

Notes -

I read the
Pearl Harbor Day

entry in post
made I - who
never been typed
before as I thought it
was to capitulate
and hysterical, but it
seems formless now
after all these years!
The world is lost

Monthly - 6/17/68

note that I

did return
under value
in 1961

I marked the 4
units which
should be copied
and put before
May 2, 1942 Entry

Copy this 2 letters &
II Pro-association letter

March 2, 1942

216 Bancroft St.

Vallejo, Calif

To Whom it may Concern:

I, Mitsuko Kikuchi, agree to rent the house (216 Bancroft St.), with the consent of the landlady, Mr. Mary Zanine, at \$40.00 per month ^{plus m.d.s. tax} for the use of the barber shop equipped with:

Cash register, water heater, 2 barber chairs, mirrors, etc.

In the event that I am forced to leave Vallejo as a result of Military proclamation, I agree to grant Mr. L. O. Pleasant full permission for the use of living quarters and kitchen furnished, until such time we, the family of N. Kikuchi, are able to return.

Signed,

Mitsuko Kikuchi

I agree to above condition

L. O. Pleasant

Nituss,

Marcellus Negubart.

her and the Berkeley and Peninsula groups may oppose her for this reason. Bette just wants to be elected for the "prestige" value.

Emiko went to the dentist today to get her tooth fixed. She has a big cavity in one of the molars and her choice was to have it yanked, or else have the nerve killed. While she was in the chair, the electric power went off so that she has to go through the same thing again tomorrow. She finished out her student relocation form and promises to send it in tomorrow. Her ambition is to do secretarial work.

July 14, 1942 Tuesday

Mr. Spencer came down this morning and told us that Dr. Thomas had seen the WRA about our transfer to Gila. They will get clearance from Friar in Washington. Dr. Thomas is on her way up to Tule Lake for a few days and she notes that the temperature there is around 110° now. In case that Mom cannot travel I am supposed to wire Thomas and let her know.

Mom has been feeling a little better. Today she was on her feet for a little while. Pop thinks that it was his eucalyptus brew which he rubbed on that is curing her. Alice had the doctor come down and he says that Mom can travel now, but that she will have to go to bed as soon as she gets there. Pop has been very considerate of her and they have been talking together more, something that he has not done for a long time. I thought the reason for this was his nature, not a deep seated difficulty. Our family discussion of the other night has cleared a lot of things up. Pop made some stew for Mom today and he told me flatly that we will not leave here until she is well. He was busy today getting together some rope so that we could start packing. He wants to spend his \$4.00 scrip book up on tobacco so that Tom was busy most of the afternoon running in and out of the canteen purchasing the 9 cent tins of Model tobacco, 3 tins at a time. Mimi bought me 14 pkgs of cigarettes so that my books are almost spent up.

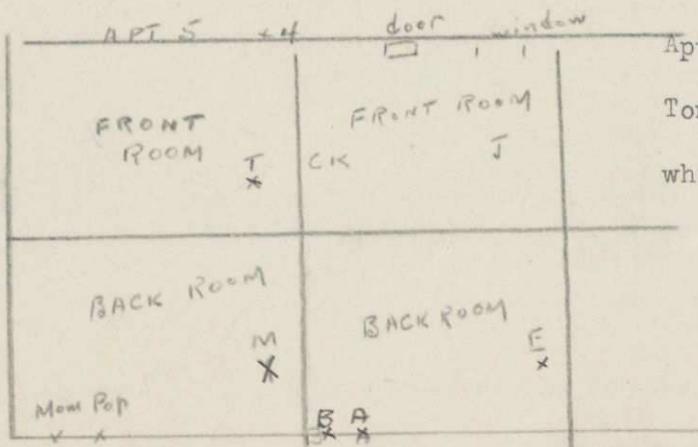
Alice went to mess 19 to see about the clothing. She added up our itemized lists and it came to \$93.00. She asked Dave Tatsuno what could be done about getting

our clothing and Dave made arrangements for us to receive our stuff at Gila in case we left before they arrived here. We had an extra \$5.00 added to the total. This whole sum is supposed to represent 3 months allowance for the nine of us.

Everyone that we know are already saying their goodbyes, and wonder why we picked such a hot place. News certainly does travel fast. Koji Urabe and the whole boxing team said that they would give us a good sendoff. The boys in the office also got the news from some source and I could not very well deny it. Before I even got back up to the office they knew that the day was going to be the 25th or before. They want to go down to Gila en masse now to start a super paper down there. One of my last duties will be to see if I can get Davis to give them P and T ratings so they can also draw \$16.00 a month like some of these teachers and secretaries. They are worried about the paper staff since Emiko will not be available either. I sort of eased off on the leg work by sending Lillian and Jimmy after more stories.

The whole family is beginning to get into the excitement state of packing, but nobody wants to start. Emiko bought a couple of cardboard boxes from the supply room, but we need strong wooden boxes to crate our accumulated belongings together. Jack and Bette even want to take "our" linoleum with us, but I thought that we would perhaps be overburdening ourselves. There is a chance that we may be able to find some there. The Gila project is still uncompleted and people won't be moving in until the 25th. We decided to take the dressers, but the table might be a little too awkward to handle. Ann wants one of our barrel chairs.

Our home certainly has changed since the day we first entered here.



Apt. #5 is Pop and Mom's and Miyako and Tom's side. Tom sleeps in the front room which is also used as a kitchen.

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We have a table and some chairs in there. On the sides we have the shelves and closets. Tom has some books, a radio and odds and ends around his bed. Our toothbrushes, towels and dirty laundry occupy the other corner. Pop, Mom and Miyako sleep in the back room. There are two home made closets for their clothes, plus a lot of our trunks and boxes. Pop keeps his little toilet chamber in the front corner since it is difficult for him to walk all the way to the latrine at the far end of the building. Five of us stay in apt. 5. Jack and I occupy the front room with our army cots. The "Tanforan" club bureau is at the foot of my bed by the side door. The bar desk is in the other corner. In the middle of the room we have the table Jack made. Home made chairs and benches are scattered around. Miyako usually accumulates a lot of her junk on our dresser. At the head of Jack's bed, we have piled some more trunks.

On my side I have a shelf for my books, magazines and radio and a lower shelf for the lamp, art objects and diplomas. My pop bellied "Buddha" stands guard over my head. The walls are decorated with college banners and painted scarfs. Jack has a shelf for his books on the wall over his head. Most of the books and magazines are stacked on the desk built at the foot of Jack's bed. Yesterday, Alice finally got around ~~to~~ to putting the curtains up.

We have taken the stable door down and a curtain has been placed between our rooms. Emiko, Bette and Alice sleep in the back, two of the beds are put together. On the wall there are a lot of maps to brighten things up a bit. The two closets are jammed full of all five of our clothes and Emiko takes up most of the space. Jack and I only have $1/3$ of one closet and she needs $2/3$. We put our good clothes away in our trunks. Jack's bureau with the large mirror is at the foot of Emiko's bed. The phonograph is between her and the other two on top of the linen box. Shelves have been put up for odds and ends. Emiko has her framed H.S. diploma hanging on the wall. Some more trunks fill up the remaining space.

My room is used as the social room, study room and barber shop. Pop usually lay around on Tom's bed. He never bothers us although we make it a point to introduce

him to all of our friends that come over. Today he was feeling more sociable so he did a sort of jitterbug dance with Miyako in front of Bette's friends.

Bette gave her speech for vice pres. at the H.S. rally today. She may lose the election because of the rumors of our leaving, plus the fact that her chief opponent has a strong backing from the Berkeley group. Patsy is also running for class representative. For some reason she is not as popular with the boys as Bette is. Ann says that the sparkle will be gone from her class when Bette departs. She considers Bette as very intelligent, but one who has to be molded carefully because she will also be popular with the boys and inclined to take on their group thinking.

Emiko has to make an important decision about her tooth today. She could either have had it yanked or the nerve killed. After a great deal of deliberation she finally had the nerve killed and so she had some needles stuck in her mouth. She is going to lose one of her lower back teeth. I went up with her to finally see about my typhoid shots, but the place was full and I could not get an appointment before tomorrow morning.

Jack says that Johnny was a little mad at him today because he let his class go to the rally and because he chewed gum while teaching. Jack keeps discipline by telling them to go home if they misbehave. This is too humiliating for them so that they quiet down and pay attention.

Toyo had a little trouble with her English class this morning. One of the boys called her a heel. They read funny books in the back row and do not pay much attention.

Censorship: McQueen questioned the use of the word kifu (cash donations) in my column. Davis backed him up and said that it could not be used because it was a Japanese word. I went to see Davis and he said that from now on we could not use any Japanese words at all in the paper. I explained that certain words had no literal translation, but it was no go. Jimmy used a good "fascist" word (sotto voce) and they let that go through! They are gradually reaching the point of silliness in the censorship of the camp paper. This means we can't use "Nisei" any more!

Alex came in this morning and wanted a big write up on the Bon Odori festival

which the Buddhist group is putting on. It is a folk dance and has some connection with the Buddhist religion. We got into a very heated argument when Taro and I said that this was worthy of burial in the most insignificant page. Alex contended that we needed these Japanese sort of things. I told him that he was not being very realistic. Although I had nothing against the better part of the Japanese culture, I did not consider this an opportune time to stress Japanese culture. I told him that the Buddhists should stress Americanism more since the group has been looked upon so suspiciously. Alex contended that the festival was necessary for camp morale. This is a lot of hooey; it is only an evidence for the Caucasian public to believe that we cling to Japan and don't want to Americanize, unfair as that may be. Alex admitted that the Buddhist group were more conservative but he could not see the harm in encouraging Bon Odori now. I thought a camp wide folk dancing festival, without religious lines, would have been a better plan. In this respect, Alex is a little conservative. But otherwise he is fairly liberal. He used to go fishing in Alaska with the CIO union men; was active in the YD's and wrote a column for the Nichi Bei. His father owned a little restaurant in Oakland.

Our messhall is having a shortage of milk again and it is only being given to kids from 6 to 12, any left over given to kids up to 16. Several of the waitresses claimed that Tod could get more milk for our messhall if he asked for it, but he is not aggressive enough. I asked him about it and he claims that they use too much for cereals in the morning and that he could not get more. I brought the matter to the attention of Toby and he will see what he can do. The other messhalls do not lack for milk, many give it to all of the people at least once a day. The people in our messhall probably think we make too many demands. That's because they are so damned conservative and would not raise objections even if they were fed manure. One old lady whispered as she went by in the line: "That family always wants everything. They should feel lucky to be getting even three meals a day." They resent the fact that we are so "bold." The other day they ran out of meat and I only got a spoonful of gravy on some rice so I spoke to Tod about it and he gave me fried eggs and bacon.

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He said that the commissary always shorts him on meat. Geo. K. is one of the butchers down there and he keeps telling me to come down and he will give me all the meat I want, but I never get around to it. He is griped at the Mikado bunch in there because they take about 5 lbs of meat off every messhall portion and give it to their friends or take it home, but who yell if the butchers don't give them the full quota down to the last ounce. I have noticed the difference. In messhall 2 where we eat our lunch, we always get more meat. The commissary boys eat there. Food in general is much better, but I don't like the two times a week for fish (a Japanese dish). The way the whole Japanese food deal came around was that it was brought up many times in the house mgrs. meetings. Finally they selected a committee headed by T. Ichiyasu to investigate and make a survey of the mess hall manager's opinion. Without consulting the people, the mess managers said that the old people wanted Japanese food. This group is only $\frac{1}{2}$ of the total and the majority of the Nisei would rather have American dishes, but we were not even consulted. The result is fish twice a week!

Attorney general Warren announced today that the franchise rights of the Nisei will be protected during our enforced stay in camps, and we will be able to cast absentee ballots. Warren is running for Governor and this may be a political move also since 25,000 Nisei voters will be eligible to vote in the primaries and general elections this year.

Today was also bastille day, but France was in no position to celebrate independence. Any demonstration against the Germans was threatened with sudden death for the demonstrator as well as the members of his family. This is the fascist idea of freedom. Hirohito sent Petain a message of congratulation to France on her Independence Day.

The whole canteen is really being mobbed these days. The Nisei manager there tells me that the people don't even act like human beings. They all push and squirm in to purchase what they can due to the belief that they will be leaving soon. One little boy got his chin cut on the counter today because of the rush and pressure

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behind him. There are 15 workers there now. McDonald says that the new supplies have been ordered but that they have not been delivered because of transportation shortage. The drug department especially is absolutely bare. The girls can't even purchase sanitary napkins there. Emiko had to go up to the hospital to get some.

The price of the candy, cigarettes and pop was lowered one cent for a few days but all prices will go back to the standard charges again tomorrow. McDonald got the order from the WCCA offices to this effect while I was in his office.

Marie, Ann, Mitch, Jimmy, Jack and myself got into a long discussion about how much democracy meant to us as individuals. Mitch says that he would even go in the army and die for it, in spite of the fact that he knew he would be kept down. Marie said that although democracy was not perfect, it was the only system that offered any hope for a future, if we could fulfill its destinies. Jack was a little more sceptical. He even suggested that we should be in such grave danger that we would then realize that we were losing something. Where this point was he could not say. I said that this was what happened in France and they lost all. Jimmy suggested that the colored races of the world had reason to feel despair and mistrust the white man because of the past experiences. The treatment of minority groups even in this country is contradictory to democracy. Jack thought this was the reason why so many minority groups did not feel for democracy, because they have never had it. He said that before we could do anything, race prejudice had to be eliminated, and he did not see how this was possible. Marie said this feeling of hopelessness was one of the reasons why many Nisei were rejecting patriotism. But this was a negative approach. A lot of things would be cleared up if the Caucasian American showed their good faith by letting the bars of immigration down and by giving the Negro a democratic chance. Asia would never trust the U.S. unless we showed good faith at home first. Ann thought that it was worth the fight to make democracy right and eliminate the patronizing attitude of the white man. Whether America could shake off the stupid mistakes of prejudices was something that none of us could make a definite answer upon. We did not know whether economic greed would still be the dominant end of

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these nations at war. We hoped and believed that the world would be changed for the better, under a democratic system. Jack thought that this was not being practical enough, but the rest of us could not agree to that.

Jack ate almost a whole box of crackers during the conversation. The Council held its first assembly so that the people all put on their electric pads at the same time and a fuse was blown out.

The Council are overwhelmed by its own importance. In a long winded meeting tonight, they patted themselves on the back and told the people how hard they have been working. From their minutes, it appears that most of it is a lot of talk. They do handle a lot of routine matters though I doubt that they would be allowed to make a strong stand on anything.

July 15, 1942 Wednesday Midnight

Tonight I gave my speech at the Town Hall meeting on the subject: Resolved: it is better to marry than stay single in the WRA centers. Midori and I took the negative, while Earl Yusa and Ruth Yamauchi took the positive. I worried around all afternoon getting the thing in shape. Marie took my dictation and we made my talk on a very light tone. My arguments really did not hold water, but nobody else would do it. The boys in the office were too busy with our constitution issue of the paper to be of any help. Marie and I finished up at 4:30 so I came home to practice the delivery. I didn't believe what I said, but Jack seemed to think that it would be harmful for the young Nisei who would be influenced even if said jokingly because my name was known as one who had made some study of the Nisei problems. I made Bette and Patsy sit out in front and they suffered while I rehearsed on them.

The meeting was held in the grandstand and there was a huge crowd present, I would say around 500, which is one of the largest attendance we have had at town hall. Only about one-fifth of those present were married as indicated by a show of hands.

Ruth and the others gave serious talks and Ernie introduced me as one who would approach it from an academic view. But I fooled him and handled it as more of a joke, in fun. It made me feel conceited when a great many of the audience said afterwards

that I gave the best talk. Emiko said she could hear my gum chewing over the microphone. The whole paper staff and friends occupied the front three rows so that I felt more at home. Jimmy Horano was the roving mike and he gave the crowd some good laughs. Alice, Emiko, Bette and Pat were also present as well as Jack with some gal in the middle of the audience. Alice was asked for her view and she said that they should marry. Some younger girls were for remaining single. Jack gave them a big laugh when he said that the reason why I took the negative view was because I had been jilted just before evacuation! He then went on to recommend marriage because it would be a stabilizing influence on the Nisei. One Issei man said that it depended upon the individual but he recommended that the Council work towards a month's honeymoon on the outside for newly weds. General opinion was that Nisei should marry in the WRA centers (see notes).

Bette was all excited about the election today but did not expect too much. Her fears were borne out by the results. She came in second with 68 votes while Rhoda got over 150. She had her heart set on winning but she did not campaign enough on the girls. I was talking tonight and Bette says she is getting nothing out of the Hi School except for Ann. The whole family likes Ann and Mitch, except Jack a little because he thinks she is too gogmatic on democracy. Bette says that she just can't get down to do any serious studying. She spends a great deal of time with the boys that follow her and she is a little worried that she is going to lose her ambitions. She has her heart set on being a nurse.

She doesn't go around with Pat so intimately any more. Pat is a little jealous that Bette has stolen the limelight from her, who introduced her to the H.S. public in the first place. Bette and Emi took her to Town Hall tonite. Afterwards they went to folk dancing and came home 45 minutes after we did. Pat got bawled out by her mother and I could hear her telling her that she could not go out any more because she sneaked off to dances without permission.

Midori, Jimmy Sugihara, Ann, Florence Ukai, Marie, Mitch, and Earl were over after Town Hall and we sat around listening to the records and shooting the bull for a couple of hours. Marie and Ann looked through the Monkey Ward catalogue admiring all of the

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clothes and room decorations. Mitch gave Tom a talk on the Boy Scouts. The rest of us talked about the poor epileptic around camp, etc.

Alice says that Mr. Gonzales was very mad today because the administration confiscated the bicycle that one of the boys brought in. It is being used by the messenger boys at the hospital.

Dodo Wing her little sister Loretta and a couple of other Chinese girls came today. Lila Wu was too busy to get away. Loretta bought Miyako some funny books and told her all about her friends in Vallejo. Dodo is doing grad work at U.C. Alice brought them all on the grounds down to our stable. Dodo and Alice graduated from Hi School together. I got to know a lot of Chinese girls through her. They went to the canteen and some Issei woman asked Dodo a question in Japanese and Dodo said no on a guess. It must have satisfied the lady because she went away after that. She thought Dodo was Japanese! Angelo and Alice got in a huddle today and apparently they have arrived at a suitable decision and Alice will come with us. She can't marry Angelo in this state so will bank on getting out from Gila and go to a State where they can get married. Dolores was also here and apparently she and Jack have also come to a suitable agreement. Dolores is buying some things for him to take to Arizona, where the "Gila monsters live."

I brought Mom's dinner from the messhall tonight, but Pop had something special cooked for her. He is much happier now and they are getting along well once again. Mom feeling better, but Jack does not think she should travel for at least 10 days. Pop made some new kind of a brew for her leg today. I don't know where he got the formula this time.

Read in the paper that Turlock will be leaving for Gila on the 13th. They have 3500 there. Bob Nisbet of the WRA Employment Div, formerly of Mr. John Tolan's office came to see Mitch and he told him that there ~~was~~ may be as many as 15,000 there. Mitch got all hepped up about Gila and now he wants to go there to see what he can do. He is going to write a lot of letters. I suggested that he try Thomas. He could work on the project and be much more valuable than any of us since he will

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be in the thick of things. He hates to impose, but will try it as a last resort. Bette and Emi and the kids all want Ann and Mitch to go with us. Mitch is working on the Old Age and Survivor's benefits for the Council since there are some here who are eligible.

Ernie I gave me the carbon copy of the letter we signed urging a second front. It said in part: "We Japanese and Japanese-Americans have been evacuated from the only home that we know, to be interned for the duration of the war, in the interests of national security. Because of our situation, we regret that we have not been able as yet to participate in the war effort of this country in the way of production and combat. As long residents of America and as American citizens, it is our conviction that this people's war must end in a victory of the Allied Nations if we are to insure a permanent peace for the world."

It was signed by 45 names. All of the paper staff signed except Bill H. and the rest were the YD group chiefly.

Chester Rowell of the Citizens for Victory group also sent a note of thanks for the \$6.00 contribution by Nora Ikeda, Karl Akiya and others of the YD's. "We do appreciate very much the interest you take in the work we are doing. While you are not able to work on any direct war effort, you are keeping up a loyal, patriotic spirit. We receive some of the camp papers and believe that an excellent job of morale is being done, especially among the second generation Japanese."

Geo. Ishida sent his whole first month's check of \$3 to the 10% club and Rowell had a little comment about it in the Chronicle for the 14th. George is a kitchen worker. He will get war stamps in return.

July 16, 1942 12:10

I never seem to get started with this damn journal, and I'm always too sleepy to write all the details. Things that have occurred during the day just seem to fill my head, but I always forget a lot of the little interesting things that have happened when I get down to writing this. Therefore, at best this can only be an incomplete picture of what is going on.

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I guess I was in a sort of uncertain state today. Vague disturbances flitted through my head about this moving business. For myself it is ok, but family complications are bound to arise. I was not so sure about Mom's health. She has been having a slow hemorrhage all week. This morning I told Emiko to be sure to get the doctor down here for another checkup to see whether she would be physically able to travel or not. After dinner, Pop said that the doctor was here and said that Mom should not travel for at least 10 more days because the journey would hurt her. I don't know whether it was the doctor or the Issei woman who was here this afternoon that told Pop that there was a possibility that there may be cancer. This was naturally very disturbing to Pop and the rest of us. Alice will go to the hospital tomorrow to find out for sure just what is happening. Mom is supposed to get a closer checkup within the next few days since the lighting down here is so bad. Pop kept saying: "She no got cancer. Oh no, just change in woman's life." For these reasons we had a long family discussion tonight to find out what we should do in regard to Gila. Jack said that we should absolutely not go at all because MOM's health should come first. Besides he felt that the medical facilities would be very inadequate. Pop did not want her to travel because the train may cause another hemorrhage. Mom has low blood pressure, so now we have the two extremes to worry about. Pop has been rubbing oil on her leg. I think she has varicose veins from being on her feet too much for many years and circulation is slow. Women do get cancer during the menopause period and we are, of course, worried that it may be true. Mom feels that it will cost me a good job in Gila and figured that she could travel in 10 days. I explained that my chief reason for going was that I wanted more action and not stagnation so that this was only an unimportant consideration. Alice said we should all stay or all go. Finally Pop decided that we should split up and have Mom rejoin us later if this arrangement could be worked out. He wanted Emiko, Bette, Tom, Miyako and myself to go first. Miyako wanted to be with Mom so four would go first if this is possible. I'm to wire Thomas tomorrow to find out. Pop won't budge unless Mom is well. He feels that he can take care of Mom better than the doctor. Mom: "He

feed me too much. Cook all time. Gee!" Emiko wanted to stay to take care of Mom and was hurt when Alice said that she was not responsible enough. Jack is needed to do the moving. We talked a long time about the advisability of splitting the family up because it may become difficult to get us all together again. And since a special order was needed to move us, it would involve the expense of two trips for the government. It was decided to split if I can get a clearance from Thomas. I am in a tough spot because if anything goes wrong I will be responsible. On the other hand Dr. Thomas may not like it for letting her down after all her difficulties in getting permission.

Some of the neighbors came in and spread a rumor that since the Japanese were so well behaved here, the government was going to let them stay in this center and send them back to their homes shortly. Alice said that they had already ordered new identification cards and I did not think that there was any possibility of such a thing. Mrs. Hoyoshida from three doors down brought some chard for Mom to make tsukemomo (pickle) and expressed hopes that she could soon recover. Setsu's mother brought a Japanese magazine (contraband) for Mom to read. Mrs. I has not come over in the past few days. Mr. H's chard was grown in her own garden near the women's latrine. Others of our neighbors have some pet type of formula which they want Pop to apply on Mom.

Tom has been trying to get an 8 o'clock class at school. This morning Jack told him that he could make the change if he went early. So Tom rushed up without eating breakfast. He made a "balloon face" when Jack refused to let him transfer-- Jack relented later. Tom doesn't like school very much anyway. He says that it is all 6th grade stuff. He and Eddie sit around in the back playing around and they don't pay much attention except in Jack's class. He seems to get his homework done.

Miyako got her first report from the school. She says that one of the other girls copy her work and she gets the heck. "Our teacher's nuts. She gives me good on spelling and drawing and then says I do my worst in spelling when I get them all right." Miyako has picked up two more friends-- Tomi and Kazu.

Mrs. Hoyoshida from three doors down heard that Mom was sick so that she brought over some chard to make "tsukemono" (pickles) with. She grows the stuff in her garden down by the women's latrines. She has one of the largest families in the place, 13 children (one in the army). Two of the daughters are mad at Emiko because they were supposed to sing a trio at the talent show, but only Emiko was asked. They sang a duet at the talent show tonight. The older boys work in the messhall and we get along with them well. They are all church goers and interested primarily in baseball games, dances and socials. The family were originally from Berkeley.

The Yamamotos live two doors down, but I never see them around much. There is a young girl and a boy in the family. They are always hanging stuff out to air. June Nakayama lives down at the other end. She is very attractive and has a pleasing personality. She is from S.F. and I first met her at J.C. She is a Buddhist and very popular. Right now she is one of Katayama's secretaries in the First Aid dept. Her older sister works as a file clerk. Jimbo is one of the Commissary boys and goes around with the Mikado boys. Sochie Takahashi and family are from Berkeley. Kimi lives on our side also. Jack knows her quite well.

Yama- shita house mgr.	Setsu	Iwa- naga	Kiku- ohi		Fujii	Yama- moto	Taka- hashi										Naka- yama
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		

The golf course is rapidly nearing completion. It is located by the big Totalizer Board just inside the tracks in front of the grandstand. The engineer and architects designed and are supervising its construction. Because of the limited space there will only be 6 holes. The lawns are coming up now and a fence made of eucalyptus limbs have been set up. Apparently many of the Japanese are golfers because they have all chipped in to buy a lawn mower. I don't know how they will split it up when we leave.

Alice and Emiko had an argument about the scrip books today. Emiko wanted to

buy some candy and Alice said that she should buy soap or something that we will need. Emiko didn't like the idea of being told how to spend her scrip books and they both got a little excited. Emiko bought the candy.

Latest rumor is that the Fortune issue with all the airplane factories and designs has been confiscated. Jack said that Korematsu turned one in. Others told me that all Fortune magazines were collected, but Nobuo Kitagaki of the library says that they still have the large stack which people have donated. Nobuo comes up to help out the heads and staple the paper. I gave him 5 more copies since he sends them out to various city libraries.

I was down at the gate talking to Mr. Livingston today to get some data on visitors. He did not have the exact figures so that I had to go through the whole list and count them. He says that a lot of people come there to look at the menagerie, but he won't let them in. I happened to glance at the wall and I saw three names on the wall. These people were not to be admitted under any circumstances. One of the names was Helen Gahagan. I asked him if this was the singer and movie actress (wife of Melvin Douglas) but he shut up like a clam so I did not press the point. There is another man in the office who sticks a long needle through all of the packages (for smuggled weapons and contraband). The inspector is very dumb. He stands there and argues with the visitor without explaining why he takes the packages and does not return them. It really is for the visitors' convenience since they are delivered directly to the residents by truck, but the inspector gives the impression that it is all contraband.

I wandered over to the police department but they had little news for me. Yesterday a bicycle was confiscated. Hughes did not know the reason why-- orders from Whitcomb Hotel, he says. I suppose they are afraid that the boy will ride out of the gate with it! The use of the bike has been turned over to the hospital for messenger service. Hughes says that there has been a little trouble in the use of profanity by Caucasian workers and by residents. An administration bulletin has been posted forbidding its use. It seems that one of the residents got in a little scrap with one of the Caucasian

laborers here. The rivalry between some of the softball teams is intense and partisan spectators heckle the umpire and use swear words. Huges said that unless this stopped, games will not be held any more.

Mrs. Jarvis and her daughter-in-law came to visit us today. She has been having a lot of trouble getting suitable domestic help, everyone has gone into defense work. Even Chinese help is scarce and almost impossible to get a trained negro girl.

Mrs. Jarvis and Cox have just returned from a trip around the U.S. and thru Canada. This was supposed to be the trip I was going to drive her on--that was the plan last year. She went through Canada and in Vancouver one of the hotel managers remembered her and inquired as to my present whereabouts. Last summer I drove her and Doctor all through the Pacific Northwest, ate most of the food, slept in the best hotels and had alot of fund. Her nephew Bill and I went on a fishing trip up Puget Sound and planned for some "real fishing" in the Cascades this year. He is not an engineer on a submarine some place in the Atlantic. Bill's mother is one of the authorities on the Northwest history. I stayed at their home in Seattle for five days.

Mrs. Jarvis brought up a lot of cookies and candies. She gave me this pen and she wants to send me a lot of books. Mrs. Cox is from New York so we educated her a bit on the "Americans in concentration camps because of yellow faces." She knows a lot of society people so that our talk may have propaganda value. Mr. Mertz of the supply room believes that Lincoln Kanai is in for a tough time because "Every one knows he was giving out ship movements; that's why he ran away."

Some dope wrote into the Chronicle asking for censorship of our mail because "they censor mail from all foreign countries during war time."

July 17, 1942 Friday 1:38 a.m.

I just finished the mimeographing of the paper. We didn't get around to stapling all of them. We have a couple of lazy ones on our staff and Taro hasn't got the heart to tell them to do more. Bill Hata hands in material for the Sport page and we never see him around for the rest of the week. Jimmy has to rewrite all

of his stuff at that. Lillian is also lazy. She sits around all day talking to Sammy and will never do anything on her own initiative. Sometimes she gives me a dirty look when I ask her to type something off in a 26 line count. I even send her out on a lot of stories. Nobby sort of disrupts our office by talking too much. Taro, Bob, Jim, Ben, Yuki and I do most of the work on the paper. We got our checks today and will split it with the four or five others that have helped out. This was the first time that Lillian ever got paid for working so she doesn't wish to let anyone out in on her check. (Public pressure will make her conform.) Alex got \$8.00 as a messhall worker; Ben \$3.13 so we have to equalize this when we cash the checks. I got \$11.74--they gypped me 26 cents and after all those extra hours I put in too! Emiko got \$11.40--she got shorted also. Alice got \$12.00 and was disturbed because she did not get \$16.00. "That's what we secretaries on professional basis are supposed to get." Mr. Gunder forgot to make the change until the middle of the month. Little Eddie Sato got \$12.00 because he is Mr. Gunder's pet and has been placed on a skilled list. He is 12. That's why he doesn't play so much with Tom now after school. A lot of the people in camp feel they have been shorted. The timekeeper forgot to give them credit in many of these cases. Tomorrow, we will hear a lot of complaining going on. It really isn't fair that some people get here ratings due to the whims of the administration officials who may have taken a special liking to one of his workers.

I gave the Council a rather sarcastic note to deliver to Davis stating that none of our requests have been fulfilled after all of those promises. We still have to use a crude mimeoscope; all of the typewriters are personal property; we don't get franking envelopes for exchange like the other camps; we have no office supplies; they come around to steal our Venetian blinds; they have not transferred Alex or Yurichi to us yet; and written censorship procedures have not been delivered.

I also asked for P and T rating for one or two more of the staff. They certainly are as deserving as some of those amateur teachers and 119 file clerks working on the index cards. Taro was in a hurry to see Davis so he "oked" the note

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without reading it thoroughly. I asked the Council about their minutes--they insist upon keeping them secret--and stated that they were representatives of the people not employees of the administration (Taro says they are office boys)--therefor the minutes should be open. How else can the people tell what they have been doing?

Davis pulled one of his small WPA jokes today. We sent up the Army "oked" copy for his approval, and then went ahead and cut the stencil without waiting for a return. Nobby made a mistake and took it up to him before he had returned our copy. Davis sent for Taro and asked for the copy. Taro could not produce so Davis pulls it from under a stack of papers, saying, "So you tried to pull a fast one over on us!" Taro gave him a disgusted look and said, "oh we did," and walked out. What in the hell does he have to keep such an eagle eye on us? The censorship is so silly. Here is how our copy goes now: I get data (say from Finance Dep't) and write it up. Then it goes to McQueen for his ok. Then the dummy is set and it gets an ok. Then the stencil is cut and sent up to Davis for his ok. Then sent to supply room and it sits on the desk until Gonzales gives it the final approval and checks to see if it has Davis' signature on it. "On to Gila, boys--the hell with Tanforan and Davis." Under this setup it's a wonder that we ever get finished. As if we were a bunch of little kids that need constant watching.

Bette had a disappointed peeve on today and it looks like I am the goat. She has a terrific crush on Key and she rushes through work and has even been neglecting things around the house so that she can be near him. She and Patsy get together and plan ways in which they can get out to see the boys. Our family has never been strict on the girls and pop lets a lot of things go by on the part of the girls, but he won't tolerate deception. It's not necessary. Patsy has been doing it with her folks and Bette has sort of drifted in with her without realizing it. The other night the two of them said they were going to see Ann about an English assignment, but they went via the talent show. Going there in itself was not wrong, but she

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should not get the habit of deceiving. Sometimes she tells Pop she is going to school in the afternoon and then she goes with Pat to jitterbug at the Rec Hall. Or they plan to go dancing after getting permission to go to Town Hall. I didn't want to see Bette have a run in with Pop sometimes as the neighbors will be sure to spill the beans, so I tried to give her hints but it didn't take. She got her date all planned for Sat. nite and then asked to go, knowing how Pop feels about such things for a girl her age. She figures that he will relent at the last moment. Now that Mom is sick and we are on the verge of moving again he will be more than ever touchy about it. So I told Bette that she had better think it over before asking Pop. She took this as a "no" and showed her disappointment and resentment on her face. I tried to make her understand in a roundabout way so that the decision would be her own and not one in which Jack and I had to say "no" for Pop but she put on a "suffering hero" act. So I asked her if she wanted to go to the Extravaganza tonight and she got fresh and sarcastic with the remark, "No, I'm too busy. I have to pack up my things." She didn't think of this for the past two days although reminded many times. It makes me feel like a heel, but I'll be damned if we are going to have those long parental arguments when they are not necessary. Going out four or five nights a week is enough. Emiko got the idea right away and she said that she was not going tomorrow night. I wonder why she left 2 notes for me to eat cheese sandwiches tonight? The crowds are too old for them anyway. Will see what I can do with Pop.

Congressman Ford attacked the WRA because not enough guards were stationed to guard the Japs at Manzanar. And he protests against the idea of letting students out to study. A letter to the Examiner also protests against people coming to Tanforan to visit the Japs and bringing them gifts because it's a waste of tires and the attention should be given to the soldiers. I believe that attention should be given to soldiers, but not for his reasons.

The latest order is that there will not be any more card games allowed in the private barracks. Gambling has sprung up again since free scrip books were issued.

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The Council wants all residents to turn in names of their neighbors who plays cards. Unless it is stopped checkers, chess and other types of indoor games will also be forbidden. Six of the professional gamblers were caught the other evening.

The Council is also investigating the prostitution problem. Most of the fellows know where the girls operate, one in barracks 8 and the other in the infield. One of these is supposed to cater to only the Caucasian trade-- the internal police. Yamasaki was supposed to do the investigating but he backed out because people will get the wrong idea about him if they saw him!

July 18, 1942 Saturday 12:35

This morning I got up around 8:30 and went to the shower. The carpenters were there fixing something and everytime I closed the door, they opened it. I finally gave up first and so let the passing women view the body beautiful in the nude. The country life is making me immune to the customs of civilization. We don't have any privacy around here anyway.

I was still sleepy from working late so I came back and laid around in the back room reading snatches of American Unity and Asia by Pearl Buck. In between I shaved and cleaned the electric razor out. Around 10:00 I got hungry so Pop fried me an egg sandwich. He is in his element now-- taking care of Mom. He calls himself "best French cook" and everything has to be cooked special for Mom because the messhall cooking is not good enough for her. Mom says that she won't want to eat in the messhall after she gets well. She looks weak and only walks with an effort. Most of the day is spent in bed. Bette rubbed her leg a little-- it's so soft and flabby and greatly shrunken. Alice will have the ambulance come down and take her to the hospital as soon as she stops "bleeding."

Bette cleaned up the house, but she appeared a little cool so I did not say much to her, although she tried not to show it she was greatly disappointed about not getting to go to the dance. This afternoon they all went out to take a sunbath on the infield. After dinner they came over in the hopes that there would be a

last moment relenting. Jack said that he did not care if she went and he asked her if she still wanted to go. Although she had been saying all day that she did not care she answered with a hurt "sure I do!" This is the one time that she did want to go because of her new found crush. It made me feel like an old meanie for taking Pop's side so I went and asked him if he would mind. He said that he did not want Bette to be going to dances because of her age. I almost was going to say for her to go, but Alice said that perhaps it would be better not to let her have her way by pouting because she would do it every time. Pop says he wants Jack and I to take all the responsibility-- at the same time, he emphasizes that Bette is too young. Jack says he doesn't care; which places the responsibility on me and I don't want it because her feelings are unconsciously vent on me. God, I would hate to be a parent. And to top things off Jack goes to the dance. He put on a show about how excited he was to take a 25 year old girl to the dance. I was going to take Marie, but I felt guilty about going myself while they stayed home. I did not say "no" to them, only "Well I don't know, you had better ask Pop." Pop knows he will weaken so he wants us to say it for him. Emiko took it surprisingly well. She didn't even blow up or say anything. A lot of the young kids started to drop in. I had intended to do a little writing, but it was too noisy so I got dressed and went over to Marie's. I don't know why I feel so funny and think about the situation. Perhaps I am a little disappointed in Bette because I expected much more of her. I have always wanted her to go on to college, but I can see that relocation camps are going to make her lose interest. Here she has so many social functions to compete with that she is losing interest entirely in schooling. Although she would be the last to admit it. The environmental circumstances just makes it that way. Bette has a great intelligence and she would regret it later if she did not do something with it starting now. The amount of her present reading is limited to funny books and movie magazines, a great comedown from the sort of books she read before evacuation. An overemphasis on dancing is not going to make her a well rounded person in the long run.

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Mrs. Iwanaga told me this morning that a man came from the diet kitchen and asked her all about our family. They object to Alice getting in the workers' line at the diet kitchen and wanted to know if anyone else was available. But the Japanese way is not to come to you directly, but to some friend or neighbor. Mrs. I told him that Pop could not walk up there by himself so they will continue to give his food to Alice to bring down. They are doing the same thing to all those that are in the workers' line-- asking the neighbors.

Leland says that one of the reasons why the extravaganza last night was not so successful was because Green censored a lot of the material at the last moment. It was aimed at administrative faults and he said that it was not constructive enough.

Deki and Naeko came down today from Sacto where they are working in the WCCA office. Deki stayed to talk with her parents while Fred H. and I walked Nao all around camp on a tour of inspection. Nao is definitely set against coming into a camp permanently, says that she is able to adjust herself to the outside. Fred claims that he and most of the people were happy here because of the social functions and internal setup. We jumped him for this and said that things like the NSGW should disturb him once in a while and he cannot close his eyes to it and just look at the physical setup in camp. Fred says that things will come out in the end and that people will do the right thing when the time comes. We labeled this "Y" idealism and said that realities must be faced. Nao has had some irritating experiences on the outside. She was refused a room in a Sacto hotel because she was a Jap. Another girl was picked up by the police and questioned. She says that the Caucasian people at Marysville treated her the best. Freddie wants to get married and he proposes to everyone he knows. One of these days he will really mean it, and they won't believe him.

I was talking to the postman this afternoon and he says that our family gets the most mail from the outside on his route. A lot of the residents don't know anybody on the outside and haven't received a single letter yet. Himeko says that our family gets about the most visitors also. A lot of the J don't even have a single contact on the outside so they have more or less drifted back into their restricted

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spheres with ease.

I was sitting in the toilet today when an old Issei came in. He took some tissue paper and scrubbed and scrubbed the seat for about three minutes. Then he carefully laid some more paper on it. This done, he then took down his pants and sat on the toilet next to the one he had cleaned! What an absentminded person. I looked funny at him and he suddenly discovered his error and blushed like anything. With a silly grin, he said, "What a dumbbell I am ne?"

I talked to 7 girls up in the grandstand about the post war outlook for the Nisei. They were all disillusioned, except Helen Kanzaki. They made a lot of puns about what a joke Americans were. They did not know whether they would be welcomed back into a normal committee. They thought that they would be ignored and so would be "men without a country." They figured that a job was the largest single question. They saw no reason for professing loyalty because "we have no rights anyway." None of them mentioned Japan as a solution. "We will have a hard time getting back into American society." Those girls were around 18 years of age and working as file clerks in the Master Index project. They are the loud "popular" type always hanging around the grandstand to attract the boys. Kisa was one of those popular drum majorettes leading a scout band in S.F. before evacuation, but she has drifted in with some of the "rowdy" groups. They make a lot of noise at dances and form a definite clique. There are a great many boys than girls in this bunch so that they sort of limit the girl to their group. The other fellows gradually leave them alone and if the rowdy group cast her aside, she is totally isolated from any group.

T. is a former truckdriver from S.F. His father is a Busshist preacher. T suddenly went wild about a year ago and was always getting drunk. He graduated from H.S. and has been working for Japanese Co. for very small wages (average \$60). He doesn't go to church or belong to any social organizations so that his social contacts have been restricted. At Tanforan he has drifted in with his former group. T is a nice fellow, but very limited in possibilities. He is very disillusioned about life in general and doesn't think there will be a place for us in America after the war.

J. is about 23. She used to be one of the popular girls, but has gradually drifted out of circulation. She sleeps in one of the infield barracks with four boys of the group. She has been emancipated from the Japanese traditions and family hold. She is American, altho inclined not to ever talk about anything serious. They sit around in the room and are very bored with it all. Once in a while, a Caucasian member of the group smuggles in a bottle of liquor and they have a party. J. had an affair with another member of the group, but he is in another camp. She carries the torch for him now. The Nisei, being so conservative, gossip about it and are very catty.

G. is about 23. She was one of the most popular of the Nisei girls (socially) in S.F., starting from the age of 13. She worked in a home. The popularity lasted 3 years and she gradually drifted in with the group. Her mother was a beer hall waitress. She moved over to Oakland to work in a Japanese laundry and mixed in with the noisier boys over there for a year. Gradually she dropped out of circulation and here she is limiting herself to this group. She is very pleasant, very frank. One cannot help but liking her. But she was too far advanced for the Japanese community. They think she has a bad reputation. She doesn't smoke, but used to drink a little to be a good sport.

T. is one of the noisiest of the group. He dresses in sharp Negro style. He is an accomplished jitterbug (learning from his Negro friends at the Club Alabama); and he is beginning to talk like them. He used to put on a very noisy demonstration when he got drunk. About 22 years old. His father wrote a book and peddled it up and down the state. They leased a hotel and catered to the Negro trade. There were some Negro prostitutes operating from there and the police used to raid it often. T. got out of J.C. He was a boxer on the team and won many medals. Taking a hotel management course, he could only get jobs as second cook after he finished. He never mixed much with the other Japanese, and was resented for that reason. Perhaps he sneered down on them too much. Fundamentally he has a deep seated inferiority complex because of his lack of height and often

gets broody. He is tending to speak with contempt of the "whites." He got a lot of these attitudes from the Negroes, that was why he drifted in with them in the first place. He teaches boxing here.

G.S. is another member. He was born in Japan but came here when he was 3. He thinks and acts American. Talented with a voice, he had a job as a M.C. and singer in several Chinese night clubs. Before that he worked in a laundry. He used to come over with a gang of boys in their "souped up" cars and get drunk and cut up at the dances. Once the whole bunch of them even raped a girl, 'tis rumored. After the dance they would "start on the rounds." Driving down to Chinatown at break neck speed, the gang would visit all the various houses of prostitution. The procedure would always be the same. They would all pile into a room and play the juke box while the Madam went after the girls. When they came in clad in silk shorts and blouses, they would make coarse jokes and feel around. If they were flush they would go to the room. But if they had no money, as was usually the case after a night of drinking, they would get vicarious pleasure and move from house to house. Sometimes, they would get in a fight with the "Chinks." It gave them great pleasure to go roaring up Grant Ave. and make insulting remarks. Occasionally there would be a gang fight with an equally tough "Chinese" group. G.S. was investigated recently by the internal police for making the remark "Girls are easy to get here. I know of five and need two more-- then I will have one for every night." The "Nice" girls don't talk to him. He is very witty.

Mi is the newest addition. Apparently she has forgotten about her "Manuel" from Mexico. I took her to the first dance. She still "hates the Japs" because they are so small minded.

There are about five others in this group and they act and think the same. The outside world holds little concern for them. They are happy (in a limited way) with their dances and socials. None of them went beyond H.S., except M and T. They don't see much future for the Nisei and believe that they should have fun while they can.

Spent the evening talking with Marie, Mas Wakai, Bob Iki, Mine Okubo, Jimmy,

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Taro, Ann and Mitch. I was going to take Marie to the dance-- what a guy after discouraging Bette and E.-- but she wasn't dressed and I was tired anyway so we decided to just gab.

Marie, Mas and Bob are going to discuss the role of religion in the relocation centers and they got together to plan their talks for the Town Hall meeting. Afterwards we got into a general bull session and talked about camp doings.

Bob was telling me about the politics of his precinct in the Council elections. Bob was working as a draftsman in the shipyards before coming here and he also worked in the WPA as a publicity director and did recreation work with the Oakland Dept. He was very active in the YD's. Hoko Ikeda, an old time socialist who was run out of Japan, was his campaign manager. Few YD's lived in his precinct as they were all in Ernie's area.

Tosh Suzuki was supposed to be his strongest opponent. He is a Cal grad in engineering. After graduation he could not get a job so slung hash in restaurants and did other work of this sort. He finally got a job as a minor clerk in Tokyo at 90 yen a month. He was not satisfied with this so he came back and was working as a Grant Ave. salesman up to the time of evacuation. He appealed to the Christian and Issei-Kibei group. He was one of the house managers and a member of the temporary council so got to be known in his precinct.

The political boss of the district-- Wehara-- backed Bob at first, but rumors got to him about Bob being a communist and a member of the YD's, etc. So he got Yakmizo to run. Yakomiza is a conservative laundry owner in Oakland and member of the JACL. Wehara is one of the wealthiest Japanese in the U.S. He made his money in gold mining and more recently in Japanese bonds and stocks. He was the financial backer of the Oakland JACL and also contributed heavily to the S.F. chapter. Wehara had a friend of his work for Kido, the Nat'l president and this friend's sister was Kido's wife. Kido never did make much in the law business. Wehara contributed 1000 to the Red Cross after war broke out, but was arrested on suspicion a few days later (because of his Japanese stocks), but was released on probation. Bob says he

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never comes out in the open, but eats his meals in his own room because he has "lost face."

Frank Yamasaki was the fourth candidate, a very dark horse. He lived in Palo Alto for a while, moved to San Jose where he went to college-- commerce-- and was quite a baseball player with the Asahie. He was a member of the JACL but never very active. In S.F. he worked as a produce worker 3 years and as a Grant Ave. salesman for 4 years. He married one of the Kitana sisters who owned a hotel in Chinatown, and went into hotel work. He was manager of a 3rd rate hotel in Webster St. However, he was backed solidly by the people whom he had known in San Jose, Palo Alto, etc. on the basis of his sports activity. He belonged to no other clubs. He was a Buddhist-- not active.

At election time there was a mad scramble for the Issei-Kibei votes (Suzuki). Yakomizo split Oakland voted with Iki so that when it was over ^{Yamasaki} ~~Kakamizo~~ won over Suzuki with 237 to 236 votes; Yakomizo 177, Iki 151. Thus, many elements entered: church, former location, reputation, personal gripes, etc. Bob is now planning to run for the Congress. There will be 8 rep from his district and most of the competition will come from the house managers, most of whom plan to run. Since they have passed out soap and are known more or less, they have a greater chance of winning. The age limit of 23 will make the number of eligible candidates very small. Only a few women will be nominated. The Issei are out of the picture, but they can nominate their Nisei candidates. This is sort of an empty satisfaction for them.

Mine Okubo was at Ann's also. She is also a very interesting personality. She looks a little tough and haggard, but everyone likes her. Her personality is that of an artist, which she is. A low almost masculine voice is one of the things most noticeable about her, with a southern or foreign accent. She graduated from U.C. in 1935 and won art scholarships which took her abroad to Belgium, France and Italy. She also worked with Diego Rivera at the Fair. Since she has been here, she has made a number of sketches of the place. She also teaches the children in our art school. In her neighborhood she is known as a "character" because of her antics.

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An Issei tried to fix her up with a marriage and she told him that his nose was too big for his face. She isn't religious but she says that she believes in something spiritual. It is refreshing to meet a person like her. She is so different from the average run of Nisei women and girls. And she doesn't brag about her accomplishments. She had all sorts of things to tell about people she had known and places she had seen, but she did it in a matter of fact way and did not sneer down on those of us who have been limited in traveling. We listened to the 6 songs of democracy records and talked about funny experiences in the wash room and toilets. They have been all sorts of names to their neighbors: "vacuum cleaner" because he eats so fast, "frog" because he grinds his teeth at night, etc.

July 19, 1942 Sunday 11:30

There were the usual number of visitors today. It looked like more because of the 2000 residents who went up to the H.S. to observe the Bon Odori festivals. It is a Buddhist religious dance. It was very dry. Most of the crowd were Issei, although many Nisei were also present. A lot of them are from the country where they went in more strongly for this festival. The dance, as Alex tells me, originated in India. They did not wear kimonos, thank God. The Rev spoke in English and said a lot of empty words about Democracy which was superficial.

One of the noticeable things about the visitors is the number of mixed marriages, many of them Filipinos. It is rather pitiful to see them. The little children and babies are unaware that there is anything wrong. I went around asking the question: "What do you think will be the greatest problem facing the world in post war America?" The surprising part was that so many had given it no thought, 19, and about half were college students. They just didn't want to think about it. Some thought that it was hopeless. Most of the people I asked had something to offer and the general opinion was that there was hope and that the Nisei would meet the test. One person thought that the psychological problem was the largest and that all the rest would stem from it. The majority were of the opinion that getting a job was the basic problem. One believed that the Nisei should go back to their old

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Japanese towns and pick up from there, while the rest favored a scattering of the group. Several feared that the isolation of the resettlement camps would make the adjustment back into the normal life a most difficult task. Acceptance into the American society was another big worry. They felt that the Nisei never had been completely accepted and it would be that much more difficult if we were taken away from the main stream of life for several years. Two believed that cooperatives were the only answer to the problem and advocated that they go to the Middle West and join the Caucasian cooperatives. Mrs. Chizu Kitow, a nurse, was most worried for her 8-year old child. "I want my boy to be accepted just like any American. He has a right to it and finding a niche in America for the young will be our greatest post war problem." One boy got angry when he thought about it and said that the whole thing was so unfair. He did not see how we could keep up the hopes of the Nisei in the American way of life in the face of the great injustice done by the evacuation. He told me of the deaf and dumb Nisei who came in about a month ago. He was working in a restaurant and did not register because they did not understand him at the WCCA office. Two armed men grabbed him and he was sent here without extra clothing or any belongings. Jimmy Hirano has a deaf and dumb boy on the outside, so when he heard of this ^scap he took the young man in. He was the only one in camp that could talk the sign language with this young man. He got clothing and other needs for him. I saw him in the grandstands today talking in sign language to one of his Caucasian friends.

A Filipino soldier drafted into the army and leaving soon-- destination unknown-- was saying goodbye to his wife and child here. I wonder what her feelings were. She cried copiously when the final moment to part came.

So many rumors are going around about when Tanforan will be cleared that I decided to start one of my own. I told a couple of the fellows that I had confidential information that 1000 of the ablest and youngest Nisei were going to be drafted by the army and sent to Alaska to build a road as a defense measure against Jap raids. By early evening I heard the rumor again, only this time the story had grown to a

road made from Mexico to Alaska and all the Japs in the U.S. were going to be put to work making it.

Our paper staff had our party tonight. Members of the staff had to put in 40 cents apiece for Angelo to make the purchases of cold meats. About 30 were present and we had fun playing games, ping pong, and dancing the Conga, tango and learning to jitterbug. I invited Alice, Bette, Emiko, Jack and Marie. There was one more girl than boys so that we made them do all of the tagging.

Mom doesn't seem to be getting any better. She can hardly walk and so spends most of her time in bed. Her leg pains her very much. Pop gave her a massage today with his machine, but it did not do much good.

Jack went to the Catholic church with Edward and Miyako was kind of mad because he went and wouldn't allow her to go. Bette was rather quiet today. I was going to talk to her, but decided to let it pass. Emiko brought Al Kimoto home and he almost had Pop convinced with some of his rumors that we were going to stay here indefinitely. Alice had to step in and tell him that this was due to the fact that supplies from the other closed camps were being sent in here.

July 20, 1942 Monday

I was talking to Emie I this morning before the Council meeting and he said that there has been considerable conflict over power between the house managers and the Council. The Council is getting into the swing of things now and assuming their functions, but the house managers don't wish to give up their powers. This group has a strong esprit de corps because the burden of all camp problems fell on them after we entered the place. They were burnt up because they thought that the Council was taking credit for what they were doing. The managers feel that they are indispensable to the people and resent the fact that they should step down now and assume their house managers functions solely. "Cap" Spears as head of the housing group does not want his "boys" to be pushed aside and he has been pushing them on the Council by suggesting that they could handle many of the matters brought to the Council's attention.

Even now Spears tells his house managers the latest orders from the administration before the Council even knows about it. Since he sits in with both groups he has tended to act as more than an adviser to both groups. Since Toby was formerly the chairman of the house managers, he thinks that Spears is a great fellow. Ernie and Kosakura, however, object to Spears butting in. Sometimes ^{when} they bring up a business matter before the table, Spears butts in and says he will handle it. They haven't been able to meet with Davis once in the past 10 days. Ernie believes that this whole matter will have to be straightened out before the Assembly is elected. Precinct 2 is already organized. The nucleus of the YD's have gotten together to nominate 7 names for Assemblymen and then attempt to close the nominations. If they can't do this, they will nominate a whole list of names to stuff the ballot, thus splitting up the votes. Mitch figures that 100 votes will carry the election. There has not been any activity in the other precincts unless the house managers have been campaigning for themselves on the q.t.

The Assembly will be a useless body unless a strong and fearless chairman is selected. They won't be on the payroll and many Nisei just won't be interested in getting in it, except for prestige value. According to the Constitution they actually have more power than the Council if they organize strongly and get good Nisei into office. A further clarification among the Assembly, Hse. Mgrs. and Council is also necessary. It will be a battle royal, probably ending up with the whole bunch being "office boys" for the administration. This idea of running to the administration for permission to do anything makes them ridiculous and a lot of schoolboys.

Emiko went to the dentist to get ~~her~~ her tooth fixed again so I told her to get the hospital to call for Mom with the ambulance. Pop sponged her off a bit and Bette got her ready. Pop insisted that he had to go along to see that she was taken care of properly so he got all shaved and dressed. However, the hospital could not take her today so Dr. Fujita came down, and tomorrow afternoon for sure the ambulance will come. Mom was walking a little today but she is very weak and cannot straighten up.

Jack was asking Patsy today about why they had to stay in church so long and a

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few technical questions but she was so interested in discussing a boy that she brushed him off. Jack in mock anger said: "Aren't you interested in telling me about your church? Anyone that don't have enough interest is a hypocrite and not worth a damn." Patsy looked up with a hurt expression in her eye. She didn't say a word. After a moment of silence she got up and went next door and cried half the afternoon. Patsy is a very sensitive young girl. This is the second time this has happened. After dinner, Emiko, Bette and Pat were standing out in front talking to about five boys and I went out. Because I didn't say hello she now feel that I am not talking to her either. These silly adolescent gals!

Alice also got in a scrap today. The diet kitchen refused to let her have a ticket for the worker's line because "we investigated your district and find that your 16 year old sister can come and wait in the non worker's line." Alice explained that Bette was in school until 12:00 and if she had to wait in line it would be 12:40 before she got home and that we ate in the first shift. She told them off for being so snoopy and asking our neighbors instead of coming to us directly. The two Issei men who are in charge of the line are puffed up with the importance of their insignificant jobs and they want people to realize that they have power. The girls at the counter will serve Alice regardless but she didn't like the way they were pushing all of the people around in the diet kitchen.

Alice, Emiko and Bette have been having conflicts over sharing the work such as getting Pop's food, doing laundry, doing the housework, ironing etc. So Jack and I drew up a set of suggestions for them assigning definite duties and days. Jack and I will do the rouger laundry and all of the other housework was divided up among the three. Tom was given the job of emptying the garbage and making his bed; Miyako is to hang up her clothes and put her toys away. For the past week, Bette and Emiko have soft of left everyting to Alice because of their other pursuits. They were a little hurt when we told them about it because they took it as a personal matter, and we were implying that they were lazy. Emiko got over it in a couple of hours, but Bette went to bed feeling badly. They will probably do everything for

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the next few days at least. We tacked the rules up as a sort of reminder.

I went to folk dancing up at the grandstand. There were about twice as many girls there as fellows and we had a lot of fun jumping around. Jack was there with another girl. Afterwards, we came home and started to make some chocolate when another girl's mother came over looking for her daughter. She was worried because June had not come home yet. What a casanova. He says he is doing it as a political campaign to win votes for the Assembly. It's not much use for me to run now because of the uncertainty of leaving.

After the test, Jack crammed Tom with a lot of historical data for the test tomorrow. Question: "What is the Mayflower compact?" Tom: "Isn't that some kind of a girl's powder?"

In the infield there are a lot of softball games going on and usually many rooters for both sides. But for the Kibei teams there is never a single rooter around. They play a good brand of ball and use English of a sort in playing, but I have yet to see any spectators standing around to root for them. The Kibei are still kept out of things because of language handicaps and the Nisei just don't mix with them.

Many Issei play on the new golf course which was opened yesterday. At the far end of the upper infield there is a horseshoe pitching space. The poor ducks in the lake certainly have to face a lot of added hazards. Even the number of sailboats has increased greatly.

There is a halfwit who also has some sort of gland trouble and is fat in an unhealthy way. The poor fellow just sits in his doorway all day long. He tries to be friendly but when he approaches anybody, they run away because they are afraid of him. The poor fellow just sits there and sort of stares at nothing in general. There is nothing around the place to keep him busy.

Went to see the new police chief today and he appears to be a nice fellow. White worked for 2 years as a detective on the L.A. police force and went into retirement in 1940. He traveled about 40,000 miles around the U.S. in his trailer,

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but went back to work after Dec. 7. He was made the chief at the Tulare center and evidently they liked him down there because the Nisei force gave him an engraved gold watch as gift when he left. The thing must have cost around \$100. White has two grandchildren. We should be able to get along with him ok. Acting Chief Davies was sent to Santa Anita to be the ass't chief.

White clarified Davies last order about no card playing in barracks. He said that any sort of a card game was permissible as long as there was no gambling for money. He also said that Fortune mags were not taken up. The police only wanted to look at them.

Wrote the women's column for Lillian today and police story and your opinion. Gave Jimmy leads on an editorial regarding absentee voting. Will write it myself if not pressed. Taro gave Bill hell for being so non-cooperative. Bill considers himself a big shot of the rec dept and hardly ever comes around. He doesn't even help us staple the paper.

July 21, 1942 Tuesday 12:30

It seems that my week will be very full. Sunday night- party; Monday- folk dancing; tonight- precinct meeting for nomination of congressmen; Wednesday- Town Hall; Thursday- lecture; Friday- invited to party held by the file clerk girls or work on paper; Saturday- dance; Sunday- invited to party. And yet the social activities are meaningless-- they seem so unreal. But it is so difficult to read. Somehow, it seems that nothing matters any more except the war and the future. I know I am disturbed. On top of that I resent this unreal environment and the people who look like they accept it. I also know that adjustments would be more difficult on the outside. I'm trying to escape reality at the same time I face it. It don't make sense. Sometimes I get such an awful empty feeling; my nerves are so jangled. Waves of resentment come over me at the funniest times. Outwardly, I try to pass off as adjusted to this setup, but things happen or I read something which brings almost a violent reaction. The psychologists would call it frustration, I suppose.

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The only stabilizing thing in this whole mess is the family. I am afraid that I would go to pieces except for them, in spite of arguments. Other people I have talked to say the same thing. It may be due to an unconscious feeling of loss so we clutch on to what we do have. Fear for the future?

Yet I don't honestly say that I am unhappy here; but here is only a short time. We still have a long future. My self confidence has taken a jolt. I'm not really doing what I had hoped to do. And the Japanese language looms up as an inescapable obstacle. Will it always be my Waterloo? Every time some Issei addresses me with the lingo, I feel like a damn foreigner. It should be the other way round, but that is intolerance. Friends from the outside say that I will be of great use to the Nisei, but I sometimes doubt that. The thing I want to do-- Americanization of the group-- is not going fast enough. I get so impatient. Then I have to catch myself or else assume a smug feeling of superiority over those "Japs." But pointing the finger of scorn is not the answer. I think I see the road clear ahead of me; then doubts about the Caucasian American good faith enters. In short, I am a very confused young man.

Events of the past few days may have something to do with that. They sent a car down for Mom today. Bette was home to go up with the car. Goro Suzuki and Rick Momii came up to the door, but they had no stretcher. Mom insisted that she could walk to the car. The ride up to the hospital was bumpy. Mom did not say anything about the severe pain in the region of her stomach. She tried to walk to the medical room, but collapsed.

Bette waited around outside for the news. She thought it was a routine checkup. Drs. Fujita and Togosaki came out. "Your mother had better not travel," they said, "she is weak from the loss of blood and her blood pressure is extremely low. It is caused by fibroids of the uterus." "What's that?" asked Bette. They then told her that Mom had tumors. Just the thing we had feared. Mom has to go to the Sam Mateo hospital for a further check, but there is not much doubt. We can only hope that it is not serious. Going to Gila is out until Mom gets better. Dr. says that she may have another hemorrhage if she travels now.

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Pop was hit pretty hard. He kept saying that the doctors were wrong. It was just an ordinary sickness indicating a change of life, he kept saying, trying to make his wishes come true. He didn't eat dinner tonight. He sat around on the edge of the bed. He looked so forlorn that Bette went in and put her arms around his neck. Mom even tried to comfort him. Bette told him that he should not worry so much because he would get gray hairs (the only hair he has left is white). Pop asked me what about Gila. I said that I would contact Thomas tomorrow. This will also put her in a fix, but she is human and will understand.

Minor problem of the day was the girls again. Emiko and Alice had a difference of opinion about Pop's diet. Alice said that she would get it today in order to straighten out the trouble about getting into the workers' line. She got a special permit from Mr. Cooper. So at 4:55 she told Emiko to get the food because it was her turn according to the new schedule. Emiko got real mad because Alice said that she would get it and then shoved it on her at the last moment. She stalked off to the diet kitchen. I happened to see her flash by so yelled. She turned and twisted her ankle a bit on a rock. I laughed and this made her madder yet. So I went over with her but she wouldn't talk. She was furious. Alice came in to see if they would still give Pop the food without a ticket for the other line. She was worried that I was going to tell the two self appointed officious Japs off for being so dictatorial, but it wasn't necessary. Emiko stalked home alone and grabbed her dish and continued on to the messhall. She sat down and slapped her plate of fish (ugh) on the table. Bette then told her the news about Mom so that she wasn't mad anymore. But she forgot to do the dishes because she was out in front talking to five boys. After Alice got the hot water, she came in and helped. She invited the boys to come over and play records. All five came. Mack and I went to the meeting. When I came in they were dancing. I made the remark that this was not a dancing academy and went into the other room. Pop told me to give her hell for making noise when Mom was sick. I told him to do it because she would explode. So he told her not to dance after the boys had left. Emiko choked up with tears of

anger and hurt saying, "I can't go out and you won't let my friends come here, what do you want me to do anyway?" Then she ran out in a great temper. Then she walked around the track, went to the movies, walked around the track with Tom and Key and then came home. She wasn't mad anymore and apologized.

Emiko has a sort of persecution complex also. She takes things so personally as if people want to pick on her. She fails to realize that much of it is her fault. The point tonight was that she shouldn't have danced and made noise just after hearing of Mom's condition. I talked to her until 12 o'clock and we got clear on a lot of things. Emiko says she can't help getting mad. A lot of it is cover up for her feelings being hurt, especially references to her plumpness. She is also worried about the boy situation. She feels that she is not meeting enough of them because she works all day. She tried to picture herself as a "sad" case: one weak eye, bad teeth, bites her nails, twitches her feet, hands feel sticky, nervous, etc. I think she was just feeling sorry for herself. She is very attractive and has an unusual personality. As she is only 17 she fails to realize that this is a problem common to most Nisei girls. There are few fellows in her age level and many of them are in the army. And times are abnormal now so that social functions are no longer of the greatest importance. We are not living in a normal environment. The administration may also clamp down on social activities because there are so many of them going on. Orders for a ten o'clock curfew has been received but the new chief, White, is not going to enforce it unless necessary. Emiko has adolescent worries that she will not be asked to dances anymore if she turns a boy down, as the story will get around that she can't go out. I can see that she has some valid points and I certainly would not like to clamp down on her. She gets around a lot and much of her role of martyr is exaggerated.

Bette and I had a long talk earlier in the evening and we called a truce to our feud-- on her part chiefly. I was not aware that she was feeling badly. I explained that environmental conditions had a lot to do with her lack of interest in studies and current pursuit of boys but that she had nothing to worry about. Bette wants to

go on to college. Emiko wants to stay in camp and take care of Mom and Pop in case Alice leaves. Emiko doesn't want a career, only to be happily married. I agreed with that, but I said that she should be doing something positive in the intervening period in order not to become stagnant. Emiko calls the diet kitchen workers the Dies committee because they snoop around so much. She went to sleep in a good mood.

blores came to see Jack today. She sneaked down to our barracks. The interior police is wise to her and one of these days the visiting privilege will be taken away from her. She can't flirt with the Army. The number of visitors is not so heavy these days although we have had 3394 in the past three weeks.

Council came in this morning to ask us to write an editorial on the coming camp elections urging the Nisei to vote. However, Taro said that we planned to run something on the absentee voting and why should the Nisei take continued interest in state and national politics. After they left Taro and I got talking about the policy of the paper. Taro is fed up with the camp politics and doesn't consider them important anymore. He wants to do more on his research and get caught up. I told him that he was in a position to get a lot of honest opinions from the Issei, but that he would never get them as the editor of the paper. My position as far as the problem was concerned was that we should lay most of the stress on the Nisei since the future was for us and anything we could do would necessarily benefit the Issei. Taro believes that the Issei should be worked upon but that this could never be done until democracy was explained to them more. He feels that they still are a strong force and under the present circumstances they can influence the Nisei unduly. Taro even thought that 80% of the Nisei did not give a damn about the future or never even thought of it. He felt that the Nisei would fall into the groove with their socials and parties and force the outside world from their minds. Therefore, the beginning should be made with the Issei to counteract their influence. I could not quite see this point. I conceded that the Issei were not entirely hopeless but they already knew a little about democracy in their former living and that this upholding of Japan was an escape for them to salve their frustration.

Taro says he doesn't give a damn about the paper because it is so limited and could not have any value as social documentation. I suggested that we were not putting out our limited paper for social documentation but as a service with an eye to raising morale. I also thought that it would give some picture of the Nisei to the outsiders that happened to get a hold of the paper. That's why we have been stressing such things as V for Victory items and Americanization whenever possible. Taro has been wise in not waving the flag unduly. Even our features like education are important. Some of the recreation and sports people have been complaining about publicity. They want to go to WRA centers intact and therefore advertise their swell organizations. Bob Iki, Tad Hiroda and K Obata are the chief ones on this phase. Bob thinks he is going up to Tule and have a free hand to organize up there. There has been conflict between he and Fred Roba. Other center papers play up sports and news and few have features like we do. The credit largely belongs to Taro and Bob. In fact, all of us are agreed on this point with the possible exception of Bill. He wants two pages for his sports. I wanted to go see Davis about increasing to 12 pages but Taro said no. We still have no equipment and Taro has to do all the head cutting himself. He even does a lot of the art work now because Emiko has been busy in the mimeograph department. Ernie is going to see Davis about the increase in staff today or tomorrow. Next week, Bob is going to take a rest and Taro the following week. He won't let me off "because you can't since you've got the newspaperman's fever now." I don't know about that. I don't care much about writing--never have--because I feel inadequate in expressing myself intelligently. Jimmy and I will have a lot of fun if they take the week off. We will cut down sports, church and rec even more. If we had the time we would organize a literary supplement. Taro wants me to get way ahead on material in case I leave suddenly. They are trying to make me change my mind by telling me about roastin', toastin' and Poston!

This morning we were all in the grandstand listening to the corny H.S. rally. One the outside even a Jr. Hi school bunch could do better than that. Suddenly the siren went off for this first time this month so Jim and I ran up towards the

smoke like a couple of excited schoolboys, followed by the whole H.S. bunch. We were joined by the house managers who left their meeting to see the fire. It was a false alarm. Some grease caught fire in messhall 13 and it was smoking energetically. So we started a rumor that the toast was burnt! Afterwards, I dropped into the H. managers' meeting. Evidently they were in the midst of a hot discussion. Toby of the Council was asking for recommendation about card playing and some of the H.M. were actually trying to make a law out of it saying that no poker or hana would be allowed. I nudged Vernon and told him that they were overstepping their bounds so that he got up and said that such matters were out of their jurisdiction. Some of the H.M. realized that they could not make any ruling on this. Others wanted the Totalizer to say card games were permissible, provided that there was no gambling. I told them that Taro would probably write an editorial on it if I gave him the details and it would be an appeal rather than an edict. The conflict between the two groups is going to come to a head soon, unless H.M. get into the Congress in a body. Ernie and Vernon are against them, Toby for them more. The hse. mgrs. even requests the councilmen to sit ⁱⁿ on their long rambling meetings to find out what was going on around camp. The functions of the two groups is not clarified. Going thru the minutes of the H.M and the Council (Ernie let me look at his) I found that they were covering the same material, such as gambling, police regulations, shoe repairs, canteen problem of supplies, barber shop, case of the 18 year old girl beaten up by her father for going out, etc. In other words, the hse. mgrs. feel that they are too important to give up their functions of campwide matters. Vic gives me a lot of announcements to include in the H.M. section of the paper relating to the police regulations and the Council does the same. So I just put them in the police dep't story; restrict the hse mgrs. to their physical activities, and play up the council on the campwide matters. This I suppose may be called a sort of upper policy.

The police dep't says there is no crime every time I go in for the paper, yet I stumb&& across the gamboing and case of girl being beaten mess in the minutes of

the Council. Things must certainly appear rosy according to the paper. I heard a rumor that 300 people would be coming in from Army zone 2. The house managers had been requested to see if they could move more families together. So Bob got excited for the first time in weeks! They want him and his wife to move in with another couple. I couldn't get confirmation of the story from the administration so Bob wrote it up as an actual story protesting against it from the sanitary and health approach. He knows it will be censored but feels that the administration will get the hint.

Gunder wouldn't give me the information about the total number applying for repatriation to Japan on the next Red Cross boat, but the boy at the door who watches the line said that over 100 had applied. The Tanfo Tot. will not even mention repatriation--part of our policy to play down the Japanese part--bad for morale of the Nisei.

Notice that a certain Miss Endo is going to bring suit against being moved to WRA centers against her will. What the hell good will that do, is the comment I heard from about 10 people. They say that even if she wins they are not going to release the 80,000 Japanese anyway.

Shojo wants me to be guest lecturer for one of his social science classes in H.S. one of these days. I told him that I would try to develop a subject and let him know.

Jimmy Horano told me that he was giving up the talent show for the 80th because the complaints he received about Town Hall. He says that he was censored by the people for not taking the matter of marriage seriously enough. They told him that some Nisei were actually contemplating marriage but that what He and I had to say had influenced them unfavorably. This makes me laugh. We haven't had a marriage in this camp yet and it certainly is not the fault of chance remarks against marriage that are stopping them. The problem is much deeper than that. The Nisei don't want to take a chance on the future yet. Jimmy says that he gave up the talent show because he felt that he should keep out of the limelight for a while. He tells me

that there is a move to squash activities around here because too many social activities are tempting the Nisei. The Issei are even asking for a curfew! Maybe they feel they can control the young more this way. The Issei are used to bureaucracy so that's why they take everything here, I guess.

July 22, 1942 Wednesday 12:00

The nominations for Congress meeting last night was a farce. Toby chaired the meeting for our precinct. Fred Y was going to nominate me but I told him before the meeting started that I did not care to run since I did not know how long I would be here. There were only 23 people present. We must have at least 350 eligible Nisei voters in our area. Jimmy Horano and Inouye were the only Issei present. They are a part of the Toby Ogawa organization-- and house managers. All eight house managers were present and all eight were nominated, except Fred who is not quite 23 yet, and therefore ineligible. The 23 people nominated 19 to run! No nomination speeches were given. We will have 6 representatives on the basis of 1 rep to 200 residents (pop. 1272). The other precincts are:

#2--1404	pop--7	rep.
#3--1676	" --8	"
#4--1287	" --6	"
#5--2162	" --11	"
Total --7801	--38	

The Issei were allowed to nominate but this is an empty honor and I don't blame them for not showing up. I don't think that the turn out will be very large for the elections.

Jack was nominated by one of the house managers. Jack nominated Tom Hishiyama, Yoshio Katayama (a candidate for the council, but not such a bad guy after all, although conceited as hell) and Fred Yamashita. Then the hse. mgrs. took turns nominating each other. After the nominations were closed, Yoshio Katayama declined because he thought he was doing his share around here and was busy with his personal aid department. He said he would be willing to serve on committees. Toby would not let him decline. Katayama's real reason then came out: "I've been embarrassed once (council race) and gosh if I get twice beaten!" He is afraid of losing face. He

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certainly is a funny guy. Not so objectionable once you get to know him. Claims he made \$25,00 a year as a patent attorney in Wash. All the mothers are trying to fix their daughters up with him, I hear. Jack says he is having girl troubles because none of them like him.

There will be only 3 Nisei girls present at the meeting. Most of the Nisei of our district preferred to go to the movies. I got it figured out how Jack can get in if he campaigns a little. All he has to do is work on the girls. I figure 100 votes will get him in for sure (350 eligible voters and 19 men running.) We get to vote for 6 men.

Toby came over today and asked me to be the election chairman for our precinct and arrange all the details for the election facilities next Tuesday and get some clerks and assistants, etc. I told him that I was busy with the paper, but he insisted that I do it as a civic duty so I gave in. It's going to be a hell of a job tabulating all those figures.

I spent most of the morning tabulating the "shares" which each staff member will receive in salary. Taro is lousy at figures. I guess living with those kids at U.C. and figuring out grocery bills gives me good experience for this. Anyway this is how our payroll is split. We threw in Ben's \$3.13 and Alex's \$8.00 from messhall work and deducted \$2.95 for stamps, to be added on after shares were divided. Nobby stood in line all morning to cash the checks for us. The Bank of America is charging 10 cents per check for this service. With over 200 checks to cash in one day they make a nice profit of around \$500. The council is going to get the hours extended because one man stood in line last week and this week and he could not get his check cashed. Our staff did not get on the payroll for the first two issues. They (office administration) sure keep time funny. Jimmy sleeps all morning and gets full check while I am docked for working overtime.' (It's the principle of the thing!)

Taro	\$11.50	Lillian	\$7.80		
Jim	10.50	Bill	9.80		
Yuki	10.20	Alex	9.80		
Bob	10.10	Horn	4.00		
Chas	10.00	Knobby	2.00	TOTAL	\$97.91

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Since we average around 50 hours a week instead of the required 55, this means that we get paid 316 cents per hour, while an unskilled worker gets 4.6 cents per hours! I wonder what they are paying defense workers now?

Sears Roebuck and Co. got the contract for the clothes. They have limited the choice of articles that we can get (all cheap stuff). This means that everyone will have to figure out everything all over again (including us) since our lists were based on the Montgomery Ward catalogue.

Yesterday somebody stole the tires from the yellow panel truck. It must have been one of the Caucasian workers since we have no use for them here. They were mysteriously returned this morning after the police dept raised hell. Tire theft is a hanging offense nowadays. 300 lbs of lead was also stolen from the rear of Kitchen one. It may have been taken by one of the Caucasian workers to sell on the outside. I don't see how the residents could use that much lead for the keel of sailboats. Police asked H.M. to find the seven missing kitchen knives or else a private^{house} search would be made. Tamato said they found nine knives all together.

Fogerty said that they found out the source of urine in milk bottles. They were traced to the Protestant church where the elementary children receive free milk daily. He says that the parents will have to pay for the damages.

Had a long talk with Ernie today about things in general. He was telling me of the problems of the councilmen. He lets me see his minutes now, but there is not too much in them. It seems that they spend most of the time reading and correcting the previous day's minutes. However, they have been active in many things and because of the need for assistance they have been forced to call on the H.M. for routine matters and spend more of their time on important problems and policies.

Ernie I said that he met with the admin and shoe repairers in camp to see what can be done about the shoe problem. The Army has refused to release the WPA machinery and the shoemakers did not want to give their own. The leather is here but there is a lack of tools. The administration proposed that these shoemakers fix shoes by hand but this won't even take care of the 8000 people. 17 men volunteered to do the

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workers' shoes because they had to work with cardboard on their shoes. Some have put rubber tires on. (Maybe there's where some of those missing tires are!) So shoes will be fix by hand temporarily. I doubt if they will ever get any machinery in. The administration don't want to install things because they feel that the camp won't last too long.

Ernie said that Kosakura met with the Rec. Dept. to see that could be done for Issei entertainment. Only four Issei programs have been given so far and they move from district to district. Most of the Rec Halls are for the young people. The trouble is that every item in a Issei show has to get an ok from the army in S.F. No encores are permissible and substitutions can't be made in case of illness. The army discourages large Issei programs and control it strictly.

Ernie I job for the week was to look after the canteen situation and see what could be done. The H.M. and he and Vernon formed a committee to make recommendations to the administration. They suggested that a guard rail be put up; open up a coffee shop so people could use up their scrips (a lot of them are rushing canteens because they hear from Tulare that people had to throw away their scrips); put in such items as baby wear, fresh fruits, milk, magazines and canned goods; take only scrip from books to check gambling with loose tickets; put in doormen to control the crowd (Guy Uyama got the job-- a "political plum"); check children from getting too much sweets and separate various divisions or else get another canteen in a different section of the camp.

At the same time Ernie says he has to check up on the matter of property being delinquent in taxes and therefore confiscated. He wrote a letter to the Fed. Res. Bank. In their confidential minutes I saw that the FBI also has been in here to investigate gambling by the prof. They have the names. Former Chief Davies stated that he and Easterbrook did not make a single arrest-- "we nipped things in the bud." He said he looked in a covered window thru a tiny hole and caught 6 men gambling. This was the reason why all card games were taboo but the new chief has relaxed this regulation. Other activities of the council include

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arranging for talking pictures and organizing volunteer radio and watch repair services with no private profit and investigating the cook who was caught making home brew. Although Toby is the chairman, Ernie makes out most of the agenda for the meetings. Mitch and I get in our share of proposals. The comrades also play an important role with their suggestions.

I didn't feel so good today. Went with the press to eat at messhall #2. They gave us beef, celery, beets, lettuce and watermelon. For drinks we had cocoa with canned milk. The canned milk and chocolate must have been tainted because I suddenly had a yearning to regurgitate. I rushed out and only got as far as the laundry when the first wave of food came pouring out of my mouth. People going to lunch watch me retch all over the premises. I decided to go home and got as far as the sumo rink when I got a dizzy sensation and once more up it came. So I did not eat anything tonight and those lamb chops are still awaiting me in the next room. Everyone said I look as pale as a ghost today. Mary T grabbed me on the way home and said that the army had my name. I asked her what for? She said that they are going to come after me for not taking any typhoid shots yet. Come to think of it, today was the day they were giving shots. Chas, you are a coward!

Emiko, Bette and Alice really laid it on today. They were so enthusiastic in cooperating that they were doing each other's work.

Emiko: "What a family! Having a schedule to do housework!"

Jack: "Well, you know who it is for, don't you?" Silence on Emiko's part. The three of them went to the Rec Hall for folk dancing and Mrs. Kobu got mad because Emiko started to teach some boys jitterbugging before it was time. As usual, some boys were over-- they didn't get the hint. They may as well move in with their beds!

After 10:00 we all sat around in a family group talking about what we used to do in Vallejo, friends made, and what about the future. Jack thinks it is best that we go to a small town to start over. He suggested Chicago at first. Pop doesn't think Japanese will ever get to go back to Vallejo anymore. Mom was

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feeling better and she said that she did not care as long as she had her family. Alice didn't say anything. Bette and Emiko and Pop don't want to live among a lot of Japanese. Pop never has cared for them; they are too snooty, he says. Bette thought she would like to go to college; Tom wants to go back to Vallejo. Tomorrow he is 14. He and Edward went to take boxing lessons this evening. I didn't say much because I wasn't feeling so well and Mom was insisting that I take some milk of magnesium. I told her that most medicine was psychological and for minor ailments nature was the best doctor.

Jack and I went to Town Hall tonight and Ann gave us some eggs to bring home. We thought that maybe she wanted us to throw them at the speakers. The topic was the "Role of Religion in the WRA Centers." Marie was the first speaker. She said that religion and democracy were closely connected and that in order to achieve better social ends, we should solidify our beliefs in religion. But first we had to get rid of the religious and social discriminations in our own group. (Marie is working towards the reorganization of the Buddhist church so that some of its institutional forms are dropped. Her father is a Buddhist priest, but Marie does not go to church much).

Bob Iki drew a parallel between religion based on individual ethics and democracy based on group ethics. He believed that this war was the only means of preventing the democratic ideals. He said it was a war against a political system based on human slavery and denying freedom of worship. "We are not fighting the people of Japan, but against a system that will deny us of our political and religious ideals" (Bob sounded as if he wanted a holy war). Bob thought that the church in its WRA centers should demand economic arrangements based on religious thought and real democracy. Education was thus an important role.

Mas Wakai (Rev) gave a nice churchy talk about elevating the lives of people by starting from a secular basis and working up to seminars on social problems. He advocated cooperation between churches and religion for the common good.

Jimmy Sugihara got up and said that the first two speakers laid stress on

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politics and wondered whether the church should enter political problems. Bob said they should only if the church divorced itself from the institutional aspects and returned to the fundamental basis. He felt that the church should take up these issues then because it has so much at stake.

John Yamashita wondered if it wasn't a clash of certain economic principles rather than democratic ideals that we were fighting for.

The question was raised whether one church should take preference over another. Rev. Goto answered that this was a good experiment in community organization and social activity should be community wide. He was agreed to a council of Xians, Buddhists and Catholics to study the social problems of the group and after the war we could continue living in a true democratic sense.

Shojo Tsuchida said that the function of the church in the post war resettlement would be to teach good living and try to get a system based on equality of man rather than on color.

It got interesting when Mitch asked for the role of the church in relation to the war. Rev. Tsukomoto had difficulty in answering. "We should not trample on the people but try to be like gardeners and handle them as gentle and delicate plants." He said that his function was to do what teaching he could do by analyzing human psychology and apply it. He did not believe in picking on men or groups. And when a nation was at war, it becomes a delicate problem. Since democracy was an ideal near Xianity, we should wholeheartedly be behind it if the nation lived up to those ideals. But like Xianity, few live up to it. I don't know what he exactly meant by this.

Another point raised was that since the WRA was an experiment, why not experiment with religion and lump them all together. The faithful immediately got on the defense and said that this was fascism; that although we believed in universal brotherhood, the ideal was too impractical at this time. Each religious group likes to cling to its identity and are conservative in that they cling to their institutions. They are the conservative element in our society and can easily become reactionary.

Although the church is important, I don't expect to see it play the leading role in group leadership. They are too concerned with the advancement of their particular sect. Here one can see the conflicts between the different churches. They want the best buildings, the Buddhist don't want the Xians to use their curtains, the Catholics want their group to be given prime consideration, etc. I don't see how they can ever work together in all phases until all religions drop its institutionalized aspects. Marie is going to meet with the leaders of the Buddhist church tomorrow to thrash this whole thing out.

Mitch proposed a community church for all to share, but the various Rev opposed this for the WRA centers. They want churches of their own. Probably fear that they will lose their flocks if there was only one church building. One Buddhist fellow next to me said, "I'm going to the Christian church here. I might as well because they have more social functions." This would also apply for most Nisei churchgoers here. Emiko and Bette go to Sunday schools with bibles but I bet they haven't read it for years and they certainly don't give religion much thought. They go to see the boys just like their girl friends do.

Should the church have a role in relation to fascism vs democracy? Ben: "We can't participate in the war directly and I don't believe in making this a holy war." John Yamashita said that the church did not have any right to say anything about the war situation until it practiced what it preached. Nori Ikeda answered that we are fighting against a common enemy and should know by now which side our bread was buttered on.

The crowd was small but the discussion was interesting. Afterwards, Marie, Mitch, Katharine, Jim S., Jack and I got into a private discussion and it was unanimously believed that the church was a necessary evil that we had to put up with in the hope that it would be pointed toward social ends and avoid becoming an escape from reality. We did not think the church should assume too important a role because it was conservative and reactionary and we needed progressive leadership. We thought that the church, along with the issue were going to assume less and less of an

influence on the adult thinking Nisei group unless the group becomes disillusioned.

M.I. is nationalistic. He believes that it is inevitable that Japan will win the war and put the yellow man in his proper place in the sun. He is the father of 6 children and owned a prosperous business in the Bay area prior to evacuation. Well educated and intelligent, he is bitter but he still thinks in terms of going back to his old business because "my children are too Americanized for them to fit into the Japanese life. It is better that I feel frustration than 6 of my children." He says that many of the Issei are getting more than ever disillusioned. They think that it is a joke that the Nisei are voting because it really isn't democracy. Some of them are actively urging the Nisei not to vote and make fools out of themselves. That's why we have to educate the Nisei as much as possible on American ideals--it will become increasingly difficult to do. They may and are compensating by becoming "party bugs." I can hardly blame them for not taking too much interest in the elections with the present administration which we have. They act as if we were a bunch of prisoners. Anytime a person really speaks up, they squelch him by threats of "agitators will be properly taken care of." And everything done has to have the approval of Davis. Even Hitler allows this false pretense of voting, etc.

July 23, 1942 Thursday, 10:00 p.m.

Bill told me that the Centerville boys got mad at the baseball umpire yesterday and they threw him in the lake. They must take their games very seriously in the country. I asked the police chief about it and he says that the next time such an incident occurs he will clamp down on all games. He is going to have 8 service patrolmen selected by the Council to patrol the infield right away to control the crowd. He says that the country boys heckle the umpire in Japanese so that the Caucasian patrol doesn't know what is going on.

The Berkeley Public Library has sent in a request for the T.T. which they want to put on file. Everytime this happens, we all have a good laugh and kid ourselves about our "social document". We finally got the two mimeoscopes today. The four carpenters that made them brought them in personally so we thanked them profusely.

They did a very good job on them--arm rests, sloped and everything. They were quite proud of their workmanship also. Now to get Taro to increase it two more pages. He has a fit every time I mention it because he has to cut all the heads. Ernie said that they brought the matter of transfers up and Davis looked up Emiko and found she was listed on the Art Dept staff. I don't see how that could have happened.

Emiko puts me in an embarrassing spot. When I told her about it, she said that she did not want to transfer now. Her work has been lightened a lot because Mike is the messenger boy there now and he helps her crank. And they only work two days and a part of ~~1/3~~ a third on the paper now and we usually have to bring the machine up to run off the others at night. We do a sloppy job, but I won't admit it to Emiko because she'll give that "indispensable Marguerette act."

It really doesn't make too much difference, only I thought that she wanted to escape Marguerette. But she says that she can't do any art work on such a small scale and working on the heads at night will make her dizzy. Besides she would not like her evenings tied up. I told her that she would not have to do it at night. The real reason came out when she said that she did not like Nobby and Lillian and also that she didn't like to be criticized so much for her art work. I told her that we do the same thing with anyone, but it is not a personal matter. A lot of my stories are cut down and rewritten at times to fit the limitation of space. I told Emiko that she would have to see the Council and cancel the order herself because I have been after them too much.

Bob got to enjoy his joke today. He printed up a story about the hse. manager rumor that 300 people were coming in here from Area 2 and that the Hse. mgr. were asking if couples would move together. He said that the residents were protesting this as indecent and immoral. This was sent to Davis. When it came back it had a big delete mark on it because "the story has no basis in fact." Bob is griped at the house managers for even considering such a thing and so we cut down the hse. mgrs. space to about 20 lines and I wrote a big story on the elections and Bob one on the

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Council from the minutes that Ernie loaned me. Another item about "girls with light angora sweaters" was also censored. We had some stencils all made but Davis keeps holding up our copy and we can't send the stencils up too fast or he will get wise. Today only 3 stencils were mimeographed--this means work again tomorrow night.

The Council asked me to be precinct chairman for the coming elections. I tried to back out on the basis of being too busy but they said that I should show community interest so I gave in like a sucker. We held a meeting this afternoon to figure out the details. It will be up to us to get the ballots mimeographed, arrange for polling places, select 5 assistants, iron out procedures for voting, fix up ballot booths, register voters, get guards and a flag, arrange for precinct rally on Monday night, and tabulate the final results.

There will be 18 candidates for our precinct, eight who were not at the nomination meeting. Altogether 80 candidates will be running for the 38 offices. Only three women were nominated. Interest was very lax. For the five precinct meetings representing 7900 people only 180 people showed up. Most of them were house managers. Out of the total of 44 H.M., 27 were nominated--these declined because of citizenship and under the age of 23. Voting will probably be very light. Mitch's precinct was the only one with an organized plan. They closed the nominations after 8 were suggested. 7 of these will be elected, 3 of them are house managers. Mitch nominated 3 and Uyama 2. Akiyo nominated Mitch. My precinct will probably have the hardest time in tabulating. 19 men running for six offices.

Ernie says that spears will no longer sit in with the Council and they can carry on their own meetings without interference.

Went to the talent show tonight for a while, and it was fairly good for a change. The crowd seems to have dropped off a little. The last few have been pretty bad. There is a lot of talent around. Goro Suzuki was serious for a change and he made a big hit with his song. Yuki's sister did a cute tap dancing routine. They came around to collect some money for the elementary school today. I

gave them 25 cents that they requested because it will go for supplies for the kids and Miyako is in the class. Bette was supposed to have written a composition on what she thought of the Tanforan school, but she dilly dallied around all afternoon and read Hemingway. She says she is going to cut Ann's English class tomorrow because she has to decorate the hall which they are going to use for a big party tomorrow night for the H.S. kids.

Tom had his 14th birthday today. Emiko gave him a box of candy for a birthday present. I ate one of his candy bars just now and put a 5 cent scrip ticket in. He will probably have a fit when he finds out tomorrow.

Alice is a bit irritable these days. She went to see Dr. Togosaki about Mom and was told that Mom absolutely cannot move. She suggested that part of the family go first, but that it would be best for Mom to stay here as long as possible because of the hardship of a trip at this time. After Mom rests for a week, she will be taken to the San Mateo hospital for an Xray treatment on her tumor. Alice was arguing a little with Pop this evening about it but I didn't hear what they said. Probably Pop objects to Mom having an Xray treatment. In a way the evacuation helps us physically again. Mom gets her operation (treatment) on the government and she doesn't have to worry about bills, cooking, etc. Miyako likes it here and doesn't want to go back to Vallejo except to see her friends. She doesn't understand what this is all about. "What's a concentration camp?" It's harder to explain things to a girl of 10, but I tried to give her a simple explanation.

Yuki is a very smart girl. I think she is around 23 years old, but acts older. She wears glasses that makes her look a little schoolmarmish. Before she came here, she worked in the State Civil Service as a typist. She does about 90, and if we did not have her to cut the stencil we could not come out. Yuki was a YD member. I was talking to her this afternoon about the future and she says that unless we have a readjustment on this whole mess it doesn't look very hopeful. "Any sane person can see that these concentration camps are harmful. Think of the direction which it is leading in. It not only does a great wrong to loyal Americans, but,

more important, it is destructive to our democratic principles and based on fascism." Hitler started with arbitrary arrests, then he supplanted the civil authority and destroyed constitutional rights. The same beginnings are evidenced in the evacuation policy. The govt is disregarding the courts and adopting racial discrimination as a definite principle of government. Remember Hitler baited the Jews on his rise to power and it is not too far fetched to conceive of some politician doing the same thing against the Japanese in this country. I know of the negro situation but it was on a little different basis. Mass hysteria could be fanned up. Gosh, when I get out of here I will feel like a animal getting out of a cage. I only hope that all of my fears are unfounded."

Lillian thinks that she will go to Wellesley on her scholarship and by the time she is finished all will be right with the world. The war as far as she is concerned is a remote thing that doesn't touch her in her ivory tower. Jack was out campaigning tonight. He visited some girls!

July 24, 1942 Friday 1:00 a.m.

Worked late on the paper again. Six of us stayed there until all of the stapling was done. I hauled the machine up so that I could feel justified in taking time off. Jim, Alex and I went to the party given by the file clerks. There were about 250 there. The 110 girls thought that they would run short on fellows so that they invited about 50 extra boys. This was the first time since I have been here that things felt like it was as on the outside. It must have been the atmosphere. I knew the crowd better because many were U.C. people and former S.F. friends. They had the place decorated nicely with streamers and a sign saying "pen pushers' frclie." We had community singing, folk dancing, grand march, social dancing, entertainment, and a fashion show. Some of the girls brought real expensive coats with them. The party was to celebrate the completion of transcribing individual cards for every evacuee in the assembly and relocation camps like Tule Lake and Manzanar. Girls at the party were not too interesting. Jim was rather disappointed. He said that Nisei girls don't have much personality and impressed him as rather flat. No wonder

they are deadpans-- we eat fish twice a week and stew three times. They can't develop personality on a diet like this. The girls contributed 35 cents apiece for refreshments. Jim and I took a lot of sandwiches, cakes, potato chips and celery and a pitcher of punch up to the office in order to let them know that we thought about them.

Mitch said he got notice today for his transfer to Poston, Ariz. He feels that he will have more opportunities there than at Tanforan and it is easier to transfer from there out. His leaving will close the source of a lot of the political intrigue going on around the camp. Jim is also asking for a transfer to go to Poston and rejoin his father. I talked to Bob Spencer today and no word has been received from the army yet. He doesn't know whether it will be possible for us to split the family but will put in the request. This still leaves me all up in the air. Taro is also thinking of his girl friend at Santa Anita, because he has too much laundry accumulating.

Emiko now thinks that she would like to work for the paper. Marguerette is a bit irritated because she feels that the Council and press would take all the work from here if we got a mimeograph of our own. Davis told Ernie that he would try to get a machine for the Council bulletin and the paper. The churches are now being allowed to bring in a machine so that this one may be put in the council room. More complications? Marguerette doesn't want Emiko to come upstairs because she will have to do all the physical work then. Davis promises a lot, but we don't see anything. It must be pretty hard getting things on the outside. Mertz continually tells us about the paper shortage and then they go ahead and waste reams on other stuff. Typical govt efficiency? The Council is having a hard time getting supplies also. Ernie gets postage from the CIO and the Yg. Dem Fed, plus other supplies. I put out about \$3.00 for postage last month all together, mostly sending TT to friends and interested people.

The Adult Education department had a big party this afternoon. They decorated the upper end of the grandstand up. The teachers put on a performance for them and

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the students made fun of themselves. It was unusual to see a large group of Japanese let their hair down. They have been learning English for about a month. So they spoke Japanese at their party. Marie does not think that Tomoye is using the right approach. She says that she coddles the Issei and don't make them practice with English. She says that Tomoye uses this approach because the Issei are sensitive and get embarrassed if corrected too much. Tomoye has one 77 year old man who has not missed a class yet. She also has some young Kibeis in her group.

I was talking with Ann, Mitch and the other high school teachers so got in on the ice cream that the adult students sent over. Ann was correcting papers for her English class and the prime criticism which the pupils had about the Tanforan Hi School was that the teachers "could not teach so well." The pupils are aware that these teachers lack training. Ernie T should get an earful of some of those comments. The setup is just not conducive to a good school in the first place, and a whole staff of unqualified teachers on top of that makes learning difficult. The relocation schools will just have to be better or else these young Nisei will lose out. Bette has lost interest in the school entirely. She says that most of the kids go for the social contacts and that she is not learning a thing. The teachers think they are making wonderful progress.

H.K. is one of the Jr. Hi teachers. She is 23 and received a little training at San Jose State, but did not graduate. Horumi can't understand why her pupils don't pay attention. She says that they fool around and have a what's the use attitude. Her students feel that it is useless because they are not receiving any grades. I told her that although the Japanese stress education, the Nisei right now are aware that it is summer time and they want a vacation just like normal American children.

Horumi has never taught before but she says that she is insisting upon a standard academic ~~and~~ 8th grade course for her class. She says that Jack (she didn't know he was my brother) is using a wrong approach by teaching informally. H.K.'s opinion of the H.S. teachers is not good. She says that sometimes she walks around the class rooms and can see that many of the teachers are ill prepared. She thinks that the Phi Betas are the worst teachers because they tend to assume a professional

dignity with their pupils.

Horumi believes that in spite of the shortcomings the Tan school is useful in that it helps keep the family unit together by keeping them out of mischief. Her chief criticism of the elementary schools is that many of the teachers are too young (19). She showed me some compositions by her class and from what I read, I think that their morale is good. They write in terms of their environment-- America. They probably know more about P38's and other airplanes than many spies. But here they are already tending to live in a little world of their own. Horumi believes that the relocation schools will be better staffed and prevent the pupils from becoming completely isolated. One of her criticisms of Nisei teachers is that very few of them are adjusted in personality (How can they be with what is facing us?), and there is a danger that the younger Nisei will take on and reflect the more pessimistic attitudes.

(Clipping from the Fresno Bee of a letter to the editor urging that Japanese men and women be put in separate camps to prevent the production of "their little troubles which will develop into big troubles for our nation.")

I showed this (the clipping) to about 25 of my friends and their comment was generally: "What saps! No wonder they evacuated us! It will be awfully difficult to teach these people democracy."

Jack and I were kidding Mom about marriage and we asked her about the Japanese system of arranging marriage. She said that it was no good and ^{she} would never be a "baishakunin" for her daughters. She says that marriage go betweens are not good for this country. Mom would like to see her older daughters get married so that she can have some grandchildren. I don't know what she will do if Jack and Alice marry non Japanese. Probably will accept it. She knows that Angelo and Alice are engaged, but she doesn't say anything. Pop thinks Angelo is a nice fellow, but that intermarriage would not work because Angelo would not be able to get a job once the fact that he married a "Japanese" was found out. As far as Jack and D. are concerned, they don't say anything even if they did not approve it-- which is the case, I think. They are afraid that the other Japanese would talk about our family.

Bette went to a party with Key tonight. She was so excited all day running around and decorating the Rec Hall that she could not eat dinner. Afterwards she revived. We teased her about Yosh, K's rival, and asked what we should say to them if he came over. Bette and K are together practically all of the time. He is 16, tall and reads the funny books every time I see him. He doesn't talk much. Ann says that Bette fools around in school too much these days. Her mind is distracted by the boys.

What a letdown! We were supposed to receive about \$95 worth of free clothing, but today the announcement came out that only relief cases would be given clothes because there is only a \$8000 budget for 8000 people-- one dollar apiece! Guess we will have to pool our "salaries" to buy needed clothes.

Miyako and Kozuko had a fight with Setsuko today. She says that Setsu speaks Japanese all of the time and they can't understand her. So they asked her to please speak English. Setsuko wouldn't so they wouldn't play with her. Setsuko got angry and went home crying to her mother because she has been left out of the group. Miyako says that she is not going to play with her until she uses English like all the other children.

Emiko, Alice and Miyako went out for a walk this evening. They went way down to the far end of the camp-- near the fence where the highway goes by. They were watching the cars go by when a very "high class car" drove by. A "high toned" lady was sitting in back with a chauffeur in front. Emiko said that she suddenly stuck her head out of the window and with a look of hatred stuck her tongue out at them. It was so funny that it made them laugh. They they got mad so they thumbed their noses at the fast departing limosene! Miyako asked me tonight why the white people did not like the Japanese. I told her that Japan was upholding certain principles that were opposed to that which we had. I said that this camp was a little sample of what the Japanese in Japan living under only much worse and that the world had to eliminate these doctrines that restricted the freedom of man. Miyako said that she was an American but did not know why the white Americans disliked us. It doesn't bother her too much now. She went out to play before I could finish my explanation.

July 25, 1942 Saturday 12:10 p.m.

Interest in the coming election is nil. Nobody seems to be particularly campaigning. It maybe just as well that the house managers get in because they are in touch with the general camp life and they won't have to go through an initial period of getting to know the conditions. I arranged to get the Catholic Hall for the rally Monday nite and it will probably be a dead uninteresting affair. Jack is going to have some posters made. He thinks that the Congress may have possibilities if an intelligent group interested in the community gets in. But if people just interested in personal prestige are elected and who do nothing, the chances are that it will be a fizzle. There are possibilities that this can be a start in developing our own leaders; people who have something on the ball. The next few years are not going to be easy and we must have Nisei that are willing to take a firm and positive approach. The people are getting into the ^dull routine of life around here without being in the least concerned or aware of the changes on the outside. This is only a lull and they will be caught off guard again if they don't keep abreast of the world about them. The adjustment period after the war will be difficult enough as it is so that the least we can do is to prepare a little for it. Much will depend upon the general American public opinion as to how far we can actually go. In order to keep proper perspective, we have to have more of an understanding of our basic problems-- on both sides.

We are getting adjusted to only one phase of this one wider problem. Many think that the camp affairs in our "Utopia" is the whole problem. For example the boys in the Rec Dept are working towards putting in a recreational program based upon the more normal conditions which they knew on the outside. They believe that everything will be hunky dory when this objective is reached. So they are working hard to get sent to relocation centers as one body in order to reach this goal. It is a mistake to aim the whole recreational program towards such a limited purpose. It is important, but it should be relegated to its proper proportions. Bob has the opinion that recreation is more important than education. The boys of the

Rec. Dept are doing a great service in community organization, but they just have not grown up yet. Fellows like Kim Obata, Tod Hirota and the Hoshiyamas have the idea that the way to solve the problem is to keep the people from even thinking about the issues involved. The whole bunch of them (about 40) are making a career out of recreation. I think that the more capable ones are making a mistake. In the WRA centers, the stress is not going to be on recreation. A pioneer community organization must be well rounded so that all phases of the problem will be considered.

In a way the overstressed rec. program is proving to be a handicap to the advancement of the Educational dept. The kids all kick about the school because the Rec. dept holds more pleasure out for them. Thus, few of the students have anything constructive to offer. They'd rather be occupied with the socials.

Bette is a good example. She has the intelligence to be able to see things more clearly and develop into a leader for positive things, but now she is utterly lacking in interest. She doesn't like the school; the teachers give too much homework, etc. Already she is losing interest in education. The environment circumstances admittedly do have a lot to do with this, plus her youth. But if we consider that education is important and that the present setup is not so good, then it will take a lot of discipline to really want to get that education on their own without rationalizing that it is the fault of the teachers. Going into the WRA centers with this attitude will be most harmful to morale. Blaming it upon the summer vacation is also no excuse. The H.S. age group of kids are the ones who are going to be the nucleus for the Nisei that have to start out again after the war. If they develop a defeatist attitude already in this early phase of evacuation, the chances are that they will more easily become disillusioned. They must gain some sort of a philosophy about the whole thing. This also includes the older Nisei. If we don't keep up, how can we expect to be of any value to the others? Much of the work will have to be done on an individual basis, but we have to be able to give the answers in a confident manner, backed by reliable material rather than a scattering of surface incidents.

Right now Bette thinks social life is the most important. She would rather cut classes to go to the Rec Hall. She expects to be led by the nose for her education, and protests when some of the responsibility is put on her shoulders, like writing constructive compositions. If this keeps up she will so limit herself that it will restrict her chances for growth. She won't be prepared to meet the changing social situations that are now developing. Like many of the others, she will become essentially a conformist and when she discovers that the established system is changed, she will be utterly lost.

Without being a "sad" girl, Bette is capable of getting a firm understanding of these new situations in order to further round out her personality. Ann thinks that she has great prospects of being one of the more well balanced leaders for the pupils of her age if she would get over the puppy love stage and discipline herself a bit before she falls into the rut and becomes a conformist to everything without ever questioning. Like many of the other Nisei she will develop negative attitudes based on the emotional experience of evacuation instead of on a broader intellectual basis. The time to start for her is now. I have been encouraging her to read Time magazine as a starter, but without success. If assimilation is the only answer for the Nisei, it must be via an educational process. It is not too early for her to develop a sense of social responsibility and democratic group consciousness. To do this she needs some sort of guidance and I don't know whether I can be of much use until she gets some idea of why this is important for her.

Today, Key gave her an expensive locket with her initials on it. This phase will pass over, but what should an older brother do to help her get a better perspective on things? I certainly can't butt in, but Mom and Pop cannot do much in the way of guidance. Under ordinary conditions, this would be unimportant. But when Pop finds out (as he is bound to sooner or later) there will be hell to pay. He doesn't understand such things as puppy love. Alice is no help; Jack is not interested. But family conflict between Issei and Nisei in such a confined place as this is not a pleasant thing. I may as well wait until the storm breaks.

Ann is very disturbed about the young Nisei. She doesn't know how to combat this growing feeling of "don't give a damn" among the younger Nisei. She does what she can in her class and also by having some come over to her stables to "expose them to magazines, books and good music" in the hopes that this will be a counteracting influence against pessimism. She sees Bette more in school than I and she says that she is beginning to reflect some of the limited attitudes of her group. I can see some of the answers for the young Nisei as a whole, but when it comes right home to my sister, I don't know what to do. In the meantime, she is drifting along in an unhealthy mental adolescent stream.

Emiko is growing out of the adolescent phase and lately I have noticed that some of her thinking is along more mature channels. She worries about what is going to happen and what about Pop and Mom? Lately she has been thinking of getting some training as a dental hygienist so that she will have something to start out on. Her idea is that she is going to enter the main stream of American life again. Life in a real Japanese group permanently never enters her mind. One of the reasons why she likes to work up in the supply room is that she "gets to see white faces occasionally" which is a reminder that the "Japanese world here is only temporary." Sometimes I think she worries too much about the future. Like most of us, there is no clear cut answer yet, to everything. Emiko is so much more Americanized than most Nisei girls that it becomes unusual. Everything she does is western. She has an extrovert personality and gets along easily with almost everyone, but is quick to resent a "Japanesey Jap." Tonight she said that she got to thinking about the woman that stuck her tongue out as she passed in a car and the possibility occurred to her that a more fanatic person may even go as far as to throw a bomb sometime. It disturbs her to think that the Nisei are considered as "Japs" by the majority of the population and she wondered if we will ever become accepted on an equal basis. I was unaware that she ever gave such things more than a passing thought since we never talk about it much in the family group in a direct way.

Pop continues to surprise ~~with~~ the family with his "super" treatment of Mom.

She gets more attention from him now than she ever got in her life. Pop was irritated with Tom this morning because he put some blankets on the table while Mom's food was there. And it is not put on. He has been consistent about it ever since the night we had the big family discussion. He must really care for her in his way. Mom says she is feeling better but she does not look too good. Mr. Sato came over today to visit and Pop gave him a haircut. Sato is Pop's one and best friend. "He champion shoemaker, me champion barber!" Pop knew him in Vallejo years and years ago. Sato was in the navy for a short time and he went to Japan later to get a wife through a be-between. Pop did not know that such a thing was possible until then so he decided to go also and get himself a wife (1913). Mr. Sato moved to Oakland after a few more years in Vallejo and Pop only saw him once until evacuation brought them together. I have been giving him extra copies of the TT to send to his son in the army and to friends in the other centers. Mr. Sato insisted upon fixing the hole in my shoes. I was just throwing them out. I said that it was not worth it, but he took them home and resoled the shoes by hand, doing a very workmanlike job. He also fixed Miyako's.

Jack, Emiko, Miyako, Tom and I did the laundry today (94 pieces). Alice went up to the grandstands to visit Angelo and Bette was excused to write a composition for her English class. The soap we used was made here from the grease accumulated in the kitchens and it was good since it made the laundry nice and foamy. Tom and Miyako ran off to see a man who built a boat large enough to sit in and sail around the lake. They claim it actually sailed!

See by the papers that food prices have gone up 32 % in the past year. Tomatoes are listed at 25 cents a pound and other items have risen accordingly. We get nice fresh tomatoes here about 3 times a week and think nothing about it. I haven't had butter at the messhall yet. They serve it at the messhall in the morning, but I have only been to breakfast twice since our stables have been eating there. Rents in Vallejo have gone up 100 to 400 % and the landowners are fighting against a ceiling rent. Auto camps and even garages have been converted into sleeping rooms to

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accommodate the hoards of defense workers at Mare Island. The population has jumped from less than 20,000 to over 80,000. The Negro who took over our barber shop has about three assistants now and money is rolling in. The back has been turned into a bathhouse. A lot of our belongings were left there, but it looks like we may as well kiss the stuff goodbye. All of Pop's tools are there, plus bunk beds, mattresses, and other fixtures. Pop's equipment is in the barber shop and arrangements were made verbally for him to receive \$25.00 a month up to \$200.00 for the mirror, heaters and other barber equipment left behind. So far \$50.00 has been paid. We were supposed to get \$30.00 a month for the whole time we were gone, plus \$500.00 for the business, but the "nice Christian landlady" doublecrossed us. Pop never signed a lease but he paid \$25 a month rent for over 23 years. The landlady said (after war broke out) that we could do whatever we wished as long as she continued getting her \$25 monthly. So we subrented for \$65 a month and planned to get \$500 for the equipment. The war profits looked too good for the landlady and she went back on her word and took over. By this time it was too late to do anything about it (first evacuation orders in Feb) so that we had to leave everything behind. The \$200 is to be given by the Negro on his own volition. We can't do much about it if he suddenly changes his mind. He must be clearing that much a week. Pop was making over \$250 a month just before we left and he was old. A younger man with conditions as it is now could make three or four times the amount. After 38 years of barbering Pop left Vallejo with exactly \$90 in profit and eight children!

Went to the dance tonight to complete a very full week. The crowd was just right and the music good so had an enjoyable time. Emiko and Bette went to the Rec Hall game night, Jack and Alice were at the dance. I was dancing with X and having a hard time getting more than monosyllable answers out of her. To keep the conversation going I asked her what she thought of the war. She said that she did not like it but that it was inevitable. I asked why and she said the yellow races of Asia could not be kept down forever. All this democracy was a false pretense, she said, and that the Nisei would never get a chance. Her parents are applying for

repatriation and she will go along. I asked her who she wanted to win the war and was shocked to hear: "Nihon (Japan) of course!" X is a Buddhist and very disillusioned about America. She says the only reason why we are being treated so good is because Japan would retaliate with the Amer. prisoners. I reminded her that we were not prisoners and that we had much to lose by an Allied loss and then an Axis victory would be no solution for free mankind. She retaliated that perhaps fascist slavery was more desirable than this prejudiced American "democracy" which was not democracy. Glints of fire showed in her eyes. The dance ended just then. What a way to dance with a strange girl-- argue with her on politics!

July 26, 1942 Sunday 11:55 p.m.

Sort of took it easy. All of my tiredness suddenly descended upon me and I just felt lazy. I got up around 10:30 when all of that dust from Alice and Emiko's vigorous sweeping descended upon me. Jack made some coffee; it was the first good cup I had for a long time. Read a little while and glanced through the paper but my mind was dull. Jack studied French for three hours this morning. Toby came in to discuss the rally for tomorrow night. The political campaign is absolutely dead. After lunch I went all around our precinct to contact the candidates and tell them to prepare a three minute speech on their reasons for running, platform, etc. They didn't appear too enthusiastic. Duke Itatani withdrew because he is going down to Manzanar. Tom and Fred H. also wanted to withdraw, but I told them that if the candidates showed no interest, how could they expect the Nisei to be interested. I did not think that their time would be taken up and they could probably serve on committees in the same field that they were working. Got the use of the Catholic Hall for the meeting and Nobu Nishimoto will act as the chairman if I give him the material. Toby will give the pep talk urging the Nisei to vote. Jiro Hirano drew some posters to put up at the messhalls and announcements will be made. So far no posters have gone up. I tried to get some of the scout troops to take part in the parade but they did not wish to perform. Patsy made a special effort also but no soap.

I will try to get her to twirl the baton. Emiko doesn't want to do it because she doesn't know how to strut. I guess we will have to depend upon the kids again for the enthusiasm. There are 304 eligible Nisei in our precinct.

The heat this afternoon sort of wilted me and by the time I got home I was practically exhausted so I flopped down for a nap. Patsy and Bette came around. They have been dilly-dallying around for three days writing a composition on what they think of the H.S. I refused to help them other than to say that it should not be completely destructive in theme. We got to talking about education and Patsy said that now she rarely thinks about the outside world and that she was beginning to fall into the pattern of the little world here. We talked about the future prospects for the Nisei, the value of education, and what place the Japanese problem in the U.S. had in relation to the whole world situation. I pointed out that they should not limit their horizons to the rec hall level because they were mature enough to lay a wider foundation. I don't know if it took, but they spent all day on the composition and from reading it, they did do a little thinking. Patsy gave up first, but Bette continued all evening. She got some good ideas, but the sentence structure was not too good. I made her take all of the slang out. Tom also did some of his algebra but I couldn't help him much because I didn't know how to find cubic volumes. He got disgusted and went out with Eddie. Alice and Emiko went to church and listened to Prof. Obata give an art lecture. Jack went to the Buddhist church to listen to Marie and they had folk dancing afterwards. I read the Tolson Reports for a few minutes and then worked on my "Your Opinion" column. I got opinions on what they thought about some wages for all workers in the relocation centers. They were divided in opinion but the majority were agreed that the job and service rendered was the important thing and not the salary received, which was bound to be small. Most of the skilled and professional people did not think it would make any difference in the quality of work done. One maintenance crew worker thought we needed wage differentiations because of the prestige attached to certain jobs. One fellow was still living in the past and in terms of the normal outside world when he said that a uniform wage

would stifle personal ambition. Most are slowly becoming aware that conditons are changed and the prime consideration should be on the social aspects of the problem and not individual advancement.

Marie came over afterwards and we talked about the shortcomings of organized religion and how the Nisei could use it as an escape. We got into the gory aspects of suicide via disembowelment from there and ended up with a discussion of just to what extent should Nisei girls be conventional.

Alice and I talked afterwards about the coming Xray treatment for Mom. Dr. Togasaki said that she has several tumors, but they may go away after her menopause is over. The doctors are griped because the residents don't have too much confidence in them and would prefer a Caucasian doctor. Several of the doctors are recently out of medical school and they are now getting all sorts of experience here.

July 27, 1942 Monday 11:15 p.m.

Looking thru the reports of the Council, I found out that the Kat--- case has been closed. He is a very big Nisei, about 21 years old, who was working as an ambulance driver. A speed limit of 15 miles per hour had been established for the safety of the residents. About two weeks ago, K. was sent out on an emergency call so he speeded up. One of the Caucasian police was sitting on the bench and he signaled for him to stop but K kept going to get the patient. Upon his return words followed and K told the police that he was neglecting his duty by sitting around on his ass, etc. K then said that the administration was corrupt and that a lot of graft was going on. Davis got burnt up at this and he said that K would be taken care of and shipped out immediately. K's mother was seriously ill and so friends sent ~~wax~~ around a petition asking for a fair hearing. Davis refused and he was brought before the Council and after much work the thing was ironed out. K will not be allowed to drive any more cars here, but he is not blacklisted as far as other jobs were concerned.

T.S., the electrician foreman, is also in hot water. The crew dislike him so much that they don't ride to work with him. It was charged that he lets a girl ride

in the cab with him which is against the regulations. It was recommended that he be transferred to another department. Davis states that no case history of each worker is sent to the WRA to blacklist them.

Mitch has finally been able to push his outside lecturers plan through. Monroe Deutsch of U.C. is to be the first speaker. We were to have the meeting last Thursday but full arrangements had not been made at that time. Mitch has presented a whole list of speakers and topics which some of us got together and discussed. He has organized the topics so that they will not be limited to the Nisei problem. We felt that this would be one of the ways in which we could keep in contact with the problems facing this country and the world in the post war era.

One of the fellows sent a letter to the Red Cross yesterday to complain about the unhealthy stables. He pointed out that ventilation was very poor, especially in the back rooms and that due to the open spaces at the top, lots of dirt came in and settled on things. This is most certainly true for us. Everything gets dusty so quickly. Bette is continually dusting the shelves off. When she sweeps, it gets just as dirty on the floor again in about a half hour. They have put rough gravel out on our walk, but it has sunk into the soft earth and the wind that blows through here does the rest.

Frank Y says that the laundry and cleaning service is slow in picking up. Prices are fair and service not too slow. Last week 300 people paid \$90.02 to send out laundry and cleaning. The bulk of the stuff was cleaning because of the dust. The people are doing most of their own laundry work. Min says that the supply department will put out 120 washboards for the residents on the next week. The kitchen made 1400 lbs. of soap from the accumulated grease but this did not last long.

At last they are planning to sell contraceptives to some of these married people. The plan is to sell them over the counter in the canteen by some minister who is in charge. They feel that this is the way they can control the moral problems! The hospital has been deluged by requests for contraceptives so they are going to wash their hands of the whole thing. What is needed around here is a birth control

clinic to give the young couples guidance. It would be silly for them to have children now, considering the environment and lack of facilities.

The doctors here just haven't got any of the equipment which they were promised. They are understaffed and working under serious handicaps. The more serious cases are being sent out to the outside hospitals. At present there are 30 of these cases. Only the doctors can go out to visit them and carry the messages from relatives. The doctors naturally are not pleased with this arrangement because it cuts into their limited time. They have requested the administration to allow close relatives to go out themselves to visit the cases.

It looks like the curfew will go into effect now. A father is very disturbed because his 13 year old daughter is pregnant. He wanted something done about it so he went to the church group. These people got very excited about the moral problem of the young and so they asked Chief White to put in a curfew. I don't see how suppression of this sort will solve the problem. It's not as superficial as that. Many of the Nisei are taking the attitude that they may as well have as much fun as they can now. It so happened that the army had issued instructions to put a 10:00 o'clock curfew into effect, with all lights out at 10:30. This is certainly going to interfere with the reading by many of the residents. White did not put it into effect because he felt that this restriction was not necessary for this camp. But since the people (Issei) have asked for it, the ruling may be put into effect. The Nisei don't like the idea of their social program being disrupted so protested vigorously to the Council. Toby was a little irritated that the matter was not brought to them directly so he visited Rev Fujii next door this evening. He told him to bring these problems to the Council first. Mom overheard them and wondered what it was all about. She feels that it may be good in a way because the kids will study more. The Nisei reaction is that the ruling is silly and cannot be enforced and why should ^ethey older Nisei be penalized. They don't like the idea. The Issei are for it because there is nothing for them to do in the evenings anyway.

The Japanese records were confiscated today and already 2000 have been brought

into the police department. The innocent ones will be returned but J military music will be stored away and returned after the war. The chief has to play and listen to all of these records. I feel sorry for him because J music is hard on the ears; it sounds out of tune. All of the other contraband things are being returned, except J literature, dynamite and the sharp pointed saws. All other tools were given back today.

Ernie is going to investigate the complaint from #83. They claim that the Caucasian patrolman walked in 6 times without knocking on the suspicion that gambling was going on. Ernie has also arranged that drunken soldiers will be kept out of the camp. A drunken sergeant bothered the people down around #16.

At the boxing tournament yesterday, donations were asked from the crowd to buy the necessary equipment. In 10 minutes, over \$43 was thrown into the ring. Tak and Koju are working hard on this program. Bill says that the Rec. dept is a bit worried that these "rowdies" may have harmful influence upon the younger students.

I met with the Council to get some more details on the election procedures. Toby got up and said that the Hse Mgr were sore because they had not been notified about the elections. I fail to see why the blame is not put on them because 27 of the H M are running. How can they place the blame for lack of interest on the elections chairman. They have put up very few posters. I got some general posters up on the messhalls this morning and made special announcement at messhall 2 and Toby at ours.

At the parade tonight we rounded up a bunch of kids and gave them garbage pans and signs for Jack. None of the other 6 candidates had a thing so that the parade looked like it was for Jack exclusively. Alice and Emiko went around our barracks and told the Nisei to come to the meeting. Tom carried pans, Miyako played tonette and I led them all around our district. Mom got sore at Bette because she didn't want to go, claiming that she had chemistry to study. Mom told her that she had plenty of time this afternoon and that she could stay up until midnite if necessary. Bette then said that she did not have shoes to walk in and Mom told her to go bare-footed! She must want her son to win.

July 27, 1942

I asked Nobu Nishimoto to chair the meeting and he did a very good job. None of the other districts had a parade and we probably had the largest turnout-- 83 people. While we were waiting around for the late comers Jack led community singing and Emiko sang a song. Bette refused to sing!

We felt that the vote at this time was important, even though the assembly may mean nothing. If the Nisei are apathetic about their privileges, they will soon lose them. The theme of all the speakers was on this point. But nobody really wants to get in except for the prestige value. Only 33 % of the eligible voters in our district turned out. We have 350 Nisei over 21, #2 has 310, #3 has 420, #4 has 340 and #5 has 545, making a total of 1965 eligible voters in camp. A few Issei were at the meeting. Two of the candidates gave their talks in Japanese.

Talked with Arnold the former police chief in the administration. He was here to "see some of the boys." Certainly did look different. He was dressed in dirty clothes, jacket, workshoes, unshaven. Says that he has been working in the shipyards since he left.

Mitsie says her friend's case is coming up soon. She worked in Sacto in the State Vehicles dept with Miss Endo. The attorney contends that the army lacked authority to place her in a camp without preferring charges against her and granting her a hearing. The other lawyer argues that detention of the Nisei is constitutional under the President's war powers and justified by the fact that Japan already had invaded the U.S. by occupation of the Alaskan isles and the shelling of the California coast.

Emiko read part of my diary. Curiosity satisfied???

July 28, 1942 Tuesday 11:55

Today was election day and it was busy for me. I only went to the paper office once. They probably are giving me up as a lost cause for entering politics. I went over to the H M meeting to get the blankets to put up booths and overheard them talking about their respective precinct meetings. They all predicted that the election turnout would be low. Jimmy H. bragged about our "large" turnout. In precinct #2,

30 people attended, #3 had 2 people, and 7 candidates and the others were also slim. Ours must have been immense in comparison!

They gave all of the blankets to Rec 4 so I had to walk all the way out there to collect them. Earl did not show up and the rest of the committee were working so that I talked to some H.S. girls for about half an hour. By that time, Dr. Thomas came. She had a talk with Mr. Kilpatrick. Evidently he had a funny idea that we were doing something secret because he wanted the army "OK" on her project. Thomas told him that there was nothing to hide and the FBI could even look at the material. The only reason why it was not being advertised was that it would make the task harder for us. The administration is very finicky about unfavorable publicity getting out. I only told Ernie T that this study could not possibly become a part of the Ed. dept study because they would paint the picture too rosy. Ann has a lot of H.S. reactions to the schools here and they certainly do not coincide with what the Ed. dept officially releases. Jimmy and I were thinking of going into the Ed. dept on research just for fun but it is off now. E.T. would try to run things too much. He is more interested in his own glory than the welfare of the Nisei.

Mitch gave her some of the political data and we discussed some of the points to fill in a little more. Since he is freer than I am, he will write it up first. He has all of the background stuff down cold. We talked about next week's forum and thought that something along the lines of improvement of self govt here would be a good topic. In this way we could bring on the rivalry among the Council, Hse. Mgrs and probably the Congress.

I did not get to speak with Thomas long because I had to drag Earl off to get the polls ready. Doris did not show up since she is slaving away for Gunder interviewing people to complete the WRA survey which they started about three weeks ago and hoped to finish in 10 days. Mitch and I are supposed to go in tomorrow and be interviewed by Doris. Aya! !

Toby says that candidates in the State August primaries will be allowed to come into camp to address the Nisei. It only took Davis two days to decide this. Mitch

is all burnt up because he has been trying to get educators in for three weeks and it is still pending. This is direct evidence that they are still discouraging outside lecturers from coming into camp.

By the time I got the ballot boxes and things ready, it was noon. We ate at messhall # 2. A lot of residents were up in the stands at noon visiting with a couple of men who are now detained at Sharp's Park. An immigration officer kept a sharp eye on them.

Arnold Vezioni and Dolores dropped in this afternoon but I only got to talk to him a little because I was busy at the polls. He is doing Rec. director work now, but will go into the navy shortly as an ensign in physical ed work. He went to S.F. State while I was there and he just finished this term. He was quite active in school activities, student body pres, football, debate team, newspaper, etc. He says that most of the fellows that I knew are now in the service.

Earl, Emiko, Fred Yamashiro, Yone Todoroki and Bessie Watanabe were on my committee and I let them do most of the work while I took it easy overseeing the proceedings. The voters came in slowly this afternoon so Toby went out to stir up interest. I sent Fred to get absentee votes and Bette and Patsy to go around the barracks and tell people to vote. Announcements were made at the messhalls urging and pleading for them to vote. I finally got a P.A. system from Tom Ikeda, who built it from odd parts since he has been here and by playing music and sounding like a circus with our announcements, the people were shamed into coming. Emiko even sang a song.

Most of the voters did not care one way or the other, but we kept sending messengers out. A few of the Kibeis did not even know how to stamp a ballot. After roll call we made another whirlwind drive and got the housemanagers to shoot the stragglers up. Emiko, Fred and I ate at mess # 2 and rushed right back. We stayed right through roll call. Up to 5:00, we only had 133 voters, but after dinner they started to come. By 7:00 we started another drive and made continuous announcements over the PA system so that by closing time at 8:00 we had 333 votes out of

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350 voters or 95 % of the total. None of the other precincts will even come close to this. Interest was not this high; we practically dragged them there. In the final counting a great many ballots were marked 6 right down the column. 5 of the 6 winners were on the first column.

Tod Fujita, Fred Hoshiyama, Roy Tokagi, Takeo Hikoyeda, Yoshio Katayama and Miss Endo were the winners. Jack came in 11th, but only 22 votes behind the 6th man. Tod was a runaway. He is house manager chairman and the only house manager from our precinct elected, 6 of them ran and the lowest 5 were house managers. Tod is well known among the S.F. group and a nice fellow. He belonged to the JACL. Fred was supported by the S.F. Y group. The other four came from barracks 7-10 where voting was the strongest. Tokagi is an older Nisei and active in Bay area JACL. Part of the Ogawa machine. Tak Hikoyeda is a well known dentist and got support from Berkeley group around us. Miss Endo active in S.F. JACL and well known. Hasn't done much here but works in the supply room. Not too intelligent and rather conservative. Yoshio Katayama finally got elected. His name is well known now and people have recognized that he is well meaning, but conceited.

Alice came over to help count the ballots. Emiko worked hard all day and was exhausted when she got home. But she ate a sandwich before going to bed. Claims she only gained 2 lbs. since she has been here! Now weighs 134. I gained 5 lbs. and weigh 139. Bette and Alice gained 4. Jack also gained. Tom and Miyako are growing rapidly. The food must be agreeable.

Well back to the paper tomorrow. I'm about worn out from running around all day.

July 29, 1942 Wednesday 11:25

The clothing business is still all mixed up. Davis says that the \$8000 limit was merely for the first contract and to go ahead on the original budget. Greene wants to keep it on the basis of need-- an impression which most of the people around here have. He told Dave to go ahead with the orders and put the people on an "honor system." How can they expect to have relief cases when we are all on the care of the govt. Each family should be allowed the maximum, especially those with small children.

The procedure will be very slow and if the idea of "relief" is not cleared up many of those that need basic clothing will not apply. Dave is going to take the maintenance crew first and then go to barracks 2 and then some more workers. From there, he will go back to #100 and work backwards. By the time he gets around to us, it will be a matter of weeks. Bids will be sent out from time to time to increase the minimum sum of \$8000.

We had been hoping to get shoes and other basic clothes, but we can't wait, especially for shoes. Emiko and Bette made a list of those things we needed right away and we will send to Montgomery Wards for them. This won't leave us much from our last months checks; but we may as well make use of the money.

The Japanese idea towards "relief" is slowly undergoing a change. Since everyone is on the same basis, there should be no "shame" attached to it. I hear one girl saying today: "I lost my pride when I came here. Why shouldn't I get free clothes. We can't be expected to buy it from our small checks."

Yuki says her friend is petitioning around to have the administration cut the grass in the infield because too many couples are stumbled over. Most of them just go out to loaf around, but the Issei think that this is a sin according to their standards.

Toby investigated around to find out who initiated the petition for curfew and he found out that it was a group of mothers living near the Rec Halls. They said that the noise disturbed their children and it was harder to discipline those that went out every evening. A sort of informal curfew has been placed on minors and Rec Halls will close for them at 9:00 instead of 10:00. Nothing more heard about the army curfew. Davis in his statement to the Council said that he is not enforcing it because the people here were well behaved.

The PTA is rapidly taking on the characteristics of the outside ones. Some mothers were around again to take up a collection for some school activity. They are going to pay the classrooms a visit next Friday to see how their children are getting along. They are meeting about once a week now.

Jack was baiting Pop and Mom about the war today. It all started when he was making out Red Cross messages to Mom's relatives in Tokyo. He made a remark that they may have been wiped out by the bombing of Tokyo. Pop said that this was a lie and that Tokyo was not bombed. From there they went into the war situation and Jack said that more Jap and German soldiers were killed in battle than Amer. and Russian ones. Pop said that both sides were sending out a lot of propaganda. He believed that Japan was fighting for the equality of races. I was left to argue with him and it distressed me very much to see how restricted in thinking many of the Issei have made themselves. Pop recognizes the fact that war was brutal and he said that it was hard for the Nisei because they did not understand things so well and that much of their book learning did not give them the true facts. He gave the typical Issei argument that we did not have much chance in a democracy. I pressed the point and showed how much better off we were here and why we could never go any place else. He granted this point, but said that I should not get caught up in the war hysteria and hate all Japanese. Mixed with this sound logic was many limited views about how honorable the J soldiers were and that he did not like to see them fight America because they were only protecting themselves. He blamed it on both govts and not the people although he resented the idea that white people wished to "stamp on the necks of the yellow man." I said that the Japs were more notorious for this, citing the cases of Manchuria and Korea. Pop said he did not wish to have arguments splitting the family up and that we should wait and see after the war who was right. He doubted the promises of the Allies to give more equality to all races. He based this conclusion on the results of the last war, plus the treatment of the Japanese and the Negroes in the U.S. We just don't think from the same basis, and if I ~~admit~~ admit the defects of Democracy, it gives him a winning point. Pop and Mom would rather have us put wars out of our minds, but this very camp makes us aware that a war is going on now. I am afraid I was a bit irritated.

Alice said, "You should not argue with Mom and Pop too much, as one can't change people's minds overnight, especially when the old idea has been in their minds for a

lifetime. If you want to educate them, there are different ways to do it, not getting into an argument. As a result, it annoys all of us and solves nothing. We know as well as anyone else that if the worst comes to worst, most of the Issei would change their minds in a hurry, and right now they just like to think that way because of past injustices."

I said that we were not arguing, but that waiting for the "worst to come" was not a very sound approach because that was merely lip service. What the Issei should do is to realize how they are benefiting by democracy right now, even in this camp to a limited extent. Since they are not well acquainted with the wider issues, they tend to formulate their opinions from limited personal experiences or from rumors. At the same time they forget that it was a minority group that treated the Issei so harshly and that this treatment was not based on democratic practices. But there would be more possibilities if they realized that this was not a race war but a war of principles arising from world economic problems. Pop believes in democratic practices, only he mistakes the fallacies of democracy as the real thing and therefore would not label these beliefs as such. The way we bait them naturally puts them on an extreme defensive as any references to the bad qualities of a Japanese soldier is taken on a personal basis as a reflection on their own characters.

Pop holds the capitalistic idea. He is prejudiced against the Russians because they are "bullsheevesky." He says that if a man makes a million dollars, the govt takes 90 % away and gives it to a lazy person. I asked him what was wrong with that, pointing out how he had to charge 35 cents for haircuts when he was a better barber than the Caucasian that charged 65 cents. He said "no," a man should get what he could. This led to a discussion of prejudices. Pop thinks Hitler is a sourfish and distrusts the Germans; Koreans are not the same as Japanese. A Jew is a cheating kike, a Filipino goes around raping women, and the Japanese in the U.S. are cut-throats (only when I am not arguing with him). Pop is a mixture of past fears and frustrations.

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Town Hall meeting was rather interesting tonight. Most of the small (200) audience were girls. The topic was "The Family-- having and rearing children in the WRA centers." Two premises were assumed as a basis: that this was wartime and we had to make certain sacrifices and that it may be a matter of 5 years before we get back to normalcy.

Grace Fujii from next door was the first speaker. She is a graduate of Mills in child psychology and one of the pre-school teachers here. She spoke from her book learning and not practical experience, making her talk pollyanish. She recognized that parents would have many handicaps in the camp, such as lack of privacy, problems of discipline in home, problems of messhall eating, habits of cleanliness, etc. This increase in social problems would tend to intensify irritability. But Grace believed that the child would adapt easily to the environment and there would be the added advantage for parents of regular routine in meals, more outdoor life for good health, supervised social development in recreation, and more equality for children since wealth was no longer a prime factor, and that mothers would have more time for their children. Her thesis was that parents could have a happy attitude in camp and the child would then develop normally. She believed that a child could be given a well rounded personality and sense of security combined with a balanced emotional life. This would lead to harmony in family life since the atmosphere would be one of cooperation.

Grace chose to ignore the fact that adjustment to camp life would not necessarily mean adjustment to the outside life when these problems would have to be faced after the war. And the Nisei are not emotionally adjusted in their personality now so that this would reflect on any children brought up in camp, assuring that we stay a few years. Grace, however, had a lot of good sound points.

Mrs. Chiza Kitono was even better because she spoke as a mother facing these very problems right now. She said a lot of the same things which she told me when I interviewed her for the Totalizer on opinions. She is 34 and a graduate of U.C. At present she is a nurse in the hospital here.

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She said that we had a capable medical staff here and excellent pre and post natal care for mothers. But the stall life was difficult. Babies must cry and neighbors always complain because of the thin walls. This plus the lack of physical facilities made the mental hazards most difficult. She did not advocate children unless the parents had a good mental attitude. She thought that the barracks life and lack of a sense of security on the parents would make scars on the child's personality. But if the parents would accept and improve the educational, recreational and health life, she would advocate having children and taking advantage of the services which we did have. She thought this was a wonderful chance to learn the art of cooperative living. It was a challenge to us and the most important thing was to fortify the child with a good spiritual background. She figured that the joy of having children would more than compensate for the trials and tribulations of evacuation and its aftermath.

Rev Tsukamoto expressed similar opinions. He believed in birth control so that families would not get too big. He thought that it would not be too advisable to wait too long for children and that couples may as well have children at govt expense with the expert advice on children from the U.S.P. Health dept and the U.S. Children's Bureau. He said that if couples had faith in themselves and in the future they should not hesitate to have children. He even thought that babies would relieve the monotony of camp life. Furthermore they could give babies formulas that only 2 % of the Japanese could afford on the outside. His main point was that good healthy families were the backbone of a strong nation and that democracy depended upon having a stable family unit.

I still don't see how the Nisei parents can be stable and have good personality adjustments in a time of crisis such as the present world conditions. The greater tenseness and irritability is bound to reflect upon the child.

Tomoye said that a request for birth control lectures by outsiders was turned down by the administration.

Alice went to see the doctor about Mom today, but Dr. Fujita says that Mom

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should be rested up a few days more in order to regain some strength. Miyako says Pop feeds her 6 times a day and rubs her leg in the afternoon to make the blood flow smoother and to exercise the muscles. Even Miyako is not allowed to give Mom food from the messhall until Pop gives it the "ok."

Complete election results were given to me today by the other election chairmen but none could match our 95 % turnout. Ernie I precinct was the lowest with 50 %; #3 had 74 %; #4 had 63 % and #5 had 63 %. This made the average 67 %. Mitch lost out in his district. Eleven out of the 27 house managers got in. The 38 elected were chiefly well known names in the Japanese communities from before and many were formerly active. The Berkeley, Oakland and S.F. groups backed their candidates solidly as well as the country people in the infield.

Interest was not as great as indicated by the turnout. The voters were practically shamed into voting by the H.M. going around. Alex says an Issei came to vote in his precinct but he had to be turned away. Fully half of those that voted had to be practically pulled to the polls and they immediately lost interest afterwards. They just don't care who gets in. Most Nisei figure we will be here only another month or so and it doesn't make much difference.

It's a funny thing that the Nisei will give great talks about democracy. Although we may not have much chance at self govt here, the right to vote is important. We should be laying the basis for self govt in the relocation areas right here. Much will depend upon the Nisei and the present apathy is not a good start even though the elected persons are comparative greenhorns. We have to develop leadership gradually and not expect it to turn up suddenly. At least they can gather a little experience in the procedures of self govt here, although the practice of it will probably be denied by our WPA administrators.

Emiko, Bette, Jack and Alice went to a jitterbug session tonight. I dropped over to see Ann for a while. Marie was there and she says that she is going to have her little kids draw pictures of what they think of war and see what happens.

Translation of a letter written in Japanese dated at Poston Arizona, July 20, 1942

"We left Salinas on July 2 and arrived on the 3rd in Poston where we see no grass, no trees, nothing but sand which is very hot and the wind that is blown from the rocky mountains beyond is heated to a temperature of 120 degrees. No sooner had we arrived than we were baptized by a sand storm and we were white all over, hair, face and everything.

For about a week, the heat was not lower than 117° and even in the night the heat prevented the people from going into the houses and we slept outdoors and everyone lost his appetite entirely.

We spray water in the rooms with a hose and wet our cots and we wear wet towels over our heads whenever we go out, thus we are literally living a duck's life. The people have lost their smiles and we can hardly talk gaily; they are just panting.

Our friend — has been here for two months and it is said that it takes at least two months to acclimate oneself-- the heat has never gone lower than 110° and I am feeling low.

The rattlesnake frequents the area hereabouts and they have captured one with ten rattles and are keeping it alive in a box.

When we came here, babies and aged people passed away daily from the heat. We were so discouraged we wondered what would ever become of us and a sense of despair prevailed. However, the temperature the last few days has descended to 110°. Yet we still hear of nose bleeds which are very difficult to stop, and of heat prostrations but for the last five or six days we actually have had no deaths. We heard in Salinas about the tales of daily deaths in Arizona and on our arrival we found this to be a fact. This HELL on earth is absolutely not a fit place for human beings, especially for the aged and for the very young who have no resistance. There is a poisonous arachnid here called a scorpion whose deadly bite can bring death in three hours. The presence of two of these arachnids in the men's shower room caused a tremendous commotion the other day. Already more than 20 of these insects have been caught.

Our camp is divided into 3 sections, the first filled with LA and Imperial Valley evacuees, numbering about 10,000. We are the pioneers in the second area which has

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a capacity of 5000. Every day people are arriving from the "free" zones in California into this section so the third section will soon be opened. Truthfully speaking this scorching HELL is beyond description and beyond tears. I find myself in such depths of despair that I cannot restrain my tears of grief.

When a dust storm occurs, one cannot even see one inch ahead and any straggler who dares to venture out is blown off his feet. My sister who was a little late in getting to her doorway was thrown against the steps by the terrific wind and had to be carried in after being knocked unconscious by the impact. The other day one of the guards died of heat prostration. The main difficulty here is the lack of ice for absolutely no cold drink is available. With but a single refrigerator in the kitchen, we have not seen any ice since our arrival. Invalids thus are miserable without ice. If only a sufficient supply of ice prevailed, 9 out of 10 deaths could be prevented. Our only desire at present is one bottle of Coca Cola; this is the wish of everyone here. We have petitioned for the immediate erection of an ice plant.

I do not know where you are to be sent, but I urgently advise you to ask to be sent to Tule Lake or some other area of temperate climate. I know that anyone from the Bay region would simply die of the heat if he~~r~~ were sent to Arizona. I urge you to petition against being sent here, for the agony of the 3600 evacuees from Salinas is a tragic example of what would happen. We do not want to see any more of such suffering. Even those from Imperial Valley and El Centro are having a difficult time becoming adjusted. We hear that in the month of August, the temperature soars even higher. I understand that many years ago Indians once inhabited this land, but that they have long since died off one by one.

In the daytime it is impossible to get any stations on our radios. Only about 11 p.m. can we faintly hear L.A., but even this is not too clear. Phonograph records have simply melted beyond use or recognition.

Water here is so poor that we can never wash our clothes completely clean. Our hair remains a sticky mass even after washing. We wash clothes in the shower room. They dry completely in 15 minutes when hung in our room. Everything in our room feels like something taken out of a hot oven and our clothes are unbearably hot.

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It may seem as though I have written about the bad side of life only, but this is just how things are here in Arizona; and so my friends, I urge you to take all steps against being sent here. Our heartfelt prayer is that no other human being will have to undergo the agony that we are suffering. It was all that I could do to get this one letter written to you. Please give my regards to my friends and tell them that I am barely existing." (End of letter enclosed in diary)

July 30, 1942 Thursday

The radio announced this morning that General DeWitt had ordered the clearance of all assembly centers (including Tanforan) to relocation centers by August 7th. Everyone got greatly excited and the news spread around camp like wildfire. I saw a couple of kids getting boxes to pack. Taro wanted to check on the story so I went up to see Davis. I couldn't get by the secretary so I sent the message in. He said that there was absolutely no basis to the story and he had received no news of it. So I guess that we will be here for a little while. The favorite pasttime is speculating where to go next. There is a mass dread of going to Arizona and the people are willing to believe the worst about it. Letters written by people who have been sent there paint a black picture of the place. The place seems to be unbearable. It won't be long now before we are all moved and there is an increasing tension among the people. The attached letter was received by one of the Issei. Kosakura (Councilman) got a hold of it and made a translation. He showed it to me yesterday and at that time planned to carbon copy a lot of them and pass them out. Today about 15 Nisei showed me the letter and hundreds in the camp already know about it. I heard about 8 different oral versions and each was exaggerated a little more.

Missed my appointment with Chief White but he was late too. He seems to be a fairly decent sort of person and does a lot for the residents. He is not in favor of enforcing the curfew ruling and will not do anything about it until the army tells him to. The J have been asked to bring their J phonograph records in and Rev. Kunata has to pick out the nationalistic ones which will be confiscated.

From his office I went up to see Lyons to find out about the second pay check.

They will be issued next Friday. About 2300 workers will receive \$21,000 for a month of work. Miller said that free scrip books will also be given from Monday, but they will go by messhalās. I tried to get a special permit for Pop, but he says that these cases will have to wait until everyone else has been given their books. This time \$26,000 worth will be given so in the next week \$47,000 of new purchasing power will be added to the community wealth. Since May 27, about \$18,000 of cash books have been sold and \$52,000 given away. Only \$36,000 of this total has been redeemed by the canteen. This means that \$33,000 worth are still around. This Utopia stuff is not bad. Soon we won't know what to do with the money. There will be another hell of a rush on the canteen, that's pretty certain only they do not have much variety of goods available. The people are worried that they will not be able to make use of the books if we suddenly move so they are spending them all up as soon as possible. We still have over \$10.00 worth left from our original \$36.00.

Nobby, our copy boy, is facing a crisis in his life. His parents have applied for repatriation and he definitely doesn't want to go. He is too American. For the past two days he has been moping around the office and even threatening to run away if he has to. He wants somebody to adopt him. I asked him if he realized that if he left his parents now that he probably would never see them again. Nobby says he doesn't care because he has more chance here and he will miss the good food. In Japan he would have to go in the army at 16, two short years. His parents were fairly well off and evidently have property in Japan where they wish to retire. Nobby just doesn't know what to do. He doesn't want to lose his citizenship and never be allowed to come back to the U.S. I know. I certainly would not want to be in his position.

Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Cox were down with a big box lunch for us today. The stupid inspector at the gate would not allow us to take the box, insisting that the regulations required that it be taken to the barracks first. I told him that this would necessitate an extra walk for us if we had to go down there and then bring it

back up to the grandstand. But he was so stubborn that I got sore and told him off. This idea that we are prisoners brings up a surge of resentment in me every time and I get so sick and tired at these timid people being so obedient and not even protesting a lot of shoving around. I finally talked to the H.M. working on the delivery truck and they let me slip the stuff off as soon as we got around the corner.

Mrs. J. read me a part of a letter which she received from one of the highest gov't officials in Wash who helped in the Robert's report and acted as liaison man between the Army and Navy after Pearl Harbor (he is a Harvard man). Anyway, he said that the Tanfo Tote puzzled him because it did not reveal any inaccurate English usage which he found in all Nisei writing and was surprised at the good manner in which we were making the best of Tanfo. Of course, the whole story is not known to him, but Taro and the other writers deserve compliments on their good English usage. They are all writers except me. I'm only a reporter and they have to rewrite a lot of stuff I hand in for the paper. I don't put too much effort into whipping it into final shape since space limitations often mean a drastic cutting down of the story. Nowadays I get all of the news for them. It's much easier now that contacts have been made. All of the staff took it easy. They don't think it is worth the trouble to add another page with the existing technical problems so I had to cancel my request for another page to the Council. Taro told me to take a day off tomorrow and come around about 7 to crank.

Mrs. Schuman telegraphed me that she was coming tomorrow. For a moment I thought that it would be a notice to get packed to leave. I told Bette that it was, and she ran around packing her belongings. I had to break down and tell her that I was just fooling. Bette spends a lot of time with the boys yet (Key) but she is also beginning to do a little more studying. She got 1 A and 1 B and 1 C in her first report. Besides Fraeh, she is now starting on shorthand and reviewing first aid. She would not go to the talent show tonight because it is so important that she go to the H.S. dance this Saturday. I told her to go but she claimed she wanted to study French. But Key, Mike, Nobby and Patsy came over so she did not get anything done

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anyway. She is one of the yell leaders at H.S. again (with Pat) and they are going to perform at the community sports show next Thursday, which will take the place of the talent show.

The talent show tonight was very poor. They tried to act sophisticated and it fell flat. May Mukai did a hula and Tak and Buddy did a very good jitterbug act. Afterward Miyako, Bette, Alice and I went over to see the new lake. It is costing the administration a lot of money to fill it up but it will be one of the scenic spots of the camp. The creative ability of the J. comes out in this artistic piece of work. Certain cultural aspects of the Orient can be seen in the bridge and the carved tree trunks. Trees have been planted around the edges and a miniature island in the middle of the lake adds beauty. The lake and the golf course are the outward evidence of what the people are doing in a constructive way. The workmen were almost heartbroken when it was first announced that the admin. could put no water in the lake because it was too expensive and would seep through the clay bottom too fast. But they had a change of heart and started pouring in the water yesterday. Davis is hard to figure out. He doesn't get close to the people nor understand them. But he seems to mean well at times. I notice that he works very late several times a week.

July 31, 1942 Friday 12:30

Three months in a concentration camp! Life goes smoothly on. I should be more dissatisfied and rebellious, but much against my will I'm forced to admit that I'm getting adjusted to this restricted life and falling into a smooth and regular rut. There still is that something within me that makes me feel uneasy but these momentary lapses are getting more infrequent, or else I am feeling better tonight than usual. The idea of doing social work is fast fading from my mind as far as this place is concerned. And the language difficulty has to be recognized. If I can't establish rapport with the residents via language, there is not much use of me doing it. There is one social worker now-- a former YWCA secretary and her prime function is making up order forms for the people who need clothing. All of the other social problems are handled, many badly, by the police, house managers, council, administration,

churches, school and rec dept. It is usually an incidental factor. The House Managers think they solved a social problem by recommending that a man be sent to another camp because he beat up his wife recently. They did not see that the conflict was more basic than that, a case that needed intensive handling by a very experienced worker. If I did social work now, I would be in a similar position as the schoolteachers here, with the added advantage of one year of training. But I would have to have a sympathetic and experienced dept to back me up and give me practical guidance, impossible under Greene.

The unemployment situation is leveling off. Many capable people are still doing nothing, but many have fitted in on odd jobs here and there. A lot of the workers in the skilled P and T jobs are receiving valuable training, others are badly misplaced. The employment office is practically non-existent. They are still doing that WRA survey. The office is chiefly a clerical staff now; it works on all sorts of things like the directory, scrip and book cards, departures to other centers, repatriation, etc.

The paper has come along to its peak. We have had to fight for every inch and never have received much cooperation from the administration. We take the censorship in stride, feeling that there is not much use in trying to buck Davis and McQueen with their Fascist ideas. The work has fallen into a routine and some of the odd zip is gone. I wanted to get it up to 12 pages, but Taro and the others absolutely refuse to expend more energy under the present setup. And I hardly blame them. We have sort of developed a policy of subtle Americanization and avoid loud protestations of loyalty or waving of the flag. We minimize things Japanese. I notice that the other center papers play up such things as Bon Odori and Sumo. We did not even mention the repatriation business. The T gives much space to all educational activities and minimizes sports, which is usually given double and triple the space in the other center papers. We are the only ones to have regular features and the paper is planned out in magazine style, the chief credit going to Bob and Taro. Standards of writing are kept up by them, plus Jimmy and Lillian. I get the

stories in and they all take turns giving it a thorough going over. I don't mind since it makes our paper more polished. Bill H. is much worse than I. He uses typical H.S. style. With our limitation on space we thought that it would be better not to develop a straight news style. My "Your Opinion" column is getting on to a higher level, but then I run into difficulties because there is always the uncertainty of censorship on a controversial subject. McQueen only tentatively "oked" it for this week in regard to wages. Davis let it go through when I added that the question applied to WRA centers.

Bob and the rest of us are informally discussing what type of paper is best for WRA centers. We would like to see something that could circulate to all centers with something more solid to it than what we have been doing up to now. I don't see much future in a center newspaper so we will try to get into something more along the line of my interests and ability, if any.

The rec dept is probably one of the best organized phases of camp life. It has expanded into a full program through the efforts of the Nisei in it. Thompson helps out a lot and has the proper attitude. All types of sports are now possible here, with the exception of a few like swimming and horseback riding. The rec dept is a definite clique and they believe they have a favored position in camp. This is perhaps true as far as the young people are concerned, but the dept does not offer much for the mature Nisei, say from 24 up. The boys in the dept are happy in their little world and most of them do not realize that there is a war going on.

The Music and Art School are coming along nicely and probably offer more of lasting value to the residents than any depts. The staff is good and the pupils have confidence in their teachers. The other schools for education of the Nisei are not too good. The teachers are running out of material to teach so they are giving the pupils a two day holiday next week. The chief handicap is inexperience of the teachers and lack of adequate facilities like classrooms and books. The H.S. probably is making less progress than the other branches because the pupils are more aware that the teachers are inexperienced. Many of the students that enrolled at

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first have dropped out. There is a general lack of interest and the idea of giving competitive grades is very bad. This was one opportunity that we have to get out of the idea of working for grades, but the teachers are retaining it as a weapon to keep the classes in line. The students only take three subjects in the morning so that they do not have a great deal to do. It seems to me that they could be giving these students more of the actual understanding of the world problems and the relation of the Nisei to it. But these teachers don't know themselves, except Ann, so they try to follow the straight old academic training, very poorly at that.

The churches have made good progress up to now as far as organization of its physical means are concerned, but it is very unreal to life. Most of the churches avoid the real practical problems facing all of us. The feuds between various church groups have been taken over intact from the outside status. Several of the preachers are very good. I don't know too much of church activities as Sunday is too good a day to be wasting away in a stuffy church. The following usually bulges right out of the messhalls when there is a meeting going on. Many go because they have nothing else to do on that evening.

The hospital has a good staff, but there is a definite need of facilities and medicines. The staff works very hard and have not begun to catch up. The dentists are still able to fix only severe toothaches.

Town Hall is coming along, with rises and declines. It manages to hang on and a nucleus of interested Nisei usually come around to keep the thing alive. We have had no outside lecturers yet as the administration still frowns on any lecturers coming here.

Messhalls are well organized now and food has improved 100%. From the excess starchy foods we got the first month, the diet has become very well balanced. We get lots of vegetables and everyone has probably gained pounds. There is less confusion and meals are served in an orderly manner. Manners are not so good, and the noise makes conversation difficult. The only trouble is that fish twice a week. We got it tonight so all of us brought ours home and Pop made us all steaks which

Zen gave him for his special diet. This was the first time we had dinner in a quiet family group. I am getting quite used to those tin plates and cups. A little girl down the way usually wraps her knives and plates up in a cloth, if handed her, instead of setting a table like all girls usually do. It must be the influence of environment. With Mom sick, our family unit is slowly drifting apart and nobody pays much attention to Tom and Miyako. Jack usually eats with some girl. Emiko wants to eat with Mike, Bette often eats with some boys etc. At noon I eat at mess #2 and Jack and Alice and Emiko eat in the first shift. We haven't all eaten together for quite a while. Our evening snacks, however, has become customary. We are one of the few families allowed to use an electric pad (because of Pop's special diet) and there is an abundance of good food around. People are always bringing something in for us from the outside.

When we first came here, everybody wore jeans and slacks. Now they are all dressing up, especially the girls. Only a few stay in jeans. They have brought their good clothes out of the trunk and are wearing them more often. Almost all of the office workers dress up, at least in good clothes. Only a few of the professional people wear the suits, except on Sundays. The little kids all wear rough clothes and the unskilled workers keep to the jeans.

The laundry situation is pretty good now. People can send their stuff out. Laundries have been built in all districts and there is plenty of hot water. Recently wringers and wash boards have been installed. During the first month not a laundry was ready. The shower rooms are also good now. Compartments have been placed in the women's showers, plus foot baths. A place for germicide to kill athlete's foot has been recently installed. The men's latrine still do not have compartments; but in the women's, plywood separate every two toilets. Outside of the women's latrine, at the end of our barracks, a lot of clotheslines have been put up.

Our Grant Ave. is no longer a mud hole. It has been leveled off and a gravel walk has been put in. Roads have also been built in the infield. When we first came, there were few houses in the infield, but they were thrown up in a hurry during

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the first month. Street lights now help the people from getting lost in the pitch darkness. Gardens have sprung up all over the place and vegetables are now ready to eat. A hot house provides flowers for the various flower projects around here. All kinds of baseball, golf and basketball fields dot the formerly vacant landscape. In front of many barracks are to be seen many fine pieces of architecture.

The moral problems have not increased tremendously on the surface, except from rumors heard. The night police patrol and the lights keep things in good order. But there have been cases of moral problems going on that we don't hear much about. Social outlets that have been developed are primarily for the young Nisei; there is not much available for the older groups and the Kibei. Rumors are still heard of salt petre in the food and of girls being molested. They don't go out alone at nights as they used to. Reports from Santa Anita indicate that the problem is much more acute down there. So far only two engagements have been announced and one marriage performed. All kinds of talk about "professional women" circulate, but I have not been able to trace any of these rumors down to its source. Undoubtedly a lot of it is true.

Gambling developed into a very big problem, but since the recent edicts it has greatly diminished. A lot of money changed hands when it was going full blast. With so many internal police floating around, the big games have been broken up. The professional gamblers are closely watched.

Clothing is one of the most acute problems that has developed. The people did not bring enough clothes in many cases or else they have worn out what they did have. Free clothing was only started last week, except for the few "relief cases." Shoes are a major problem. Only some of the work gangs have been outfitted. The shoe repairers have been doing what they could, but they were handicapped by a lack of machinery. A couple want to provide their own machinery but the administration is not very willing to give them a fair rental payment. They are doing most of the repairs by hand tools. The barber shops suffer from similar difficulties. For \$12 a month, Green expects the barbers to cut steadily for eight hours a day. All of

the barbers are using their own tools. They have homemade barber chairs. No provisions have yet been made for girls permanents. Many of the girls are sending to Montgomery Ward for the solution to do their own hair.

The attitudes of the people have settled down in many respects. From fearing and hating everything around the place, many of them have arrived at the point where they like it here and would not mind if they stayed on indefinitely without moving on to a relocation area. Although the older people have a lot of spare time on their hands, they are taking up such things as gardens, sailboats, etc. to fill in. The mothers work as hard as ever with the exception of cooking. The laundry work is probably much harder. The Issei as a whole believe that their status is a result of the war and have accepted it. Social barriers have also broken down and people are on a much more equal footing. Money and former position does not mean so much as it did on the outside.

Our family have also fitted in with this process of adjustment. Alice is set in the supply room and it takes up most of her time. The matter of Pop's diet has been straightened out and it is mere routine for the girls to go get the food. Emiko is an established part of the mimeograph room and she seems content with it although I have told her that she should be thinking more in terms of the future. She is still very much "social" events minded. Bette is going to school and not getting too much out of it. Lately she has been doing additional study on the side. Her prime concern right now is her boyfriend. Tom and Miyako also go to school. Miyako probably is getting the most out of school. At least she is learning something. She is not completely satisfied with her teachers. She and Tom have probably made the easiest adjustments.

Mom and Pop are apparently resigned to this life and take it as cheerfully as possible. Pop no longer insists about going to work as a barber here. He now considers himself more as a retired person. Mom has been ill for the past month so that the family is not such a close unit as it was when we first arrived (on the surface). Most of the responsibility for the younger children rests with Alice, Jack and I.

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The family scene has changed considerably in the past few years. Pop is now 67 and Mom 52. Their lives have not been dull and completely uneventful as I had formerly thought. They have certainly gone through many periods of change.

Pop comes from a good family. He was born in Japan about 1876 in a little island off the coast of Tokyo. Originally the family line was established for centuries in Yedo (Tokyo). My grandfather was considered as one of the more advanced men of his day. During the period when Japan was just emerging from the feudal period, he saw the necessity for political change. Therefore, he supported the movement to re-establish the Emperor in opposition to the Shogunate rule. But he was a little too early and in 1860 he was exiled to this little island for criminals and political prisoners. But there was also a town of ordinary people there. For favoring the westernization move he was considered a radical. With the restoration of the Emperor he was given a pardon but preferred to remain on the island where he had worked himself up to mayor in the civilian population.

My father thus started life in a fairly well to do environment. Unfortunately his mother died when he was a child and he was brought up under the strict supervision of a stepmother who, he claims, treated him very meanly. Being the oldest son he was supposed to inherit the property. However, his stepmother wanted her son to have the privilege so she did everything in her power to show her dislike towards Pop. Finally, he could not stand it any longer and after a brief period of being known as the black sheep of the family, he ran away to sea as a cabin boy at the age of 13 or 14. From Tokyo he sailed out into the various parts of the western world for the next ten years. By this time he had worked himself up to the position of ship's cook. His father tried desperately to get him to return to his former life, but my Pop's wanderlust had developed to such a point that he was no longer contented to remain in the narrow confines of his village town. His infringements on the family traditions finally resulted in his being disowned, much to his father's great sorrow.

Pop sailed to many ports up and down and around the Pacific shores. When he

was around 23, he landed in California. By this time he was tired of the seafaring life so he decided to see what he could do in America. For the next four years he roamed up and down the state as a agricultural laborer in one of the Japanese gangs. The Japanese about this time were being brought into the State as a source of cheap labor. Later Pop worked on the railroads.

In 1904, he struck up a friendship with another Tokyo black sheep. At this time aliens were allowed to enlist in the U.S. Navy. Pop as an expert cook decided to sign up so they both went in together. He worked his way up to officer's cook and also had a minor reputation as the champion wrestler of his ship. In 1905 he was transferred to the U.S.S. Bremerton in San Diego harbor. He was only on the ship two days when it mysteriously blew up, killing 65 men in all. My father saw all of the men dying off and he did what he could to help ease their pains. He came out of the disaster a sort of a hero for saving the life of an officer. This officer promised to cite him for bravery, but he died of his wounds before any action could be taken. My father did not know much English and he was overlooked.

Later he was transferred to another ship and he again became the officers' cook. When the time for the second hitch came up, he decided not to re-enlist in spite of what his friend said (1908). The officers asked him to stay on until they could get another good cook to replace him. It was six months more before he finally received his honorable discharge, It hangs on the wall of his stable now.

Once more he worked as a laborer, in the lumber mills, as a railroad section hand and even took a fling as a fisherman. None of these things were very satisfactory to him. Finally he decided to be a barber so he rented an old shack near the waterfront of Vallejo in front of Mare Island. Once a magazine pictured it as a rendezvous for Jap spies. The fact was that he chose Vallejo because there were no other Japanese living around there. He never could get along with them, and carried a deep seated resentment towards the Japanese because of his experiences as a youth. With Mare Island so near, Pop figured that he could cash in on his former contacts in the navy. He didn't do badly from the start even though he was a self made barber.

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In 1913 his Japanese friend in the navy told him that he should get a wife. Pop never wanted to go to Japan again, but when he saw the picture of his friend's sister he hired a go between in Japan to fix him up for a \$500.00 fee. Pop had plenty of money saved up from his years of working so he went on a trip-- the last one-- to Japan to get a wife. He married my mother in 1913. On their honeymoon he paid a visit to his home town where he was hailed as a returning hero from that "strange country America." Partly to satisfy his ego and partly out of family pride he built a huge 1500 shrine in honor of his father (he has the picture in his album yet) and said that he would never return to Japan again.

My mother's line runs back for 800 years in and around Tokyo. She comes from the upper middle class and the complete family records were written in the family shrine which was finally destroyed by the 1923 earthquake. All sorts of people were from this side of the family, including poets and thieves. Mom never speaks much of them these days and I only remember dimly what she used to tell us as kids.

One of the most interesting facts was that my grandmother who died last year (94) spanned in her lifetime the change of Japan from a feudal period to a modern and then militaristic power which we are now fighting in this war. When grandmother was nine years old she was playing down on the shores of Yedo Bay. All of a sudden one day she saw a monster come over the horizon from the sea with black flames spouting out of its mouth. She ran home terrified. The "monster" was Commodore Perry coming in a U.S. gunboat to "open the doors" of Japan. As for other relatives, I don't know much about them. We had an aunt that owned a coffee plantation in Java and an uncle who ran a taxi line in Tokyo but Mom doesn't know what became of them since the war. We have a lot of relatives (Mom was the youngest of nine children) but they are like characters in a story book.

Many of my mother's family have become impoverished since the war, of that I am sure. Several of my cousins were killed on the China front before global war broke loose. One was an advance scout in an interior Chinese province when he was picked off by a Chinese guerilla. Another was killed when a Japanese gunboat was

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sunk in the Yangtze River. Others attended the Japanese naval schools and became commissioned as officers. Their lives affect my beliefs not at all. They are like impersonal beings to me except for one cousin that I disliked since the time he wrote five years ago. At that time he was only 20. He was in training then and he said that he was preparing for the day when the mighty navy of Nihon would repulse the attack of the U.S. Navy which he was sure we were planning. He had taken English in school so that we could read his opinions. My first violent reaction upon reading this was, I remember: What a punk. He sure has a hell of a nerve making a crack like that. I had always intended to write and tell him off, but never got around to it. But I figured that he was a victim of a vicious military system and he would not understand the true state of things even if I had given him any information. I can see how a dogmatic nationalistic education can poison the best of minds. He no doubt is a human being just like any of us who wants to live but is being forced to swallow a lot of poison pumped into his mind and knows no differently. One of these days I may even be in the war against him. I wonder what he thinks of Pearl Harbor? The Japanese navy is strong, but we should be able to take them down once we get rolling. Already at Coral Sea and Midway Islands, the U.S. have given them a bad time. They got the initial jump on us and it is going to be a long bloody war before the Allies will be able to regain what has been lost.

At the time Mom got married she did not see Pop until the day of marriage. She had a choice of marrying a baron or Pop, who passed off as a rich business man from America. Mom had received a good education (through high school, which was unusual for a woman at that time) and at the time of her marriage she was acting as a lady in waiting to the Empress Dowager's court. This was one phase of her training for people of her class at that time. This is a nominal honor for the "better" families and she says she only saw the Empress Dowager on rare occasions.

When they arrived in S.F. in 1913 they were detained on Angel Island for a few days at the immigration station. Mom first saw America as they walked up Market St. She was dressed in a kimono. She clung to my father's arm and was terrified

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when she first saw an automobile. As they walked up the street, she kept asking if people lived in those tall buildings and if her "home" would be like them. Pop said that his place was much smaller. The next day they took the ferry boat to Vallejo. Walking down the board walks near the mudflats, my mother was shocked at the dirty hovels along the way and was amazed that people lived in them. She was speechless when my father led her to the small barber shop and said that this was her new home. My mother had been under the impression that Pop was a rich business man. It was a shock to discover that he was a mere barber. In Japan it was considered a low trade-- only women did it. But my uncle used to come around and point out that there was some future in it because Pop knew all the sailors and his shop was always full. He indicated that opportunities like this to make money in Japan was non-existent. He argued that America was good because it offered all an equal chance without the rigid social class lines which existed in Japan. But my uncle was not around long enough as his ship only stopped at Mare Island at infrequent intervals for repairs.

Mom did not even know how to boil an egg when she came to America. Her training had not been aimed at this sort of life. In Japan she had servants to wait upon her. In America she had to do things for herself. Pop had to teach her how to cook. She never was a very good housekeeper.

From the start Pop was jealous of Mom, never letting her out of the house. He judged all men on the basis of the rough characters usually found in seacoast towns. His opinions of white women was low-- he only knew the most degenerate from Seattle to Panama. Therefore, he wanted to make sure that she would not get any of these bad influences. Fortunately for him, the living quarters were furnished in back of the shop. The back porch was boarded up and converted into a kitchen bathroom. It was in this setting that the family began to arrive-- eight children from 1915 to 1932, I being the second oldest.

If they could have adjusted to this life I suppose evacuation won't be too difficult. They never think of going back to Japan, but they hold certain feelings

for the suppressed yellow man.

Today was not too busy a day to start, but in the afternoon and evening a lot went on. This afternoon some army colonel came in and interviewed a lot of Nisei college grads and Kibei who could speak and read English. The report is that many of them will be taken into the army foreign service after training in one of the army schools so that they can act as interpreters and guards in the camps for Japanese prisoners in the Pacific. I didn't get a call because I don't speak or understand the language. Some of these Nisei will be used to teach Japanese in the naval schools.

Davis censored the item about the drunk soldier who climbed over the fence and was wandering about the grounds when the internal police arrested him. No reason was given by Davis for the delete, except he probably thought it would be bad publicity.

Mrs. Schuman came to visit me today. She left me a lot of magazines and \$10.00 with the note: "Will you please accept the enclosed as a token of friendship-- let us say between a social worker whose work is nearly completed to one whose work has hardly started." She introduced me to Scott Newhall who is the editor of the magazine section of the Chronicle. He went to school with Kim Obata and Mine Okube. He is thinking of getting army permission to come in and take pictures, etc. for a feature article for the Chronicle.

We were supposed to have fish tonight and none of us thought much of the idea. Pop had a lot of steak around so he told us to bring our rice and he would cook us some good meat. So for the first time since we have been here, the whole family ate together in privacy. It was a relief to get away from the din and clatter of the messhall. We took our time and did not finish until they came around for the roll call.

Afterwards, I got the electric pad, some bread and other food and went up to the office for our weekly night work. The other fellows brought cookies and Yuki got the cups. We had lots of fun eating and dancing around until about one. In

between, we got the paper out. The coffee I made was the real stuff and not the imitation stuff which is served around here. Jack and Hedy came around so we went to the grandstands and swiped 150 feet of rope from the flagpole.

The three months since we have been here has also seen many changes on the war front. This country is in the full swing of war production. Shortage of rubber is extreme-- not enough was collected in the recent drive. Food prices and wages have reached the "control" ceiling. Housing is a critical problem in many defense cities. Around 4,000,000 men have been taken into the army. Taxes are going higher.

In South America the countries appear to be swinging towards the Allies, except possibly Argentina and Chile. An Argentine ship was sunk by a German sub last month and it raised quite a diplomatic stink. Chile is getting jittery because of the Japanese threat. Mexico has formally declared war.

In the Middle East American bombers have hit at the Italian fleet. In Egypt, Rommel is advancing and a crisis is imminent for the Allied forces. American tank crews have entered action in Libya. Egypt is in danger but the government have left things to the English. The Arab world is on the edge with the Suez and Middle East in such danger.

Hitler is making a drive on the Caucasus and has been making great advances during the summer offense. Sevastopol fell early in the month and Rostov is swarming with Germans.

In Europe there is much speculation for a second front. It may be in the air with the English throwing thousands of planes into the attack on the German industrial cities.

The U.S. have not taken much offensive as yet. The Japs got as far as Kiska and the Aleutian Islands last month. All Alaska has been put on a war footing and Canada and Oregon coastlines were shelled by subs but no damage was done.

The Midway and Coral Seas battle gives the U.S. slight supremacy on the sea, according to the reports. Feverish activity in preparations have been made in Australia, but Japan has not tried a mass attack as yet.

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China is in a critical position since the Japs appear to be concentrating its forces there for the final blow if possible. The Burma Road has been closed. India is also in a crisis and Russia may be attacked by the Japs shortly. In three short months the war has spread to tremendous proportions covering the whole world. It is altogether likely that there are millions of people in this country that do not yet realize how tremendous the war is. It is only the beginning and we won't get the real contact of war until men start to get killed off by the thousands from our troops. All this seems to be so unnecessary if we could only stop the greed of people and nations. The promises of this war is definitely not going to be a final solution to the world's ills but it may well start us on the road to a more promising future.

August 1, 1942 Saturday 11:00

I was up until the wee hours last night so that I slept late this morning. After I took a nice invigorating shower I felt much better. The day was rather uneventful. I went up to the office and read a little and then delivered my papers.

After lunch we decided to tackle our weekly laundry. Jack and I agreed to do the rough stuff, but we got stuck by doing it all. Emiko, Bette, Tom and Miyako came over to help us. Alice had to see Angelo so that she got out of it for the second week in a row.

Our assembly line in the laundry took up a whole side and we sent the clothes down from one tub to another. The boiler was broken the other night so that Emiko, Tom and I had to haul tubs and tubs of hot water from the men's shower room to the laundry. Jack swears he just put in two spoons of clorox in the water but when the clothes came out they were all yellow. We rinsed and rinsed them but the color would not come out. Finally Jack took one piece out in the sunlight and it immediately turned white. Jack had a visitor so he went up while Bette, Tom and I put the 94 pieces on the line. Emiko want to catch up on her ironing for the rest of the afternoon.

Rusk Rigor and a bunch of fellows from U.C. came down to visit around 3:00