our farms--fear of reprisals against all Japanese in this country, not sheltered in protective government custody, if the war in the Pacific should produce conclusive evidence of widespread brutality to American prisoners by Japanese war lords; or if major bombings of our Pacific coast cities should occur with shocking loss of American life and property...

Mental confusion is another factor. Confine 10,000 to 20,000 people in any congested area; let them live in this unsettled condition with a lot of time on their hands--time for idle talk, time for nursing grievances--treat them with a suspicion that breeds suspicion in return, and you are bound to spawn false rumors and intrigues that are not conducive to full cooperation...That's human nature."¹

OCCUPATIONAL RELOCATION

War Relocation Authority's first year has been that of administrative aches and difficulties. The first year is always the hardest. Charged with the responsibilities of re-establishing 115,000 Japanese evacuees from the military zone, the new government agency was concerned, during the first quarter year of its existence, primarily in providing places where the evacuees might live and work in relative seclusion pending development of order-

1. Excerpt from an appeal for cooperation in obtaining evacuee labor of Japanese ancestry from the Central Utah relocation project to help relieve the shortage of help on Utah farms made on Feb. 28, 1943 by Governor Herbert B. Maw.

ly plans for their relocation into normal stream of American life.

Its original program of resettling of evacuees did not gain momentum from Tule Lake Relocation Center until early this year. Yet, the bulk of the resettlers has been younger evacuees of Group B as indicated in the age-group chart of the Project population below.

AGE GROUPS OF THE EVACUEES IN THE TULE LAKE PROJECT

(Based upon the population total of approximately 15,000)

- A. 35% of population.....under 18 years of age
- B. 28% of population.....between 18 to 30 years of age.
 - a. 1/2 of this group are women.
- C. 37% of population.....over 30 years of age
 - a. composed mostly of issei
 - b. 1/2 of this group is over 36 years old.

A quick glance of the chart would show that Group B comprises less than a third of the total population. Various factors contribute to why the resettlement program has been slow to affect the general Tule Lake Project population. To present a few:

- Most of the employment offered are for single persons who are inclined to be more adventurous than family men. Family men cannot support their families on wages offered to a single person. Single persons or married couples have a certain freedom of movement and are not hampered by the high cost of living as families are.

- A third of the Project population is those who are under 18 years of age. Because of their youth, their plans for relocation are frowned upon by their parents. This disapproval may apply also to a good number of single girls above 18.

- A strong feeling exists among a large number of evacuees of a hope to return to their former homes on the Pacific coast.

- Types of employment offered are not suitable for

Japanese evacuees. There exists a notion in the communities outside that the evacuees are only adaptable to gardening and domestic works. Project's population includes a considerable number of people trained as stenographers, mechanics, shop and mill workers, laboratory technicians, nurses, accountants, and many others with equally developed skills.

- Some have been embittered and disillusioned by the unfair treatment of being evacuated from their homes.

Fear. The fear of public reaction to unfavorable war news; the publicized high cost of living; fear of racial antagonism; and other aspects that must be considered when living in the outside make the camp appear more attractive.

- To many of the evacuees, especially the older issei population, the Project has become their "home". They would rather stay in the Project with their families and friends instead of venturing out into new and strange communities which may be hostile, and face an uncertain future. They prefer to remain in camps where they are sure of getting three meals a day and a place to sleep as wards of the government.

The U.R.A., according to its policy of encouraging the resettlement of the evacuees, is continually simplifying the procedures for relocation. To a great degree, the "red tape" of waiting for the approval of the leave clearance and of the indefinite leave has been done away. What took months to accomplish can now be executed in a matter of days, and the applicant for a job submitted through the U.R.A. Relocation field office can leave for the new job as soon as he accepts the job and receives his travel permit.

To assist prospective resettlers, the WRA has established relocation field offices in various parts of the United States. The function of the field office of the WRA is to explore the employment possibilities, to assist the local civilian agencies, committees on resettlement, and to forward job offers directly to the Project Directors in the camps.

Recently it has become possible for evacuees with limited funds to accept jobs they may have turned down if it was not for the new WRA policy of providing finances for the transportation and the initial living expenses. The financial assistance is ren-

dered by the WRA in the form of cash grants made before the time an evacuee leaves the Project.

To further assist the resettlers the WRA will aid in their housing problems. The National Housing Agency has established War Housing Centers where new arrivals are given information on the available living quarters.

If the resettler should be faced with a problem much too big for him to cope with, the facilities of relief and of the welfare agencies are open to him and financial assistance may be obtained. And so, in this manner, the WRA is doing more than just encouraging resettlement by seeing to it that the evacuee is given a fair chance to adapt himself in his new environment.

Cooperating with the WRA and facilitating the resettlement program are various organizations--The Committee on Resettlement of Japanese, the JACL, the Brethren and the Friends Hostels, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Churches, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the American Friends Service Committee, the Y.W.C.A., Y.M.C.A., etc. These organizations are working for the evacuees by raising funds, securing employment, providing loans, offering legal advices and aid, and by educating the public as well as the evacuees themselves.

The sugar beet workers have played a conspicuous part in the resettlement program. Although they did not go out for permanent relocation, the beet workers have proven to the American communities with which they came in contact that all the Japanese in the United States do not deserve the suspicion and distrust that were attributed to them.

The living conditions and the wages of the agricultural workers have improved in most cases since the initial recruiting. A sugar company was "taking a wise step by inviting representatives...to make a tour of the intermountain region. In this manner the terms and conditions under which workers will come can be explained by the leaders when they return. Thus there will be less disputes about the so-called misrepresentations as to living conditions and so forth."

On the whole, the resettlers are being well received. By the initiative and actions of the evacuees themselves, sentiments have been improved in communities where they were at first not well received.

"Of course there are chislers, leeches and bloodsuck-

kers who are only too willing to exploit evacuee labor. Some employers, according to the records, appear to think they had purchased title to chattels when they hired evacuee labor from the way they protested when workers left their employ because they were overworked. But the handling of these is a personal problem, and, although some have been victimized for a while, not a single one in this district has had the difficulty in righting the situation once he set his mind to it."

The prospective resettlers are strangers to the employers and so it is not only the evacuees who do not exactly know what they are getting into but also the employers who are taking a risk. There have been complaints of the evacuee suddenly, after a short while, leaving the employer much to his inconvenience.

The resettlers represent all the Japanese in this country. What they do and how they act has an effect upon the welfare of those both in and outside of the relocation projects.

It is felt that those of Japanese ancestry must again get upon their own two feet and attempt to make a living as normal people in society...to recall some of the pride they had in themselves and to share and to contribute in the making and the improving of this; their country.

STUDENT RELOCATION

The nisei youth in the projects is being confronted with three alternatives: 1. to remain in the center; 2. to look for a job; 3. to attend a college. What should the nisei do? Here are the arguments presented by Joseph Conard for attending school: (Conard is connected with W.S.R.C.--Ed)

1. To force these students to abandon their work would be a tremendous waste of the time and energy already invested in the students' education. Dr. Monroe Deutsch, Vice-President of the University of California, states that it would be equivalent to the "destruction of an important part of our national resources."

2. ...attitudes of the entire Japanese-American group of tomorrow will be shaped largely by their future leaders, the men and women now going to or preparing for college.

3. The entire group (without higher education)

may be forced to a position of economic and cultural inferiority, and no policy could more seriously threaten the long-term future of the Japanese group in this country.

4. ...the morale of the entire Japanese-American group will be enhanced. And older evacuee, in a letter...described some of the hardships of his present life and concludes that the really pressing problem is education of the young people.

A very large number of students have indicated their desires of continuing their education in spite of the disruption in their lives brought about by the evacuation. Most of the nisei students are able to pay only a part of the financial costs of the college. There are two reasons for the financial difficulties: 1. Families have suffered the loss of business and income through evacuation. 2. The overwhelming majority of students have attended State Colleges or Junior Colleges in West Coast States where their fathers' taxes covered the costs of tuition. There is the necessity of paying out-of-state fees.

Organizations Aiding Student Relocation

A nisei who wishes to go to a college and lacks the funds need not be perturbed for there are various organizations and friends willing to render them financial aid. The National Student Relocation Council in a form letter to the "Japanese" students encouragingly writes.

"We'll be glad to have you write us there (the new office in Philadelphia) and bring us up to date on your plans and problems and finances. Insufficient funds should not discourage you. No matter how little, or how much money you have, we need exact and up-to-date information to work on."

The schools themselves encourage students by offering scholarships, remission of fees, and work opportunities although they suggest that one should have enough funds for at least a year and not depend entirely upon scholarships and work.

In the Tule Lake Project itself there are several groups aiding student relocation. The Student Christian Association whose membership is open to anyone interested in higher education is making contacts with the SCA's in the many colleges, and notifying the college to which a nisei student is relocating from the project and asking the SCA to invite him, or her, into their as-

sociation. It is extremely gratifying to a new student in a strange college, in a new environment surrounded by strangers, to be cordially invited by them to join their activities.

Together with the Church Seminar group, the SCA has been sponsoring a series of forums on the problems pertaining to the Japanese in the United States in order to acquaint future resettlers with the problems they may face in their new environment.

Sponsored by the Union Church is the Tule Lake Relocation Loan Fund which is open to anyone for student or occupational relocation. The Fellowship of Reconciliation Travel Loan Fund offers loans for paying the travel expenses for the student and employment resettlement.

Then, there are denominational scholarships and loans, the World Student Service Fund, and the friends, both personal and strangers, must not be forgotten.

These are but a few of the organizations enabling deserving nisei students to relocate and to further their education in the preparation for the period after this great, destructive war.

Students accepted by a college or who have some other relocation opportunity:

Known to have arrived and thus definitely relocated..	831
Have recently received their leaves and travel permits and may or may not have arrived.....	189
In the works in Washington and in Philadelphia.....	134
Temporarily postponed (because we have lost contact with them; because their parents object to their going because the community has turned sour or the college has changed its mind, or because the college has not been cleared for student relocation.....	117

Total of above 1271

Students waiting for placement.....1543

Total number of students who have applied to date...2814

From the National Japanese American Student Relocation Council as of April 13, 1943.

There are people who are friends of the Japanese in this country and do care for them. It is up to the evacuees to relocate themselves and to prove to them, their friends, and to those who do not know the Japanese, that they of Japanese ancestry are human and not the ruthless beasts that propaganda depicts them to be---that they can become an integral part of the American social pattern.

A relocated nisei girl writes that she is "leading the life of an ordinary American citizen and would recommend to anyone with intention of leaving to do so without hesitation."

A student at Baker University in Kansas writing to his friends says:

"...and fellas, I'm getting to know what Christian fellowship really can be like. People really treat me nice and there hasn't been one bit of offensive action toward me."

From a Caucasian student's viewpoint concerning the nisei student:

"I'm happy to say that apparently these Japanese students have become a real integral part of the student body. Several have been elected to campus offices and have achieved high scholastic records. They are respected and liked by the majority of other students."

One can quote letters and reports from the relocated, telling of the wonderful treatment they are getting, but of course it would be illogical to jump to a conclusion from just reading them that everything is just "dandy". It is not altogether so. A great deal of inconveniences and hardships have been experienced by nisei students in new environments somewhat foreign to them.

--William Osuga

Des Plaines Illinois



Des Plaines, Illinois, is a small town of some 8,000 inhabitants, about 17 miles from "Windy City". Trains from Chicago, or on their way to Chicago, come zooming through this town like stratosphere bullets, leaving in their wake, newspapers flying in the air, and a cloud of dust.

Most of the inhabitants of Des Plaines have never heard of the Japanese evacuation from the Pacific Coast. Most of the inhabitants, too, have never seen a Japanese American in their life until some five evacuees came to this town to resettle.

The five evacuees in this town are all employees of the Photo Service, Inc., which takes in stuff for both "Monkey Ward" and Sears Roebuck. Some of them are maintenance men; others are dopers and developers. Most of the evacuees here find the inhabitants of Des Plaines very sociable. In the neighboring town of Park Ridge, there are only two nisei, Mr. and Mrs. Yeiji Kono, formerly of Fresno, California, and lately of the Jerome Relocation Center, Denson, Arkansas.

Mr. Kono is employed with the Superior Type Company in Chicago, a national defense job.

The evacuees employed in the Photo Service, Inc., are under standing orders not to clique together, but to mix as much as possible with their fellow American workers.

The people in the plant are very friendly, and evacuees are invited to their homes for various occasions--parties, dinners.

After the "tremendous, stupendous" experience of evacuation, it's kind of a let-down to the average evacuee to come into a town like Des Plaines, where the people are so indifferent and so busy going about their daily business. They are more anxious to tell you about their troubles, or experiences with rationing, priorities or points, than to listen to your story of the evacuation.

But to the average evacuee, who has been reading the "Pacific Citizen" too long, it's something of a great pleasure to come into a community like Des Plaines to find that the people are not hostile, or ready to drive you out of town, but are very friendly and courteous.

Of course, too, there are some people who mistake you for a Chinese. The other day, we went into a shoemaker shop to have our shoe repaired. We started to walk out of the shop without getting our ticket. The proprietor of the shop called us back and said, "No tickee, no washee."

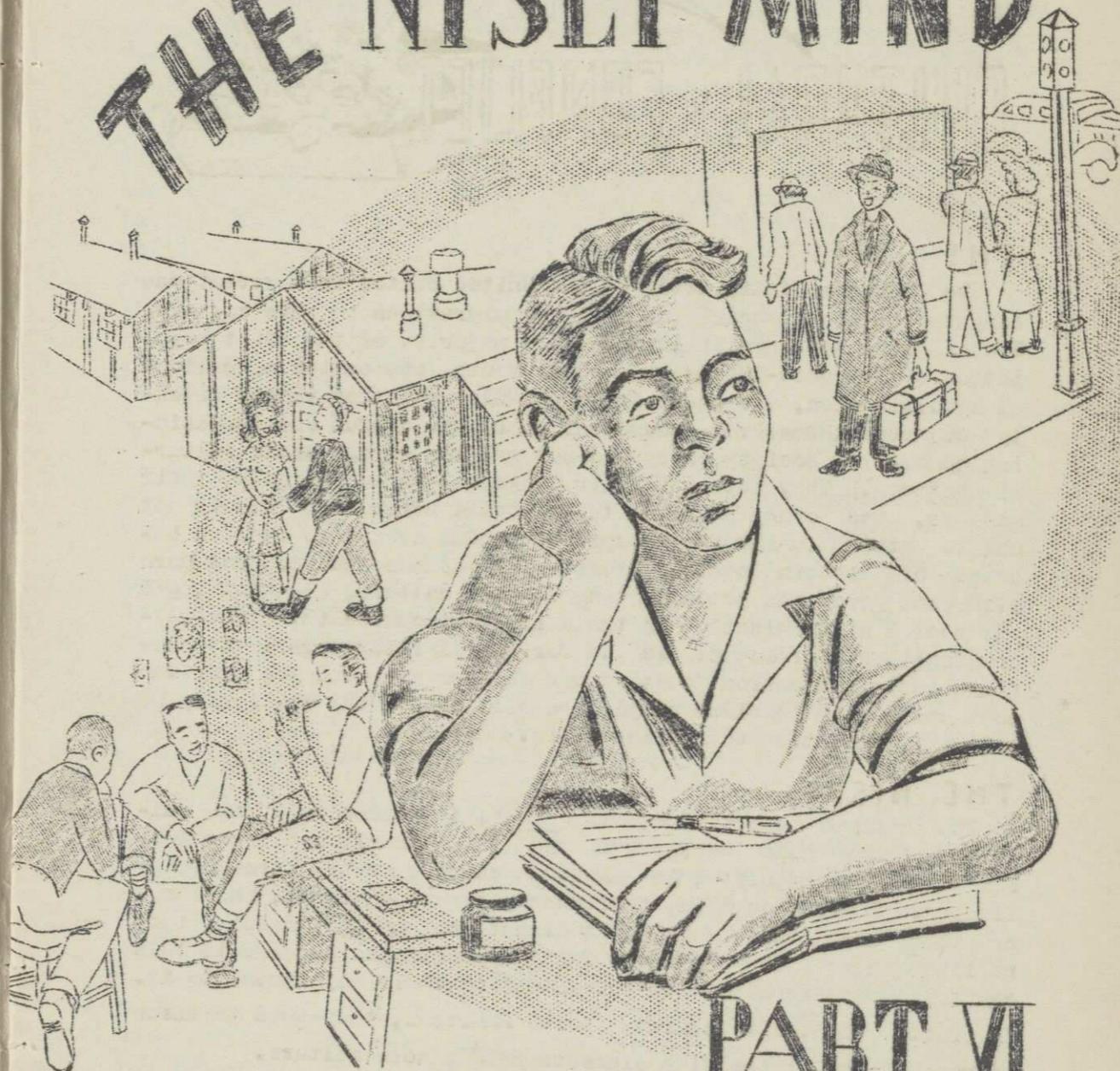
The next day, when we returned, he indulgently smiled at us and said, "How's business?" We said, "I work in the Photo Service." He said, "Oh" with wide-eyed wonder, "I thought you worked across the street,"--meaning in the Chinaman's laundry.

There have been no unpleasant experiences since coming here. However, once while crossing a lot with some little boys in it, they yelled at us, "Chinga-Monga! Honga!"

People in the Mid-West have not been conditioned to the "Great Yellow Peril" as have the people on the West Coast. Hence, once they get to know you, they treat you just as anyone else. You eat at the same dinner table, you go out with them and you do everything except sleep with them.

--Joe Oyama

THE NISEI MIND



PART VI

CULTURAL CONFLICT



THE ISSEI

The Japanese immigration to the United States is a recent one compared to other racial and national migrations to this country. The original settlers still make up a majority of the adult population of Japanese-Americans. Their youth, the period of cultural determination, was spent in Japan. Although they rather quickly adjusted themselves economically, became useful and law-abiding members of society, they did not greatly change their cultural pattern. They retained their language, their religion, their manners, and other parts of their social heritage. This is not unlike other immigrant groups but became even more ingrained because of certain other factors. The Japanese culture was more divergent from the predominating Western culture, and then legal and social discrimination on the West coast caused them to cluster together for mutual aid and for social intercourse. Evacuation into relocation centers has further narrowed the American contacts for these older people and will add to the difficulty of cultural adaptation to American life.

THE NISEI

The younger generation, the nisei, is a product of two cultures: their home background and their American environment. For the great majority, the American culture is the stronger influence. Their education, their occupational contacts, their recreation all incline in that direction. As they mature, they realize that their chances for happiness and success in this country are increased by the extent of their adjustment to it. In fact, in their anxiety to be American, they tend to throw overboard some of the fine elements of Japanese culture.

The cultural difference between generations naturally creates some dissension, although the Japanese quality of parental loyalty which has been instilled by home training prevents the gap from becoming too wide. Life in a relocation camp has been especially hard on the nisei from a cultural standpoint. It has sharpened some of the differences and made the conflict more overt. Then too, they have been thrown into intense contact with more Japanese background when most of them were struggling to free themselves from it. Also they had to give up the occupations and contacts that were helping them to a more complete Americanization. What is even harder to overcome is the brand, "Japanese", which has been put on them by the mass evacuation and the war psychosis when they rightly considered themselves Americans. It has been an important factor in turning the faces of some away from America; it has disheartened others; but to the great majority, after temporary discouragement, it has been a challenge to prove their real Americanism.

THE KIBEI

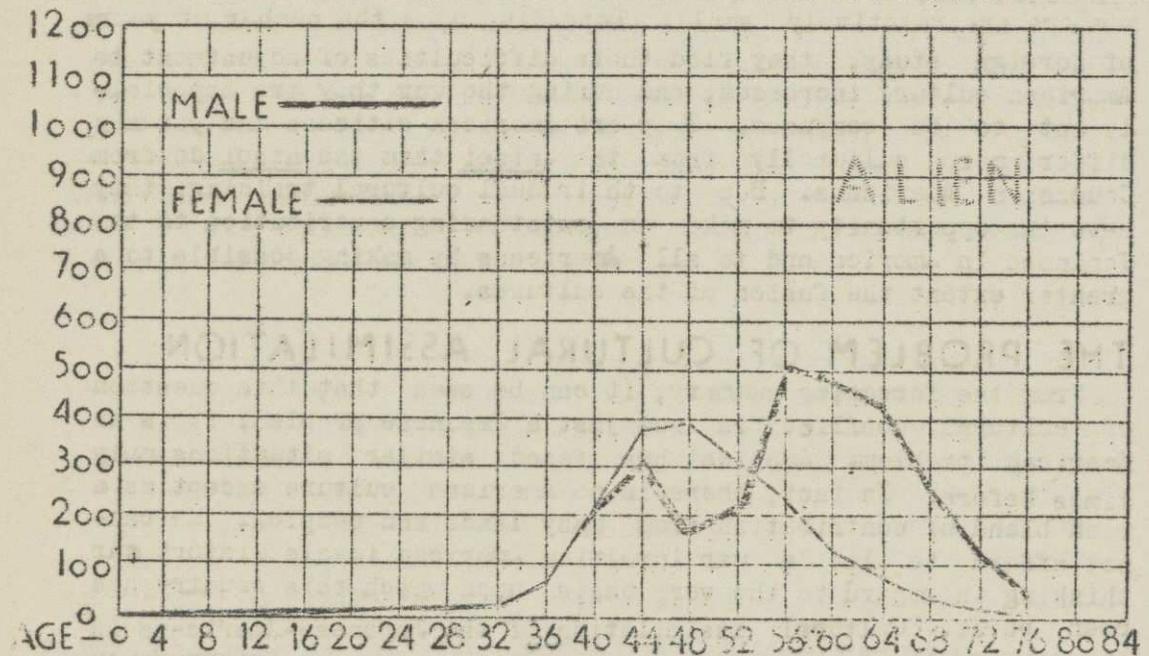
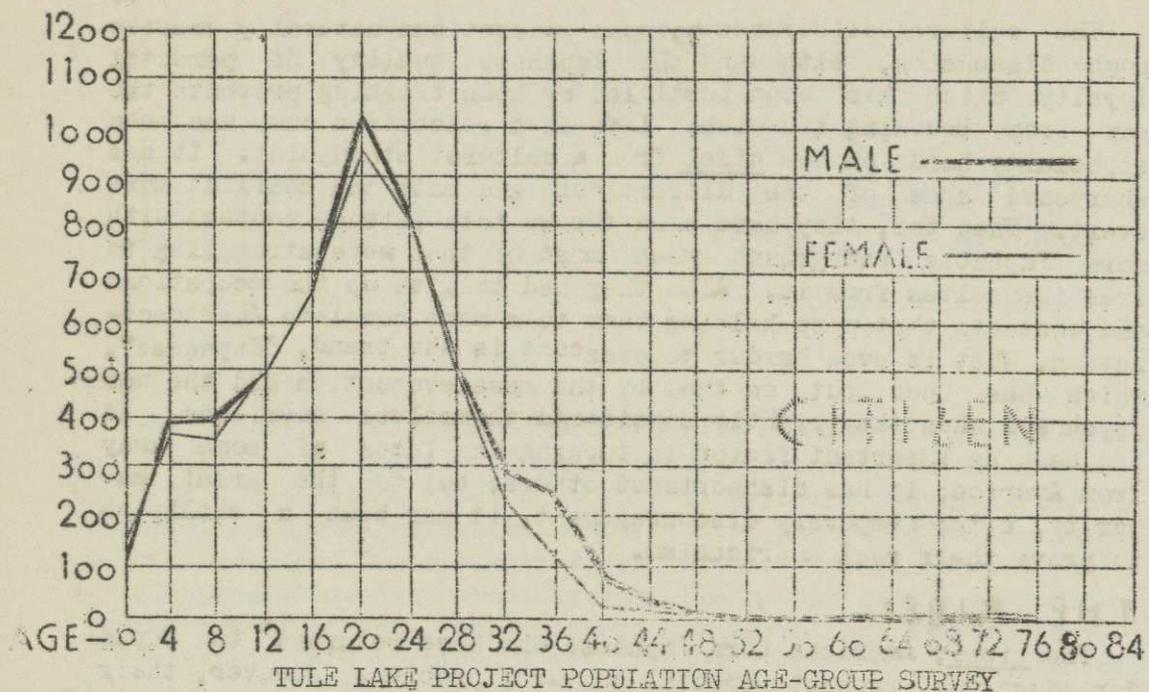
The kibei, American born Japanese who have returned to Japan for education, present a special cultural problem. However, their numbers are relatively small. Depending upon the number of years of foreign study, they find their difficulties of adjustment to American culture increased, and during the war they are especially apt to be confused. They are American citizens and yet may differ more culturally from the nisei than the nisei do from Caucasian Americans. Due to their dual cultural training, they have the opportunity to make an outstanding contribution to the Japanese in America and to all Americans by making possible to a greater extent the fusion of the cultures.

THE PROBLEM OF CULTURAL ASSIMILATION

From the foregoing summary, it can be seen that this question of cultural conflict is not just a Japanese problem; it is an American problem. America has faced similar situations many times before. In fact, there is no American culture except as a rich blend of contribution from many lands and peoples. We cannot afford to let a war involving American ideals distort our thinking in regard to the very basis upon which this country has been built. Cultural assimilation of the Japanese-Americans is the job of all of us.

--Arthur Ramey

OUR FOREIGN PARENTS.



There are two terms in Japanese that are used to distinguish the American-born from the Japan-born Japanese in America. We who were born and reared in this country are called *nisei*, meaning second generation. Though we may not differ appreciably in our outward appearance, our attitude toward many things is as different as are black and white. Our parents, the *issei*, trained from birth in their life at home, school, and work, in the age old customs of Japan, frequently cannot understand the *nisei* who were born and raised in America much as are other boys and girls in this country.

The most noticeable difference is in our speech, for the languages of Japan and America are so dissimilar that fluency in both tongues is quite uncommon; and because language is of utmost importance in the transmission of ideas, the inability to use a common language is perhaps the most formidable cultural barrier between the *issei* and *nisei*. We try to correct the English diction and grammar of our parents, but with very poor results. Our parents in turn often send us to Japanese language schools hoping that the schools might succeed in giving us fluency in their language, but most of us, despite several years of schooling, seldom learn to use Japanese with facility. People often remark in their conversations, "I can't find words to express what I feel and think," and this is literally the case between *issei* and *nisei* in their everyday life! The army intelligence school, in trying to find instructors among the *nisei*, learned to their surprise that few if any of them could read or write the Japanese language.

The barriers exist not only in language but in many other customs, and they are only slowly removed. Twenty years ago, the *issei* considered the American form of ballroom dancing a most undesirable form of recreation. "Imagine, a young man's arm encircled about your daughter's waist, and in public too!" Such comments were frequently heard among parents. But occasionally some of the more daring young *nisei* would sponsor a dance, perhaps once on Fourth of July and again on New Year's Eve, and these events would be well attended by dance-loving boys and girls who

would always arrive "stag", and return home "stag". However, after every "affair" the local Japanese papers would strongly reprimand the wild nisei in their editorials.

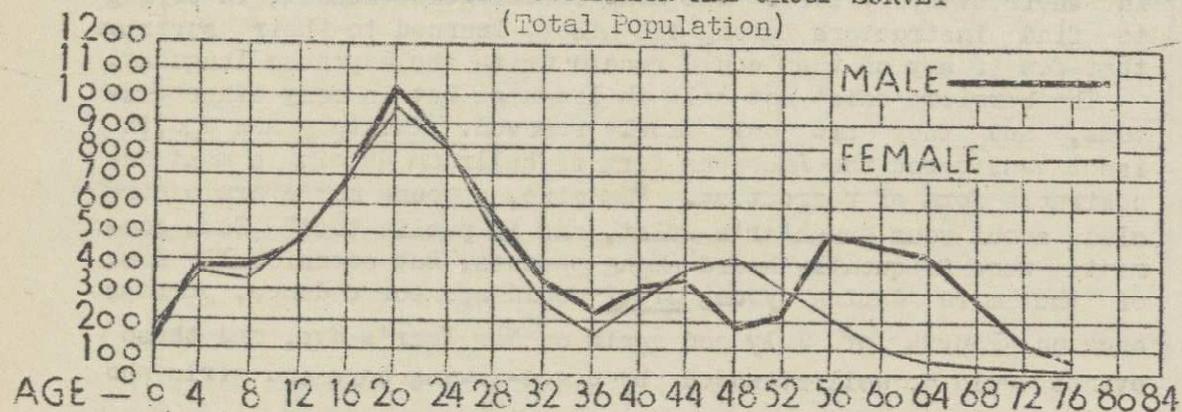
Within ten years we saw the sons and daughters of these same editors on the dance floor; another two years and we saw their parents on the floor.

"GO - BETWEEN"

Can't you imagine, then, the issei parents' dismay at requests from young people for simple weddings without expensive wedding gowns, elaborate banquets, and "go-betweens". Among Japanese these things are considered indispensable to the well conducted wedding, and especially does this attitude hold with regard to the "go-between".

In Japan when a young lady reaches the ripe age of say eighteen without an offer of marriage, or a son is discovered to have grown as old as twenty-three without having found a suitable mate, the worried parents call in their closest friend and asks him to do something about the situation. Does he know of some young lady or youth from the same prefecture as themselves (and this is quite important), with a similar educational background, without any known hereditary illnesses? Of course, the girl should know how to cook and sew, know her manners, and show evidence of making a good mother; the young man should be respectable, have at least enough for a dowry, and preferably be a little bright.

TULE LAKE POPULATION AGE-GROUP SURVEY
(Total Population)



So with all these instructions which he already knows from past experience, the go-between inquires about until he meets another person on the same mission. Only for the opposite sex. Now they compare notes, and if everything seems all right, the parents are told the good news. A meeting is arranged for the young couple where the prospective bride and groom meet for the first time, or it should better be said that they are present in the same room for the first time, for the blushing young lady never raises her head and the bashful young man looks at everything but the object upon whom he is to pass approval. The well-bred children usually agree to marry the choice of their parents and go-between, and strange as it may seem, such marriages often prove more lasting than our "love at first sight" type of union.

NISEI BREAK AWAY

A few nisei first broke away from this old custom. Now we hear of courthouse marriages and even of elopements, and without any eye-brow raising or fainting parents.

But if there are these cultural conflicts, these barriers to mutual understanding, we also come to realize that our parents are just as human as anyone else, and that we can understand them as human beings. If our parents show parental concern over our welfare, we can understand that the impulse towards concern for us is not different from the parental impulse anywhere else. If they show us kindness in little deeds from day to day, we can see that kindness is not substantially different from kindness anywhere else. It is on this common ground that cultural conflicts are compromised and gradually disappear.

FOR A HIGHER CULTURE

Because the average of issei is not about 50 to 55 years, it will not be long before the issei generation disappears. The cultural conflicts may then no longer exist, but the significant things of life which the issei convey to us will remain. If there are things which we may think strange or wrong in Japanese culture, there is also much that it has to offer in its calm and quiet way. It would be well for us nisei if we might inherit their love of beauty in simple things and learn their patience. If we should combine and temper these virtues with those of our American background, I feel that a higher culture would evolve.

--Nobu Naito

"The Heart and Mind"

ARE NISEI LOYAL TO U.S.?

Pick at random any cross-section of 110,000 people in the United States. You will find men, women, children of varying kinds and occupations, some aliens, most citizens, the greatest majority loyal, some luke-warm, a few actively disloyal. Those of Japanese ancestry in the United States are such a group. No one doubts some of them may be passively or actively pro-Japanese. The Justice Department has interned 1,974 such suspected individuals for the duration, along with 1,448 Germans and 210 Italians.

But for the groups as a whole, "the loyalty of the overwhelming majority...has not been seriously questioned by informed persons." So states the Director of the Department of Justice's Alien Enemy Control Unit. The Congressional Committee investigating National Defense Migration, headed by Representative John Tolan, after hearing all sides, corroborates this: "We cannot doubt, and everyone is agreed, that the majority of Japanese citizens and aliens are loyal to this country." The War Relocation Authority's former director, Milton S. Eisenhower, brother of the United Nations' commander in North Africa, reports:

"I have visited with many people, some of them technical experts in whom I have confidence. I would say that from 80 to 85 per cent of the nisei, who are American-born citizens of Japanese descent and who have never been out of the United States, are loyal to the United States." (June 15, 1942)

Many persons, such as race-baiting Congressmen Martin Dies, Leland Ford and John Rankin, or sincere citizens misled by racial propaganda, have questioned the loyalty of the Americans of Japanese descent. But against their ill-informed opinion is the word of President Roosevelt; Secretary of War Stimson; the War Relocation Authority's present director, Dillion S. Myer; James C. Baker, Bishop of the Methodist Church for the California Area;

Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, commanding general, Hawaiian Department, U.S. Army; the editors of Time; Ray Lyman Wilbur, chancellor of Stanford University; W. C. ("Tom") Sawyer, former national vice-commander of the American Legion; August Vollmer, noted criminologist and professor of police administration at the Universities of Chicago and California; Monroe E. Deutsch, vice-president and provost at University of California; John Dewey, philosopher; Professor Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary; Chester Rowell, distinguished San Francisco newspaperman; Frederick J. Koster, chairman, San Francisco Chapter of the Red Cross. All these and many more testify to the loyalty of the typical American-Japanese.

A United Press dispatch of April 23, 1943 reports that "according to WRA tabulations, 95 per cent of the total Japanese-American population is loyal to this country. A number are working in war industries, including two in factories making bomb sights and others in airplane plants. Thousands of American-Japanese are serving in the armed forces; more thousands are now being recruited. The commander of a battalion of these soldiers reports:

"I've never had more whole-hearted, serious-minded co-operation from any troops."

The War Department says this is typical, and a War Department statement adds: Americans of Japanese blood...are wanted because the government and the army are convinced of their loyalty." One hundred seventy-five are already on special missions in the South Pacific, mainly as interpreters. Others are fighting in that area, in infantry companies in North Africa, or behind the guns of bombing planes. Three have been decorated. (These figures are as April 22, 1943.)

EFFECT OF EVACUATION ON NISEI

Just how loyal are the nisei, is, I suspect, an interrogation which has long been in your minds. Due to the unpardonable deeds committed by a few of the nisei the good reputation of the nisei has been somewhat stigmatized. Thus, it is quite easy to discern why the integrity and the faithfulness of the nisei as a whole have been questioned.

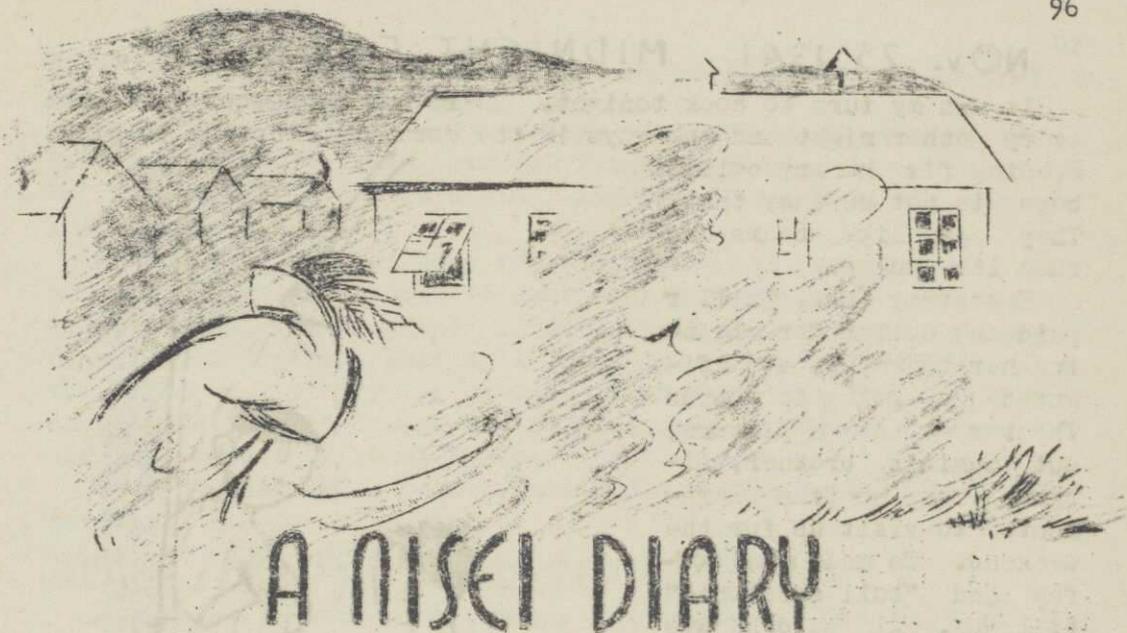
Just what per cent of the nisei are loyal and what per cent

are disloyal is a question which I can not accurately answer. However, I am fully convinced that the vast majority of the nisei are staunch Americans, steadfastly and unmistakably loyal to this nation which has given them and their parents so much. You may inquire--what about the other nisei--those who are disloyal? I would answer that question in this way. It is, undeniably, true that as the result of this war a great change does exist in the hearts of a number of nisei. That a number of nisei have lost faith in America is, also, true. It would be wrong to assume, however, that these nisei became disloyal because they were in sympathy with the Japanese scheme of world conquest; or that these nisei have given their allegiance to the land of their ancestors instead of to the country of their birth. It would be folly for me to assume that hidden in the deep recesses of the hearts of those who have lost faith in democracy were seeds of Anti-Americanism that needed only the element of war for the seeds to blossom. No, the war was not the stimulus which prompted many of the nisei to lose their faith, if not permanently, at least, temporarily in the goodness of American way of living, and in democracy. No, the war was not responsible for the change of hearts, for the loss of faith and love of country. No, the stimulus was the evacuation.

It was the evacuation which unjustly herded the nisei into camps without trial and without justice that prompted many to question whether this sort of thing was actually democracy in action. It was the strange likeness to the Nazi technique that made many wonder whither goeth democracy. The evacuation was a cruel, malevolent thing, utterly unnecessary. In its wake of economic ruin, the evacuation committed the very dastardly crime of changing many loyal, good Americans into apathetic, bitter, questionable Americans. It would be well to remember that the thing which caused many to become disloyal was not the innate predilection for Nipponism, for there is no such predilection existing among the nisei. The cause was the evacuation.

I, honestly, believe that these wayward children of America can be brought back to the fold again. I feel that you can do much in the restoration of the faith of these, THE DISILLUSIONED, by redeeming that which was lost through the evacuation. It can be done through kindness, good-will, absence of racial discrimination, and the perfecting of democracy to see the real democracy practiced.

--Frank Hijikata



This is a year's retrospect of my life in this relocation center. It may be a narration common to typical nisei-off-the-street; a brief sketch of how hereacted to the incredible new environment on the barren, dust-caked enclosure with thousands of slant-eyed Americans like himself.

I was born in Sacramento, California 23 years ago. My father is a Japanese immigrant who worked in the fruit orchards as a farm laborer. I was sent to school with Chinese kids, Negro kids, Portuguese kids, blonde kids and kids of all colors and nationalities. As I grew older I became conscious of my race and my social contact became more and more confined with people of my own race.

My father scraped enough money to send me to University of California. There, my future outlook was a dilemma. I changed my course frequently to fit the narrow pattern of nisei's economic status.

Evacuation came as a relief to my post-graduate worries, but its effect was a death-blow to any aspiration I may have had. I'm looking ahead to resettlement with a mixed feeling of hope and doubt.

It was my turn to cook tonight. We're having hamburger almost every other night and the guys in the dorm are starting to kick. Feeding five hungry college boys is not an easy task. They eat like bears and fuss like mules.

Yesterday Mrs. Miller paid me a dollar for cleaning her basement, and I figured on going to Campus Theater to see a picture, but Sumio's brother, Albert, came up from Sacramento to visit us for the weekend. We made some coffee and "bull sessioned" till one. Al said he was still working in the country pruning grapes. It's a pity, a brilliant graduate in engineering like him couldn't get a decent job simply because he is a "Jap".

I went to bed wondering what I was doing in college. Maybe it was because I didn't have anything to do after high school. But someone said college was a sound investment.

DEC. 3, 1942 "HASHING"

University's Bureau of Occupation called me up and asked me if I wanted to "hash" at a Phi Gamma banquet party tonight. The fraternity was inviting a neighboring sorority over. They were willing to pay me 50 cents an hour plus dinner and carfare. I needed the money badly, so I took the job. Why is my father so late with my monthly allowances? (Oh well, I can't ask too much of



him. I feel like a parasite living off the money he sweated on the asparagus field.)

Gad, the banquet was swank! The coeds came with their boy friends in breath-taking evening gowns, perfuming the whole place. We served the entree in a dimly lighted dining hall and they ate luxuriously.

After the dinner, they retired to the living room where they smoked, sang and danced to sentimental recordings. Few couples lingered in the garden. I dropped in intermittently to serve drinks. The girls were tall, slim and extremely beautiful. In the kitchen, plenty of untouched and perfectly good foods were dumped into the garbage and thrown away. I took a piece of pie and some slices of roast beef home to the gang.

Gee, I wish I was born a "hakujin" and able to live in a fraternity.

DEC. 6, 1941 MID-TERM CRISIS

Mid-term is coming next week. I'm cramming like heck and tonight I sat up late reviewing my notes. I shouldn't have left everything up to the last minute. I'll probably flunk my poly sci.

The student club is putting on a dance a week following the mid-term, but where in the heck can I get a date? Ratio of nisei coeds to men is almost 5 to 1 on the campus, and even the homeliest girl can be choosy as to whom she goes out with. I like to ask Yuri but most likely every Tom, Dick and Harry have asked her. She's plenty good-looking. I saw her this afternoon at the Bancroft book store. She stopped, smiled and said, "hello". I felt good all day.

DEC. 7, 1941 SUNDAY

I had intended to go to the library and study for the mid-term. While preparing an early lunch of rice and sausages, Hiro tore into the kitchen and unceremoniously announced that Japanese planes were bombing Honolulu.

"That are you trying to do, scare us?" asked Kiyoshi Mano who munched his sandwich complacently.

"Aw forget it," said Jesse, "radio must have been misinformed. It could have been some sort of target practice. You've heard of the army dropping bombs into volcanos."

Radio literally kept on humming all afternoon on the latest

report from Hawaii.

I stayed home all day unable to study, to think clearly as to what happened. My mind is in a state of total confusion. What about my future plans? What's to become of us?

JAN. 3, 1941 THE LABOR CAMP

Events have been moving so rapidly, my mind is hopelessly muddled. It was hard to tear myself away from the sheltered cloister of Berkeley hills when the fall semester ended. But I had to join my father here in a labor camp on the San Joaquin river delta to learn enough money at least for my tuition. With circumstance as it is, I don't know whether I should go back to school. The future is horribly blacked out and I cannot find my perspective.

The colory packing shed where we commute everyday is too damp to-suit me and I have caught a cold which I haven't been able to rid for a week. I feel miserable physically as well as mentally.

We have been at war with Japan for a whole month now and a news commentator over the radio is excitedly reporting the accounts of the swift drive of the Japanese war machines down the Philippine archipelago. Also listening intently to the radio of the vicious onslaught of their native country are some Filipino laborers lying in their individual bunks under the same roof. They are quiet but cursing under their breath.

The labor crew here consists equally of Japanese and Filipinos, and my cousin's wife is doing the cooking. There have been no outburst of physical or verbal violence although a few Japanese residents in nearby Stockton were slain by hysteria intoxicated Filipinos. Japanese store windows were smashed after dark. I don't think there will be any trouble here 'cause the Japanese and the Filipino foremen have made an understanding to discourage any discussion of the war.

The other night, a Filipino, whom I have worked with before, took me into Stockton and treated me to a movie at Fox California. After a supper of chow mein, we returned to camp. We refrained from any serious conversation.

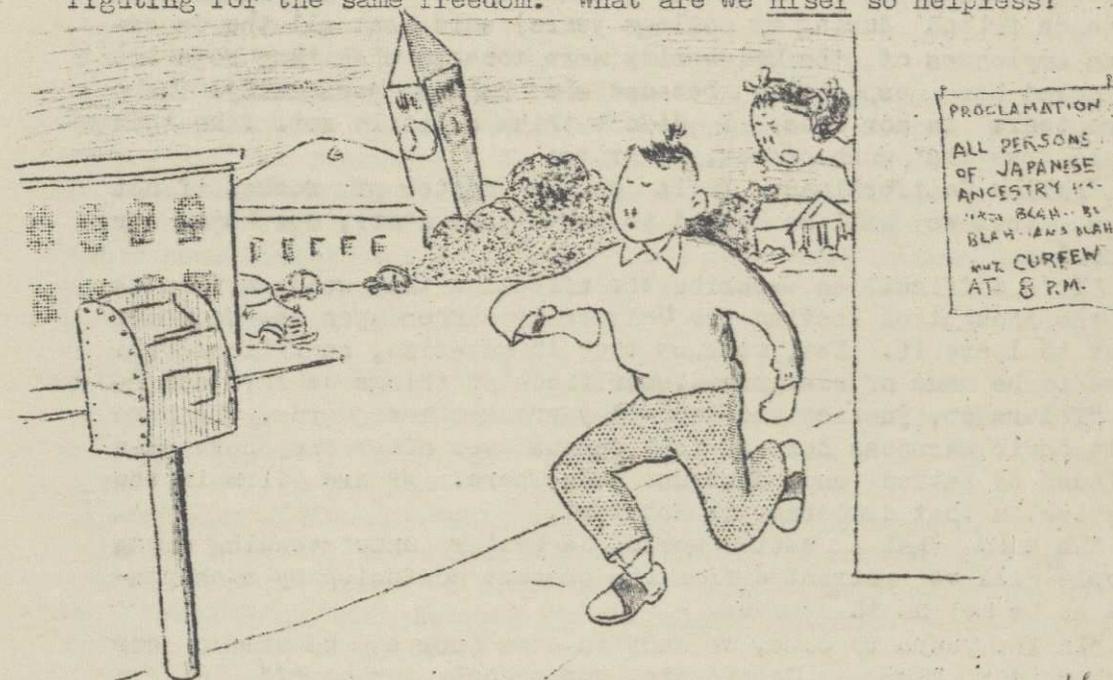
Letters-to-the-Editors in many of the coast newspapers are advocating that all Japanese in this country should be "sterilized" or "thrown into the sea." These intolerant outbursts make me wonder if the American people are losing their sense of fair-play and human decency.

MAR. 5, 1942 "I TOLD YOU SO"

"I told you so! Old man Kawashimaleered at me, baring his ugly yellow teeth. The weaseled old issei wiped his nose with his hand and brushed it on his only khaki trousers which he wore invariably even in town.

"You nisei are a weak spineless bunch," he chided. "You boast about your citizenship, your rights and loyalty but look what happens. The government is going to throw you into internment camps with the rest of us like sheep and cattles, and you still talk about faith in American democracy. Why do you keep on kidding yourself?"

I wanted to tell the old fossil to go lay a brick egg, but I sulked away with my soul half-crying, half-weeping because I wanted so much to keep faith. I see no logic in having to surrender my freedom in a country which I sincerely believe to be fighting for the same freedom. What are we nisei so helpless?



MAR. 30, 1942 CURFEW

This curfew business is terrible. I can't go to shows. I can't go to dances. I can't go anywhere, not even to next door

to play bridge.

To top this, air raid practice is going on almost every night. I've draped all the windows and am studying by the feeble light of candles. Curfew prevents me from going to the library at night.

APR. 3, 1942 FOR A BETTER WORLD

The weary chimes of the Campanile has bonged out its final notes and the Berkeley hills are quiet and dark beneath a starless sky. I am sitting at my desk trying to grasp the confusion that seethes in my mind like a nightmare.

What has the future in store for me? What is camp life going to be like?

The letter I wrote to The Daily Californian, to my surprise, came out in bold print with a box. It was a little note I wrote during lunch hour. Mrs. Snook (whom I befriended and remained a staunch friend during my college years) said that all the Caucasian employees of the University were touched when they read it. It moved her especially because she knew me personally. There were tears in her eyes. I didn't think a little note like that would have that much effect. I wrote:

"Fellow Californians: It is only a matter of weeks, if not days, that we will be asked to leave our state, our home, our school.

"It's difficult to describe the affection that wells within us as the thought of leaving the University surges upon us. We don't want to leave it. Yet, we know that in war-time, sacrifices will have to be made of everyone...sacrifices of things we love dearly.

"Tolerance, justice and fair-play are not mere words. We have felt their warmth here on the campus even after they have been blinded by hatred and distrust elsewhere. We are firm in the conviction that democracy is not dead.

"We know that a better world, a better understanding among people will be recreated from the present confusion by such people as we met on the campus.

"In the years to come, we want to come back and be able to say with pride: "This is California, our school, our home!"

MAY 16, 1942 WALERGA

Walerga Assembly Center is erected on a cow pasture, a stone throw from the outskirts of the city of Sacramento. At night, I

love to watch the city lights illuminate the sky pale yellow.

Although camp facilities are crude, we are provided with only the barest essentials, but the place is better than I expected it would be. The treatment is humane and I believe the WCCA men are trying to make us as comfortable as possible. I hate to be in their shoes.

I'm maybe so impressed because I'm accustomed to living in filthy camps while working in the fruit orchards. But it sickens me inside to watch women and children standing in line at the mess halls with the wind and the dust blowing in their faces.

The kids are having a jitterbug session next door and the entire barrack is vibrating with the noise.

I'm having lots of fun running the camp's mimeographed news sheet, "Walerga Wasp", with the assistance of Toko Fujii and Mary Hosokawa. Toko is covering sports and Mary does all the typing on my "portable".

JUNE 21, 1942 MOVING AGAIN

I've been here in Walerga for less than a month, but I'm packing up my worldly possessions to move again. I'm getting tired of packing and repacking. I hope they'll put us in a place at least semi-permanent. It'll give me a sense of self-possession.

I hear Tule Lake is a barren desert and I wonder how long I could bear living on a place like that. My mind is numb towards any long range plans of the future. My only present concern is my bodily comfort.

JUNE 26, 1942 SECTIONALISM

When I first walked into The Dispatch office early this week to inquire about a job, the reception was that of peaceful hostility. I felt the iciness of sectionalism borne against me simply because I ran the "Walerga Wasp" back in Sacramento. What actually provoked antagonism was the mistake I made in writing a letter to Frank Tanabe, present editor of The Dispatch, asking if the "Wasp" men being removed to Tule Lake ahead of me could be given a chance on the paper.

The "Dispatchers", wholly nisei from Oregon and Washington, misconstrued it as our intention to take over the paper.

I finally got a job as a feature editor today through the effort of Harry Mayeda, Asst. director of Recreation department.

Before I came here, I had the pre-conceived notion that nor-

thern nisei would be "snooty" and condescending. Stanley, who was transferred earlier, wrote to me that girls went to dances with high heels. He added that he was having difficulty getting along with them.

The whole picture is too generalized. The northerners regard us as rowdy and ill-mannered. Because we were tanned bronze under the naked sun in the assembly centers, we are called "California niggers". I can readily recognize a northern girl by her pale white complexion. It seems apparent that they're generally more Americanized because they did not live in congregations of Japanese colonies back home.

What I resent most is that they came here first and got all the good jobs. But I feel that as long as all of us are going to live here together there should be no room for petty differences.

JULY 12, 1942 NEW SIGNIFICANCE

I have always been indifferent towards religion, in fact, skeptical. When I was in town, I had conceived church as a social center for exchanges of current gossips.

Religion gained a new significance in my life; a brighter outlook into the future.

This morning, having nothing better to do, I decided to attend a service conducted in one of the empty barracks. There weren't enough benches to accommodate everyone; some brought their own folding chairs, and some brought empty crates. I stood in the back leaning against the wall listening to Rev. Tanabe's sermon.

There weren't the customary flowers and the elaborate altar. The minister stood with a bible in his hand before a group of earnest young faces and presented his sermon eloquently from the heart. The simplicity of it all reminded me of a story I once read of forlorn travelers kneeling and praying in the wilderness.

I felt God very close to me.

AUG. 25, 1942 DUSTSTORM

Today is no day for anyone to be outside. The sky is bleak and overcast. The wind is relentlessly blowing and churning up the loose ground and no nook or crevice is immune to the ubiquitous dust.

I came home from work and found the room gritty and filthy with grime. Powdery white dust had sifted through the edges of windows and settled on the bed, the shelves, the books and all

the clothings hung on nails.

The dust disgusts and sickens me inside. One sleeps and eats with dust.

No one acts human in a duststorm. Like animals, all evacuees seek shelter and all activities come to a standstill. Human rationalization is blotted out and all minds are assailed with rancor and hatred.

It's only fortunate that these duststorms are sporadic and are usually accompanied by refreshing rainfalls. The ground hardens and evacuees return to normal routine.

AUG. 29, 1942 STORY OF A STARRY NIGHT

The U.C. Club presented its first dance last night at Block 7 mess hall. Hardly knowing any of the girls in the neighborhood, I mustered enough courage to ask one if she would go with me. She said she would.

I wore my loud sports jacket. I didn't have anything else to wear. She looked pretty in her yellow dress and I fumbled for something to say but I just simply said she "looked nice."

Mas Sakada, Eugene Okada, Sakae Hayashi and the rest of the fellows I knew in Berkeley spent the afternoon sweeping and polishing the linoleum floor. We strung the bare rafter with blue and gold crepe papers and attempted to make the dining hall as presentable as possible for dancing purposes. For music, we rented a portable public address system.

We danced fox trots and waltzes all evening and there were so many new faces to meet. One heartening thing about came life is that I'm making more acquaintances. Eventually, there's bound to be some friction in a closely knit community such as this.

The young girls in the block, Martha, Edna, Edith, Mariko, Aiko, are working in the mess hall as waitresses. It's colorful to watch the young girls in bright aprons glide from one table to another with pitcher in hand. "Tea, milk?" Their voices are cheery and light.

It gave me the inspiration to write a short story of a miserable boy who developed a sudden "crush" on a pretty waitress and was disappointed. I called it "Story of a Starry Night" because it happened to be the favorite hit song at the time and had it published in the Dispatch magazine which I'm editing. Singular advantage of being the editor is that you could use your own story no matter how corny it is.

An adolescent girl who read "The Starry Night" said she liked it: "because it did something to me inside". The older readers thought it was naive but amusing.

Life is new and exciting here. There's so much to do and there are so many people to meet. I wonder what will happen if the novelty of these new experiences wear off.

SEPT. 7, 1942 LABOR DAY

Ye gads, was it hot today! The heat was blistering. Shirrell declared a Project holiday today to celebrate Labor Day, and the entire population gathered at the firebreak to pay tribute to Old Glory.

There was a deadening silence as the stars and stripes fluttered and climbed high into the empty blue sky up the 102-foot mast. The Boy Scouts' bugles sounded "To The Colors", and a stirring emotion unconsciously gripped me when the flag unfurled itself in the breeze high over the rows of drab, brown barracks.

The Boy Scouts and Girl Reserves stood at rigid attention and before I knew it, young kids began to keel over with ~~san~~ strokes. I counted five in half-hour.

I have always known Labor Day to be the hottest day in the year, but today was exceptionally terrific.

OCT. 18, 1942 BLOCK MEETING

Block meetings were held in all block mess halls tonight to decide on whether or not we should construct a movie theater in the project. It so happened that Mr. Kendall Smith of the Administration took the initiative of purchasing lumber with the community enterprise money without the knowledge of the evacuees. The issei, who never did attend movies in the cities, are infuriated to a hysterical pitch of being obstinate enough to deny their movie-crazy children a wonderful recreational outlet. (Ironically, when the movies were shown block by block in the mess halls a few months later, issei literally fought for admittance tickets.)

I suppose idleness and mental effect of evacuation have much to do with their bitterness. Some issei, blinded with heated emotion, are even "taking it out" on the WRA staff here for being forced out from their homes, businesses and farms. I'm terribly dismayed to watch our parents' mind pervert so. It's pathetic.

It seems that at every block meeting, the precarious citizenship status of the nisei is sarcastically jeered by few of the

impetuous issei. I worked myself into such a rage tonight that I stood up to speak. I felt heroic but later it occurred to me that I projected myself as a "martyr".

Momentarily forgetting my position as one of the editors of The Dispatch, I openly stated that I was in favor of building a theater. My youthful impudence enraged the issei. Fearful of being reproached by their parents, the nisei in the crowd failed to "back me up". Consequently, some of the issei suggested that I might be an "inu", or an informer of the Administration.

I may have jeopardized my reputation in the block but I personally don't give a damn.

NOV. 6, 1942 A BIT OF "OUTSIDE"

The entire Dispatch staff took a day off to assist the farmers in their harvest. All felt good riding down the highway seeing signboards and gas stations again.

NOV. 18, 1942 FISH FISH FISH

Air is biting cold outside and the flimsy barracks quiver like jello on a chill morning. It's a good thing, WRA had the foresight of insulating these army barracks and installed coal stoves in each apartment; otherwise we'll freeze this winter. The G.I. blankets are itchy but nevertheless they keep us warm.

We had fish again today. It's fish, fish, fish, almost every otherday. Issei love fish but I will go for hamburgers any day.

Tonight I toasted some bread on the stove to avert "starvation". I'm dreaming of a thick juicy tenderloin smothered with raw onions.

DEC. 1, 1942 NOSTALGIA

I've been going to The Dispatch office every night for two weeks now to run the magazine pages on the mimco-machine. Kunio Otani stayed up with me till one in the morning with gawdy green and red ink smeared on our faces.

Frank Tanabe dropped in after a dance and joined us. He related his experiences working in the salmon canneries of Alaska. We walked home slowly and weary between the dark rows of barracks reminiscing the "civilization" we left behind. We thought of the pink salmons sparkling in the sun, the hardness of the sidewalks, the sophomore hops, the favorite hot dog stand, The Big Game, the splotches of golden poppies on the green hills of Moraga, the

thundering clatter of trolleys on Geary and the kindly old professor in his dark office in Wheeler hall.

I slipped in between dust-laden blankets quietly so as not to awaken my father who snored and creaked in an army cot nearby.

DEC. 27, 1942 NEW YEAR PREPARATION

You can always depend on these dye-in-the-wool issei to have the traditional 'mochi', or rice biscuits, on New Year wherever they may be. Men in the blocks are busily pounding steamed rice in improvised 'usu' built in the laundry rooms. Women are molding patty cakes, singing and laughing. The spirit is extremely high. Men will have to do without their beloved sake this year.

JAN. 2, 1943 WHITE CHRISTMAS

A heavy blanket of virgin white snow had settled down on the dust-caked floor of Tule Lake during the night; everything is white as far as the eyes can see. The hills in the distance are like mounds of ice cream. The drab brown barracks sparkle in refreshing drape of white. It gives a guy a healthy, crisp feeling.

Christmas and New Year had passed by eventlessly. Little tykes are playing in the snow, unmindful of the sharp chill wind. These kids have never seen snow in their lives.

A letter came from Private Phil Oda from Missouri. A couple weeks ago, he sent me a woolen army scarf for Christmas. "The Christmas for us nisei soldiers was very different from that of the whites," he remarked. "They received gifts from folks back home but we gave to our people in camps. Nobody expected gifts and only a few received them but everybody saved and bought very heavily out of their army pay. All nisei soldiers were glad to have been in a position to make their people happy. It was indeed the first time when Christmas meant something to us."

FEB. 18, 1943 DECISION OF A LIFETIME

The army is in the process of registering all male citizens to find out where their loyalty lies.

"What the hell," says a guy, "we have to plan our future courses according to how we were treated in the past. All our lives, both our parents and we have been kicked around like unwanted dogs. We never got a chance. There is no future for us in America. Being pushed into camp such as this is evidence enough."

Although everyone is entitled to his or her own conviction,

down in my heart I hope people with sentiments like these are in minority. It is too much for me when some of my friends whom I have associated closely all my life talk like this. Evacuation was a tragic mistake. The effect is slowly warping everyone's minds to cynicism and defeatism.

I don't want to be bitter and cynical. I want to look ahead: to be far-sighted enough to look beyond my petty grievances, whims and desires. I have a lifetime to live in America and I'm not going to throw it away now. I realize that I'm making a decision of my life and my mind is made up. My conviction has always been the same.

FEB. 19, 1943 UNSHAKABLE FAITH

This morning I strolled over to the Ad building and registered. The questions were simple. Question 27 and 28 asked me if I were still loyal to the United States. I signed 'yes' to both of them and walked out feeling relieved.

MAR. 4, 1943 SIDE BY SIDE

A few of Washington's cigar smoking congressmen in their soft leather chairs are charging that we are being pampered and coddled. I certainly would like to have one of them live with me for a week and eat and sleep with us in our dingy barracks. I'd like to see him sit side by side with me in the latrine. It wouldn't be long before he'll start yelling about his constitutional rights.

APR. 11, 1943 STRANGE HAPPINESS

I must admit that dancing is one of the few pastimes which seems to keep my morale up. Opportunities for social contacts are abundant and I'm not cramped with expensive formalities such as fancy clothes, car, barbecue stands and "big name" orchestras.

Last night, the Bachelors' Club, of which I'm the 7th vice president, sponsored the debut of Licky Tanaka's new dance orchestra. It was a gala dance and the club "brothers" had specially ordered gardenia corsages for their dates. My partner wore it in her hair. There were program dances and I gave on to Hiro Uratsu who wanted to see who I brought, and I exchanged others with Harry Inukai, Mas Ogawa and Mas Inada, the gang at the office. Mickey dedicated a number for me. He played, "The Waltz You Saved For Me," my favorite number. I came home with a

strange feeling of happiness. To feel happy in a camp like this struck me strange.

I'm looking forward to the "Spring Informal" next Saturday.

MAY 12, 1943 GOING, GOING, GOING

Joni Shimoda is leaving for Chicago tomorrow. Grace Asai, Stan Sugiyama, Roy Yokote, I and some of his close friends were invited to a farewell party tonight. It gives me an empty feeling to watch the fellows, whom I've become attached to during my stay here, leave one by one. Riley also leaves tomorrow. Art Morimitsu says he has no other alternative but to volunteer for the Army to show his loyalty. He has applied for Camp Savage.

MAY 15, 1943 THE OUTLOOK

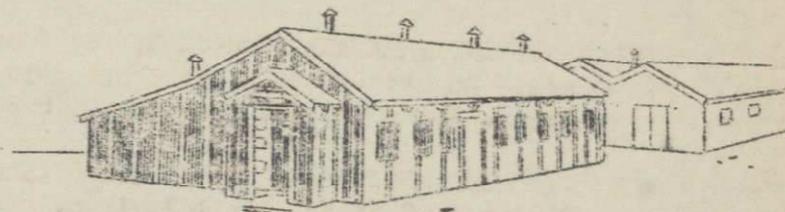
Now that I have made plans to leave the Project, I feel like staying here a little longer. Life here has made me soft and indolent. I'm clothed, sheltered and I don't have to worry about where my next meal is coming from. I feel as though I've become a part of the dust. I no longer gripe about the physical conditions of this camp.

There is no economic pressure living in a socialized world such as here, and I am living day to day in purposeless drifting, planning frivolous things to do tomorrow. It's funny.....I want to prolong this sort of life but if I procrastinated I'll be here for the duration and I don't want to be here when the war ends. My better conscience tells me that the sooner I re-establish myself in a normal American community, the better I would be prepared to meet the post-war future.

I must go out and make my living the hard way again. Yet doubt and fear disturb my mind. Would I be jumping out of a frying pan into the fire? Will I be happy outside in a strange community? To go out means to depart from my life-long friends. It means to tear myself away from a life of comparative ease and security to start life all over again. It makes me feel weary. I hope this will be the last time I'll have to move again.

AND.....
this is the brief story of a poor bewildered nisei and his many problems. Although government agencies and the public are doing all they can for him, he knows too well that in the end only he can save himself.

Greetings ON NEWELL'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY



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