

April 3, 1944

Dear Dorothy:

The following letters are copies of some letters I sent out during the first few days at Tanforan. I thought you might be interested in them since it reflects some of my views and reactions during the first few days there. I didn't start my Diary until May 3. Some of the stuff in the later letters are a repetition of what I had in my Diary but I did not take time to sort these letters out as I thought it would be better to leave them intact.

Charlie

on it optimistically by rationalizing that I could perform a useful function in the assembly center now that I had received my social work credential. I also resolved to keep a daily diary while in the center because I felt that this would give me something to do. (Following is the item that I had in my diary the very first day of evacuation but which I had never turned in because I just found it among my papers.)

This was
written
in July
1945

begin

April 20, 1942: Today is the day that we are going to get kicked out of Berkeley. It certainly is degrading. I am down here in the control station and I have nothing to do so I am jotting down these notes. The Army lieutenant over there doesn't want any of the photographers to take pictures of those miserable people waiting for the Greyhound bus because he thinks that the American public might get a sympathetic attitude towards them. Ann (Kunitani) is leaving for Tanforan this morning. She is going on ahead of Mitch because she has to do something on housing work or something. I just met Ann and Mitch for the first time quite recently and I never got to know them at all until yesterday when I went over to their apartment over on the hill. Ann's Caucasian friend is here to see her off and he openly cried. I think that he is a professor at the university. Ann is bravely smiling all the while. I guess that it is at times like this that they say parting is such sweet sorrow.

I'm supposed to meet my family at Tanforan as Jack told me to give the same family number. I wonder how it's going to be living with them as I haven't done that for years and years. I should have gone over and evacuated with them but I had a last final to take. It looks like it's going to rain pretty hard today. I hope that this is no sign of our future life. I never thought I'd be going down to the Tanforan horse stables to live. Mr. Castner used to take me down

for the horse races. Jockey Neves is the guy who grew up in the orphanage with me and he is pretty well known now as he rides in the Santa Anita handicaps. I understand that we are going to live in the horse stalls. I hope that the Army has the courtesy to remove the manure first. ~~this~~

This morning I went over to the bank to close my account and the bank teller whom I had never seen before solemnly shook my hand and he said, "Goodby, have a nice time." I wonder if that isn't more of the attitude of the American people. They don't seem to be bitter against us and I certainly don't think I am any different from them. That ^{Q2} DeWitt certainly gripes my ass because he has been listening to the Associated Farmers too much. Oh, oh, there goes a 'thing' in slacks and she is taking pictures of that old Issie lady with a baby. She says she is the official photographer but I think she ought to let these people alone. The Nisei around here don't seem to be so sad. They look like they are going on a vacation. They are all gathered around the bulletin board to find out the exact date of their departure. 'When are you leaving?' they are saying to one another. Some of these old Issei men must have gone on a binge last night because they smell like ^[rice wine] sake. Mitch just came over to tell me that I was going on the last bus out of Berkeley with him. Oh how lucky I am! The Red Cross lady just told me that she would send a truck after ~~Wang's~~ and my baggage and she wants ^{the} ~~our~~ phone number. We never had a phone in that dump.

I have a queer sensation and it doesn't seem real. There are smiling faces all around me and there are long faces and gloomy faces too. All kinds of Japanese and Caucasian faces around the place. Soon they'll all be neurotic cases. < Yuri is standing over there chewing gum. I bet she is pretty nervous. > Wang thinks that he has

an empty feeling in his stomach and I told him to go get a hamburger upstairs because the church people is handing out free food. I guess this is a major catastrophe so I guess we deserve some free concessions. <Wang is gloomy and glum and he thinks the end of the world has come. He regrets that he didn't go with Kenny who is out in Reedley in the unrestricted zone. Kenny, that dirty rat, ran off with all our blankets so we had to get a complete new outfit from the WCCA. I made Wang swallow his pride and I got over \$65 worth of stuff and Wang got \$63. After that all the Berkeley Japanese started rushing for these grants because they didn't think it was relief anymore and their prides weren't hurt. Deckie said that the Berkeley office gave out more ~~emergency~~ emergency grants than any other evacuation control center. Deckie is working like a boiler maker because she has to explain everything to all the other social workers. I'm glad that I didn't take that job because there's too much headache in trying to be an office worker and everything else. I don't think that I'd make a good translator and interpreter.

More excitement, gosh what confusion, some of those nisei are saying. > The church people around here seem so nice and full of consideration saying, "Can we store your things?" "Do you need clothes?" they are saying. "Thank you", the Issei smile and bow even though they are leaving with hearts full of sorrow. But the Nisei around here seem pretty bold and their manners are brazen. They are demanding service. I guess they are taking advantage of their college education after all. "The Japs are leaving, hurrah, hurrah!" some little kids are yelling down the street & but everyone ignores them. Well, I have to go up to the campus and get the results of my last exam and I'll barely be able to make it back here in time for the last bus. God, what a prospect to look forward to living among all those Japs.

2119 Haste St.
Berkeley, Calif.
March, 1, 1943-#

Dear Mariko,

Received your card this morning and was glad to hear that you are gradually getting things under control. However, I'm not quite clear on some of the things which you mentioned. If I understand clearly, the present plan is to send Mom and Pop to S.F. while you carry on the home there. I assume then that this is being done with the object of letting the kids get through school for this semester. That was my object, also, but may I throw another matter in for consideration. We have to realize this problem from the standpoints of our parents also and not be too arbitrary in any decision. You will probably realize that psychologically this is going to affect them to a great degree. In time of such a crisis, they will naturally have to have something to hang on to. This means the ^CChildren. I was talking to Dr. Cassidy the head of our Social Welfare ^DDepartment today and he pointed out the implications which such a move may develop. He doesn't think that such a thing would be the wisest move because this means ^Tthe breaking up of the home and it is in such times that family unity is needed the most. However, I don't know exactly all of the details yet so that I really can't jump ^{to}at any conclusions. Could you please enlighten me as to the details?

Dr. Cassidy talked with Mr. Neudstat, the Regional head of the Federal Security Agency, and he says that a definite sum has been set aside by the government for the social work of rehabilitation. They will pay or help pay the costs of moving and in deserving cases even help our ^Tfinancially until they get started again. From what he says, there is a definite plan to attach a social worker with each employment

LEHO

The following copies of letters from various members of the family were written to Mariko, who voluntarily ~~was~~ evacuated to Chicago in April 1942. Some of the letters are pre-evacuation letters sent to Mariko who was staying in Vallejo after pop, mom and Miyako came to S.F. following the first military restrictions in Feb. 1942. At that time, ck was in Berkeley; Jack going to S.F. State; Alice working in S.F. Mom, pop, and Emiko and Miyako were living on Buchanan St., across the street from our old penthouse; and Bette, and Tom were with Mariko in Vallejo finishing up school and getting rid of the barber shop.

The letters go right thru the Tanforan days when the whole family was together, except Mariko in Chicago.

office to help the families in their plans. Have you contacted them yet? Now, I was thinking that perhaps it may be possible to set up business for Pop again under such a setup. I realize that he would have a difficult time setting up a new clientele, but at least it would give him something to do. And that is really important. What do you think? Then again perhaps Mom could get work doing housekeeping. There is a terrific shortage of domestic workers and I'm sure that I could help in that respect. I assume that you were considering all of these possibilities for after the school term. However, I think that you could help Pop out a lot if you left him the hope that perhaps he will be able to start anew. And whatever happens, don't let the folks get panicky. It's easy enough to say these things I realize but nevertheless important and I am sure that you will be able handle the situation adequately.

The real reason why I went to see Dr. Cassidy was to drop out of school, but after talking it over with him I have decided that perhaps it will be better for me to finish the next two and one-half months out and get my credential. Dr. Cassidy was quite frank in telling me that my chances for getting a social work position was nil, but in the post war period there would be a very good chance for me. Anyway I know you will understand this viewpoint. However, if things do get serious I will drop out. I will try to get home this weekend to talk things over with you. I've been doing a little investigating around for possible resources and I am sure that you and the rest of us can arrive at a workable plan for the immediate present.

Now what about the barber shop? Do you plan to remain there or

were you think of moving to another place in Vallejo. I strongly doubt if we could get a cheaper place and perhaps you could talk with the landlady and see whether she would reduce the rent a little although this is not likely. I know that you are keeping a close touch with the Fed. Security Agency so that you will be informed on all the latest developments. They plan to keep the whole thing independent of the Relief Program.

I could take a leave of absence for a week if you think it necessary. Will there be much stuff to move? And where in S.F. are they moving? Jack and Alice will no doubt look after that end of things. Any gov't assistance received should not be considered as relief as the federal agencies have not approached the problem from this approach. Therefore, we should take advantage of all possibilities advanced for the welfare of those affected by the evacuation order.

How are you fixed for money? I am thinking of borrowing another \$100 from the school and I could let you have that if it is necessary, plus what I have already.

I will try to get home next Sunday and by that time I may be able to get additional information.

Incidentally, I am speaking Friday at the Mark Hopkins Hotel before the section on Minority problems in the National Vocational Guidance Association Conference. Natcherly I feel quite honored to be included among all the national bigshots. So don't expose me. It's the first time that they have ever met west of the Mississippi.

And if you are too busy, have Bette write me a couple times a week so as to keep me fully informed. I really haven't done much anyway this past week, just can't get down to concentrating.

Well, so long, Charlie

2119 Haste St.
April 9, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Glad to hear that you are in good hands. How are the job possibilities coming along? I think Alice is going to send your drawing along shortly. I was home today and things are in a madhouse stage. It's quite likely that evacuation will take place in a matter of days. About 700 people have already gone to the Assembly center in Santa Anita (move over Seabiscuits!) and the Federal Security Agency told me today that they expect to have the bay area cleared out immediately. They sent me a telegram asking me to take a job on the evacuation work as a social worker, but I turned it down since I am so set on completing my training and obtaining my certificate. I hope to have this finished in a couple of weeks. The job was only temporary, and I am sure that others will be coming up.

We are having quite a problem figuring out just what to take. There is still so much junk around and you know how the Japanese like to hang on to old things. Anyway we will have to store a lot of it since they will not allow us to take more than the barest of necessities. I do not know whether I will go down with the family yet or not. I may follow after them since Berkeley will not be evacuated until after S.F.

Tommy and Miyako are all excited about the "vacation"; Alice confused; Jack calm; Emiko still thinking about the boys and the clothes she has to take; and Mom and Pop not worrying too much as they think that I have a special "in" with the government--just because I arranged to get the Federal check! Lady Jarvis up in air as she wants Alice to get her junk out before she leaves for her vacation deep in the heart of Texas.

I'm sending you a cashier's check for \$400, but you don't have

to spend it all at once. Bill Himmel was supposed to give me some addresses, but I haven't seen him around lately so will have to send them later. I gave \$75.00 of your money to Mom, but she sezs to put it back in the bank for safe keeping since she will not need it yet. So only about \$5.00 of your money has been spent and you have a balance of about \$194.00, minus what you owe Mom. Want a Statement? I intend to leave it in the bank when I leave for Camp just in case any emergencies arise, but if you need it let me know.

I am trying to sell my car but haven't found any prospective customers yet. It's in "A" shape, except that it shimmies and the tires are a little worn down. Maybe I will be able to get about \$40.00 anyway for it.

Curfew law works hardships on social life if you obey it, but you know Chas. I have a Chinese Student Club Card and it sezs "Shar Lee" on it for identification. A cop stopped me the other night and asked me the usual question. I told him that I was Chinese and showed him the card. Then he asked me my American name and I said Harry, because I am hairy, and he apologized for mistaking me for a Jap, and I said it was Ok since we all had to sacrifice, and so to home I went.

If you want to read up on all the latest information on the evacuation, I would suggest that you go to the Public library and read the N.Y. Times since they carry more news on it than the Coast papers. Also would suggest that you get notice to start residence in case you want to establish residence for elections later.

I don't know what my present and future plans will be. Hardly feel like continuing school at a time like this when so much is going

on, but will go if nothing else turns up. Besides I don't relish the idea of picking fruit again. However, I'm pretty optimistic and things that there will be many opportunities arising in the relocation work. Quite a few of the kids I know are working for the government now.

Don't mind the sloppy letter as I am rushed. I am trying to finish up my research papers before leaving. When this is completed, most of the hard work for the year will be over and the certificate practically in ^{my} hands. Probably will get the usual grades since I have them all fooled, or something. All of the school authorities and my friends have been swell in this whole affair and sometimes I wonder where all this anti-Jap hatred is coming from. Of course, in times like this with so much at stake, people are bound to get a little hysterical and do things that they would not do under more rational conditions. Then the Japanese really don't appreciate all that has been done for them because they don't get the information. However, you can be assured that they will be taken care of in a very humane manner with the Soc. Security Board handling the resettlement. So it's up to people like you who have gone out to prove to other Americans that we are Americans too (even if we have yellow fever faces!) It's hard on the old people, but for the Nisei it can be made an opportunity if they don't start getting to feel sorry for themselves and develop a persecutionist attitude. What are the Yabos like in Chicago? Do they have buck teeth, horn rimmed glasses, and dai-kon ashii too?

S.F. Japanese Town certainly looks like a ghost town. All the stores are closed and the windows are bare except for a mass of "evacuation sale" signs. The junk dealers are having a roman holiday

since they can have their cake and eat it too. It works like this: They buy cheap from the Japanese leaving and sell ~~pm~~ dearly to the Oakies coming in for defense work. Result, good profit. Lot of kids getting married off on the theory that they have to protect their vested interest when and if morals get loose in Camp, but I don't think there is much danger of that happening although the rowdier bunches will probably get rowdier for a while if they have nothing to do.

Well so long. Write and acknowledge receipt of check will you?

Chas.

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

April 9, 1942

Dearest Mariko,

Well, here I am you lucky gal! What's cookin', good lookin'? Boy, is everything going solid with you? You're fine and rarin' to go, I hope? Gee, it's swell that you're staying with those people, yuh? How's the weather over there in Chicago? I'll bet it's snowing, isn't it? It's been raining here in S.F. Gosh, it makes me sick to my stomach. It's bad enough that we have to be in the house by 8 o'clock, but we can't even go out in the afternoon cause it rains so much. Oh, well, so much for that.

How have you been? Did you meet a lot of people? I man, on the train. Jackie was saying that by the time you got to Chicago, you'd be saying good-bye to the people on the train. Ha! Ha! Well, laugh! You're supposed to. Hum, quit giggling up your sleeve. Say, I'll bet it was a thrill travelling all by yourself way over to the East. Let me know about it when you have the time, yuh? We got your post cards and Alice received your letter not very long ago. Did she answer yet?

Sammy Seike's brother was just over and he said we may have to move by next Monday. That's pretty near the time as it is. Today is Thursday already and that leaves exactly four days. Course that may not be true that we may have to move so early but you can't ever tell. They've been moving the people in districts and it seems our area comes next. It's about time, I was getting sort of impatient. Maybe by the time you get this letter, we'll be moved to Santa Anita already. Who knows? And just when we are going to move, I have to be in one of my periods. You know what I mean, of course? By the way, how do you like my typing? Do you think it is improving? I can type much faster now. I get a lot of practice when I type my letters. And do I type a lot of letters. I guess it's all right to type on both sides of the paper, isn't it?

Emiko and Alice are working down on Grant Avenue. The stores are going to close very soon so they need a lot of sales girls to help out. They seem to like the work, too. I wish I could work too but it seems that I'm too young. Besides, they want experienced girls.

Have you received your round suitcase yet? I sent it about 4 days ago so maybe you'll get it real soon. What kind of work are you going to do? I hope you can get a job doing art work that you like so much. Who knows, maybe I'll be reading your name in the papers one of these days.

Well, I'm running out of words so I think I'd better stop. Everyone sends all their love and mom and opo says to take care of yourself.

Love,

Bette

2119 Haste St.
Berkeley, Calif.
April 12, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Well, this will probably be the last time you will be hearing from me from this address. No, the order hasn't come yet, but we expect it to come out in a day or so. The Army now plans to have the entire area cleared by the 20th of May at the latest and Berkeley will be cleared among the first as there are not so many Japanese here. I don't know how the students will be affected, but I hardly think that there will be any exceptions.

Have you received the check yet? If you have ~~xxx~~ already sent an answer don't bother to send another only be sure to let me know if you did get it. And don't wait around either. If I don't hear from you pretty quick, I am going to put a hold on the check so you had better let me know as soon as possible.

The reason I am writing is that I have a few more addresses for you. How have you been doing with the ones I already gave you? Kenny just wrote to Joe Oyama so I gave him your address to send him as he may know some people too.

Well, here is Bill's list. I hope you can make out his writing. Look up his brother in Des Moines; it's not so far from Chicago.

Have you found a job? I know you want to take a vacation first, but you had better not impose on these people too much--you know how it is.

We had a big blow-off among the student today and all of the remaining Nisei turned out. Had lots of fun. I had Bill's camera so that I had a monopoly on picture taking. I think I shall sell the

pictures at big prices seeing that I risked the wrath of the law in having a forbidden camera. Afterwards we went to Alameda and Bill had to smuggle me across the Tube as it was after curfew hours.

Haven't any more news about the family as I have not seen them lately. I suppose Alice will be writing you and she can tell all.

Well, Kenny is going out to mail his letter so I had better close. Let me know how things are coming

Manzanar Kikuchi.

April¹⁵, 1942

Dearest Mariko:

Now that you have arrived in Chicago and have sent your address, I can write you the latest dope on the San Francisco front.

First of all, I quit work Sunday moving everything over here except the furniture and now I don't know what to do about it as I can't cross California Street - nor 19th Ave, nor along the waterfront as those areas are now evacuating - which means that I can't even visit Mari or Mrs. Jarvis. And it's too heavy for Angelo to manage alone.

By the way, speaking of Mari, she's at the S.F. hospital at present for an appendectomy - I think - they aren't sure. I'll have to go see her tomorrow afternoon and see what I can do for her - poor kid - she's among those who has to move by April 7 to Owen's Valley and the way things are now, the family may have to move first and she'll go later.

Chidori has written me asking what my future plans are to be, so I wrote her saying she could join our family unit and then get out when I do. You see the Saturday before the deadline for permits, I rushed down to get one - intending to join you in Chicago. I had taken some money out of the bank and was all packed ready to leave, but since you hadn't reached Chicago there was no way of getting a verification that I would be taken care of, and so I was refused a permit. It so happens that if I had gone my train fare would have been paid by the government as they get a rate. The only reason I didn't go to Washington D.C. was because the woman down at the WCCA office said that I could get out if you wrote me a letter saying you

had secured a job for me and then they would phone or wire you verifying it.

We are getting together all of your things but I'm not sure how we are fixed for pots and pans and cooking utensils. We have a lamp that we'll send but I don't know much about the rest.

Joe Hayashi and Hank Miyamoto are the two draftees who used to hang around the Yamato garage every night. Have you seen much of them. If so, you can tell them that Marchie's family moved up to Sacramento, Massie to Fresno or someplace, Inky is in the army some place in Arkansas and the rest of the bunch will go to the settlement alone with us. Angelo says to ask you how jobs pay around there. He's a very good radio technician and the company he works for is the best reputation one of S.F.

Had lunch with Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Hodgson today at the El Prado and it was very nice. Last Tuesday night Mrs. Hodgson had me over for dinner and had the place all fixed up with soft candlelight, flowers, and herself all dressed up in a dinner dress. It was awfully nice, and we had a swell time together. That afternoon I visited Mrs. J. and we went over to see Mrs. Geddes and had coffee and do-nuts.

8 o'clock curfew is sort of limiting but Angelo has been coming over nightly and Sam Seike from next door, so its not so bad. We go to bed around midnight - everybody has a hand in cleaning up, cooking washing, etc. and Jackie and Tucky get us up in the mornings by coming over and cooking breakfast. Emi and Miyake get up and cook for themselves, and Bette and I are the next shift. Then Mom and Pop - so we eat all day. All of we gals are busy sewing and fixing over our

clothes to take along so there aren't many empty hours. Delores comes over off and on and Davy walks in and out, so we don't lack for company.

Pop has been seeing Doctor Jarvis about once a week and is really quite improved. His blood pressure is almost down to normal, and he has been following a diet which lets him eat almost the same foods as what we eat, except starches and sugar. We have a lot of fun with him except for the fact that Jackie and I are in the dog-house about Dolorez and Angie respectively. Jackie and Delorez were going to be married en route if we took the car, and she was to come with us, but then they changed their plans and agreed that it would be better if she waited and entered training nurses' in September.

Jackie told me this morning that Ruth Fallman came into the library yesterday and asked if he remembered her. He didn't at first because she has that old married look now, kind of fat and sloppy. She goes to State College now - didn't like her nurses training and is still married.

Miyako is writing you a letter to - we're in the front empty room freezing but at least there's quiet here.

Yoshi Ikebuchi went to L.A. to get married to her soldier b.f. who is now out of the army. Matsuko went to Newcastle and from there will go on East. I hear that Helen Takahashi and Helen Sakanasi are in Chicago too - I'll ask Frances Jung for their address - or you do it. I think Frances is still at the Chinese Y.W.C.A. on Clay St.

Jackie hasn't said much about Mrs. Zanini so I don't know what arrangements are made at present.

I'm just jotting down notes on things I wanted to tell you so

don't mind my sketchy paragraphs.

It seems as though we'll be going to Owen's Valley after all, so I'll let you know and if you can you try to get me and Jackie out. I don't know what Charlie will do right now as I haven't seen him for about a week.

Well, I can't think of much more to write about and I haven't your letter here for reference. Take good care of yourself and write us often even if it's just a postcard. By the way, Sam Kajima dropped me a line from Salt Lake City and said he was on his way back East. He left Oakland a little after 8 that same Wednesday nite. Do you suppose he could have been on the same train? Were there any soldiers on board or do you suppose they had a special train for the army. Gosh, if only you'd met you would have had a really nice trip. I sure do miss him and feel the same as ever, but I don't think there will ever come a time when we would be in a position to get together, so since I'm very much attracted to Angelo - I'd better just forget about him and not do any wishful thinking. You have no idea how good to me Angelo really is - he's such a nice sincere person that I really consider him seriously. Before it was more or less flirtation, but now it's a much better friendship - I guess I'm the type who always has to have someone near to depend on. Oh well, who can tell what will develop now and after the war.

Bye now - hope you're not too lonesome. But then you make friends easily so you don't have to worry.

Love, Alice.

Hiya Mariko -

How's Chicago? Hope you find a nice job down there. Take care of yourself. Love Emi. I'll write soon.

April 22, 1942 9:30 p.m.

Dearest Mariko:

Well, here's the letter you were waiting for. I received it this afternoon and here it is 9:30 p.m. - have eaten dinner, helped with the dishes, polished my boots (tell you about them later) and now - since Angie hasn't come over for the first time in weeks I shall endeavor to answer your multitudinous questions and to tell you all about what's going on in S.F. I have a lot to write, so instead of using all of my good stationery (and having lots of envelopes left) I'm using typing paper.

I worked today for the first time at the Kyoto house, 411 Grant Avenue right across the street from where I had been working. It's a dumpy, junky little store - the one that was full of stuff - packed in the show windows. I think Margie Shigegumi, or some girl named Margie, was working there. It's right next door to the Log Cabin restaurant. My boss owns the store Bette works in and since Nippon Trading closed its doors at 3 p.m. the day that we received orders that we were to move by next week - I took this job at 2.50 a day. Bette gets the same, while Emi is still sick, so she can't work. Takeshi came down with me today and cleaned up - for which he received 1.00 and an airplane model and electric movie machine - don't know if it works or not yet, but is he thrilled. He gets to work for 1.00 a day for about 4 hours cleaning up the two stores. The other was formerly Hinomato's and is on the same block as Shinkai's. I work from 10 to 6 and make my own prices more or less - I'm practically manager of all that junk because he doesn't know much about how much things are - and the white lady will be leaving soon.

I'm only working till Saturday, because we'll be moving Monday or Tuesday to Tanforan. We've been getting Federal relief - about \$76 a month, not bad - it takes care of the rent and food for all of us besides incidentals. Jackie and I aren't eligible under this relief because we're over 21. It was all right for me, because I was out of work only a week and then have earned about \$27.00 at Nippon Trading for 2 weeks and a day - and will work 4 days at Kyato House for 2.50 a day.

I'm not going to read this over at all, because by time I finish I'll be too tired out. Everyone around here is making a lot of noise and the radio is going full blast, so if I sound a little jerky don't pay any attention.

Mom got a new permanent down on Fillmore Street and I think I'd better too before I go. Is the weather still wet there? If so, I'm prepared for wet weather as I've water-proofed my boots. They're regular cowboy boots - black with red trim and cost me only \$4.95 plus \$1.00 for 2 pairs of woolen sox to wear under them. Miyako got a cute pair of brown leather riding boots - Bette and Emi will no~~u~~ doubt get theirs later.

Did you get the pajamas I sent you? I guess you won't be needing those now - if so consider it your birthday present in advance and use them for lounging around in. Kura Eimoto sold it to me for \$1.10 and that was the only color I could get in a small size. I bought myself a beautiful kimono for \$2.00 today at our store, so Mr. Markey the owner only paid me 50¢ for the days work. Even "taky" got more actual cash! Its a black background silk kimono flowered in red, green and yellow (silk lined). It really was a buy but since it was the only one he had, he sold it cheap.

Mr. Pleasant came to S.F. today to see the folks and bought the fixtures for \$200.00 paying \$25 a month. He won't be using the chairs at all, but that includes the barber pole, tank, wash basins and mirrors. Mrs. Zanini is charging him 65 a month, I think, or trying to get it - he's going to see her lawyer about it. Methinks that "somethings rotten in Denmark." I don't know anything about Mrs. Z - what agreement she made or anything - you'll have to ask Jackie. Mr. Pleasant said there was a special delivery letter for you which he forwarded - and it came back to him he said today - so he'll forward it again. He also sent you a package of your drawings or something which also came back. Bette is writing him now and will give your new address. That should relieve your mind about the s. delivery letter. So far all we've sent you is your trunk, hat box, one package of drawings and my pkg. of the pajamas and challis material. Cherry sent the hat box with only the 2 dress material s in it which didn't weight very much. Saye and Toshi have probably gone to Santa Anita already. (or Owens Valley) - don't know how long we'll be at Tanforan - don't know nuttin!

Haven't written Mrs. Smith up to this date. I'm not an ungrateful wretch but I don't get home from work till 6:30 or 6:45 and when I get home there's always a lot of noise and confusion and with 2 rooms it's really impossible to write. That isn't an excuse, it really is true. The front rooms have been rented so I can't even use that now.

Charley was over Sunday - Sunday all day and Monday morning. Sunday Pop gave his three sons a haircut, then Bette and I went to the Y dance (2-5p.m.). Rather sad - about 5 girls and about 15 boys.

Emi has been sick 10 days all in all she told me to tell you. It's her tonsils again - Mom and Pop are all well and no one else ailing. Emi just combed her hair and put some lipstick on and what an astounding difference! We almost fell over ! What a boon to femininity lipstick is!!

Charley brought over a check for \$50 one day - what you owed Mom, but Mom said she didn't need it at present so he took it back. Guess you'd better keep it for the duration so that we'll have something to start with.

Your trunk had Chicago on it so if you haven't received it as yet you'd better phone the Railway Express in Chicago.

Harry Noda's letter was a little delayed as Angie took it with him along with some other mail. His mother said she mailed his letters so he didn't think anything about it. When when he found it in his pocket he realized that she'd mailed only a few of the mail.

Mrs. J. was to dispose all of that furniture in some way so I'm not even thinking about it any more - I've got too much on my mind. At the most one can only get about \$1.50 for the bureau, chest and screen together. We're taking the mirror.

Please don't count on my coming out there soon as who knows, it may be months before I can get out of the camp. So far Jackie and Charlie aren't going with us - they want to finish a couple of weeks schooling. If possible, we may be able to get a couple of weeks extension which would be better as Emi will be well by then.

Pop has been so worried about toilet facilities at camp that

he doesn't want his girls to go to a public place - and has bought a covered pail for ^{our} private use. It's all right at night, but after we get there we'll see about using it all the time - After all I think they have only one outhouse for each block I think.

When and if I go to Chicago I'm going to say no housework to start with because once I get settled it's so hard to move and I get lazy. If I can do any other kind of work I may as well - don't you think so?

Please don't worry - you worry about things beyond your control. Get nervous about it, and usually by the time you hear about it everything is all right. That's the trouble with you - you worry too much when there's no need to - after all what am I around for - I have sufficient sense and money to take care of them all - if I do stay with the folks and give up marriage for awhile I don't expect Angelo or you to understand, but if only Jackie or Charlie were dependable characters, everything would be O.K. but all of you - yes, you and your two brothers raise a lot of fuss, make a lot of big plans, and then nothing is done about it, whereas I who am considered a reactionary, narrow minded and selfish and stingy, always seems to end up winding up affairs. Angie says I shouldn't take too many responsibilities because that's the reason why the rest of you shift ideas too much. If only you were really around the whole family when they argue (you too included) you'd know how it really is. Several plans are made and then cast aside and then the original plan taken up. The trouble is that none of this family is practical minded enough, while I'm too practical!! Neither way is very good, I guess.

Charley says he'll keep on sending addresses but for you not to impose on any of them in any way because he doesn't know them personally.

Masa gave me your radio, and box of letters. You'll get the letters in the trunk and I didn't send the radio as it's in Mrs. J's store room and besides they don't insure radios when you send them. Couldn't you buy one cheaply? Blue flowered kimono is among the things in your trunk.

Sammy is at Camp Grant too, I think. Wait'll I get get his address. Maybe I have him mixed with Joe.

Pvt. Sam I. Kajima
Q.M. 1608th C.A.S.U.
Camp Grant, Illinois

Bette says to keep whatever curlers aren't yours as it may get lost since we may move soon.

Pop wants to go in a hurry because Angie comes over every nite - and he wants me to get away from the wolf's clutches. It isn't that he doesn't like him personally, but it's the idea of the mixed marriage. He doesn't know about the ring - neither does Taky, Jackie, Charlie or Mom. You and Jackie are also in a semi-doghouse. Poor Pop!! What with all his worries - it seems as though his children don't do for the Japanese populace.

Well, will close now and write Mrs. Smith thanking her for the letter. Everybody well and happy and all send their love. I miss you a lot too but I sure am glad you aren't with us in our two little rooms. There's enough noise now! And arguments and you and Pop would be too much for my nerves. Poor Angie gets no moments

alone with me as we have lunch together once in a while - with Bette - dinner together but have to be home by 8 and we don't dare linger in the hall when it's time to go home because your father is too suspicious - gad - no privacy! Poor Angie - but he takes it beautifully. He sits and plays with the kids for hours just to get 2 quick minutes at the door with me. Ain't love grand!! Well, have to close now. Love ,

Alice

POSTCARD

April 22, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Well, finally we evacuate and where do we go first? Tanforan - near San Bruno. The old race track - degrading (- - -!) after all if we're going to move, we want to travel.

Did you get my package? That's the only thing I could get at present.

Jackie may not go with us as he's going to move in with Davy and keep on with his schooling.

Boundary is from Sutter to California - Van Ness to Presidio wall. Japanese town is cut right in half it seems.

We'll leave next Mon. Tues. or Wed. so don't write until you hear from us again. Were you astounded at the cost of your trunk expressage.

Emi sick at present - has been for over a week. Everyone has had typhoid shots and is fine.

Love from all,

Alice

Has Rosie Suenaga written you?

POSTCARD

4/26/42

Dearest Mariko:

Leaving on Thursday or Friday as we have already registered. We are going to Tanforan and will be there for a couple of months (or years).

Mari says thanks for the cute card. She's still in the city (Eureka! I have found her!) will either join her family or go Turlock with the next batch of evacuees and have the family join her.

All's well here on the Buchanan St. front.

Love, Alice.

P.S. Angie sends love!

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

May 1, 1942

Dearest Mariko,

Surprise! We're here in Tanforan, finally, and darned if I don't like it! It's cozy if you want to call it, but I'll start from the very beginning.

Thursday morning, 7:00 A.M. we all woke up. We were to leave at 8:30 so that didn't leave much time. Everyone got dressed and we started folding up the beds and blankets. Since we had about 40 pieces of large luggage, it took all of us, including four other boys 6 trips before everything was loaded in a moving van. Gee, you should have seen us running back and forth, each time carrying heavy suitcases or packing boxes. Emi and I were carrying a big box on one of our trips. It was really heavy and we (try) tried to look as dainty as possible. A large crowd was there watching us and what should happen! Emi almost fell down and spoiled the whole effect. Doggone! To go on -- we were so busy we missed the first bus so we had to go on the second one. We didn't feel so sad having to leave cause we knew there'd be a lot of people we knew here in camp. (pause) We arrived at Tanforan about 10:00 A.M. and after going through a lot of red tape, we finally were assigned to our apartments. Notice the "s" on apt. Since there are 8 of us they gave us 2 apartments. I'll explain them to you.

Each building is a barrack, more or less and has about 20 apartments. Each apt. has 2 rooms. The back rooms are where the horses used to sleep. On the walls have been sprayed with a cream color and there is no odor left. (Doggone that Jackie anyhow! He's trying to make me stop writing, but I wanted to let you know how we were and how we like it here). We have two apt. so that gives us 4 rooms and 8 beds. Alice, Emi, and I sleep in the back room of apt. 4 and Jake sleeps in the front room. Mom, pop, and Mike sleep in the back room of apt. 5 and Takishi sleeps in front. Charlie came today so we were given another bed and he's going to sleep in front with Jackie. We've fixed our bed, Alice and mine into a double bed so we don't have to use so many blankets. Mom's and pop's is the same way. It's sort of cold at nights but who in heck cares? We have rooms to ourselves and enough privacy. There's only a partition between each apt. so we can't or they (neighbors) can't make too much noise. It's quite comfy altho everything isn't cleaned up yet. It rained yesterday and you should see the mud. Thank goodness we have boots. We sink right in. It was the first day I wore the boots and you should see it now. Simply filthy with mud. Now about the food. Everything is canned and they only give milk to kids under 6. The food is sort of gooey at times but a person's gotta eat, yuh?

We've seen quite a few of our friends here and it certainly is good to see them. They all live sort of far apart but still come to visit us. We're trying to get all fixed up but it'll take a little time yet. Gee, we sure to live far from the mess hall. That word sure fits it. It's about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from our apt. to the hall.

Well, it's 5:00 and we have to go eat dinner. It's sort of early don't you think? Breakfast is served at 7:00 A.M., lunch at 12:00 and dinner at 5:00 P.M. We work up a good appetite going so we'll eat anything by the time we get there.

Jackie is getting on my nerves so I'll close and write you more later.

Every sends their love.

Love,

Bette

POSTCARD

May 2, 1942

Dear Mariko:

You should have come along to camp with us. The weather today is perfect and here we are Emi, Bette and I sitting on a fence waiting to get our typhoid shot, enjoying the sun. The grass all around us is green and the hills about looks very inviting. The food isn't so bad, altho it's mostly starches. The dish washing isn't exactly perfect so we take our own dishcloth and wipe as we pass along in front of the cooks. Emi and Bette are rather fussy about the 2 in 1 toilet facilities. Well, it is a little embarrassing to sit there with someone next to you. What else can you do but say "hello". You'd love it!! We go to the private ones near our messhall. If you want to do anything at all you could send us a box of crackers, cookies, candy or something to eat between meals. I got a new permanent just before I left - a short one and have my head tied up in a scarf-turban-like. I have cowboy boots and slacks so I don't mind a little mud. My smallpox inoculation took tho' it's like....!! Pop is well and everyone having a good time. I think I'll have to stay a little while. Jackie received a special delivery letter from Dr. Tashiro the moment we left. We had 40 pieces of luggage all in all and it rained like heck when they brought it to us.

Love, Alice

POSTCARD

May 2, 1942

Dearest Mariko,

Just dashing off a few lines to tell you what's what here. I guess Alice and Bette have told you the main things about camp, but I guess you won't mind hearing it over will you? It's cold here, but loads of fun. You ought to see Mom climb fences, and Jackie doing all sorts of crazy things..Chas. too. Gad! It's degrading. Fun though. Jackie and Takeshi go into the ladies wash room -cuz they're too lazy to go to the men's, so all the women have to wait outside till they finish. J. says he doesn't mind, why should they? Today pop got mad at mom at lunch time, so before we even finish, he ups and goes home by himself. We looked all over for him and couldn't find him, so finally Miyako went home, and found him sitting there. Namikini!

Love, Emiko

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

April 12, 1942

Vallejo, Calif.
216 Branciforte Street
April 12, 1942.

(Mr. Pleasant (Negro barber to Mariko) Mr. Pleasant rented the Kikuchi Barber shop in Vallejo)

Dear Mariko:

I do hope you will pardon me for my long delay. The first I was called to Los Angeles. My baby was very sick, glad to say he is much better. While there I was taken sick. When I came back to Vallejo I was so far back with me work I had to work late and early, trying to catch up. I was glad you reached your destiny sake, sorry to learn that conditions there as bad as they are. Yes, well do I know about that city and its bad weather. Give me old sunny California. I regret so much you left Vallejo under conditions you thought it was best. I had strong hopes if you had stayed in Vallejo, my pal and I would have made it worth while for you. I do hope and pray under all conditions, everything will come out all right for you. Just have faith and courage in time they will. One thing I want you to always and believe in me you have a true friend. You and all of your family have proven to me a real people. My business has been extra good, I am working four chairs now. The landlady and I could not get together. She wanted too much rent. The lawyer was over to see me several times, I think we will be able to get together. At that I am going to do all that I can for your people. I have some money for them. Shall I send it to you or your brother? I have sent your drawings hope you get them all right. This is my brother's address, 4351 St. Lawrence Ave. J.W. Pleasant. If it is anything he can do for you he will gladly do it. I am all so inclosed letter for you to give him. Mariko anytime you need my help do not be afraid to call on me, I will be with you at all times. Please let me hear from you at once. From a true friend,

L.O. Pleasant

P.S.

Mr. Cambileo and Mr. Marceleo send their best regards.

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

April 12,

Mr. J.W. Pleasant,

My dear Brother and family, all well I hope. This leaves me feeling fine. This is a letter of introduction. The bearer of this letter is Miss Mariko Kikuchi, a young lady and her family. I have met in this city more than several years ago. Not only have they proven to me a real people, but a real friend to me as well. Miss Kikuchi I have learned is hoping to be in the city of Chicago for some time, while there she would like very much to meet some of its best people. A people who have taken time to think and believe that the Lord God is our God, in him can do all things, without him we cannot do anything. Miss Kikuchi is very anxious to meet my people. I will be very happy for all of you to meet her. Miss Kikuchi is a very fine young lady, she is entitled to all the consideration that can be given. Whatever kindness you can give her will be highly appreciated by me.

Your baby Brother,

Lawrence Pleasant

(COPY)

Barrack 10, Apt. #5
Tanforan Race Tracks
San Bruno, Calif.

May 2, 1942

~~Dear~~ Dear,

I was so tired last night that I just didn't have time to write so I am doing it early this morning while the mob is away to breakfast. To start at the beginning of the safari:

I almost missed the bus at that! I went to say goodbye to some friends thinking that the bus would leave at 12:30, but they double-crossed me and started going at 11:40 so that I had to run and just managed to make it. Going down the crowd~~ed~~ looked rather glum, but the Nisei acted just like they always do. Wang was a little forlorn for a while, but he attempted to be cheerful. However once we got out of S.F. the Japanese started to jabber away; it's a good thing that the day was so sunny.

Warren pestered me all the way down because I swiped his diary and he wouldn't make a deal with me. He was going practically crazy, and he even used his megaphone to chant: "Charlie is a thief, etc." To keep the peace, I had to give in, and we just talked or read the paper. I only saw one girl bawling; the rest looked a little lonesome.

The first thing you see when you pull into Tanforan is this high barbwire fences, but all of us were more excited about the insides, especially the living quarters. By this time, everyone was in high spirits, altho you could hear mixed groans about how hard it was going to be. The first Japs we saw were these gangs of kids who were sorting out the great heap of baggage and taking them to the barracks. They all yelled at us and with smiling faces, buck teeth and all, so that the spirits of the Issei on the bus picked up and they became most anxious to get

off and look around. We had to wait a while in order to go through the reception process. It's a farce. We line up and they frisk us for weapons, etc. and go through the baggage we carried for contrabands. I sneaked my grip off and gave it to my brother so I got our big knife in. They don't search the women tho, they must be ticklish--such discrimination. You would have died laughing to see some of the comical outfits that people were wearing. One old guy in particular tried to dress like a country colonel, riding boots and whip and all and the result was terrific. We dubbed him the Lone Ranger, and I think he heard us because he came by and scowled at us with Japanese contempt, which can be devastating at times. They then gave us what they called a medical examination, but they just rushed right through. Then the problem of finding my family started. There are about 4,000 people around and naturally this caused a great deal of confusion. I saw everyone but them. Ann finally straightened me out and then I had to hunt for the barracks. The grandstand is used for the single people and most of the occupants are old men. Wang got in with Jimmy and Hero and they seem to have a fine room up there. Under the grandstand is a big messhall and right now everyone eats there until they get the smaller units set up. I heard a lot of complaints about the food, but I didn't think it was so bad--I guess I must be used to Kenny's and Wang's stews. The thing that was not so sanitary was the dishwashing. They provide all the dishes and they have a lot of young Nisei to wash dishes and sometimes they are not so thorough. So my sister takes a dishtowel up and does them over for our group. The people stand in line starting about

3:30, but we only wait a few moments as I guess we are more
brezen. We just say a mythical "Mr. Johnson" said it was ok and
it works every time. I even had them haul my luggage over in a
special truck by this method.

The barracks are strung out all around the track, which is
quite large--and muddy as hell. Gee, those poor people that came
in yesterday must have had a terrible time. I ran into your Sis
Yo, and she seems very calm and is taking things in stride. She
said that they don't need anything, but that your mom was writing
to you. They are in Barrack 7, Apt. #18, I believe. That's not
so very far from me. The barracks spread out for quite a way
down and it really is an immense place. We are located at the
far end from the grandstand in the center. My brother cut a door
through the two apartments so that we could have one unit--all
nine of us! In spite of that I have privacy since I have a little
unit to myself. Each apartment has two sections to it. You know
how stables are--a big door for the horses and then a little part
outside of it. We were fortunate in that there was linoleum in
ours; I don't know about the front since it still is covered
with mud--I shall scrape through presently and find out. It
really is not too bad; in fact, I think the whole set-up is very
interesting. The Japanese took hold right away and they are all
busy building shelves, board walks and other equipment. It's
natural that some of them are disappointed, but after all, this
is no picnic. They have calsomined the walls and after things
are cleaned up, it can be made to look rather neat. Our place
looks quite homey already. I have my books up and the maps on
the walls and my sisters have fixed it up with a feminine touch.

Little dark entry #2 is serenely perched on top of my radio and he is very well, thank you.

The people certainly are industrious; they just don't seem to know how to loaf. That is one of the best characteristics that the Japanese people have. I just bet that in a short time they will have things looking like a country place. I think that it is good that they do keep busy as sitting around and doing nothing is so boresome. I am staying home today to help build tables, etc. so I don't suppose I will see many people that I know; they are busy too.

The showers are located quite a ways from the barracks so that one may get a little exercise in before taking a shower--perhaps they could run around the track once in order to get a good workout! The girls are complaining a bit because of the lack of privacy; they don't have individual shower rooms, but I suppose one could bring a shower curtain. The toilets are the good old country outhouses and Bette says it's so embarrassing to be sitting next to an old lady on one side and a little girl on the other. They just sit and ask whether they are from S.F. or Berkeley, and they lend each other paper. They will probably get used to it in a while. Nothing is impossible, Deki!

Mitch is already set in the Employment Office, and I don't know whether I will be able to get in yet since they already have another fellow to come in from the S.F. office. The whole set-up is still under the Army, and the social service is not even set up, although the community organization is gradually beginning to develop. A lot of mothers are complaining about the hardships in reg rds to babies. It has been windy and it does

get cold at night so be sure to bring your woolen underwear, etc. when and if you do come. They are going to have social service sort of informationists for each barracks to take care of problems and answer questions, but I am not too interested in that because anyone could do it and besides ~~*****~~ how would I talk to the Japanese mothers about their problems with babies? But don't worry there will be a terrific need for trained people since the community organization will be left to the Japanese and you will probably be made a supervisor or something. I guess I will have to work for you, Deki, unless they provide me with an interpreter. Ironical, neh?

We don't know how long we will be here; maybe a month, maybe all summer--nobody knows. However, this could never by any stretching of the imagination be made into a permanent resettlement camp since there wouldn't be anything here for the community to be self sufficient on. I surely do hope that they resettle wisely in order to make the best use of the positive talents of the people. If they don't do this there is going to be a terrific mess after this is all over. And they can't put everyone on farms since only about 25% of the total are agriculturists--the Bay area group would have even less.

I have a feeling that many won't be coming back to California farms because of the pressure groups that have been trying to get them out for years--and this was their chance. The great danger here is that if they are destitute after the war there will be a strong movement to deport them, including the Nisei. This is not so fantastic as it sounds because they don't necessarily have to send them to Japan; they could send work gangs to

Australia, Africa or the Pacific Islands which amounts to the same thing. Right now they are trying to defranchise us--a vicious fascistic movement and if the nisei are not wary we will get stepped all over--and hard. We are going to see about the paper for the camp today; I understand that the JACL is also getting a bid in. That's alright too as long as they take a positive approach to the whole thing. A lot will depend upon the Japanese too. If things are unruly and discontent sets in and rumors seep out, this may lend weight to the deportation movement. The only other alternative is a strong Americanization program, particularly educational. Personally, I don't think the directorship of this camp has been so well planned out and it may even be inefficient since the top men are from the WPA. But they appear to be earnest and have an interest which is the main thing.

(Pardon my vulgarity, ~~but~~, but don't you think that these outhouses will be a strong force to break down the pseudo social class lines of the Japanese? I pity the sensitive ones!)

I talked to a Dr. Ben Koba yesterday and he says that the group as a whole are rather healthy, although they have a number of ~~at~~ sickness in the isolation ward at the far end. Probably there will be a number of colds until we get used to it. I almost froze last night, but it was my own fault. I didn't put enough blankets on.

My sisters just came bursting back from Breakfast and they have brought me my breakfast so I will have to take time out to feed the body. (Coffee, eggs, bacon, toast, fried potatoes.)

Emiko just came back; she just discovered a new women's

restroom. Only two can get in at once. It really is funny hearing them talk about it. Last night we went to take a shower in the women's room and now they have put a sign up saying: "Women Only". That's discrimination; this is a democracy and they can't do that to us! We don't care if the women come in to look at us so why should they be bothered.

The little girls and young kids still think this is a picnic and they spend all their time putting on "face stuff" and dressing up in their best slacks and then strolling around the tracks to draw admiring ohs and ahs from the sharp boys--some of whom are now under the S.F. Negro "Club Alabam" influence. They wear these pants that come way up to their necks and drop down to choke the circulation at the ankles. A collar is worn in between, I think. Almost everyone wear boots and right now they come in handy, because of the mud. But it is already drying up and the ground surface will be hard in a few days if it doesn't rain again.

~~Mei~~, could you save these letters? You see I plan to keep a journal but I will most likely be too lazy or too busy writing to you in the evenings and I won't have any record of this whole thing. You won't mind too much will you? And if you can possibly save your manual sheets or get hold of the Tolan reports that will be good material. And all those clippings from the Nichi-bei if you ever have time. (I'd like to take notes from all these.) Forgive my crust!

Have you been working hard, ~~Mei~~? I bet you have. I have been trying to figure you out--cold blooded like and very scientific--and I have come to the conclusion that the reason I think

so much of you is that you have a natural warmth towards people and are so interested in helping them along--witness all your prodigies. I think I shall have to develop some problems so I can get some of that attention too! Gosh, I hope I see you soon, and then I hope that you keep working because you are of such great service to the evacuees. I don't mind the guards around here but I may start building up resentment against those barbed-wire fences--it could become a symbol of my captivity if I don't keep busy. No, ~~but~~, conditions are not that bad here, although hard for many. It must all be in the way you look at the thing. But you are not missing anything so I would not be in too much of a rush to get down. Besides, we may not be here too long. I told Yo how hard you were working, etc. and told them to write and let you know how everything was, which they have probably already done.

One thing at least; they don't have the curfew and you can go visiting. The recreational facilities haven't been set up yet so that there is not too much to do at nights at present. At night you can ~~y~~ hear the people talking all over the place since there is only a single board partition between apartments. But you even get used to that. What a field day it will be for gossipers! They did not assign people in groups so that they are scattered all around. We have a neighbor that plays the violin and she is now making some noises and putting me in the proper mood. So I had better close with it. Don't forget to write soon, huh?

Love and stuff,

Charlie

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

May 4, 1942

Vallejo, California
216 Broncforte Street
May 4, 1942

Dear Mariko,

Yours came to hand today. Was very glad to hear from and to know you received the package O.K. I am very happy to know things are looking much brighter for you. I do hope you all success. Trusting you will soon recover from your illness. Yes I was over to see your dear people I was happy to see them. I gave them \$25.00. They were very thankful. I will always do my very best for them regardless what the landlady does. I think very little of her business dealings. The lawyer I think is a very nice man. He is doing all that he can to help me. I will tell you all about it in my next letter. I am sending you the letter I wrote you some-time ago. It came back. I'd be glad to hear from you once a week anyway. From one who will always be a true friend.

L. O. Pleasant

(COPY)

Barrack 10, Apt. #5
May 3, 1942

Hello ~~Bob~~,
1,

This is Sunday, the day of rest, but everyone seems to be ignoring it except us. I'm trying to type this in bed because it's too chilly yet to get up.

Yesterday I worked in the employment office as a volunteer and helped Mitch get the thing organized on a systematic basis. We just sat at the desk and took the applications as they came in. I was really surprised at the number of people that were willing to volunteer to work. I suppose that eventually they will get paid, but only a few were too concerned about that. Many of the old men upstairs, however, are taking it easy and just plan to take things easy for a while; I can hardly blame them tho since they are so old and probably have worked hard all of their lives.

You'd be surprised at the changes that one day could bring. Everyone is more or less digging in. Of course, most of the young Nisei want jobs with prestige like postman, office workers, and house managers and recreation directors but in the meantime, they are jumping in and doing mattress filling, road making, and kitchen work.

The new recreational director came in yesterday and he seems to be quite active. He asked us to get a list of group workers signed up for him to take charge of the various programs so that a lot of the Nisei will be able to get into this type of work. We have got a few complaints that the S.F. bunch got the best jobs, but I hardly think that is true. There is plenty of work to be done around here and they will need anybody that has the ability. The Social Service aspect of the camp is not a separate

division and the camp director has not really stressed it too much--although it is badly needed. Ann has been handling a lot of this work and she really is doing a good job of it. When you come down, I really think you could set up the whole organization if you wished with your experience. And that's not lie. Of course, you might have to train you own social workers, but they could probably learn fast enough. I am more interested in the employment aspects right now because this seems to be right in the center of the ~~me~~ activities and a great deal hinges upon its success. Gee, there sure are a lot of problems arising.

For example, Warren and Jimmy Yamada spent all day yesterday visiting the various people in charge trying to find out if they had a place where they sold toilet goods, but nobody seemed to know. So finally they had to go all around to the different rest rooms on their treasure hunt! Guess they will have to get a special disbursement order from the WCCA before they have any luck.

There has been a lot of complaints about the food; it is pretty bad. So far we have been eating mostly canned stuff since they have not been able to get fresh vegetables yet. I guess by the time they put all of Japanese in camps, this state won't have any vegetables at all! Some of the Japanese re saying that the food here makes them sick, but I think that it is more of a psychological thing. It can't be that bad. It probably is due to the fact that the dishes have been ~~wer~~ washed so unscientifically. The kids just dip them into the water and consider them washed. You should see the cups; they still have the morning cocoa in them when we get them at night! However, they have the

barrack messhalls almost ready so that it won't be so bad from now on, I hope.

The various denominational ministers have been busy finding places for church meetings and today a number of them will have services. I think even the Buddhist group will have their place for a church. The community organization is rapidly picking up and I don't think it will be long before much of the present confusion is eliminated. It's a good thing that the smaller messhalls are being opened soon, because it's pretty hard for some of those old folks to walk all the way up to the grandstands for their meals and then have to wait for one hour in line.

I visited your sis yesterday and they seem to be getting things under control. They have built shelves and your father and brother are now building some sort of porch. Their place is right on the end of the barracks so that their rooms face in and not sideways like the others. The front part don't have a separating partition so that it is one big room. The bedrooms are on the ends so that at least they get a little more privacy than some of the other cells. Yo says that they can hear all the talking, but their barrack is quiet and the people go to bed early. At least they are in a fairly good barrack. I feel sorry for those people in number 13. They face some old stables that are not being used and they haven't cleaned away the manure piles yet; so that when they open their doors the breeze wafts the odor in. On top of that they have a mud ditch in front of the place and they have to walk across a narrow board walk until the mud dries up.

They have a maternity case in the hospital so I guess they

will be having a child born around here soon. I also witnessed the start of a new Issei romance. One of those single men in the grandstand got together with one of the single women and so he comes up to Ann and asks her if it was legal for him to get a separate apartment with the woman without getting married. Ann had to explain that perhaps they could get married later on and it was probably better if they just stayed where they were until they got to know each other better.

They had their first dance here last night and we had a good time because they were mostly S.F. and east bay kids that I knew there. I met the most interesting girl that afternoon so I took her along. She was a student at U.C. and stayed at the I house. Originally she is from Hawaii where her father apparently is a successful real estate man. She is griped because she had just returned from Ohio five days previous to the evacuation and she was now allowed to get out again. Now she is trying to go to the University of Mexico. She was kinda cute, rather pretty, and oh the way she dances is enuf to excite anyone. But don't worry, ~~but~~, I thought of you all the time I was dancing wishing that it was you, etc. I'd better stop this line before you disown me! If I don't hear from you soon, I am afraid I shall go slightly nuts. The suspense is awful. I know you are working real hard so I realize that you have not too much time. Well, so long.

Love,

Chas.

(COPY)

10-5
May 3, 1942

Dear ~~Sam~~1,

I got dragged out of bed by brother John so I did not get to finish up the letter--anyway the postoffice is closed today so that the letter would not go out until morning anyway.

Most of the Nisei just wandered around today--quite a few in their best clothes. We started to do the same until we ran across the Tanforan Clubhouse so we stepped into investigate. What a gold mine it was for us "pioneers". We found an old bureau there so we sort of spirited it off to our abode which perhaps is the only place in the camp now with a tailor made bureau. We also got a glass cased cabinet which will come in handy. Besides this we hauled over the small bar, which will make a perfect dresser for brother and me. My sisters wanted it, but we were selfish about the thing and wouldn't give in. They now threaten us with not doing our laundry in the morning, but I think they will relent. Our biggest prize from the clubhouse was the linoleum. We got all of the mud scrapped off from our front room and ~~we~~ discovered that we had no linoleum on it. That's why it gets so cold, the wind blows up through it. It took us all afternoon to get it fixed up and it certainly does make a difference. (Aren't I getting domestic?)

Wang has told my brother and sisters about you and now I have great difficulties in writing letters because of their pestering. They are so curious to know what I am saying, I think I shall chastise them by not letting their rowdy friends come over for a while. I put the "Quiet, worship has begun" sign up but they don't get the hint. Guess we will have to put a Rev. over the Kikuchi name!

Last night we were up in the grandstands after the dance looking at the distant city lights and for the first time I wished I could be out of all this; I don't feel confused or anything yet, but then, I don't ~~to~~ feel absolutely free. I saw a soldier up in the tall guardhouse on the far end of the camp by the barbed wire fence and did not like it because it reminds me of a concentration camp--but there is no comparison, of course. We certainly can't complain of the treatment, ~~in~~ fact, many Japanese families are better off than they ever were on the outside, but yet....

I am just wondering what the effects will be on the Japanese--so cut off from the world like this. Within our confines here, our radios and newspapers are the only touch with reality. I hardly feel that a war is going on--it seems so much like we have been placed in a new world of our own. But then, I can't forget that the War is going on in spite of this. It really is important to me that we win the war--there's no other way of looking at it. Of course, I don't sit down and brood about it, but it does enter my mind at funny moments. Like tonight our barrack got together and democratically set up an informal organization and rules and regulations for the well being of the majority. Everyone had their say--especially on the question of having American or Japanese food. Everyone was not satisfied, but that's democracy in practice. It's things like these that we take for granted is what really is democracy--a way of living. It is by no means perfected, but at least ~~to~~ it is in our power to work towards it.

Sometimes I get a flash of a feeling, momentarily, that I

am a foreigner in the camp, yet I am one of the group and don't think I am any better or worse than the majority. But I get impatient and wish that the Issei were more Americanized. This is a two way proposition I realize and you just can't hope to change a group overnight, especially in the face of the fact that the Japanese has had such a long tradition of anti-orientalism to face.

2 I did not get around too much today so that I haven't too much to say. I hope I am not disappointing you. Perhaps, I am too close to the things to see the significant events. Then again, I am not such a hot writer and words don't flow out so easily, in spite of what you may think to the contrary.

Did I tell you that Earl Yusa was in charge of all the house managers? He seems to be working hard and is not such a bad guy at all. Perhaps we were prejudiced. He and Mimi are sure lovey-dovey, but it looks like she is getting a little fat already. So she must be contented.

Bill Sasagawa is in some recreational activity with the "Y" bunch. Tom Hoshiyama, Fred and Nobu Takahashi are our field contacts for the Employment Department. Warren is trying to get into the postoffice. Lydia M. is working at the hospital. That's about all of I campus people I know who are definitely working--most of them as volunteers.

Sachie Takahashi is my only near Berkeley neighbor although I see quite a few of them around. Saw Doris and Bill Shinoda, and Warren Ijima (?) around today also.

Air raid siren just sounded. It's a blackout. Wow!! 11:25.

People are beginning to waken and chatter. Wonder if it's really a raid. Seems like a lot of noise outside. Boat siren and everything. See you later ~~and~~; lights out. Must be a false alarm.

Charlie

(COPY)

Bldg. 10, Apt. #5
May 4, 1942

Hey ~~man~~,

You don't know what handicaps I have to face to write. They won't let me in peace and I can't type too late at night because it may disturb our civilized neighbors. So you will have to be content with my handwriting--definitely bad!

I worked in the Employment office all day and we certainly were busy. One girl thought I insulted her because I asked her how much she weighed. She was a 140 pounder, full of fight, and I had to appease her by saying that she wore her weight well and did not look a pound over 120! (She applied for a Dietician's job, but her formulas doesn't seem to work so well for her.)

There are still varied reactions to this semi-rural life. Some are content and full of "sank yous"; others full of bitter complaints about the general inefficiency of things--the Nisei being more outspoken. We thought that we were not going to eat tonight because the cooks went on a strike. They really are terrifically overworked--preparing meals for 3,000 people. Then there has been considerable "personality difficulties", the battle for prestige here is so intense--everyone wants to be a somebody it seems just so they can have a badge to distinguish them off from the "common herd". The dishwashers joined the strike because they have to ~~work~~ wash the 1,000 dishes available in a rush so that 3,000 people can eat. We had to send in "scab labor" to break the strike. I saw one Issei slap a nisei girl because she complained so much about the dirty dishes to him. The nerves of the kitchen workers are on edge because they are the target for most complaints when it really is not their fault

at all. They are going to open up the new messhalls for sure tomorrow so a great deal of the overload rush will be eliminated. The electricians are also griped because they have to replace so many blown out fuses. The wiring systems in the stables were never put up to carry such a heavy overload and since it is so cold in the evening, many of the families are using their cooking heaters to keep warm with. They distributed 50 kerosene heaters today, but this is by no means sufficient.

Oh, ~~well~~, I surely could go for a hamburger now; the nice big juicy kind with onions and all. Yum, yum! Methinks my stomach protests at all of the canned goods that has gone down my esophagus in the past week. So please eat a hamburger for me and think of me while doing so! We haven't seen butter yet--you know, those cubed yellow things that you spread on bread. Eh! how I long for dear ole' civilization.

Speaking of food, many of the lads are quite worried about being fed salt peter to quiet their hormones down and they think their manhood is being ruined. How tragic!

Today I saw about 5 victory gardens in the process of being planted; these industrious Japanese; they continually amaze me--they've worked so hard all of their lives that they just can't stand idleness--or waste. They are so concerned that the hot water is not left running or that electricity is not wasted.

Many of the ~~east~~ smaller family units were evicted to new quarters today and they seem to be taking it without too much fuss. And after all the work they did in fixing up the place. I wonder if it is because they feel thankful for any treatment that they get regardless of what it is or whether they are still full of unnecessary fears about how the government is going to

treat them or whether they are naturally submissive. Sometimes I get tired of hearing all those "sank yous" even when they get stepped on.

I ran across an interesting restroom today--this seems to be my speciality. Anyway down by the old stables in our "slum district" there is an old restroom that says "Gents" on one side and "Colored Gents" on the other! I suppose it was for the use of the stable boys. To think that such a thing is possible in California is really surprising. I guess class lines and the eternal striving for prestige exists wherever you go and we certainly are still in need of a lot of enlightenment.

I'm already falling into the general routine of things, but there's never a dull moment. Your brother came in today and he is now working in the Medical Dept. as a traffic director. They are giving a lot of typhoid shots and they have to shove the people through like on an industrial assembly line--one to dab, another to give the shot, another to ~~band~~ bandage, etc. There are a lot of pregnant women in camp, but only one is in the maternity ward. I guess it must really be hard for these potential mothers to live under such conditions at a time like this.

Quite a few of the U.C. kids were in after jobs today and I think a lot of them will go into recreational work. Some of the boys have a "U.C. extension" sign posted outside of their rooms, but when I went in they didn't look like they were studying much. They just lolled around and listened to Cal songs on the phonograph. Quite touching, I thought! They might as well put their collegiate memories behind them and dig in with the world

of reality as they will soon find out this is no Ivory tower.

I still haven't heard from you, but I suppose a letter should be on the way--I presume. What's new on the great outside world? I hope you are not working too hard, but I guess that's a silly statement to make, huh, ~~me~~? If you see Bill around, give him my regards--but not my love via you because you may do it too literally! Remember, ~~me~~ dear, we have our 14 future American citizens to think about and I wouldn't want them to have any handicaps to overcome!

I think I shall have to go rural and smoke "bull durham", it goes well with my jeans, dontcha think? By the time you get down here, you will probably see me with hay sticking out of my collar and spitting tobacco juice out on the board walks, which we don't pull in at night--yet! And the flies still haven't started to settle on me--woe is that day if it comes to pass!

Gee, I'm doing pretty good. Three letters right in a row! I haven't written to anyone else yet--just can't seem to get ambition enough.

Did I tell you that I left your blouse with Mrs. Dumble to give to you? I hope you got it "ok", Well good night, my super social worker.

You can only have half of my love this time because you have not assured me yet!

Charlie

May 6, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Well, we've been here almost a week now and are pretty well adjusted now. We have been having a pretty good time all in all. The food is pretty good - getting better as the days go by. So far we've fasted mostly on starchy foods - beans, peas, string beans, rice, potatoes, bread, spaghetti, and the meat has been all canned. They're all army ration food - the stew is all prepared and the cooks add a lot of bread to it. For breakfast we get bacon, pep, corn flakes, dried fruit, coffee, toast and things like that. Today for lunch we had pork sausage, string beans, and half potato, and tea. There is always chocolate or soup too, besides Jello, and today for a change, we had cole slaw, rice and sukiyaki that was delicious after all the canned food.

Pop has been faring quite well. The hakujin cook in the kitchen is all sympathies for the sick, or (inu) children, and has been giving us a lot of food to take home. Milk is supposed to be reserved for children under 5 years, but he always gives us a pitcher full. I think we get all of this attention because his wife is also diabetic. Angelo saved us a lot of worry when he answered my s.o.s. and brought over a boxful of vegetables and a thermos bottle.

Today Delorez and Angelo came over, and altho' visitors are only supposed to go into the reception room and stay there under guard, Jackie brought them in by saying they wanted to see Mr. Kikuchi in the employment office nearby. Charlie is working there, so it was all right until the guard came looking for Jackie. One of the boys almost spilled the beans that Jackie was Charlie's

brother, but soon caught on, and said that it must have been someone else.

There are a lot of people that you know here and they all ask about you. I see them only at mealtimes because most of the rest of the time is spent commuting from our house to the main mess hall. Our main mess hall nearby opened yesterday morning, but since we get Pop's food at the other kitchen, we always eat lunch and dinner there, and breakfast near here.

Emi and Bette know a lot of the younger kids, but there aren't so terribly many my age. Most of the girls I know are married now and besides there isn't much time to pay social visits. For instance, today we got up at 7 - ate breakfast - washed dishes, mopped floors, cleaned all of the windows, did some washing~~ing~~, hung it up - Jackie and Takeshi built a board walk in front - all before lunch time. We ate lunch, had to wait an hour for some food for Pop, so visited a friend who had a lot of records, and while we were visiting there, who should come walking in but Jackie, Charlie, Delorez and Angie! We took them all around and they both ate dinner here with us. Of course, everyone stared at Ang, but from the number of people he knew, I guess most of them thought he was part Japanese. They stayed until 6 and then left.

We have been having a lot of fun with Charlie. He has a gal friend named Hideko, or Dekie, and we tease him because he writes to her every night. So far she hasn't answered his letters, and every time he comes home he asks for mail, there just ain't none. I have a hunch he thinks we're holding out on him.

Jackie is working in the library that has just opened, and in

between he has laid linoleum on the front room. He swiped the linoleum from an old nearby tavern bar counter, and it looks just like hardwood floor. We brought the bed spreads you made for the bunk beds, and put them in our (Emi, Bette and I) room so it looks pretty good. We also have the green mirror, an ironing board, a toaster, electric stove, and all the comforts of home.

You know, Mariko, this life is really a good one and you should have come along with us. When you get up early in the morning, and see and hear everyone work, you just have to do something too. The morning air is so clear and the afternoons sunny but a little windy.

Today a lot more people came in and more this weekend. Charlie says there will be 4000 all in all by the end of the week - imagine - why, right now there are hardly enough facilities for those here now.

The showers have no curtains on them and the "latrine" are double duty. One gets very chummy with one's neighbor! In case I've written all this before, I sorry, but I've been writing so many people snatches of all this, that I'm apt to repeat myself.

Well, Mariko, I guess I've written enough about camp life. How goes everything with you - are you managing all right? Has Saye sent you your evening clothes. The last I heard they hadn't evacuated as yet, so there's no reason why she shouldn't send you your stuff. I have Toshi's bundle that you were going to send her, so in case she asks you about it, send me her address and I'll send it to her, because we have a post office here. We have delivery service twice a day too - not bad, eh wot?

Everyone is fine so don't worry about anything. I think we'll

be here for about a month and a half and then we'll probably go to Arizona. Maybe it won't be so bad there. I'll have to wait till things are a little bit more settled before I make plans. Thanks for all your'e doing - I appreciate it all, but there is no need to hurry - I mean I'll have to stay with the folks for awhile yet.

Write us soon as let us know how you're coming along.

Love, Alice

May 7, 1942

My dear Miss ~~XXXXXX~~,

This is the 4th letter I am writing and I am expecting 4 answers or else I shall have to waste my talents on somebody else! OK, I'm a "suffering hero", but, gosh, it really is awful not hearing from you and the suspense is terrific. Last night I finally started my journal, but I don't know how long I will keep it up. I hope you won't mind if I lift material out of it. Then you will know what I know about what goes on here, or are you still interested?

The house is looking very well now and it is beginning to look like home. Everyone works on it, except me, since I am up in the office all day. The moth problem is bad around here so you had better not bring too many of your good clothes, Deki, or else they will be eaten full of holes. They come down from the hay up in the attic--millions of them.

I'm still have a grand time here and think that is quite an experience, in spite of the many problems. The howls are getting louder that the S.F. "Y" and JACL gang are taking the choice jobs and getting only their friends in--much of which is true. There won't be too many jobs for the Oakland bunch that come in today and they are going to squawk plenty. It should be on the basis of merit because much of the skills and abilities are not being fully utilized. They have college grads loading baggage while high school fellows are made head timekeepers. And a certain clique of girls are working their friends into the recreational program (Kay Uchida and Co. ugh!) If they had a central system, much of this inefficiency would be eliminated. The administrators in charge do not seem to me to be too dynamic

altho it may be that these problems have developed so rapidly that they have not got around to straightening them up. It may be that they are tied down by the Army "higher ups". I am not disillusioned or anything like that but I thought that you would be interested in knowing some of the actual conditions since we are "social workers"! I think the job is too big and too important for one man to handle everything and they should delegate some of the authority to the Nisei who are capable so that they will not be bothered by many of these routine problems. I talked to Mr. Green today and he says that there is no need for a social work department here because he can handle all of the problems himself!! I have been after him every day, but apparently he is not interested. All of these problems that come up should be handled on an individual basis and it is impossible for him to see everyone--result: nothing done. I have tried to help out in the housing situation a bit by explaining the reasons for the present moving and presenting their complaints to Mr. Green. It's not right to expect bedridden people to pack and move on a 10 hour notice without trying to make special allowances and adjustments. And they are also going to move some of the smaller family units together because they can't house all of the new people coming in--which is not a very desirable thing.

In regards to phones, the policy is apparently one of cutting us off from outside contacts by this means, altho mail is not censored. Packages, however, are opened and examined at the gate. One of the girls here had a dying brother on the outside and before the red tape could be cut, he died. She tried

to phone relatives, but they would only let her write the message and an Army man sent it out. I don't know what the reason for this policy is, but it burns me up. As if we were a bunch of prisoners! I think it is about time that we Nisei put up some protests; if we really felt like Americans we would--and we will.

Today I ran across the first Japan nationalist that reacted violently. He said that Japan "requested" that we be put into a concentration camp so that we have to do it for the sake of Japan. The man seemed pleasant and harmless enough at first, but when he started to talk on this subject, I was amazed to see the bitter look of hatred in his eyes and face. He asked us point blank whether we were for Japan or America and we said America on the basis of our beliefs and education. He got extremely angry and pounded on the table while shouting that we Nisei were fools and that we had better stick by Japan because we could never be Americans; only "Ketos" could be Americans. Since we had Japanese faces we should be for Japan because she would always protect us, etc. We argued for a while, but it's not much use trying to reason with a person who thinks emotionally. I get fearful of this attitude sometimes because it has been this very thing which makes Americanization so difficult for the Japanese--the fault is on both sides. It gripes me no end to think of being confined in the same place with this type of Japanists. I guess the reason for it is that it is a sense of personal frustration which they project to a hatred of all "keto" and deep resentment towards America. Prof. Obata was in today and he was worried about the same thing so there are many

Issei who believe in the American way.

The most joyful news today was that we had fresh meat and vegetables for dinner! Yum, yum! Even if it was only meat balls filled with bread, it did taste good. This should bring the morale way up to here, I betcha.

Warren is now a policeman in camp. He has to patrol the barracks because of thefts which has begun to develop, especial on the messhalls. A more serious problem is the reported solicitations by Japanese prostitutes up in the single men's dormitory. The Army M.P.'s are on their trails and Nisei police have been stationed to intercept them at night. Tsk, tsk. I hope the "Cops" are not open to bribery! The Nisei "flatfoots" also have to break up the crap games for money which many of the fellows are starting.

It was very windy today and the dust from the tracks really made us squint our eyes while walking. The Oakland Japanese are arriving so I guess you will be going to another station soon. The fellows had to work late tonight filling up straw mattresses so that these people would have a bed to sleep on tonight. The housing problem is terrible. They are moving some of the larger families up to the big barracks and there has been no provision made for the sick, bedridden, or aged. They only get about 10 hours of notice of there has been a great deal of confusion. I took many of their complaints to Mr. Green and he still thinks we don't need social workers!! Degrading, huh, Deki? I said this before, but am too lazy to check.

Gee, I'm getting sleepy. This country life is geeting me down. Everybody goes to bed early and by 10:00 it's really

quiet. I read a bit and write you letters after that to keep me occupied. Oh yes, I've hung your pictures up on the wall to give me inspiration! Now will you write?

Got a letter from Louis Adamic today and he wants me to write some stuff for him but I am not too interested, I want to be active, not academic--let those people that can write do the reflecting after things have already happened. I'd rather be in on the actual process. Gee, I'm sleepy.

I hope you can make out my writing, ~~and~~.

"We" send our love.

Charlie

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

May 12, 1942
2:00 p.m.

(Doesn't she sound like Betty?!))

Dearest Mari,

Was sure glad to have heard from you -- finally. Just went to the Post Office and asked just to see if anyone happened to write to me. Was surprised to see one letter from Chicago. I heard from you indirectly from Tosh and Martha, so I knew you were existing somewhere far away.

Arrived here in Pomona on Sunday. We were to leave on Monday but the order was changed. The place is much better than what I anticipated. Our barrack is located about 1/2 mile from the Center, so do I have to do a lot of walking. We spent all day yesterday cleaning up the joint, so at least it would look like home. Even with the Army blanket piled up on me, it's cold at night and early morning. What's the use complaining?

Went for lunch couple of hours ago and did we have to wait -- about an hour. I guess every camp has the same situation. I really don't mind, but I do get hungry when waiting where the odor of food floats through the air. The food isn't so bad -- why complain about that, too? ~~Am~~ trying to get a job at the canteen or the post office, but I doubt whether I could get it since there are plenty of others before who are seeking the same job. Phooey, I don't want to work anyway -- not for a while. I've got to recuperate a spell. Ha, ha, lazy me.

Heard you were modeling in Chicago, and wondered what kind of modeling. now I know. I thought maybe I'll see your face in the nation-wide magazine. Maybe I will, who knows. Keep up with your fine work. Isn't it lonesome there all by your lonesome? (Don't mind the repetition -- little mutty that's all.)

Group of San Franciscans came over here early this morning. I heard that most of them walked from wherever they got off the train, and that is a distance to walk. Of course the older people (very old) were given a ride, thank goodness. These people were given last minute notice to come here after they planned to go to the Tanforan Race Track. Too bad, no more racing bets for them. I think they will like it here much better, since the climate is not as bad as Tanforan. I talked to one girl and she says it's terribly cold and windy and muddy there at present. I hope your family is doing all right there. Am expecting Tosh, Sachi and Albert to come up here, but you just can't tell nowadays where they're going till the last minute. I hope they will come up. Yoshi was expecting me over her place, but she'll be disappointed now. Half of my friends are over at Owens and the other half at Santa Anita. I guess you know that Cherry's at the tracks (Anita). Isn't it swell that Sachi Egami and Henry Nittawu are engaged. She may not even get to go to Manzanar and keep an eye on Henry. Al and Tosh want to go there, too, since his father's there, but they might come here instead or to Tulare.

I blacked out this part because I was going to show this letter to some of my friends here. Have a good time where you are, Mari, and go out with the boys, but don't forget little Kays. You both belong to each other, and don't forget that. Look who's talking -- the cupid. You'll probably have to wait couple of years (I hope not) and even be an old woman, but you'll wait for him. Right, Mari?

Heard from Peter last week or so. Told me all about his new life. Poor kid -- being so shy I don't know how he'll get along. Maybe the Army will change him, who knows. Here's his address. Pvt. Peter Joseph Blamey, 39023402
Co. B, 13th Tng. Regiment
61 St Bn, 1st Platoon
Camp J.T. Robinson, Arkansas

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

May 12, 1942

still boyle heights, but not for long

dear mariko:

to

I hasten kinda late/reply to your letter, and hope to find you as you always are, quiet and demure. since the last time, the web of the evacuation has been drawing tighter and tighter, and sphere of our freedom for movement has been narrowed down to a point where we, of the boyle height district, virtually face can't go here to the left of us, can't go there to the right of us, and can't go any damn place all around us. Little tokio, having been cleared of all japanese, and also the downtown l.a. have become the taboo zone and most of us are just breathing garlic-chili-miso-reeked boyle heights air. so, in order to get out of this, and also because my family and i didn't want to go out to parker dam center or some other damn center way out there, where the sun can burn and shrivel down your hide so that even an umeboshi e can outshine you in a beauty contest, we registered with the remaining downtown district, which is around where Cherry's hotel is, and signed up to go to owens valley. so it's lock up your wives and chain in your daughters, you husbands and mothers in manzanar, here comes mr. onodera, the lover of all women, hell-bent for new conquests. it's good bye Chinatown, hello manzanar. it's sob and cry, you l.a. wenches, and shout with job, you manzanar babes. it's so long whiskey sours and rhumba at bamba, and what's cookin' wind, dust and star, in short, it's i gotta go. we're leaving this sunday, and again as on every sunday, i miss the church service. Is heaven to be just a word in my vocabulary and never to be my destination, aw hell, that's okay!

toshi, al Ikida and sachi mitt are leaving this week, but since part of pasadena are going to tulare assembly center and other part to pomona, i don't know where those kids are headed for. miki okagaki is going to pomona, and her friend, that student nurse, is going to manzanar with our bunch. i haven't heard about and of yoshiko hibino.

was glad to learn that you have been treating chicago decently, and advise that you give her a break. this reluctance in your part about posing sans garment, i think, is robbing the american art of its most inspiring potential masterpierce. after all, the eyes and minds of the artists are not to be judged on the same basis that you would on those of mine or ones like me. while theris are to see the lines, lights, shadows and inder beauties of god's creation, ours are to delight in worldly, lusty and carnal provocation that such posing may excite in us. it's horse of different color, bird of different feathers, it's soul and flesh, it's gypsy rose lee and milo de venus. joe oyama and his family are not at santa anita a.c.

below is said news and it hardly seems real.

bob oyama was killed in an auto accident while driving to some hatcheries in Knoxville, iowa. with him was another chick sexer, who is now in the hospital, but who will come through all right. Lack of sleep and over-work, we gather, must have been the cause of it. to me, people like bob, whose occupation was handling cars and which called for constant driving, just did not get into any serious auto accidents, and i could hardly believe the news. this tragedy would not have been more just than too bad-he-was-such-a-nice guy episode had it happened a while ago, but recently i had been in closer association elsie and him, and i had begun to get a new slant on the guy. before that, to me, he was just a nice, pleasant, diplomatic perfect car-salesmanish guy, but since i really began to know him, i learned that he was a helluva lot more than that. through elsie and through his letters, i began to see him as a keen, observing student of people,

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

2

May 12, 1942

society and life. his letter used to reveal uncanny insight into personality and character of those people he met while traveling. his travelogue differed from joe's, in that it was never so much subjective psychology of persecution complexed moaners of life in general, but more realistic virtues and vices of people he met, the possibilities of these people waking up to some wider facts of life and society. i wish that you could have read some of his letter, it was never dry, because he just talked in these letters. in his last letter, he asked me about the evacuation, its effect on isseis, on niseis, and on general public, he asked me of my opinion on the future and voiced his regret that he was not back here to witness and experience this unique social experiment. in the last letter that chuck bernstein received the day before the sad news, bob said in the very last sentence, "i probably won't get to see you again, chuck, goddamn it" chuck was really hard hit. but no one took it as hard as elsie. what could i or chuck or anyone else for that matter say to her, we just stood there in silence while she wept, worrying lest she completely break down. wes and saye and elsie left for iowa sunday to cremate bob's body. wes and his family will stay out there. chuck left for iowa monday to come together with elsie, and the way things look now, i'll be gone when they come back, and i sure feel badly about that. while i was typing this letter, a telegram just came from eli epstein who is in the army in louisiana reading, "was shocked -- sad news -- bob oyama's death -- please express my heartfelt sympathy to entire oyama family." i'm mailing this to oyamas at santa anita special delivery tomorrow morning. i'll write to you again after i get to the camp, and meanwhile you can begin storing up things to write to me, and tell me how the outside world manages to get along without me.

till then,

sho

p.s. just got a letter from cherry. there's something sentimentally sweet about the girls one used to go with, like the delicious rhubarb pie i once ate long time ago ...

May 16 1942

Dearest Mariko -

I'm sorry that I've neglected writing to you for so long, but if it wasn't one thing it was another. Most of it was laziness, I guess, but let's skip it.

Things in camp are just about the same, except that the food is getting much better, and it isn't quite as cold as it use to be. I signed up for an art class today, but I don't know what we're going to do. I think the college group is doing pencil work. (Jackie is a lot of making/dumb noises, and I can't even concentrate on this letter.)

There are about 8,000 people here in Tanforan, and I think that some 2,000 more will be coming in next week. They're building some new houses around here like mad, and they certainly go up fast. It seems that when we go to eat lunch they start making a building, and when we're thru eating, they're finished!

Yesterday a young man left his barrack and didn't come back, so the whole camp is looking for him now. They think that he might have fainted somewhere and is still unconscious or something. And the first day that we got here a man tried to get out, and when the soldier said halt and he didn't stop, he hit him on the head with the butt of a gun. Well, that man died a week later, and they aren't investigating anything. Isn't that awful though?

One of Bette's friends ask her if she wanted anything from the outside, so B. said she'd like some gum, and sure enuff that girl sent her a whole carton. Wasn't she nice?

Last night we went to a dance and we were just in time for the last 3 dances. All the dances are with a phonograph and records, but they're pretty successful. We usually have one big dance a week which

is on Sat. nights from 7:30 to 10:30 when everyone in the whole camp goes. During the weekdays the different recreation centers give their own dances which last from 7:30 to 9 p.m. Every Thurs. night there's a talent show, so tonight we're supposed to have one. Goro Suzuki stole the last one . . . it was his first day in camp too. He certainly has a nice voice, but he's not much in looks is he? On Mother's Day they had an outdoor program, but it was sort of windy, so not many people showed up.

Most of the S.F. people are here, but the rest had to go to Pomona and Merced. Davy is in Merced and he says he's lonesome up ~~there~~ there because all the older people went there.

How is your job coming along? Is it very tiring to pose for so long? How many hrs. do you work modeling and you like it?

You're homesick for us, but we miss you a lot too. Last night I had a dream about you, and I woke up in the middle of the night and thought you were here. That's why I wrote to you today . . . I felt guilty!

Alice told me to tell you that Bob Oyama was killed when he got hit by an automobile. Wes and Saye went up to Colorado, but I don't know anything about it. Alice will tell you more about it later when she writes.

Love, Emiko

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

POSTAL CARD

May 18, 1942

dear mariko:

this is the lick, this the mc-coy, boy, this is THE joint. it's community kitchen, with mess lines two or three blocks long at every meal time. it's la. boys with their ankle choking pants over a pair of field boots. it's san pedro fishermen's daughters with the sun tanned, sea soaked healthy brown complexions, hiding their slanted cuteeyes behind the dark dust-glasses, looking like lana turner, hiroshima ken. saw henry mittwer, mas and ruth yamazaki, joe blamey. they are all old timers here, and tell me that until i meet this famous manzanar dust storm, i don't know nottin'. on a sunny, windless day, like the past three days, the mountains with their snow capped peaks against the clear blue sky, give this place the air of the mountain resort. no work, no worry, no nothing so far. am going to get in the free press staff. drop me a line.

s. onodera

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

May 21, 1942

Dearest Mari-chan,

Jump for joy! Jump for joy! You answered me sooner than I expected. Don't scare me like that. I just hope you do that everytime. Glad to hear you're getting along O.K. So, your "puss" is hanging in a display window. My, my but you do get around. Maybe this is another career for you. I will be looking for your portrait in the Art Gallery.

Today, it's been hot like h---- (could spell it out, but I didn't want to shock you). In fact, the last couple of days the weather's been that terrific. Imagine standing out in the hot sun for at least half an hour waiting for your meal. That's what they all go through. Of course, I don't have to do that as I'm working in the messhall. The work is easy, but at present the hours are long, since there is no cooperation. Well, well, what can I do, but work my head off. Today, being so tired after working almost a week straight, my girl friend, Kimi Komae, and I took a day off without telling the boss. We did deserve a holiday at least once. Of course, we spent the day sleeping it off.

The people here are boring. Most of them are country "hicks," so noluck. No interesting Friscans, either. Ho, ho, what a life. There are loads of cute youngsters here, but not for me. I'm not robbing the cradle, yet. Better transfer to Manzanar, or Santa Anita where lots of eligible boys are. Better still, I ought to catch the next freight for Chicago.

from
I heard Yoshi that Sachi's in Tulare. Wrote to her, but didn't get a reply. I, myself, didn't think she care for him, too. She ought to be in Manzanar looking after him, 'cause I hear he's w----- around. What a guy -- plus the works. I do hope Sachi can put him back on his two feet. It looks as though Tosh and Al are at Tanforan, but I'm not sure. Yoshi told me that, but I can't understand why they send the folks down here all the way up there.

I not only remind you of Betty in person, but also in my letters. Well, well, she must be some gal. Making mistakes in my letters is a chief hobby of mine (usually say mine's when I'm talking -- very bad). My sister, Yosh -- the little one, usually corrects my grammar when she re-reads my letters. What a gal am I! If I think of all the mistakes I make in the letter and try to correct them, it doesn't sound like me. I really ought to go back to school. Martha's in Santa Anita, too. Heard from Cherry that she goes over to her barrack (or shall I say house) everyday. Joe Oyama is there, too, working on the Santa Anita Pacemaker as the city editor.

This camp being new, yet, they haven't opened the canteen. Boy, do we crave for pops and ice cream on these hot days. When the canteen opens, I bet there'll be a long, long line. Woe is me! You really are lucky to be where you are. Leaving not to go have my first thyphoid (misspelled) and my small pox immunization.

May 22, 1942

Was I restless last night after my Thyphoid (again misspelled) shot. Was shivering all night even though I wasn't cold. Had to talk to myself to relax my muscles. Kimi, who stayed over-night, thought I had the fits. The pain is really terrific at present. I could type, but can't raise my arm up. Now, I don't have to work hard, but take it easy for a change. Oh, happy days!

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

2

May 21, 1942

It's rather chilly today -- a change in the weather, at last. Just hope it doesn't rain.

Being around the Japanese people, we done picked up their accent. So sorry, please. We go around talking like the Kibeis, if you know what I mean. Like -- "You make me so much laugh." Isn't that a killer? We say, "Excuse, please, Shank you, please -- bureado (bread), please, etc." Everybody in the mess hall is picking up this new accent. It's really cute. You understando, please.

On windy days, the dust blows up just like in Owens, but not as bad. You just can't keep clean then. My hair especially gets dirty. Have to wash it two times a week. At least that will loosen up my permanent.

I think in the end this will be a permanent camp after all. Lots of rumors going around. So far, Pomona is the best camp, so they are trying to keep the best bunch of people here. In that case, everyone has to work, or be sent to another camp. Hear the head of Manzanar is coming down here to take over.

Well, honey, I thinking I close now. Please write soon again -- very, very soon. I be waiting for your answer.

Love,

Miki

(Turn over, please)

P.S. Cherry's address if you not got.

District 6, Barrack 27, Unit 5 Ave P
Santa Anita Assembly Center
~~Manzanar~~ (so sorry, please)
Arcadia, Calif.

P.S.S. Sachi's address

L.-83
Tulare Assembly Center
Tulare, California

P.S.S.S. Toshi's address I don't know please. So sorry, please.

((COPY))

May 23, 1942

Dear ~~Bob~~,

I thought that I had probably scared you off by those silly letters I sent you. Boy was I worried! It certainly was a relief to get your letter today. Now I feel good again. What a life!

First of all, Chas must reluctantly inform you that there is no social work dept. yet. And even if one is organized, I'm afraid that I am out, because I have pestered Mr. Green too much. It's a long story and I think I shall have to let you read my Journal when you come down--if they don't send you to another job--and you will see why such a thing happened. (I don't even let my own family look at my journal either!) I think I'll just ramble on and who knows but that this may turn out to be a long letter? It's past 12:30 now. I got involved in a little poker game tonight and they wouldn't let me quit because I was \$2.00 ahead. Aren't I degenerating? The money ran out so that we played for stamps and now I have plenty to send letter to you with. It's been about two weeks since I heard from you and I don't know how much you know about what has been going on but I'll take a chance.

Gee, ~~Bob~~, I hope they don't overwork you. I bet you still have to do everything for those other dumb social workers, huh? Guess what? Mrs. Shuman, the woman who issued the disbursement order in Berkeley, sent me some magazines to read!!

Right now I am working on the camp newspaper. I got one front page story last week and two for this issue. I'll send them both to you. We are very limited in space so that we have a hard time getting all the news in. I'm also helping in the

Education program to keep me occupied the rest of the day. This is all volunteer work; besides salaries only run from \$8 to \$16 a month so it's no use trying to make money. I still want to get into social work, but... You probably will be able to get in when you come down because they really do need some case workers around here. The "boys" want me to go to Arizona to start the camp paper in the Relocation area there, but I'm still in hopes of doing work in line with my first interest. Now I know what you meant when you said that you wanted to be a medical social worker at least once. Sort of frustrating, I'd say.

Did I tell you about the new menace that has entered our lives, ~~flies~~? Well, we had some fleas--horse ones--visiting us in our abode, but they didn't like our taste so that I think they are leaving. At least I haven't felt their presence for the past few days.

We are getting good food in our messhall and there are few complaints about the food now. Your folks eat in the same mess-hall as I do. Today they ~~xxxx~~ issued us a meal ticket so I guess I will have to stop eating two meals each time. I used to eat in one place and then stop over at another. A purely scientific motive--I wanted to see which was the best place for social atmosphere!

Oh yes, did I tell you that I wasn't in the employment office anymore? Well, to make a long story short, they said I was to "fresh" with the clients and wouldn't speak Japanese to them. Such is life! It's really much more complicated than that, but it's over now so why should I bore you with the details? My lack of not knowing Japanese is a definite handicap and so far

it hasn't paid to be too Americanized. However, I can't help being what I am so that there is no turning back now. I still believe that further Americanization is the only answer to this whole problem. The only other alternative is deportation and if we don't combat it this movement will grow. It's quite possible we didn't think that they could evacuate us either. Now that we are cut off from the Caucasian contacts, there will be a greater tendency to speak more and more Japanese. Someday the Nisei will once again go out into the greater American society and it is so important that they be able to speak English well. I still think that the present segregation is the least desirable thing that could have happened and it definitely will increase the problem of future social adjustments. It makes the task of becoming Americans much more difficult, particularly when the stigma of disloyalty is fixed upon us. And here we are, not able to defend ourselves adequately because we are confined physically to a small space. Already there is a movement to defranchise us. It burns me up!

The social problems within the camp are many, Mr. Green to the contrary. I haven't noticed a definite trend towards social disorganization, but there has been a certain amount of it. Last week two young girls were raped--one supposedly by a Caucasian worker here. Of course an element of consent may have entered into it, but it does indicate that sex will be one of the greatest worries of the responsible people around here. With such a lack of recreational facilities in general and because the community is so large and loosely knitted together those things are bound to happen. A lot of activity also takes place in the dark

corners of the grandstand which has not yet been brought to the attention of the administration. And then there are a number of former prostitutes that do a thriving business among the single men in the grandstand.

(I probably will be stressing the social problems more, so don't get the wrong impression of the place, ~~but~~; there are a number of positive points also.)

Another problem is gambling. Tonite I saw some old Issei and Kibeis shooting dice for a \$125.00 table. If the Nisei fellows take up this sport in any large numbers, it will become harmful for their general stability. Then a lot of stealing is apparently going on. I can understand the theft of lumber because of the inadequacies of physical equipment, but personal property is another thing. The arrivals in the past couple of weeks all brought locks so that they ~~he~~ must have been forewarned. The lumber pile got so depleted that they had to play a spotlight on it during the night!!

On the other hand, the church groups have swung into action. Chiefly because of the lack of anything else to do, the meetings, I hear, are packed. It gives the girls a chance to show off their dresses. The gals are ~~xxxxxx~~ complaining that the dust is ruining their complexions and that wearing flat shoes all the time will make their feet broad so that they can't wear pumps. A move has also been initiated to separate the showers by partitions.

There's an old Issei in our barracks who makes a pest of himself by going all around the place showing everyone the latest outrages upon the Japanese as depicted in the comic strip "Terry

and the Pirates". He claims that the Japanese are being insulted when they are shown with buck teeth. I think that the protesting Issei has the biggest set of buck teeth that I have ever seen!

I guess you read all about the half Japanese boys who walked out of here and tried to enlist in the Army but was turned down so he attempted to commit suicide (Clarence Sedomuni). Well, he was only back here one day when the Army gave him one hour's notice to pack up. They took him and his father to Arizona. I suppose that they feared that he would be a walking symbol to the inconsistencies of the evacuation policies. There are about four white women here, a Filipino husband, and a number of part Japanese children. I feel sorry for them because they appear to be social outcasts and are not accepted by the other children. It's really tragic. Paging a Social Worker!

I don't suppose you can read this writing very well. Amy is working in the office and she has to take her typewriter along as one of the conditions for employment. The government is making money on the deal. They'd have to pay \$5.00 a month rental for a typewriter and since Amy is only going to get \$8.00 a month, this means that she is working for only \$3.00 a month, or 10c a day. Scab labor, huh?

This center has about the greatest level of educated people among the various camps. There must be over 1,000 college people or graduates in the group here, if not more. The ratio of professional people is also high. There are over 40 experienced engineers, many of whom were in the Civil Service prior to the evacuation. Besides these, there are a few professors and other business people. The reason for this is that most of the

people are from the bay area where there is a greater proportion of business people. I see a lot of the U.C. kids around also; many that I never saw on the campus. In the whole state, only 25% of the Japanese are in agricultural pursuits. Here there are less than 10% who are farmers. They come from Centerville, Paly, Mt. Eden and San Mateo. I hope they recognize this fact when they start the relocation. But in the haste of things, they may put them all in farm work.

The administration here is composed of WPA personnel and they are chiefly concerned with getting things running smoothly here and keeping the people occupied and as happy as possible. Apparently, they lack social vision (I may be prejudiced) ~~we~~ and are not immediately concerned with the implications of the whole thing. After all, this is no WPA project! The Social Security people will enter the picture more after we leave here. The latest report is that we will be here from three to six months, and that the residents will be sent out gradually in groups of 200. Some of the younger Nisei and the single men will probably be sent out to harvest crops if they want to volunteer. This isn't exactly resettlement, but as least they will be getting the prevailing wages which will be rather high this year. If they do this on a large scale they may forget about resettlement. Then after the war, what?

In spite of all, I still feel very optimistic. As I see it, the Japanese would have lost most of their economic roots regardless of whether we were evacuated or not. You know how they were losing business and jobs after Dec. 7. This was bound to become intensified. At least now there is hope for the ~~future~~

future. The Nisei will be given a great chance to utilize their skills and abilities, and leadership will have to come out of the group. At present they are getting experience in all types of work. Jobs here are at a premium altho 1300 work orders have been issued, but later on they will develop. There are scads of girls here that can type more than 80 words per minute and take 140 words of shorthand. I don't see why they don't go into something else. The cycle is the same. H.S., then U.C., then Business college, then Grant Ave.! Those with other types of training are having more of a chance because of less competition. I think the whole thing can be so exciting if we attack it as a challenge. We are too near to it yet, but I think the "Japanese" will really take hold and make things "click".

The Canteen has been closed for the past few days and we have been having a hard time getting cigarettes--candy for the kids too. It's going to re-open Saturday and they will not accept cash anymore. We will have to buy books of script to use.

They have dances here every Saturday night; they are always packed. And on Thursday nights, they have the talent shows. In the various recreational centers, they are also starting many activities such as art, dramatics, music, and folk dancing. The new education department is also starting informal classes for the young children. We also plan to have lectures and forums for the older group. Ann Kunitani has asked me to help her on the discussion groups. The library still hasn't many books--most comic magazines and film funs. The recreational program is starting a baseball league and the fellows have cleared off the upeer end of the infield for the

ballfield. Are you still interested?

Your brother-in-law is working in the dead letter office now and he says that he is getting a hell of a workout because there are millions of T. Suzuki's in camp and they don't have the exact address on them. He has to locate the right party by the trial and error method.

I saw your brother running up and down the typhoid shot line trying hard to control his temper while keeping the line in order.

Well, I guess you are bored enough now. If you see any civilized people around that I used to know in the outside world, give them my regards. My brother's new them song:

"I am an American in a Concentration Camp,
And I'm living among the Japs and the horse manure at
Tanforan".

As ever,

Charlie

Emi Kikuchi

216 Branciforte Street

Vallejo, California

May 24, 1942

Dearest Mariko:

Received your letter yesterday, and since there's nothing to do in the office at the present time, I thought I'd answer you. I got myself a job in the employment office, and I do typing and filing work. There's really nothing to it, and it's a lot of fun meeting all the people, and the people working with me. Alice is working the supply office, while Bette is doing mimeograph work. She's only an assistant, but get's \$8.00 a month. Alice and I get \$12.00 a mo. but that's a lot of money in a place like this.

Today was really a good day. I got off from work at noon, and when we got home, there was a package for Bette... it was full of candy, gum, and chocolate bars. About 1 hour later, Chas. received a package, and it had magazines in it. Then I got a package from my girl friend, Dolly, and she sent me a carton of gum, candy, and magazines. Just now another package came for Alice from Ted Tokuno, and it was a great big can of cookies. Mmmm! I think we have more to eat now, than we ever had in Vallejo. I wonder how long it'll last. Jackie will probably lock some of the stuff in his trunk, because mom always gives the kids things to eat whenever they holler for some. Now all we need is a package for Jackson from Delores to make it complete. Doris is sending me some candy, cookies, etc. sometime next week, and Mrs. Thorburn said she'd send us some cookies soon. I asked them to, because sometimes the food is pretty lousy here, and Miyako and Takeshi get hungry. I'm not proud anyway. Right?

The weather is pretty good here, although the day before yesterday it rained pretty hard again...otherwise, its pretty warm.

Before I forget to tell you, I have the funniest things to tell you. Another death in camp ---this time a murder of a harmless mole. An old Issei saw it coming out of our next door neighbor's garden so he stamped on it and killed it with his little trusty pocket knife. Takeshi got the mole and did he have fun scaring the girls. After we ate supper, Jackie took it outside and skinned it, and while he was doing so, he got the biggest audience. He told them that he was going to dry the skin to cure it. Boy, those old folks sure did take in every word. He also told them that we were going to make pa-kai out of it because it made the best and tastiest kind. Jackie took about an hour to perform the operation, and the crowd grew closer and closer, so finally I had to tell them to move back and give J. air just like an usher in a theatre. (Incidentally, Jackie had his scapel set to work with.) Gee, you should have heard some of the girls scream when they saw the nice pink inside skin. Finally, when he was finished, we decided to hold a funeral for the remains, so Takeshi dug a grave for it, Miyako got some flowers from the infield, Bobby (Takeshi's new found friend) made a little cross, and Jackie gave the funeral oration. I posted a fitting epitah for the grave that went something like this: "Here lies Mr. M. Mole. He was stabbed in the back by a treacherous Jap with buck teeth and dai-kon legs. We knew Mr. Mole well; he was our friend. Although his fur has been separated from his body, may God have mercy on his soul. The next morning around 7 a.m. when everybody was going to breakfast, they saw it, and did it cause an uproar. They made so much noise laughing, that finally pop got up and took it apart. Boy, did he get mad at Jackie. He said there would be a jinx cast upon our house since there was a grave in front of the house. Golly, I'm glad that its over with now. They sure did argue with each

other....Jackie says that it was too childish for words. Speaking of pop being childish, you should have seen him the other night. He had to go to the lavatory, and it's about a half a block from here, but he insisted that he wanted to go by himself. It was about 10 p.m. so naturally it was very dark. He can hardly walk on the ground in front of the house because it's so bumpy. Well anyway, to get on with the story, Bette went after him with the flashlight, and he kept on telling her to go home, so Bette came running home, and told me to come with her. So then I went, but he still insisted on going by himself, without the flash light. (Someone always has to hold him up when he goes out, because he nearly falls.) Then Bette and I came home and told Chas. to go with him, so B and C went to wait for him on the corner, and when he came out of the toilet and saw them waiting for him, he didn't say a word, and when he caught up with them, he started to run. Isn't that a scream though...can't you just see him running away from them just to show them that he could walk without the help of Bette, Chas, and the flashlight! I nearly died laughing when they told us what happened. We had company too, and did they enjoy the way Chas. told us about it.

Last night after supper, a plane crashed nearby, and some of the kids saw it happen. We just missed it by a few minutes. The pilot was killed instantly so it said in the paper. We tried to start a rumor that Clark Gable was in the plane, and he made the plane go out of control because since his wife died that way, he wanted to too, but it didn't work. Nobody would believe us. Rumors sure travel fast in this camp though. Last week we said that Jack Benny was coming to camp, and two days later, a girl that we didn't know very well in the

office told us the same thing. We sure have a lot of fun telling false rumors though. Sometimes it comes back to us and sometimes it doesn't, but Mostly it does. Also last night, Chas was going to take me visiting so I donned my best costume, and we walked about two blocks and all the while I kept asking him who he going to visit, and he said that the person lived in building 2....finally, after walking another block, in he walks to the men's toilet, and did he laugh. Boy, was I embarrassed. Some boys and girls were standing outside right hear there, and they burst out laughing too. I started talking to them till Chas came out, and then chased him all the way home, and was he weak from laughing his old silly head off!!!

Remember those pieces of furs that you gave us a long time ago? Well, Miyako got one of them that looked pretty much like a dog, and tied a piece of string on the bottom so as to make it move. She took it out one day, and did it cause a commotion. Everyone crowded around her trying to see it, and it looked so real that one girl screamed and jumped and wouldn't come near it again. We said it was a snakerat from South America (Paraguay to be exact) and they thought it was real. Joanne Kobuchi saw it and she thought it was real too. Later we went to visit her, and there was a lot of kids over there and we started to say how dumb some of these japanese people were, taking in everything we said, and Joanne agreed with us wholeheartedly. Alice and I were laughing like anything, because she believed what we said about the snakerat. I hope you can understand these sentences of mine. I'm not going to read it over and correct it, because I'm too lazy.

Last night Alice, Bette, and I decided to try Jackie's and Charlie's jeans on, and you should have seen J and C. Just because we were trying on all their clothes, Jack goes into the other room, and when he came

back in, he had my panties and bras on. Then Chas. goes in the other room, and he comes back in the room with one of my skirts on, with no stockings on and walking in a Charlie Chaplin style. Was it a scream; I'll bet the neighbors got mad like anything at our laughing. It was 10:30 p.m. and pop and mom got mad, so I guess the people around us were pretty sore. We don't care; it was really funny. You should have been here...I wish you were.

Gee wiz, just because I work out of the house now, everybody picks on me. I get blamed for everything. I may sound like a suffering hero, but it taint fair. I wash the dishes practically every night, and just because every other night Bette or Alice brings the stuff home, they think I don't do any of the washing. They also claim that I don't do any of the housework, but I really do. I always sweep, mop, and do the beds, but they never see me. Whenever mom comes in, Bette makes believe she did it all, so mom gets mad at me even if I tell her that I did some of the work. Oh well, I guess it's just the camp life. Mom hasn't quite adjusted herself to it, so she's been very moody and grouchy ever since we got here. She's been sick too, so I haven't said anything to her about it. She'll get all the madder.

Every Thurs. night, we have a talent show, and they might just as well call it the "Goro Suzuki" show with a few entertainers besides. Ever since he's arrived in camp, he's been on the show. The people like him and everything but after awhile it'll get sort of tiresome... don't you agree with me? He sure had a swell voice though.

Well, I guess I'd better close now. I didn't have to work this aft...hence the long letter. Excuse the mistakes in this, but my fingers are sort of getting sore from typing and filing all day. Alice and I got home late, so we're going to eat on the second shift.

Everyone else has gone to supper already. On second thought, I think I'll write you some more news from Tanforan when I get through eating supper. I feel in the mood for writing, and if I don't write all the news now, I'll never do it. You know me....

Later-----

The super was pretty good.....we had stew, rice, salad, and fruit dessert. The reason I'm continuing this letter with pen is because Charlie the Great is using the typewriter. Now I guess I'll start answering your letter. Don't mind the jumbled up sentences that I'm going to write as I'm going to go thru your letter and answer each question as I go along. Here goes - I got a letter from Davy ~~Maxx~~ the other day, and he says he isn't as lonely as when he first went to Merced, because Yami went there too. They were good friends from the beginning, so it'll be good for both of them. He also says that most of the people down in the Merced camp are from the country, and they are very hard to get along with. Tak Shiozaki went to the Pomona Assembly Center, Minkey is in the Stockton A.C., and Marchie is in the Sacto A.C. Well, it didn't take any dream of you to make me write this letter to you...I wrote it on my own free will.

Sunday, Mom's birthday, it turned out pretty good. Angelo came to see Alice, and he brought the nicest cake! Mom made some osushi, so we had a nice birthday party. Ang couldn't come in though, as the rules have been changed. They can't go any further than the grandstand now.

I'm writing this letter at the recreation center now with Alice because J. and C. nag too much at home and we can't concentrate on what we're writing. Jackie got mad at me because I didn't lend my phonograph

to Bette. She and the girl next door want to practice some steps at another building - I'm not trying to be mean, but Angelo told me not to play it in a big hall or something, because the power is too strong. I don't want it to break before we even get to the permanent camp. And then if it does, Angelo will fix it for me, and just because I'm Alice's sister, he won't charge me.

So, a lady stopped you on the street and asked if you posed for that pic huh? Well, well, may I have your autograph Miss Kikuchi?

Gad, I'm really surprised, rather Bette is, that a fat boy thought she was just right for him. You told us to drop them a few lines, but tell them to write first as we don't know what their interests are. That's the way I got to know Dave Hayashi - he started writing letters to me first and then I met him. I still think he looks like Freddy Martin. Bette says that Munroe looks like the "Happy God." I have one of those figures, and it does remind me of him. Frank Shigemura is here in camp too, and he comes over once in awhile. Alice writes letters for him to his outside friends now and then as he doesn't know how to write very well. Chas. isn't working any more at the E. office. He was just helping them out. Miyako has a lot of little girl friends and they're always running in and out of the house. Yesterday, Chas. played hide-and-go seek with them. Isn't that a kick.

Roy Ashizawa's sister is here in Tanfo. and she told us that Roy saw you in Chic. She looks just like him. Sorta rowdy type and a bit show-offish.

Well, I guess I'd better really close now. I have a bunch of letters to answer yet, and my hand is tired. First time I wrote you such a long letter huh? I hope it doesn't bore you too much. Everyone sends their love to you, and Minkey says hello!

Write when you find time, and don't work too hard. Have you bought any new clothes yet?

Love, Emiko

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

May 24 -- 1:05 p.m.

Dearest Mariko,

What's doin, hey? Say, didn't I answer your letter of Apr. 14? I could have sworn I did but I don't see the "Ans." mark I put on all the letters I answer so (therefore) I guess I didn't. Well, well, imagine that! How could I have forgotten to answer my famous sister? I'm not trying to be sarcastic either. I sure would like it if someone walked up to me and asked if I had posed for a pointing, now on display. I got all this info. from your letter you wrote to Emi and Alice. They just got it today. I hope you'll excuse this messy writing but Tak is jumping around and make=s the floor quiver. The floor makes the table quiver and makes the writing jerky. Are I making sense? I are trying hard to making it clearly to you. IHow do you like that lingo, hey? I are acquiring it since I've been here.

I got back from lujch a little while ago and while my food is digesting, I tho't I'd drop a neat letter to you. Well, I thought it was going to be neat. Now look at it? Ah! (Just filled my pen, notice?)

I'm supposed to be working today but I have a cold, it's muddy out, so I don wanna go in the slush. And I really mean slush. It's so gooey, you sink right in. Darn those people anyway! We had a bee-u-tiful boardwalk all along our barrack and they said it was unsanitary cause the ground underneath wouldn't dry. So they tore up the walk and were supposed to put gravel all along. It's been a week now and they haven't done a thing about it. It simply curdles me! Holy bazose! It rained today and now its so muddy you can't walk without slipping. It's degrading, that's what it is!

I'll tell you about my job now. I'm a junior clerk and asst. mimeographer at the supply dept. It's easy work but gets monotonous. That's why I don't mind missing a day of it. Gosh, last Sat. we were swamped with work. You see, the "Tanforan Totalizer" had to meet a deadline and we had to work like mad! The mimeographer is old and doesn't work right and the stencil was ripped once and had to be cut all over again. There are four pages and what a lot of work. We started at 12:00 P.M. and pussed 2500 copies and had them stapled by 5:00 P.M. Up to this day I don't know how we did it. It was really quite a job. I got my hadge the other day. It don't mean a thing tho'. It just shows you're working. I went to register for school this morn. I don't know when it'll start but I hope it'll be real soon. Gee, I've wasted 6 months of school as it is. I'll probably have to start my jr. A year all over again. I only went 6 weeks but that's a lot considering, don't you think? There are a lot of girls my age around this district and I know quite a few of them already. Do you remember Pat Iwanaga? She's the drum majorette who struts on her toes? Well, she's our next door neighbor and quite a nice gal. She's 15, too, so we get all awell. She taught me the rhumba already. Gosh, it certainly is fun to rhumba. It's so easy. I learned in about 15 min. There's really nothing to it but movement of your own. You know what I mean? I tho't you would. They have dancing classes for girls and boys and since they borrowed Emi's records, we went to see what was going on. Well, the Koba sisters were doing the instructing and there were about 10-15 girls. Since they were teaching individually Emi, Alice, Pat, and I thought we'd help out by teaching a few other girls who were just standing around. Since the girls saw us rhumbaing, they wanted to learn so we tried to teach them.. I guess the Koba sisters resented it cause when the lessons were finished one of the sisters started telling us that this was not an advanced class and this and that. Everything she said was directed straight at us. The man there was sticking up for us cause he know they were our records but the lady didn't know it and she talked on and on. Well, I still think she doesn't have a very good system in teaching the girls. If she teaches them one by one some of the girls

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

May 24, 1942

will never learn. Besides, the girls in that class know how to dance but just aren't used to dancing with boys. They catch on quick when you show them different steps. And the Koba sisters teach sort of old fashioned. Fooy! So much for that. I'll tell you a few things that have been going on at camp. They have dances pretty often and baseball games on Sun. Yesterday there was a flag raising ceremony but I couldn't go, darn it! I had a cold and could hardly talk. But a girl came over to visit me so I wasn't too lonesome. She stayed about 2 hours and we just talked. You should have heard me with my hoarse voice. But talking helped me get well because today my voice is just about normal.

I've been to a couple of dances with Tak Momii's brother Jim. He's taller but talks just like Tak. I can't get over it. And he looks so much like him, too. He's a nice kid and I have lots of fun with him.

Shucks, this cold I had makes me sore. Last Sat. night there was a dance and 3 boys came over to take me but I couldn't go because of my cold. Oh well, it's nice to know that some people remembered me. It sort of gives me a feeling of satisfaction.

Enclosed you'll find a map of Tanforan Assembly Center. I've put a few markings on it so you could get an idea just how we stand. When we first came here there were only a few barracks, infield and none were occupied but now look at it, filled to the brim. With people too. The reason why Bldg. 14 was condemned was that they found 3 inches of manure packed in the ground covered with whitewash. Isn't that awful? I'll bet it smells terrible down there. And there were so many people living in that barrack, too. I don't see how they could have stood up till now, do you? See that mess hall #6 right by our barrack. They have art classes there. Emi and Alice signed up but since they're working they had to sign off. I had that map fixed for another gal but I have another so I tho't I'd send this one to you. Wasn't that sweet of me? I can't get over how considerate I am to everyone. (I love me).

I hope you'll excuse the different kinds of stationery but they're all left overs and since I like to write long letters to you I tho't I'd use them up. Ing ad Dolorez was over Sun. but I didn't get to see them cause I was sick in bed.

So far I've received 2 cartons of gum. One from Helen Tuck and one from Pat Fenner. I just told them they didn't have gum here so could they send me some. They really have some but by the time I always get there they're sold out. Besides you have to have coupons which cost \$2.50 a book so why should I spend money when I don't have to, huh? Gosh, the kids are all so good to me. They said they'd send me lots of things. And I'm sure they will. Audrey said she'd make a cake and cookies for me and Barbara Walsh (remember her?) said she'd be glad to send me cookies. They all want to come down to see me and they're waiting for the opportunity to. Wouldn't it be swell if a big group came to see me? I'd just love it. I miss them all so much. We have a lot of activities going on here at camp. For instance, every Thurs, nite we have a talent show. And Goro Suzuki is always the life of the party. But I'm srt of getting tired of his pranks. He steals the attention of the people whenever someone else is performing. The last time he was on the program he was on so long I actually got tired of him. And that is unusual cause he's really good. I think I'd appreciate him if I saw him a little at a time. At the rate he's going it'll probably be called "Garo Suzuki supported by a little talent of other people." That's a fact! Then we have dances every Sat. nite. We have a recreation hall about a block away and we get all sorts of games, too. I have it marked on the map. Can you find it? That's the place where we registered for school. Well, I'm going next door to Pat's and look thru a Mont. Ward catalogue. I may find something I like.

Please write soon.

Love,

Bette

May 26, 1943

Dear Mariko:

I see Emiko wrote you a nice long letter, full of the latest gossip, etc. about camp life, so I think I'd better do my share and write to you too.

We are pretty well settled in camp now, and well adjusted by now, I would say. Before I go on, if I say anything good about camp life, don't tell Charlie or Jackie, because they feel I shouldn't write anything complimentary about it. Instead, according to them, ^{if}/I write about bad conditions of the camp, you people on the outside should spread it around, as our constitutional rights have been kicked around and we should let people on the outside know that we object very strenuously. Then, they say, if people know about what goes on in camp, maybe we'll have more improvements, etc. The other day we had a military inspection, and the mess halls all had an announcement that we should all get together and make our camp looking in excellent condition so that we would get a good rating. Jackie objected to that because he said if we get an excellent rating, no more attention would be paid to the camp's welfare, whereas if we got a bad rating, something would be done to correct all faults. Of course I see his point very clearly, and agree with him, but on the other hand, the Japanese all have a sense of pride concerning anything they run or make, so it was correct for them to want to appear in the best light possible. The worst trouble around here is that everyone is too hard to please - if the food is bad, they yell, if the food is good - they aren't satisfied the next time the meal isn't as good - if there isn't enough - comments, and if there is plenty - they say well, we're entitled to it, etc. The most grumblings are where food is concerned, and that topic too is the current favorite.

In a place such as this the only thing to look forward to is food, and that's all we talk about. We have been very fortunate, having a special consideration for Pop's diabetes, high blood pressure and arterial sclerosis - of course, perhaps it isn't quite fair that we get a little extra to eat on Pop's account, getting milk when children over 8 aren't, etc., but in times such as these, you are entitled to whatever you can get - if you know how to work the angles, and play on peoples' sympathies, more power to you. Maybe that sounds a little selfish, but if you stand around and wait around here, no one pays any attention to you - you have to do things by yourself. When we first came here, we were promised a special diet for Pop - but what happened - due to the lack of facilities, no provision for such was made at first, and if it hadn't been for my going directly into the kitchen and getting acquainted with Mr. Griffis, the head cook, Pop would have starved. Charlie and Jackie always complain about this and that, and say we girls are lazy, but I for one say that the girls come more in handy than the boys, except Jackie perhaps - he had to do all the heavy work and help around, but they don't count in the little daily things we do - those things are never noticed, and they are just as important as making a table or shelves.

Well, to get on with the subject, Mr. Griffis used to give us a whole bagful of supplies - fruits, vegetables, canned goods, and meats. When everyone was eating stew and rice, Pop would have lamb chops - and butter, milk and eggs. Of course that sounds good, but it wasn't really much to make up for his fresh vegetables, etc. It was a little pitiful at first when he used to say ("nani-ka oishi mono wo mote kimashita ka?) and look forward to our homecoming. When the cook would suggest anything, I never refused, because I knew that the rest of us

could eat whatever Pop couldn't. As I said before, I sometimes felt a little guilty about having all these small luxuries when others didn't, but I rationalized by saying that they could have gone to the kitchen ~~that~~ the way I did, if they'd thought about it - no one stopped me - and there were no complaints.

Then the time came when our moments of plenty were gone! The head cook went back to S.F.'s own Mark Hopkins, and the army clamped down on everything at the same time. It seems that there was too much grafting and dirty work going on, and now they issue a certain amount of food to each of the 18 mess halls, whether they have 750 each meal, or 950. The 750 mess halls can take their meat allowance, and make it into little pieces of steaks, hamburger or whatever they want, whereas the kitchens with more in them have to make stew or something in order to have a sufficient supply. We have a good mess hall, and usually get seconds, but the main mess hall is still feeding the bulk of the camp and with all of the surrounding noise, the dirty dishes, unappetizing way of dishing out food - it isn't very satisfactory. I suppose time will iron out all of the difficulties though, because complaints or otherwise, a good many of the Japanese country people are as a fact, eating much better food than what they have had previously. But what's the use of trying to please everyone! I find that's true with our family as well as anyone else. I get myself more disliked sometimes, by my trying to do things for the families benefit. Probably I lack the necessary tact or way of putting things, but usually my acts at trying to be practical go unappreciated. I guess deep down in their hearts, they realize it, but when one starts ribbing or making remarks, it seems to catch.

Perhaps it's only my "suffering hero" attitude, but here's a typical instance. Angelo brought us a cake, crackers, jam and peanut butter. I knew we had planned to eat the cake that night, so I told them not to open the crackers. If they were opened, they would go in a minute, but if we ate the cake one night, and the crackers the next, they would be much more appreciated. Emi kept insisting she wanted "only 1" so I finally said "Well, they're mine, and are not to be eaten till I open the package!" That was a fatal mistake, and they all keep making remarks about how stingy I am, or that they'd better not eat even one until they ask my permission. Perhaps I'm wrong to put it in that way, but you know how the kids are when they get something in their minds. My point was that even though we have plenty, we should put a little aside, and without all of the sidecracks, they could be trained that way, but as it is - we no sooner get something - when it disappears. I only hope our friends won't fail us when we get to a permanent camp - those snacks in between get very necessary in one's life around here. However, don't feel you should send anything because we'll ask you when the time comes, and right now Audrey, Lucky, Doris, Mrs. Thorborn, Dolly and all the rest of Emi, Bette and all of our friends catch on to our hints and send us things. If you want to send anything, wait till they go to a permanent camp and everyone is through sending their share. The more we have now, the less we appreciate it, and at the present time, you'd better save all your money. I do hope things will work out right with you. Mom and Pop don't worry too much about you because I've told them that you are all right, and if anything went wrong you would let us know.

I'm writing this in the recreation center of our district - and it's noisier than h--, however it's less distracting than at home, because I'm

here sitting alone (Emi went home) and no one pays any attention to me.

I was going to send you a copy of our paper, but I see Charlie has beat me to it, so I'll send my copy to Mrs. Jarvis. She says she isn't going via Chicago, and regrets not being able to see you - has she written to you.

Jiro Hirano just passed through. he left awhile back and when I told him I was writing to you, he said to say hello - and 20 minutes later he comes back in, and I'm still on the same letter, so he reminds me again. We have gotten acquainted with most of the people around now, but don't mix in as much as we should - that's the trouble with a large family - it's too binding. Anyway, Jiro is now married to that gal from L.A. that he was going around with - and is here with all of his family. He has a very nice sister named Oshu - she looks something like Helen Kawai - prettier - and is quite tall - about 5'5" - very slender and very friendly. Mom and I always laugh because he and his wife look more like brothers and sisters than his own sister. It's quite interesting at meal times to study the people around us. We have found out that contrary to the fact that people grow to resemble each other after being married a long time - most people seem to have a tendency to pick someone who looks a little like themselves. We look around each meal, and you'd be surprised how much alike some of the young and old couples look. You yourself know how similar Mary and Kelly Komaru look. (They're here too).

Yuri Okuma saw me today and asked to be remembered to you. So many people know you - maybe not intimately but they always ask about you. Since most of the bay region is here, there are many familiar faces.

Now that I've come this far, I know I should answer some of the

questions you asked, but I think Emi took the letter home. And probably answered them all in her letter.

Bye the way, I'm sorry about the misunderstanding about Mrs. Smith. I wrote to her a long time ago stating that I wasn't leaving camp for awhile ~~as~~^{as} I was needed here. I didn't expect her to hire me for the job at all and wrote to her that I only wanted the use of her letter - and asked permission to use it in case I had to. I also stated that all she had to do was verify the statement should anyone inquire. I also said I was financially on my own, and she would be in no way responsible for me if I should come to Chicago, so I don't see why you should write me such a strong condemning letter. Which is one reason I asked you not to get yourself too involved for myself as I didn't want to be too obligated to anyone. I had to wait for my decision, as Jackie has stated often that he would not go to a permanent camp with us, and Charlie said something about going to school again. I don't know about Jackie at present, but Charlie says he'll stay for the duration, so I can leave with a clear conscience. Angi has been working and saving his money up to now, so that we'll have a little something to fall back on. I don't know what will do as yet, the first thing for me to do is get out of camp - so I'm trying to work a few angles from the inside. I'm a Senior Typist in the Supply Department - \$12.00 a month (lowest wage scale \$6.00 and highest \$16.00) And Mr. Gonsalves my boss says he'll reclassify me next week as secretary, so that I can get \$16.00. It's pretty complicated but I like it. I really should hate to go back to housework now. As it is - I get good ex-

- 7 -

perience in my typing, and maybe can get a good recommendation from here. I won't ask you to do anything right now - but if I should need any help later I'll let you know very specifically.

I have to close now as I'm on my way back to work now, and want to get this mailed.

Mr. Pleasant sent us \$25.00 - and gave us the same last month. All together he bought the fixtures for \$200.00 and is ~~payment~~ paying us monthly.

Bye now - write soon and take care of yourself.

Love, Alice.

P.S. Everyone's fine and don't worry anything about money!

(COPY)

May 29, 1942

Hello ~~Sam~~,

I had a cold today so for the first time in a month I had to confine myself to my little Army cot all day and be bored. Your letter saved the day from being a complete loss. Anyway, I had some fun thinking about Shangra-las and other escapes from reality. I am afraid the past events have been building up some sort of reaction in my mind although I was not aware of it until today. Sometimes I think that our whole civilization is mis-emphasized and creating a lot of empty people. It makes me so damn mad sometimes to think how unjust social forces can become during a period of war hysteria. And all this destruction seems so unnecessary. There must be other ways in which the people of the world can obtain some measure of economic security than by wars with its selfish aims. At the same time, I feel so useless; I want to be doing more positive things in the war effort. I guess all of us indulge in the realm of escapism at times. Maybe it is a reaction from my dissatisfactions although I try to put on an optimistic front.

This morning there was a lot of excitement in our barracks. They had a funeral for a woman who died. My little sister, Miyako, came in and said another boy had told her that the woman had died by "laying a baby" and she wanted to know if that were true. My brother said it was and so she asked, "Just like a hen?" (She died from hemorrhage.)

The men's grandstand was condemned as unsanitary and all of the single men were moved out today into the barracks. We are keeping our newspaper office up there and Taro, Wang and the boys are defying the order and remaining up there. I am a

little peeved at Mr. Wang.

Yesterday I felt my cold coming on so I decided to take a rest on his bed. I feel sound asleep and was having a peaceful dream about you when Wang came in. He growled a bit, lighted a cigarette and flicked the match in the wastebbox and then walked out. I slept on and was only dimly aware of his presence.

All of a sudden I had a funny dream-like sensation; I felt I was in a terrific fever and my right leg kept getting hotter and hotter. I awoke with a start and almost had heart failure when I saw big red flames surrounding me and shooting up to the ceiling. Like a rabbit I jumped out of bed, scared as hell, and shouting fire. I ran out in a daze to get the fire extinguisher, but in my excitement I failed to see it when it was right before my nose. So Jimmy Yamada and I grabbed Wang's (WCCA) blankets and smothered the flames. We got the fire out and the damage was not too bad. I was still dopey so we just left the burnt mess for Wang to clean up and I went back to sleep. Wang now swears that he is going to quit smoking for sure! It was a good thing that we caught the fire right away as the whole grandstand would have gone if it got a good start. Of course, this new item will not get into the Tanforan Totalizer. We are expanding to 6 pages this week and I had to rush around getting stories on the visitors, voting, art and music departments, etc. Wang and James were practically useless because they still have the poker fever, but they are coming out of it now. I quit when I was way ahead. Smart, huh?

Last night we had our first Town Hall meeting. Representatives from the various camp departments discussed the prospects

for future camp developments. The audience would have been much bigger but it was postponed for one night so that many of the Nisei did not know about it. About 150 attended, some Issei among them. Next week the subject will be more controversial and it should be good. The topic: "What are the attitudes of the Nisei towards ~~evacuation~~ evacuation?" The administration is still uncertain about the Town Hall meetings because they fear that it may become the hotbed for dissent and radicalism. But they should not feel this way. This is a democracy and the purpose of these meetings are for educational enlightenment.

After the meeting Mitch, Ann, Gladys, Shib and Tomi and Kimi came over to our stalls to shoot the bull. Tom and Tomi left early but the rest stayed and gabbed for a couple of hours. I guess we disturbed the neighbors and they probably were shocked at some of the jokes we told.

Pardon the sudden change in thought. It's 11:30 and about five minutes ago my sister went to the women's latrine because she had a stomach ache. All of a sudden I heard a yell and she comes bursting in white as a ghost saying that a man had grabbed her down by the corner of the building. I put on my bathrobe and grabbed a flashlight and hammer to look for the bastard but could find no trace. This is the second time that some girl in our barrack has been bothered. It's a good thing I did not catch up with the guy or else he would have a dent in his skull. It's getting so that it's a hazardous trip for a girl to go heed the call of nature at night. I guess the only answer is for the camp residents to get married in large numbers.

The other evening one of the Army P38 planes crashed into

a power line and all of the lights in camp were put out. The people could not light candles so that they had to sit around in the dark because of the fire hazards. I was visiting and had to stumble home through the mud and slush but made it safe and sound.

Tanforan is coming along fairly smoothly now, ~~but~~, only still no Social Welfare Dept. Mr. Green says that one will be set up as soon as the Japanese women from the WCCA come down. I presume that this means you or Mari Okazaki or Mrs. Nishimoto. But this is not enough. Under such a setup, the thing won't have any authority to back it up seeing as how Mr. Green feels about social work. He says for me to find out the people with experience so that when the department is set up we will have a staff, but he would rather have me stay with the newspaper as "Social work is only for women". What can you expect from a setup like this? It may be possible that I will go to Tule Lake soon, but I can't say for sure. The boys wanted me to go to Parker with the newspaper but this is not my prime interest so I did not volunteer. None of us know for sure when or to where we are moving. It is likely that they will break this group up and send the people to different relocation areas because we have so many professional and skilled people in this camp. Mitch believes that they will send the people out in groups of 200 starting about the middle of next month. I hope you get here before I leave--I'll refuse to go until I've seen you.

Working on the camp paper is a soft job, but it lets me get around to see what is going on. And it's a lot of fun, too, as I get to meet interesting people. But I won't be happy until I

give Social Work a trial. Martha Ezralow wrote me today and she says that the people in the curriculum are having a hard time finding jobs and apparently they are not as plentiful as pictured. She is going into research work with Dr. Huntington in the Fall. How is Naoko doing? Is she still working also?

Well, I must rest the body now, but I think I'll let my mind work a little overtime tonight and think about you and how hard you are working, etc. I will send you the Totalizer tomorrow if they get it mimeographed. I have to help them staple 2700 copies! Degrading isn't it?

Always,

Charlie

There's still a lot of Japanese to be evacuated so you probably will be working a while longer.

June 15, 1942

Dear [REDACTED],

I hope that this reaches you before you leave Auburn. I sort of got behind in my & correspondence, didn't I? I guess it was because I didn't have anything of interest to write about. You probably know about most of the official news already, or do you keep up?

A daily count under orders from the General is the latest administrative ruling. They are going to check us twice a day at the messhall and in our barracks and we are supposed to be present. But you know Chas. It seems rather silly, they should know that we will be somewhere around camp as there is not much use in going over the fence. This would displease the Army.

I was talking to the Police Chief today and he told me that he had just send a couple of his men with the Japanese who are returning to Japan via New York and Africa. He said that the guards who went to Manzanar with a couple of families on the train thanked them profusely because they had to protect these Japanese families from a couple of drunken soldiers who wanted to "kill those Japs". Shibs left today for Tule Lake and a man is going along with them from the Chief's office. I think he exaggerated things a little in order to justify the evacuation.

Wang wrote and from what he says, things are not that bad on the outside. He is in Rupert, Idaho thinning sugar beets and he says that they are being treated swell. But that could be explained by the great agricultural labor shortage. He hasn't been up there long enough to determine whether he likes it or not. I don't know just exactly what his plans are; probably he will go back East to school. Kenny also wrote and said that he

expects to be evacuated soon. He wants to get out and go to Harvard University. I don't know why he insists upon plunging into another racial ~~xxxxxx~~ problem when he could be doing so much for the Nisei by writing.

The chief excitement around camp is over the coming elections next Tuesday for the Five Councilmen. You would think that a presidential election was going on if you could see all the posters and signs around camp. They have even put some in the toilets in order not to miss anyone. The Issei are more steamed up over it than the Nisei. They are holding many group meetings to endorse certain candidates, who they think, will give them a fair deal. A lot of the rivalry between candidates is purely on a personal basis. Apparently none of them have a clean cut platform as you may notice in the Totalizer. (Motto: "All the News that's fit for Greene"). Some ugly rumors have started about some of the candidates. If certain people want to turn the Issei against a progressive person, they start a rumor that he is a stool pigeon for the FBI. In our precinct, Toby Ogawa, Tad Fujita, and Yoshio Katayama are running. Most of the Berkeley people are behind Toby. The S.F. "Y" bunch are backing Tad and Mr. Katayama is blowing his own horn. He is the most objectionable of them, although he may have the stuff. But the people don't like his conceit; he goes around telling everyone that he is the only patent attorney in America and what great initiative he has in starting the First Aid classes, etc. I guess I distrust him because he plays up to both the Issei and Nisei with contradictory statements in order to win their votes. He probably is not up to anything except to gain personal prestige.

(I don't like his Jap looks.)

It's a good sign that the Issei are taking this election so seriously. Although it may not mean much, it does show that they are interested in the civic affairs. I think it was unfortunate that the Issei were denied citizenship rights because they would have made damn good citizens. The criticism that they were not more easily assimilated into the American way of life is not totally ax one sided affair. Given an equal opportunity they would have taken a vital interest in Americana, as other immigrant groups have done.

I was going to write you last night but was sort of tired after the dance--two nights in a row. I don't know why I go, they don't seem right without you around. (What a line, says you! But Chas is not lying, so help him!) Anyway, I got up very late and so decided to go take a shower. I went a la camp style, clad only in my bathrobe and slipper and when I got up to the corner I had to push my way through a crowd of dressed up Buddhists going into their meeting. I don't know why they all looked at me so intently; apparently they must have liked my WCCA robe! Tonight I had the nerve to go to their social-dance, but they did not say anything about my going through their meeting this morning in such undignified clothes. Only one girl mentioned it so I had to inform her that I really was a Buddhist priest and that the green robe was my ceremonial gown!

Don't think I play around all the time, ~~but~~. Why last night I even attended the first Tanforan Concert before going to the dance. They held it at the Clubhouse and we had a special invitation from the director, who lives next door. I was sur-

prised to find such an overflow crowd present. The biggest hit was a woman who sang an old Japanese song. It must have brought back childhood memories to many of the old Issei women because a lot of them cried. Sentimental, huh?

They have finally given the "press" work orders and Chas now draws a salary of \$12.00 a month! They let us work the first month free, the cads. As I told you before, Deki, we are a "kept" press without a mind of our own. They censor everything we run. On the last issue they made us cut out "pressure groups" in one of the articles because they feared that the Native Sons of the Golden West would have their scalps if we even hinted that they were unAmerican. I was sore as hell and refused to change it (Freedom of the Press, hunch, hunch!) But they had their way. See what an axe over your head a salary can be? Gads, what would I do without those twelve silver pieces of silver? I should be a judas and sell out my beliefs, but I rationalize and say that I can accomplish more by biding my time and being diplomatic. Being a reporter is not too bad; at least I get to meet all the interesting visitors and thus keep in touch with civilization. Last week I talked with Margaret Mead, who wrote "Coming of Age in Samoa", and George Stewart, who wrote "Storm", plus some professors from U.C. who are interested in our present plight (or should I say difficult situation?). It is encouraging to find that so many liberal forces in this counting are sufficiently concerned over the implications of this whole evacuation to take an active part in our future welfare. Democracy may not be perfect, but at least we can

seek to achieve it more fully and combat the fascistic elements which are creeping into our way of life not only on the world battlefronts, but right here in California under the cloak of patriotism.

The Nisei should align themselves more closely with these liberal democratic forces working with them to fight intolerance. They must remember that although evacuation in itself is not democratic, it was not a democratic force which inspired and carried it out.... and that this force is not representative of America. (Don't mind me, Deki, I was only giving Chas a pep talk!)

They finally got the WPA man out of the hospital division. He was a former Shumate Drug clerk and very incompetent. The medical staff had to work under a handicap of not having sufficient medicines on hand due to his ignorance--or stupidity. One of the house manager complained about the fact that they only had a camp chair for a dentist's chair (=propped up with boards) and wooden boxes placed on two by fours, for the new born babies. He made such a row that the Chief of Police came around and told him to tone down or else they would send him to a concentration camp with the other "agitators". (This is what is known as self-government). I'm certainly glad that we won't have the WPA administration with us in the relocation camps, I hope.

The house managers also put in a complaint about the rude attendant at the gate who signs the visitors in. This situation has been remedied, but the administration also warned the group that they would ~~xxx~~ clamp down on visitors if too many complaints

were made since other assembly centers did not have this privilege. I counted through the visitors list the other day and found that over 5,000 friends have come in to see the residents since May 14. This indicates that we still do have many friends on the outside. It also indicates that the Bay Area Japanese had more Caucasian contacts than other Japanese communities in the State.

How are things going with you, ~~Bob~~? Certainly hope you are not overworking yourself. Chas misses you a lot, he says. Incidentally, you could do me a big favor if you could possibly send me 1 (one) package of camel cigarettes. I'm just dying for one of them because they never seem to have anything but cheap cigarettes in the Canteen. And, also send me a nice long letter, please. What more could a person want to make him happy?

Gratefully yours, and love

Charlie

(Forgive the lousy letter.)

June 23, 1942

Dearest Mariko:

The package with all of the food, candy, etc. came today, and altho' I haven't seen all of it as yet, you shouldn't have spent so much. Next time if you feel you want to do anything for the family, a dollar or two would be better as it costs too much for you to express the stuff here, and if there is anything we need, Angelo comes on Saturdays and Sundays, so we can get it through him or Delorez who came every day for a while, and now that she is ^{getting} ready for nursing school, not so frequently. But Pop appreciates it very much and wants me to say so for him, Mom too.

Pop and Mom are attending English classes twice a week now and it is sure cute to come home and see Pop in one room at a table and Mom in the other, both doing their homework. I was a little surprised that Pop would consent, but since Mom wanted to start he couldn't let her go by herself, furthermore, he couldn't let her be ahead of him once they started. He really is progressing quite well, and so is Mom. This is really the chance for them to learn English, as they have the time and facilities here. Since they haven't much else to do they were more open to the suggestion than in all these years when they were working hard.

There isn't much of any food problem here now, as it is getting much better, and Pop gets more or less what he should with the combined food of the diet kitchen, our mess hall, and a certain Zing Kambara who is the supply manager of our kitchen. He really has been swell about getting us the things Pop should eat, so far we've had many friends to help us since our arrival. So don't worry about the food

situation unless you hear from us. The same goes for clothes and other necessities - we are really managing much better than all the rest, and so there is no reason to do any worrying as yet - Wait till we go to a permanent camp. We may need your help then.

Emi is out practicing for a Talent Show Thursday - somebody heard she could sing pretty well, so since they are looking for new talent, they came over and asked her. Jackie was supposed to sing at one of the rec. halls Wed. night, but I think he called it off.

I have a lot more to write, but I have a meeting to attend, so I'm going to stop now and say goodbye. If I get a chance I'll finish later, otherwise I'll send this as it so that it won't get delayed too much.

Bye now and thanks again,

Alice

Am enclosing this in Jack's letter so will write more later - Please read my notations in his letter and then don't mention it to either he or Chas. as I get picked on enough - all of the families quarrel around here. John Fujii's family - next door - says he has been captured and interned in Singapore - evacuation nerves that's all - nothing serious.

6/24/42

Dear Mariko:

Hear that your working now. Nice goin. I'm glad that you are doing something that is what you like. I'm sure that later on you can get something that pays a little more. I haven't written sooner because I have been plenty busy trying to get my school work finished. With all the kids running around here I've been having a pretty tough time. Miyako brings her four friends over. Takeshi has his three stooges running in and out. Next door neighbors practically live here. Frank the cook is over, and worse of all are Alice's 18 and 19 year old boy friends who make this place a hang out. I insult them and hint as well as tell them outright but they don't catch on. They sure are stupid. I practically have to throw them out. (This is a gross exaggefation as no one comes to see me - A.K.) Pop and Mom have started school starting today so at least that will make two less people. They're learning English and Americanization. Furthermore I am now teaching science and history for the 8th grade so it keeps me up late at night to study my lesson for the next day in order to keep one jump ahead of the students. It is very interesting to teach an informal class because they are very attentive. They aren't like the High School classes which are so noisy that the teachers can't be heard. Takeshi is in my class and seems to know his stuff pretty well. The disadvantage in teaching is that we have no classrooms but a large space under the grandstand crowded with 1,000 pupils - both Junior High and High School. You can imagine the confusion without any partition between classes.

6/24/42

Thanks for all the trouble you went to to get me out. Of course at present they won't let anyone out until we get to a relocation center, but I have the letters for reference.

Alice seems happy enough working as a secretary in the supply dept. She says that working there is more than important than trying to get out because of the experience she can get. Then in case she marries Angelo, and he can't find a job, she will be qualified for working. Personally, I think she's just stringing him. She's afraid to make any decisive step for fear that it may be a step in the wrong direction. When I tell her she should get out and not think of her responsibility to the folks, she gets sore so now I keep quiet.

We had a big fight the other night because Alice goes out every night to dances and socials and pop doesn't like it. The bad part of it is she insists upon dragging Emiko and Betty along and Pop gets pretty sore. Of course, Alice can't see this so she insists that the kids go along. I don't know what's wrong with her; but she is very mentally immature - chasing after young boys. I think she had better get married quick.

(I protest this - Pop says we can't go out alone, so whenever I go Emi and Bette go with me. At times it is a nuisance, because I like to be alone sometimes - Bette is now on her own more or less, but Emi is very reluctant to branch off on her own - sticks around with Bette or me - never has gone off alone. Funny, eh?)

Chas. is working on the paper and is making the best of being here. It doesn't interfere with his social life at all because he's in constant contact with visitors, administration and girls -

6/24/42

especially when he interviews w them.

Well, another invasion has just occurred. Chas. came in with four people, and Alice's friends are here too, so so long till later.

(sgd) Jack

(COPY)

June 28, 1942

Dear ~~Bill~~,

Today was about the hottest day that we have had yet and everyone was sweltering. I suppose you are used to the heat now. In my glorious days of freedom, I used to be around Sacto in June and July and it really got hot. Here we can't go swimming or go into an air conditioned show--we just swelter. The girls have even got brave enough to wear shorts. I don't mind it much after all that wind, but some of those city people really suffer. They now go under the barracks and lay on the ground to seek relief.

I met an interesting lady this afternoon who was here visiting. She teaches case work at the U. of Washington. Her name is Mrs. Kimball and she has written a book on case work. She was formerly connected with Tulane University. Mrs. Kimball helped out during the evacuation up north and she told me a lot of her experiences. She was surprised to find out that we do not have a Social Work department here.

The days go by and nothing really important happens except the daily routine of camp life. The newspaper work is interesting, but it's more play than work and I don't feel that I am achieving anything constructive. It's supposed to be a morale builder, but the way we get censored and the lack of cooperation by the administration does not make our effort seem worth while.

I suppose a lot of these conflicts are going on under the calm surface of things. The chief doctor was sent to Tule Lake on one day's notice and the rumor goes that he was sent out because of difficulties with the administration. Two men were

recently taken out by the FBI for subversive activities, the employment office reports. And the Chief of Police quit because of difficulties with the Army, who thought that he was being too lenient with the residents. A search was made of all the barracks and all sharp tools, saws, and Japanese literature was taken up. Japanese x bibles were not taken. They didn't do too thorough a job since many of the people hid their tools. I don't blame them. They need them to build things around the stables.

Yesterday the precinct constitutional convention was held to pick a committee of 10 to draft the constitution and it was a farce. In our precinct, only 50 people turned up out of the almost 800 eligible. Only 5 or 6 nisei were present. The constitution for self government doesn't mean too much since only what the administration and the Army wants will go in. The latest ruling is that after July 1, no Issei may hold office or serve on a committee, which sort of eases them out of the picture as far as this camp is concerned. The new council is going to have its office in the grandstands near our office. We have plenty of neighbors now with all those school kids outside. Over 3,000 are now enrolled in classes. About 112 of the Nisei are now teachers in various branches of the education department. They still lack books, although a great many old texts are being donated by the outside school systems. My brother is now teaching social science in the Junior High School. Most of the teachers are Cal kids, with a sprinkling of Stanford, and State College people. They seem to be getting along fairly well in spite of the lack of training. But I would not like to see the Nisei in complete charge of the schools at the relocation

centers. Over 300 Issei have signed up for English classes and my father is about the oldest student in the place. The high school is the largest department with over 700 registered. Last week the first rally was held and my sister was selected as one of the yell leaders.

My other sister, Emiko, sang on the talent show last Thursday and did ok. That's about sums up the activities of me and my relatives for the past few days. How about you? Have you been very busy evacuating the few Japs still retaining their freedom? Kenny wrote me a letter and he says that he will probably be in the Fresno center by the end of the month. He is not going east to school after all. He should have gotten out while + he had the chance since it will not be so easy for students to leave once they are in camp.

Thank you very much for the cigarettes. They were certainly life-savers and I am enjoying every one of them down to the last puff. I had intended to write much sooner but was holding off in the hopes that you would write first, but I suppose you have been terribly busy so I shall break down first. Besides I don't like to have such a long silence. We get so little news about the outside as it is.

I haven't heard from Wang lately, but I gather that he is making good money and rather enjoying the experience. He says that they are treated fine and this compensates for the back breaking work. Haruo Najima left for Tule Lake last week and I suppose you already know that Shibutani is up there. They say that it is well there. Most of the people around here would

prefer to go there when we move, but I think we will end up in Colorado or some other god-forsaken hole.

Latest Jap custom to be taken up again is the "kifu". They come around and demand donations about four times a week for various appreciation parties. It's getting to be quite a racket. They collected about \$80 for the messhall workers party. The people~~xx~~ can't afford to be donating all the time since they don't have much income. The council is trying to discourage the practice, but you know the Japanese.

Last Saturday the Army photographers came in to take official pictures and they set up their ~~xxx~~ kleig lights and yours truly was photographed by the movie camera along with the rest of the paper staff. You may touch me the next time you come!

The greatest need of the residents right now is laundry service and shoes. Shoes wear out very quickly around here because of the rough gravel. The administration wants to get old WPA machinery in so that we can fix our own shoes but they are not pushing it too hard. Clothing & needs are also developing. They plan to give out free script books shortly, but that will only take care of such things as toothpaste. I don't know what the residents will do for clothes after theirs wear out. I suppose the government will provide them.

The WCCA is compiling all the data from the various assembly camps at this center. They have about 110 girls up there in the social hall going through the social data sheets to assemble a master file of all the evacuated Japanese. It will probable take over a month to compile.

Well, I'm sleepy so will close for this time.

Sincerely,

Charlie

June 29, 1942

Dearest Mariko:

Am taking a few minutes off from work to write you a few lines. There is always so much confusion around home, it is practically impossible to write very much. It's very warm today, and yesterday, it was hot, and I don't mean maybe. We all sat around in the shade in the grandstand, and visited with Angelo. Ang comes every Saturday and Sunday afternoons, but Delorez hasn't been here for several weeks, as she has been busy in the store, and is soon to enter Stanford Lane for training.

(Pause) This is about half an hour later--I had to stop and do some work.

Well, to get on with my letter, we are all getting along fine here, so there is nothing to worry about. Especially about pop and mom, as there is enough for them to do to keep them out of trouble. I guess I told you that they go twice a week to school to learn writing, and a little English. Most of the teachers here are the Nisei, but I understand that once we go to a Relocation Center, a big percentage will be certified teachers, from different schools. A lot of the teachers would be glad to go to a camp to teach their former pupils, as some of the schools in California have to close due to the lack of students, their former pupils being mostly Japanese American.

Miyako has plenty to keep her busy with her little playmates, art school, regular school, tap dancing, and her sewing projects. Pat Iwanaga is teaching her tap dancing, and says she might also teach her how to twirl the baton. The Iwanaga's are our next door neighbors, and the likeness between Mrs. I. and mom is amazing. They have the same bone structure, and coloring, only Mrs. I. is taller and slimmer,

while mom is shorter and stouter. Mom looks a little younger though, because her hair is blacker. Pat is tall, and cute, and is with Bette constantly--she's about 15, but since she was born in Boston, and has lived away from the Japanese community most of the time, she is much more Americanized than the other girls around, which makes a good combination of Bette and Pat. She is also a little sarcastic at times, but Bette has toned that down a great deal, so I guess when she passes her birthday next month, July 3, she will begin to feel above sarcasm.

Emi has no regular friends, she goes around with Bette's and my friends, and Charlie and Jackie's friends coming over so much, leaves not much time to cultivate other friends. Most of the gals around our building are nice girls but a little on the quiet side, and Emi doesn't find them particularly interesting--can't blame her I guess.

We had to laugh about Monroe and the Laughing God, because we were discussing the price of them one day--you see we all worked on Grant Avenue, except Charlie, so We know --- come to think of it, he really does look like it--meant to be a compliment of course. What does your roommate look like? By the way, have you had any pictures taken since you went to Chicago? If so, how about a couple, all we have are the old ones in our album. I sure do wish we could have some pictures taken of us, but gosh, when you think of cameras being contraband, it seems rather hopeless.

We have had a series of family quarrels, but lately we get together after every one is in bed, and straighten them all out. It works out pretty well. For instance, we discuss the problem of getting Pop's food for him. I complained that since I usually got it, Emi and Bette were getting to think that it was my duty to do it, and once in awhile, when

I'd ask them to get it, they'd yell their heads off. But after our talk, we decided that it was the duty of the three girls to take care of pop's food, and no quarreling about who was to get it. I said I didn't mind getting it every day since Emiko went with me, but I said that I did appreciate it if once in awhile Emi or Bette offered to relieve me of the duty. Well, the outcome of it was that Emi grabs the can with the dishes inside, the first thing in the morning. Knowing her, it makes me laugh, because she is so conspicuous about it. It is so obvious that Jackie and I had to laugh to ourselves, as we know that this will go on for about a week, and then back to the old routing she will go. You can laugh too if you like, but whatever you do, please don't rib her about it, because she means well, and she admits herself that she is lazy.

By the way, when Charlie read your letter out loud to us this afternoon, Emiko started laughing her head off when he came to the part about how good her letters were getting, especially her description about the mole, because---she laughed and laughed, because she knew she got the story out of Charlie's journal. Other parts of her letter too, she just copies out of his book, because she couldn't remember all the dates and events.

Mrs. Jarvis is still on her transcontinental trip, and I don't know how long she will be in returning home. Dr. Jarvis paid us a visit, and you should see the stuff he brought. You know how it is when Doctor goes shopping--nothing stingy about him.

Miki has written me a post card and a letter from Pomona, so now I owe her another letter, I haven't very much time for my letter writing, as I am a working girl--however, here's what has happened so far with

our correspondence. I wrote her that Tak Shiozaki was down there and would she look him up and give him my regards, and then I wrote Tak and asked him to look her up. Tak wrote back "I met your friend Miki-- I went over to her barrack as soon as I received your letter, but she wasn't in, so I went over to the playground--her mother told me she might be there. When I got there, I picked the tallest girl playing volley ball, and asked her if she was Miki--and sure enough it was." You see, I told him she was pretty tall. But here's the funny part-- he goes on to say, "How about writing her and asking her what her girl friend's name is--the one she's always with." While she writes me a nice long letter, and says at the very end--P.S. I met your friend Tak."

Well, guess I'd better close now, as I have to get pop's food at the Diet kitchen. He gets some pretty good food there, of course not everything that's on his list, but enough to keep him from starving-- he cooks at home for the rest. This is all right now, so I hope that wherever we go, it will be as easy to obtain stuff for him.

I know it's pretty hard to get out, but I am going to start asking my boss the easiest and best way to go about it. I think it would be better to do it this way, than do anything myself, as it's very hard even for the college students to get out, and I'm not going to a college, so it's different.

Am closing now, Helen Takahashi's mother gives regards, as do many others. Will write again. Please excuse my typing. I'm trying to rush this off--I'm late now.

Love,

Alice.

P.S. Here I am at home waiting for our meal shift, so I'll add a little bit more to this while I have the chance. We have signed up with the Catholic group to try to go to Tulalake as a permanent camp - they are drawing up a petition to try to go in a body, as that camp is supposed to be the best one. I don't know how it will work out as they have 18,000 there already.

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

July 1, 1942

Dearest Mariko,

I just received your card and two dollars. Gee, you shouldn't have -- thanks an awful lot, lamb-face. I'll do the same for you sometime. My girl friend also sent me a card today. Gee, I'm gonna be 16 day after tomorrow! Wow! What a wonderful feeling. We're going to have a party at the Music Hall and I'm going to invite a few kids. We'll probably have games, refreshments, and dancing. The party's gonna be mine and Takeshi's. It's better that way.

Well, I've been going to school about 3 weeks and having a good time. I'm a yell leader for the student body with a boy and girl -- you remember Pat Iwanaga? She's the other yell leader and Paul Tani is the boy. He taught us the motions and we made up the yells. We had an assembly yesterday and we led about 7 yells. The kids liked the conga yell we made up the best. It goes like this: T-A-N-F (jerk), T-A-N-F (same) (that's a T not F). Let's start all over shall we? T-A-N-F, T-A-N-F, O-R-A-N, O-R-A-N, H-I-G-H, H-I-G-H, TANFORAN HIGH - Tanforan High! All that goes to the conga beat. It looks good too. You see, each week a member of the faculty has to get up a program to present to the student body. Hiro Katayama was chairman this week and Pat and I led yells for him. Now Jim Sugihara wants us to be the yell leaders for next week. I'm going to practice till I get it real good. I don't want to look too silly up there.

I have a jitterbug class every Tuesday at Rec. #9. Gee, we sure do get a big turnout. It's lots of fun though.

Angelo has been coming every week-end. Dolores is on a vacation so I haven't seen her the past few weeks.

I go to school every morning and I'm usually busy in the afternoon.

Gee, I can't think of much else to write. I'm sorry to hear you lost the map of Tanfo. I'll see if I can get you another one.

Did you receive a Totalizer (camp paper) yet? You should have cause Alice sent one.

Gotta rush off now. Love from the whole family. I'll write again.

Bette

Building 10-Apt. 5
Tanforan Assembly Center
San Bruno, California
July 16, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Can't remember whether it's my turn to write or not, but am taking a little time out to write here in the office, having a few moments to spare.

Mrs. DePichon was down at Tanforan last week, and I had a nice visit with her. She says she will write you and tell you that we are all well, etc. so you'll probably hear from her pretty soon. She looks the same, as does Miss Suzanne, who is just a trifle plumper, and a little bit older looking. Otherwise all was the same. They came down to see Yuri; it was their second trip down, but the first time I missed them, as Angelo was here, and we sneaked off to a corner to avoid the usual crowd who seem so glad to see an outside friend. Fumi Yabe saw her on the grandstand and went up to speak to her. Mrs. DeP. remembered her well, and asked her to tell me that she was here. I wrote to her saying I regretted not having seen her, and she wrote back saying she would visit again the following Saturday.

Mrs. Geddes, of the fluttering eyelids, also came down Sunday--her second trip--she knows a lot of the Japanese, and brought us a nice cake. The last time she came, she brought us some sugar cubes, just walked right in with it and gave it to me, instead of leaving all packages at the internal police, who check it over. Sugar is not supposed to be brought in, I know, because we have a special room here in the Supply Room in which all contraband articles, Japanese literature taken in, sugar, and so forth, is kept.

Dr. Jarvis came once, I told you about it didn't I? And Dodo Wing came with her sisters, Pauline, Janey, Loretta, about three weeks ago,

and again yesterday. They just dress very casually, so we make them hide their badges, and they can walk right off the grandstand with us to our barracks. Pop and Mom were just tickled pink to see them, and almost fell over Doris and her hubby, Joe, when they came last Sunday. Theirs was a first trip, and the reason Dodo came in a hurry again, was that Doris told her she'd better hurry and visit us as we were leaving for Arizona.

Now, to get to the point about leaving for Arizona. Charlie is working along with the Social Welfare bureau of the University of California, and had a choice of going to Tulalake or Gila River, Arizona. He definitely didn't want to go to Tulalake, because the people there are very countrified, and the camp is not very progressive. As for Arizona, we don't know what we are getting into, except that it will be extremely hot, and no buts. The unfortunate part of it is that we will be going in the hottest part of the year. The weather there is supposed to be pretty ideal nine months of the year, and Miss Suzanne says that she has been to Phoenix which is only 50 miles away from the camp. Parker Dam, the other permanent camp is about 100 miles away, and is closed to the people of Tanforan. Tanforan is definitely going to be split up, and will be used to fill in the other camps. Since we are the next to the last camp to evacuate, we haven't much choice as to where we will go, as there is left only Colorado, not ready yet, Arizona, not open till the 25th, and Arkansas, which is too far East for anybody used to the Coast.

If we go to Arizona, and we probably will about the 20th or 25th of this month, we will be the first family there, besides Mimi and Tally Yusa. (Remember Mimi?) The reason for this is so that the two,

Charlie and Tally will be there before anyone else arrives. The rest will come in as soon as we get settled, so we may get a choice as to the best location, jobs, and houses. The houses are supposed to be Asbestos lined, so the heat wouldn't be too much for mom and pop, since they stay in most of the time.

Now I know that you will get very excited about our going to Arizona, and will sit down and write us a lot of do this and do that's, that's why I'm writing as much about it as possible, to save you from a lot of unnecessary worry. There is no need to worry, or anything, because it is inevitable that we have to leave this present Utopia sometime, and they are starting to move families out from the end of this month. Now, as we know, the first families to the camp, are always the ones who get the best jobs, and choices. And to be on the practical side, as long as this new move will be more or less for the duration, we might as well get office jobs, etc., instead of working on the agricultural part. Gila River is supposed to have the best chances for financial success, and supposedly has the best physical set-up. We had a big discussion before we came to the decision--pop and mom would like to stay here as long as possible, but we know that there is no chance that this place will become a permanent camp, because it is too close to San Francisco, and because there is nothing to keep us here in the way of War Industry. The people who remain here and move when the Army moves them have absolutely no say in the matter of where they want to go. Since Charlie is in this work, he has a choice, or he can stay here and go when the rest go, however, it isn't a practical to stay until the very last, due to the job set-up---we know how jobs are given out because Charlie worked in the employment Dept. here.

Now for Food. That is a very important factor to consider for Pop, and here's what we agreed upon. No matter where we go that will be a problem, but look what happened here. We didn't spend very much on the outside--it was merely a case of getting to know the g right people, and what's to prevent us from doing the same elsewhere. Tulelake was out for us because it is way up in the mountains, and the nearest town is just a hick-town. The way we looked at it, Phoenix being just 50 miles away from our Gila River camp, is a much more modern town, and is bound to have more medical facilities, should anything happen.

I know a lot of people will tell you to write us immediately--~~XXXXXX~~ some will say too hot, some will tell you about the snakes and scorpions, and others about the thunder and lightning storms, etc., but all that has to be found out after we arrive there. We just happened to be lucky to have come to Tanforan the first time, instead of going directly to Owen's Valley, because I hear that the heat is very intense there too. Tulelake gets 27 below zero, so all in all there really isn't much choice in any of the places. They are all one extreme or the other, and we might as well make the best of it. Pop is much better than he was, and has a very good attitude on the whole evacuation, while mom is having a little bit of trouble due to her menopause. We've had the doctors over, and they both said it wouldn't be injurious should she have to move within the next few weeks. A lot of other women are going through the same thing, so I guess if she gets her rest, and care, she will come out of it all right.

Things were really bad for awhile--all this moving and unstable feeling was getting on everyone's nerves, and we were quarreling amongst

ourselves, and mom and pop weren't on speaking terms, but since we had a big family discussion and agreed to co-operate more for the sake of family unity, Pop has been treating all of us swell, and speaks very nicely to mom, taking care of her in her present condition, and is once more the head of the family, instead of turning into a bitter old man, who thought his family was trying to get rid of him. For awhile, he thought of going to another camp by himself, he was so upset, and that's the reason we had the conference. If we'd let it go any longer, he would have run away, or brooded by himself, which would have been dangerous. But now that all is straightened up, there is a decided change in him. He stopped going to school when mom got sick, but went to the Hobby show, which was held in the Art School right in front of our house.

Well, I guess I'd better go back to work now, I haven't done very much this morning. Please don't worry about us--it's bound to come out all right no matter what we go through first in order to get settled. We will let you know all about the food situation even if we have to telegraph you--that is if we need anything in a hurry for pop. Don't do anything till you hear from us, except to write, as we are very indefinite as to when we will leave.

Last night we had a town hall meeting, on "Resolved that the Nisei should or should not get married in Camp." Tally Yusa and Ruth Honda Yamaouchi, were affirmative, since they both have been married for only a few months, and Midori Shimanouchi, and Charlie were negative, for discussions sake. Midori is the 19 yr. old sister of George, Ida, and Mary. You know them. She is a typical Hakuji in her attitude and

and manner, and is alternately sophisticated and fun, very tall, and pretty in a striking way. After the speakers, Jimmy Hirano, Jiro's brother, took the mike around Roving Reporter style, and asked everyone's opinion. Imagine my embarrassment when he stopped at me and started asking a lot of personal questions. Sumi, one of the girls in our office is going to the postoffice to mail some letters, so I'm going to close this and ask her to mail it for me.

Love from all,

Alice

POSTCARD

July 26, 1942

Dear Mariko:

By my letter, you probably think we are already in Arizona, but we haven't gone as yet, and I don't think we will be leaving for a little while. Mom is going through her menopause and has been sick for over two weeks, so the Doctors advise her against traveling - especially to such a hot place - right now. Later on in the year, it will be a better climate, so it will be more ideal for Mom and Pop.

Am writing you while waiting for Angelo - it's Sunday, and the weather is very beautiful.

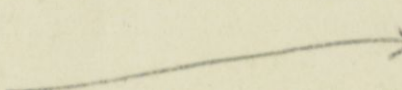
Mrs. J. is back from her trip now and has come down to see me once so far.

Angie is here now, so will write more later - don't worry about any thing - as I will send you a more detailed letter later.

Love Alice

Love Angelo

P.S. tsk, tsk



Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

POSTAL CARD

July, 27, 1942

Dear Mariko,

Of course, here I am waiting to hear from you but nary a word. Have a dozen grey locks by now. How is the free-lance gal? Heard through Alice that you've got an office job now. What happened to modeling?

I'm really sick of this place. I just as soon be tre and I believe we will mighty soon. Hear that the 1st group will be leaving for Wyoming about the 15th of August. It means we wouldn't be here very long. Would like to hear from you before we leave Pomona. Will write a long letter the next time, but this was to let' you know I'm still existing. Take care of yourself, Mari.

Love,
Miki

361B 24th Street
Pomona Assembly Center

7/29/42

Dear Mariko:

Nothing new down this way. We're still here and expecting to move sometime next month. We were intending to go to Arizona due to Chas.'s request so he could get right into the administrative dept., but Mom got sick so it isn't advisable to move her at this time. My grammar is so poor because I'm trying to write this letter in the midst of confusion and disorder. Bette is yelling at Miyako to make her bed. Miyako getting quite impertinent these days insists that she doesn't have to. Whenever I write a letter I need a ^{quiet} place or I can't concentrate, so just bear in mind that I'm doing a good job of it with all this noise. Mom can't be moved because she is ill due to her menopause but she will get over it soon. I don't think it is advisable to request going to Arizona because its so warm there, but Chas. has some idea that it will be the most productive there and since we must be moving eventually, we might as well have our choice although the choices aren't exactly choice. Excuse me while I swear at these kids --- They keep running in and out of here and since the floors are so flimsy it shakes the whole apartment. We cut a partition out of the wall so we could walk back and forth from one stall to another, but I don't think it was such a good idea. Tom is walking around with his stilts and fooling around as usual. Chas. and Emiko aren't around just now because they're working on the election for congressman today. I happen to be one of the candidates from this precinct so I couldn't help Chas. out. Poor Chas. is the chairman for the election committee and he's been running

around all week getting rallies together and trying to get everyone interested so we'll have a 100% voting population from our precinct. Unfortunately the issei cannot vote and they were the ones who showed more interest in the last election when they were eligible.

I'm teaching school every day and take time out occasionally to help the kids from getting discouraged with our democracy. Its surprising how many of the young people have lost faith and feel discouraged that this could happen to them. I always try to explain that we have a brighter future to look for but I can't always put it over because there are no guarantees that we will really have something closer to a democracy when the war is over.

Weather is fine here and I hope we'll stay here for the rest of the summer. Write when you have time.

(sgd) Jack

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

July 29, 1942

Dearest Mariko,

Well, here ah is again honey-chile. What's cookin', good lookin'? Are ya hep or sad? I got planty to tell you so hold your hat babe cause I'm gonna rattle off like a magpie.

I've been going to school for more than 6 weeks now and haven't learned anything to speak of. I got my report card yesterday and got C+ in Chem., B+ in Eng., and A in History. My teachers are Jimmy Sugihara, Kathryn Nakaso, and Ann Kunitani. Know any of them? Bear Kawakami is here at Tanfo. and he asked me to say hello to you. I don't know what he's doing. He said you certainly have a lot of spunk to go off to Chicago just like that.

Oh, yes, thanks again for the 2 dollars you sent for my birthday. Did I tell you all the things I got? Well, I'll tell you again. Emi gave me \$1, my #1 gave me a cute hand-made belt, another boy gave me a beautiful Max Factor compact, Ann and Mich Kunitani gave me some beautiful smelling Savor soap, Paulina S. sent me a sort of Kelly green blouse that buttons down the back. It has a plain round neck line and pleats down the front. It's really nice. My girl friend, Helen, Luck sent me a beige shirt. The material is like sharkskin. Also a pair of socks, ribbon, 4 zoo-zus (animals made of pipe-cleaner material) and 5 linen hankies. Takeshi's friend made me 2 bracelets made from the pipe-craft material, Pat Iwanaga gave me a whole box of assorted candies, Chas. gave me a big box of chews, Mis. Iwanaga made me a cute thing for my hankies (it's a peach color with dainty flowers), and Mujako and Yuri (Pat's sister) gave me some gum and candy. I had my party about 3 Sundays ago at the Tanf. Tavern -- now the music academy. I had about 25 people for the occasion. Pat's dad, the head of the music academy let us have the big room for our party. We had the place all decorated with crepe paper that we borrowed from our rec. hall. It was all done in about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. I thought it was a darn good job since we were pressed for time. Everyone had a good time and the only thing missing was you. Wish you could have been there. Everyone had to perform on the program. Alice made Emi and me sing in various places. She sang at a camp-wide talent show, at the Mardi Gras we had in the early part of the month, and also she sang at the rally which was held 2 nights ago for the candidates for Congressmen of our precinct. Jackson ran but didn't get in.

We had a student body election. I ran for vice-prexy, but didn't get it. They've asked Pat and me to be assistant yell-leaders tho and were going to be the official camp yell-leaders. Also, I'm on the rally committee that was just started.

We're going to have a Hi School dance this coming Sat. I'm going with Ki Tanamachi. I think you know his sister, Hisie. She's Dr. Huota's assistant.

The reason I'm sending this letter by Air Mail is because I haven't written for so long.

We almost went to Gila River in Arizona, but mom is too sick to be moved and the doctor doesn't advise her being moved. She's been in bed the last 4 weeks. The doctor says she has rebroid (tumors in the uterus). It's affected her left leg, that is, she can't walk very well. She's able to sit up for a few hours every day. Now please don't worry about her cause she isn't too sick. They took her to the hospital for an examination and they said they would arrange to take her to San Mateo for a thorough X-ray.

Mr. Pleasant was here yesterday and he brought a lot of sheets, towels, and stuff. The things we had in Vallejo. He says he has 5 chairs in the shop now and a bath place in our house. Would you believe it? There are now 80,000 people in Vallejo!

LETTER

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

July 29, 1942

Imagine! A few months ago there were only 20,000. I read a big article in the S.F. Chronicle about the rent-war that's going on now. I'd give anything to see Vallejo once before I go to a relocation camp. So far, I haven't had a single visitor and I'm disgustapated. But it seems they're all on a vacation or working.

Please don't bother about the Life Magazine subscription cause we can get a lot of different magazines at the library. Thanks anyway.

You know, we all thought we were going to Arizona last week and Ki gave me a beautiful gold heart-shaped locket. It has my initials engraved on it. Gee, it certainly is nice. I wasn't going to take it but he could make use of it so-- it's really a nice looking locket.

Gosh, this camp life is boring me to death. Good thing we have school. I also belong to a club called the Centaurettes. We had a Garden Party last Friday. Sort of a sad affair.

Next month, about Aug. 15 we're going to have a camp-wide folk dancing affair. All the Hi School girls' clubs are going to present folk dancing in the tracks. The audience will be sitting up in the grandstand. All the girls will wear ballerina skirts and white shirts. I'll bet it'll be very effective. The Koba sisters are teaching us the steps. Boy, they sure love us! Well, I won't take up any more of your precious time so with oceans of love from everyone --

Love and kisses,

Bette

P.S. Say hello to those boys for me, will you? I'd certainly like to meet them.

Barrack 10-Apt.5
Tanforan Assembly Center
San Bruno, California
August 5, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Well, here's the letter I said I'd write--there's a lot to tell, but who know how much time I'll have to write in. Of course, you may think I have a lot of time to write letters in, but you must remember that pop needs attention for his food problem, and Mom is in bed and should remain there for awhile longer. Her being in bed necessitates our taking care of Miyako and Takeshi, keeping the house clean, washing, ironing, emptying the chamber, washing dishes, etc., and after a full days work, going to the diet kitchen, coming home to go immediately to the mess hall, and then doing the dishes all this takes time and energy, and the only time I have in which to write letters in is the office in my spare moments. And lately things have been coming in to our Supply Warehouse from all of the other assembly centers which are breaking up to send the people to permanent camps, all of which keeps our office very busy. At night we have several hours before going to bed, but when everyone is up and around, and friends drop in, it's practically impossible to do any concentrating, naturally, Charlie has to stay up till one and two a.m. to do his writing after the kids have gone to bed.

Now about Mom's ailments--she has been going through her menopause, and that has been going on for a half a year. It doesn't bother some people, and others it bothers a great deal. Well, she is one of these people who had it bad, and on top of it she is supposed to have a few tumors in the uterus. There are tumors you don't have to do anything to, they disappear in ten years or so, and don't bother you again, while others turn into Cancer, or have to be operated on. Mom's

is all right unless she starts to have another hemorrhage such as she did have, and by the looks of things she seems to be getting on pretty well. If it bothers her, she will be sent to the San Mateo County Hospital for X-ray treatments, which dissolve the tumors, however, since it is a painful experience, and not necessary in every case, we have to wait until Mom builds up her blood again--having lost so much blood at the time, she has a sort of anemia, and until this is done, nothing definite can be done. If and when we have to leave on the spur of the moment, she will have an examination to judge whether she is able to travel or not. If she still lacks blood corpuscles, she will have to have a blood transfusion to enable her to stand the trip. If her condition becomes worse, she will be sent to the County Hospital and kept there alone, while we go on to the other camp. So, on account of the indefinite action on her part, Charlie has temporarily stopped the chance to go to Gila River, Arizona, and if the order does come through and there is no way of getting out of it, we will split the family, and Charlie, Emiko, Bette, and Takeshi will go on to Arizona, while the rest of us will wait until Mom is able to travel without danger, and join them there. If the order does not go through, we will wait along with the rest of the camp, and go wherever they go, Wyoming, Arizona, Utah, or Arkansas. So you see, there is no use in your becoming unduly alarmed, because only time will tell how things are going to turn out, and we are all here together in case anything goes wrong, and that in itself should relieve you of any worry. I know one gets a frustrated feeling in being so far away, and not being in the know all the time, or not having the chance to do anything to help, but at least you should have the satisfaction that your family is in good hands, and if there is anything that needs be done, Charlie, Jackie, or I could handle it

as best as could be done.

I have been hearing occasionally from Miki who is in Pomona, and just recently have heard from Helen Takahashi who is in New York, in which she asked me for your address; I have answered already, so probably she will write you.

Miki says that Toshi and Al are expecting--my how the time does seem to fly. She says she just heard rumors, but probably Yoshi wrote her, and since she is in the same camp, it's probably true.

John Fujii's family lives next door, and his sister Grace, and brother Henry are here living with their parents. John is supposed to be in camp in Singapore someplace, and his folks are very much concerned about his welfare. They received a letter he wrote around Christmas just recently, so what has happened since then, they do not know.

Saw Jack and Amy Hirano (Jiro) and they both send their regards to you. As does Toshio Suzuki, Pasa, Lucy Adachi, Ted Imai, Fumi and Ken Yabe, and a lot of others. I met a gal in the post office who says her name is Masako ?--oh, gosh, now I can't think of her name, anyway she says she used to know you and Helen, when you belonged to the Y, so it must be quite a long time ago. Anyway, when I asked her how she happened to know who I was, she said I looked like you.

We received an allowance for clothing today that is supposed to cover three months, and when we added up everyone's it made a total of \$95.20. I don't think we will get all that because there is only a sum of \$8000 for the whole camp, which makes only about \$1.00 per person. Our clothing list that I submitted was \$87.25 for our family, and we can only wait to find out whether we get all that or not. The way it's worked out is a certain allowance for girls under 18, boys under 18, men over 18, and women over 18.

We have also received script books: \$1.00 for children for a month, \$2.50 for any individual over 16, \$4.00 for married couples, and \$7.50 for a married couple with three children under 16. Last month was the first time they issued the books, so we really had a big amount of books, and the only thing wrong was the fact that the Canteen didn't have any supplies, and most of it was spent up on ice cream, soda water, cookies, and gum. We had a big party on Bette's birthday--hers and Takeshi's combined, and had 22 people there, so we used some of the script for cookies, etc. Angelo brought us a large \$2.00 rum cream cake, which was really the most delicious and richest cake we ever ate. We had a lot of silly games and entertainment, and for such a mixed group we really had fun.

Takeshi has been ~~ax~~ running around the track almost every night, and now he can keep up pace for pace with Jackson, and maybe even beat him. He's grown until now he's taller than I am now, although still a little puny. Miyako has also grown, and really looks cute with her Levy Jeans, boots, and Takeshi's green lumberman's jacket. She is also at the stage where she wants to have curly hair, so one night when Emiko went in to tuck her in, her she was fast asleep with a row of curlers around her face looking like a little angel, or picanniny. Her hair was too long to stay up for any length of time, so I cut her one bang on the side of her head, and she very religiously puts her hair up with one curler every nite without fail. It makes a lot of difference too, and she looks very cute, with the one curl on the side of her face.

Emiko has grown a little plumper as have most of the girls since their arrival here, in fact, she put on 4 lbs, which makes her back to where she was before. Bette has also gained a lb. or two, and I've

gained one pound, that I hope doesn't show too much. Most of the girls have gained from 6 to 12 lbs since they came, and really show it. Even Sayoko Tatemoto has, and looks like the way Kay Tatehara used to. She is going steady with George Kakehi, who used to work in the Mercury Laundry, and went around with Fred Nomiya for awhile. He's a very nice fellow, and probably they'll get married, as I think he came with her family as one of the unit.

More names you know: Remember Tets Hayashida from Berkeley? Well, his family lives a few doors down from us, and there are 12 children in the family--one of the biggest ones in camp. Plus a few in-laws, and the oldest girls' children, two girls. He's got a couple of very nice brothers, but they are too young for me, and Emiko and Bette aren't interested. Bette hasn't shown much interest in anyone since she met Hisaye Tanimachi's young brother Kiyoshi. He's a very nice fellow, tall and good-looking, and is about 17. Nothing serious--these things have to end with out going to a Relocation Center anyway.

About Zeng--he's a very nice person, but he's married. I don't know why he does all he does for us, but this ought to make you laugh. Every meal time he looks around for us to get the bag for pop's food, and if he doesn't find us in one shift, he generally finds us in the other. Well, last Sunday, he looked in both shifts for breakfast, and didn't find anyone, as we all felt lazy and stayed in bed till late. About a little while after breakfast was over, he came knocking at our door, with a boxful of cantaloupes, toast, scrambled eggs, and said "Here's some breakfast--it was good to waste." What a guy--we're all crazy about him, but that's all. Remember Angelo is still very much in sight. He's tall, not so very good looking, and has a scar right down across his eye.

Angelo still comes down very faithfully on Saturdays and Sundays, and maybe a day in between, when he doesn't feel like working. Last Thursday, Mrs. Jarvis, and her daughter-in-law from Texas, Mrs. Cox, prepared a delicious lunch for us, and we ate on the grandstand picnic style. What a treat it was to have french bread with a lot of butter, pickles, cold meat, cheese, cake, candy, fresh fruit, etc. Angelo happened to come on that day, so I introduced him to the two ladies, and they think he's very nice. He got along pretty good that day, and I was relieved, as I thought he'd be like Kembo or Sammy, walk away as soon as they were introduced, because they thought they might be in the way. Have you seen Sammy at all? I haven't written him at all since that time he left, because under the circumstances, I didn't think it wise. Remember me to him when you see him. Roy Ashizawa's sister is here at camp, and we see her quite often. She has appeared on several talent shows, and is a pretty accomplished dancer, and actress.

Well, it's almost noon now, and here I am still on your letter, so maybe I'd better close now and let this be enough for now. I hope it's long enough to satisfy your want of knowledge as to what's going on here. Let me know how things are with you--you do owe me a letter you know.

I think I'm going to be charged with Paper, and get docked for pay. Oh yes, we get paid again today right after lunch, and I hope I get \$16.00 this time. So far I received a check for three dollars for the period of May 15 to May 21; a check for twelve dollars for May 21 to June 21, and this check will be for June 21 to July 21. By the time we get each check, it's time for the next one, but then since there is

not any use for money in the camp, there is no special hurry. If we get the clothing ration all right, that will be swell, but if not, we'll have to use our checks for necessary clothes. We are going to start pooling our wages from this month, as Bette is not working, and yet does a lot of housework while we are out working. This way, no one will be left out.

Can't think of anything more to write, so will close now.

Love, Alice

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

August 16, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Bet you don know who this is, who, I didn't hear you? Oh! no your wrong. Who? Well I'll give you a hint. Last time I wrote I said "This is your B-a-l-l-o-o-n faced brother," now do you know who it is, yep your right, it's Tom. I want to thank you for the card and the two dollars you sent me. It's a pip. I have to make this quick because it's almost time to eat.

I'm going to the show tonight to see "Hold that Ghost" with Abbott and Costello. I saw the picture already but I haven't seen a show since we came so I'm going.

I run around the track every evening and yesterday (Sunday) Betty woke me up at 6:00 o'clock and ran around. Well I got to go eat so so long. Signing off, dong, dong, dong station

B-a-l-l-o-o-n -- f-a-c-e Brother

signing off

Tom

P.S. Thanks for the two dollars.

P.S.S. Thanks for the card too.

Aug. 18, 1942

Dear Mariko,

How are you? I am fine. I am going to the show today to see Abbott and Costello in "Hold that Ghost." You can go Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday night. I go to Art School now and we learned to draw all kinds of things. I go with two girl friends of mine. Their names are Yuri Twanaga and Setsuko Yamagi. Yuri lives in three, Setsuko lives in two and I live in four. J.R. Fujii lives next door of five. Mom said you knew John Fujii. Well, the family lives in six. I go to school every day of the week. I don't go to on Saturday and Sunday. I got a dress when I first came here. It looks like this. (Drawing) The flowers are white and blue. The rest is red. We have to go to eat in a few minutes. Goodbye. Here are some kisses.

XX

Here is Building 10.

(Picture, drawing)

This is our Building -- 10.

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

19-9-5
Manzanar, California

dear mariko:

usually the lack of time or space is the cause of poor correspondence, and yet quite often the fact that one has plenty of time can be the chief factor in neglecting to write, and such is the case with me. I keep thinking that i can just dash off a line or three to you anytime, and end up not dashing off any line until when i have to start writing with an apology. This, perhaps, is true in anything in life to a certain extent, which is no excuse at all.

from day to day nothing seems to happen here, and yet at the end of the sum total of all the days, some changes or new conditions have come and i thought i'd drop you this note to let you in on the few inside dopes of manzanar. the w.r.a. has now come out with the individual permanent relocation program, which in simple language means that anyone who can find any sort of relatively permanent natured job can go out of here and relocate himself anyplace outside of the western defense command. This means that one has to have friends or some acquaintance outside who can find jobs for him, and although the w.r.a. promises to help obtain employment for those who have no one outside, it will be a helluva long time before any action would be taken, this -- judging from their past promises and accomplishments. some kids have put in applications as far back as 5 months ago, jobs all lined up and ready to go, and yet so far, i don't think anyone has gone out of here, except for few girls who went out to get married to their soldier fiances. This is a helluva price to pay for getting out of here, but then who knows, what with cold winter coming and rubber hot water bag out of circulation, maybe it's not a bad idea, what? if you can find anyone to hire me for any kind of work, except farm work, you'll have my undying gratitude, if not, look for some grass widow so i can jump out of this pan to jump into the fire, will ya?

you've probably read or heard of the farm furlough work from the centers. usually amalgamated sugar co. or some such big corp. sends out its agents into this center and recruits two to three hundred strong, able bodied piece of boochy flesh to break their strong backs in the field of idaho or montana sugar beets field, topping, thinning and hoeing sugar beets. the wages are on the piece work basis, and if one works hard, and i mean hard, and doesn't spend his money, why he can come back with hundred bucks or so. they can go into a nearby town, which means a relative freedom compared to inside of centers, and if you think these guys are not going to drink and love away their money, either you are mistaken or these guys are a bunch of saints. my brother ken just left for idaho just a few days ago, as did bob nagata, george kurata and scores of other. these furlough workers will be gone for about 6 weeks, and god have mercy on those poor guys that go to montana fields, where weather is something to write home about and the nearby towns are like the indian outposts of the golden west saga. just had a murder and suicide case two days ago. in japanese it is called muri-shinju, a forced co-suicide. a fellow of 40 odd years found out that his wife, 28 or so was fooling around with a young Kibel boy, and around went the sash around the wife's neck, then his own. the third party left for idaho in a hurry, which goes to show you its safe to fool around with other guy's wife if you escape in time to sugar feets field.

am now working in the community service division as an interpreter, but since there are hardly any interpretation work to be done to justify my pay for 19 bucks per month -- at that, the highest rating possible -- i am forced to act as a glorified supply clerk, issuing the winter clothing to the manzanar residents.

usually get down to the office about 9 or 9:30 in the morning, and go home

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER
2

19-9-5

at 2 or 3, and aside from the task of having have to listen to the complaints of the people about sizes and such, it's a soft job. wish to hell, there was something interesting to do out here, but most of the jobs are like this and besides if the job required 8 hours of intense hard work, i don't think anyone would take the job for the prevailing wages of 12, 16 and 19 bucks per month. where one can do the job in a day, there are about 5 to 10 working and no one overworks, except those few who just can't loaf around. i might assure you that i am not in that category.

write when you can, mariko. also, all joking aside, try for a job or two for me, will you?

comradely yours,

Sho

p.s. tomomasa is again back at the free press, writing editorials and such. joe blamey is still the managing editor of the same. yoshiko has large classes of piano students and keeps herself busy, though hard work does not seem to lessen her surplus something or other.

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER August 19, 1942

dear Mariko:

Of course, no letter can be any kind of a letter without an apology for the delay and neglect, and no apology can be offered without the same. In view of this if one sided at least rational argument, I venture to say that this letter therefore meets all the requirements of a friendly correspondence between two people. Also on the same line, it is my firm and unshakable belief, that the explanations should never be given, as it is understood that no one ever believes them. Having said all this, and concluded the matter to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, I proceed, knowing that your understanding heart will understand this understood understandings.

I enjoyed your letter for more than one reason. First, of course it is ever so pleasant to hear from friends, and I do consider you in that category purely because I am of tolerating nature. Secondly, I enjoyed your narration on the life outside, a thing I may not see or live for a long time, although you can be sure that every angle and loop is being looked into to get the hell out of here.

Then there's this idea of finding you, suddenly, as a cog in the wheel of gospel machinery, something that was more unexpected than this war. To think that Mrs. Kikuchi's daughter (I use mother in cases like these, in my adamant belief that mother is always known whereas no one except mother really knows who the father is) would be working (okay, bread and butter are considered a necessity of something or other) in the religious publication house. May God have mercy on his own soul!

Your letter, with all the doings and what is cooking outside makes me envy you to no degree, and inspires me to no end for me to try to be in your shoes.

However, it is not to say that this life here is unendurable. After all, as fables go, they say, in Communist rooshia people eat only black bread and cabbage soup, while we are fed beef stew, lamb stew, chop suey -- this really belongs to that slop slooey class -- and even outlets when the mess hall chef feels good and supply trucks come in. (Note: this, is not an anti-stalin propaganda!)

Girls are cute, though slightly bow legged, but again generalities should be avoided, as our next door lass is a knock-kneed beauty. Fellows are at least dark, if not tall and what have have you. day is hot, which is no fault of the government and night is actually cool, so that we have a choice of spooning or going to bed, which of course can be done at the same time, depending on the desire and appetite of both parties concerned. We do hear such rumors as there being about 40 odd cases of unwedded mothers-to-be, but I shrug them off as understood course that the nature took. After all, who can say that I may not, someday, be a sinner, as honorable as I may seem, or as you know me to be.

The G-2, (Army intelligence) made a survey of this center the other day of all the male-Niseis of draft age who have the command of boochy and king's language. I was interviewed, then assisted the Lt. colonel, who incidentally speaks Japanese better than most of the Niseis who were sent down here. realizing that this might be the very chance for my getting the hell out of this camp and also the chance for me to get into this war, on which you know my sentiment and belief, I took orders expertly, acted the full part of gentlemen and soldier did exactly as told and more,

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

2

8/19/42

in fact, made a pretty good impression on him. He assured me that I would be among the first to be called, which however may not be until the end of the year. The old JACL bigwigs, Togo, Fred Tayana, Joe Masaoka, are quite unpopular in the camp, many people blaming them, unjustly it seems to me, for the plight they are in. although I have no love for them in any measure,

Sam Hohri is laid up in hospital resting. Chico Sakaguchi works in free press. Carl Kondo is the official typewriter repair department head, the last I heard. Geo. Stanicci is in planning department, which is right his alley, Yoshiko, as I mentioned before, is in the music department.

As for my work here, I might begin by the typical onodera statement of facts, which is so often misunderstood as boast or conceited utterances, that "you know me, I get around." I began by working at free press, quit and worked in the canteen for three days, decided my talent lay elsewhere than in canteen picking up empty coke bottles, got a job in W.R.A. census project as an interviewer asked all the people all kinds of questions except their virginial status and their favorite actresses, switched over to interviewing applicants for repatriation, and now am working in the community service division as a field agent de luxe, having won over the caucasian head with my charm and dirty jokes. I wrote to peter, asking what's cookin, and he wrote back, saying he's getting alone fine. I also wrote to cherry two or three times. She usually answers with hello from eddie, and my unbiased and impartial opinion re this is that eddie must be entrenched quite deeply into her (god bless it) heart and it takes all kinds of people to make the world go around, though perhaps that is why it is not going around as it should. (This is just a crack, not malintention).

I've told you in the last letter that Yoshiko was to teach me piano, and you are probably not surprised to learn that so far it has only been a very noble intention, and not an actuality. Thomomara is a block leader, having resigned from the "free press," which I will send you soon. Ruth, Suanne and the little avaline are all okay, Suanne uttering such remarkable crack as "I like Manzanar, there are so many more kids here than ellay or frisco."

Joe Blamey is still the managing editor of the paper. Henry is working as orderly in the C.D. ward of the new hospital, just built. I haven't seen Henry for quite a while now, and am thinking of looking him up. As far as I know Bob Nagata is not working right now, but he may have gotten a job since the last time I saw him. This is a non-existing title, and the only time I actually work is when something outside of routine matter comes up, which usually does not come up but once a week or longer. So I just poke my head into the office at 10:30 or 11 and say "good morning, say Mr. so and so, you're putting on weight aren't you," or other polite concern over his welfare and go home to sit in the shade and cuss the weather, which is hotter than you know where. It may be that they will put me in charge of interpreter department. At present my salary (it's a big word to use for such a small and meager amount) is 16 dollars per month. When the last mentioned job comes through, I may receive the top classification of 19 bucks, which is the amount all the doctors, dept. heads, reg. nurses and block leaders and only these people get. So you see, according to our standard, you are a capitalist of unmentionable degree, making so much while your fellowboochies are struggling along at 8 to 10 cents per hour. Yes, Ben Onodera is my brother, he is stationed at Sta. Hosp. in Georgia and is a sergeant. His pay is 78 dollars per month and he too, belongs to your class.

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER
3

8/19/42

So long for now. Tell the girls out there that they're missing my being here, and write when you get around to it.

Yours,

Sho

I thot of rewriting or typing this out and decided against it because it would have to be tomorrow, and you know and I know that tomorrow never comes!

Barrack 10-Apt. 5
Tanforan Assembly Center
San Bruno, California
August 19, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Since Takeshi and Miyako have written you letters to you and want me to mail it for them, I might as well add my two cents worth, even if it's your turn to write. If I went to "turns" my details get too long, and I don't have time to write detailed letters, but have chance every once in awhile to drop you a line.

How is everything in Chicago? In spite of the heat and cold, it must be thrilling ~~nto~~ to be in a big city where you've never lived before, and to see everything firsthand for yourself. Maybe it won't be long before I too, am out there, since Mom seems to be progressing along very well, and feels better.

Charlie and the rest of the family who were to have gone to Arizona first are still with us, and still don't know when they are to leave. It really keeps us in suspense, but father, dear father, is always a comfort; he's started to crate and pack things just like he did while in the city, starting early enough to avoid confusion. He seems to be having quite an ideal life--he loves to cook for his children, and most of his day is spent in cooking -- for mom, himself, and for our late at night snack. If we go to a dance or Town Hall Meeting, or someplace, he goes to bed first but leaves everything on the table for us, covered by a dishcloth. We really are getting spoiled--I told you about what Zeng did already, didn't I? Well, again this morning, Bettex didn't go to breakfast because she fell down yesterday and her arm was bothering her, and he sent Pop's stuff down by one of the young kids that we know.

By the way, I have a big surprise for you. I have at last found out what happened to Paul, and it came to me very suddenly. Ichiro Akiya said that he received an eight paged letter from Paul, who found out where he was through some mutual friend. Imagine my surprise to find out that he is still in Washington, D.C., and is living at the blonde's house; the one he's supposed to be engaged to....he wasn't taken in with the rest of the Embassy staff, because he was sick at the time, and they probably didn't think him important enough, or guilty of anything, since he was just part of the employed help. At any rate, he was sick for awhile, and couldn't find a job for a long time due to his former connection. He told Ichiro that he has a possible job in New York, and may go there--something to do with translating, I think. Now whether he didn't write because of you, and the situation between he and the hakujin girl is something else; but now that I have his address I don't know whether to write him or not, I don't want to embarrass him in anyway, however, it is possible that with this evacuation he may have lost track of everyone, so I may drop him a line or two and then leave the rest up to whatever kind of an answer he may send.

Have you heard from Eiko Kondo Takagi as yet? She asked me for your address and said she'd write you. I don't get to see her very much as she lives over on the other end of the track, look at your map, and find the Hollywood Bowl--it's closer to us than that, but it seems pretty far, and you can't see the place you're walking towards. She usually goes around with Dahlia Muramatsu Yamaguchi--from San Mateo--I think you know her. She lost a lot of weight since she left Berkeley, and looks more like her old self.

Baer Kawakami finally married the girl who used to work with him in Alameda, the one who was crazy about him, as Chidori says, and was here for about a month or two, and then left to go to Minnesota for a job with his wife, housework, I think. He has the attitude that he got married, because it was more wise to do so at this time, and not because he was violently in love with her. Oh well, romance may be romance, but maybe those marriages turn out just as well. She's probably tickled pink, and he's married now, and will probably make a very considerate husband.

Sent Matsuko a postcard, and received a postcard in return. She says she likes Colorado, and is having fun learning jitter-bugging with the young college kids. My, my.....

Takeshi is growing taller everyday, he's almost as tall as I am, and Bette is the same height as I, or maybe even a tiny bit taller. At any rate, I wear anklets and low heeled shoes everyday, so I seem shorter. Everything is very casual around here, and it is a relief to dress like Bette and Emiko--much more comfortable, and everyone says I look much better since I relaxed my hair, and nowadays I don't wear powder at all, because with all the dust around here, one has to wash one's face all the time, and since I have tanned a little and have some color in my cheeks, it doesn't seem to be necessary.

Well, so much for my ramblings. I hope you enjoy hearing about your family -- I try to relate incidents that I think you might like to hear about.

Have to go back to work now--will drop you a line whenever I can. Oh yes, Kimi Kawabe Baba--Ken's wife, says her girl friend

wrote her that you live only a block away from her--I think her name is Lillian. Know her?

Gosh, all the mistakes I've made--can't concentrate on my typing, and at the same time, try to think of what to say.

Love, Alice

Barrack 10-Apt. 5
Tanforan Assembly Center
San Bruno, California
August 20, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Just a short letter on the heels of my other sent yesterday, to ask you a favor. I am sending a bulletin, and wonder if you could get me a letter from the local chief of police stating that there would be no objection to my coming to live with you. I don't know for sure if I am coming right out, but I would like to have the letter right away, in case there is a sudden need for hurry. You see, Angelo is going into the army in the next draft which will be in about two months or so, and we would like to get married before he goes in, if possible. The only thing that stands in our way now, is that Charlie thinks he, Emiko, Bette, and Takeshi will leave some time next week, and that would leave only Jack and Miyako to take care of the family welfare. Jack teaches all morning, and gets out at noon, so I guess he could get pop's food if absolutely necessary, but then he may not want to. I haven't had a chance to speak to him about it as yet, as Angelo just found out that the 3A were going to be drafted. In case we decide anything else, I still have intentions of getting out and either joining you, or going someplace else, where I could get an office job, but no matter what it is, I need your assistance in getting the permit. You can read all of the necessary items, and can see that my chances are in order, except for the written notarization. Anyway, would you get me the thing first, and then if there is anything to tell me, write later, because every day counts if I am going. I think this camp is breaking up pretty soon, but if I stay, we will be one of the last ones to leave, because all of the workers who are in necessary jobs will have to stay until the camp is cleared. If I stay, this setup

is all right with me, because if Charlie goes first, there will be some sort of a place organized for the rest of us to come into, and it won't be like when we first came here to Tanforan, and everybody had to go out and lug wood home for tables, chairs, and shelves.

Well, I want to get this sent off, and so will send it special delivery and whatever you want to know I can write you a more detailed letter later on. Hope you can send me the paper right away, because it takes so long to start the procedures, I would like to have it on hand, in case there is any rush.

Mom is getting along pretty well now, and so ~~is~~^{is} everyone else. Bette has her arm in a sling because at the clinic, they advised her to do so, and said she should do so in case of a sprain. Everyone is very sympathetic to her, and Charlie says she did it just to get out of washing the dishes.

Love, Alice

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

August 24, 1942

Dear Mariko,

Here it is an end of another day and in camp the lights will be off pretty soon. I just had to talk to you, so I'll write a few lines and call it a perfect day.

First of all I tell you what went on. My tent friend (a Texan) and I went to the next tent and sang songs. You see he's pretty good on the guitar and he played different "cowboy songs." Now as I write to you in some tent near by there seems to be about five fellows singing away. The fellow on the guitar is very good and a trio are singing different songs. Yea, as usual "cowboy songs."

Remember the second night we went to the concert and on the way coming back two guys looked at us and started to sing "One Fine Day" from "Madam Butterfly," and we picked it up and sang all the way to the corner. That song gives me a feeling of a very melancholy and lonely life, but then again there is much hope still left in life itself because you have hopes that tomorrow will be that day you have waited for has come at last. It must be hope and imagination that most people live on. To have a beautiful world of your own and as long as you keep it a secret no one will trespass on it. Of course, you can't exist in practical life, if you live in this world, but after a long days of work you have contented yourself in knowing you've done your share I think it's good to go back to your secret little land among the clouds. Of course you can prevent that by reading books but after all if it's a novel you are only going into some other persons thoughts.

Let you in on a little secret. Today Rita Hayworth came to our camp and is now in giving a U.S.O. show here. I was planning to go, but who wants to wait in line for an hour and see her from way in the back. And I'd probably sweat all through the show. But then again I am rather curious to see her. Just want to know how she'd act. Wasn't bad in "Blood and Sand." -- Gee! -- Yeah. I know all men are alike. Talking of U.S.O. shows the other one that I went ^{to} was very good. I think this one is going to be good too. Well, if I do going some other day I'll tell you how I liked it.

Well, I'll close now it's pretty near blackout. Oh, come on Mari give me a line, please -- pretty please -- and a negative, too. Still wished I could have a date. -- My regards to the kids. bye now.

Love,

Yosh

Charles Kikuchi
Chicago

LETTER

August 27, 1942

Dear Mariko,

Thanks for the letter! I received it yesterday. Hope you had a nice shower. How was the water? Wet, I betcha. And thank you very, very much for complimenting my cookie brush. -- After all, a mustash isn't what makes a man.--.

Tell you what I did yesterday. I finally decided to go and see my gal friend (name: Rita Hayworth). After brushing my hair very neatly and shining my shoes, I went to the theatre where she was to appear. On the way I dropped in the library to see if any good book was in. I checked out a book titled "The Bounty Trilogy." Is has, "Mutiny On the Bounty," "Men Against the Sea," and "Pitcairn's Island" all in one volume. It seems very exciting. Yeah, okay say it. -- Kid stuff -- When we got to the theatre we found out that it wasn't the night for the Q.M.'s to go. Considering the long walk I got enough courage to take off my hat and walked right past the M.P. At first the M.P. grabbed my arm, so I said to myself, "Guess no soap." To my surprise the M.P. was counting the men going in and he just pushed me in. Pretty lucky, huh. Well we got a very fine seat. Only 12 rows from the stage. The theatre was very nice and hot. Hot enough to bake a loaf of bread. Say talking of baking, how was the meat loaf. Gee, do I love meat loaf, and could I go for a girl who makes good meat loaf. Yeah! In a big way.

Well I'll skip the part of the show where it wasn't too interesting and get down to facts. Finally, yes finally, she appeared. A gal with mussy brown hair and flashy fiery eyes. That's the impression I got when I met her, with some couple thousand of other fellows. Well all I can say about her is that I betcha I know a prettier gal in Chicago. I believe you wouldn't know her, huh.

After taking a shower with my own sweat I finally got out of the theatre. And was I disappointed in Rita. I expected a very flashy girl. At the present I'm getting my doubts again about women. Never believe in pictures anymore.

Are husbands necessary? Oh, no, I'm not asking you a question that's the show I saw tonight. I already know the answer. -- why? -- I saw the show didn't I. -- corny, huh.

About the show and my reactions. Why man you know that I take it for purely art? Tell the truth I take it as it comes. Vague answer, huh. Well don't ask me. I'll get all mixed up.

Well be good (as they all say) and see you again. How about a negative.

Love,

Yosh

P.S. No, p.s.'s. Oh, yeah, one. Pardon my writing. I'm writing on my knees and can't seem to hold my paper straight. Regards to the kids.

Barrack 10-Apt. 5
Tanforan Assembly Center
San Bruno, California
August 26, 1942

Dear Mariko:

Just can't wait till I hear from you, so here comes another letter. I spoke to Mr. Gunder, who is the head of the board who considers the applications for all those who want to leave camp. He says he doesn't know how long it will take for me to get out of camp, because each case is in itself. Sometimes it takes months, and then again it takes only 10 days. He says the fastest way to evoke a release would, be in having a job, or to use that excuse even if one doesn't actually work when one gets there. He rushes through the application, but the Army is the one who holds it up or delays it. So, on top of the approval of the Chief of Police, do you suppose that you can get one of your friends to write me a note offering me a job, and you can state that it is only to be used on that basis, and that I won't have to have the job actually, when I arrive there. Perhaps all of this sudden rush is surprising to you, but to tell you the truth, I had planned all the time to join you, or get out of camp to go someplace else. It's just that Mom and Pop both had to be taken care of, and I just couldn't leave up till now. Perhaps it wasn't as much of a physical care, but it was more mental, and now that the camp is breaking up, and we are on our way to a permanent camp, I think the folks can do without me, and it would be better if I left now, if possible, because once I get to the Relocation Center, things will come up, and I shall feel indispensable once again, and the folks will be reluctant to see me leave. It isn't that I do too much work around or am needed that badly, but Mom and Pop depend on me because I am the oldest girl,

and whenever they ask me to write a letter, or get them something, I try not to wait too long and do it as soon as possible. Emiko and Bette will do it eventually, if asked, but the constant asking "Have you done it yet?" seems to annoy them considerably, and they would rather ask me. Anything I do, can be done by the others, but it's more work for them to ask--and it would be a good thing if I left, and they had the responsibilities.

I know that you are busy, and that all this and what I've asked before, is a lot of bother to you, but the rules for getting out just came out, as you can see by the bulletin I sent you that it was just recent. Mr. Gunder says that what information I have to offer is enough, but if I want to get out in a hurry, I had better get all of the data they want. I can get out to go to Washington, D.C., but then had to retrace my steps back to Chicago. Of course, maybe Angie and I won't be able to get married in Chicago, and may have to go to New York, or someplace else, but I have no way of finding out that information. Maybe by asking around casually you can get some ideas as to which states allow intermarriages between Caucasians and Orientals. About the only I found on that was Arizona laws states that no Caucasian shall marry anyone of the Malay races. Now, does that mean that everything else is all right? Oh well, Arizona is still in Zone #1, so we couldn't go there anyway.

Besides everything else, I am just dying to get over your way. I have missed you quite a bit, and the family has to, even if they don't write you very often. Mom and Pop get worried about you being alone there, and I think they would be relieved if we were together. Pop says that you probably are so lonesome in a strange place, you cry

at nights, but I am glad that you have a room mate, because there's nothing like talking to someone to relieve the loneliness one feels. What kind of a girl is your friend--is her name May? I've forgotten. Is she the same type of a girl you are, or a very quiet one. She must be something like you or you wouldn't have been living together all this time.

Emiko is in bed with Diarrhea, and it isn't too serious. It's probably caused by the soap used in the mess hall washing place, because she is the only one to wash her dishes there; all the rest of us bring our dishes home and take turns washing them, but she wants to put it right back into her bag, and so washes it there. At any rate, she is all right today, and I think she'll be up by tomorrow. Bette's arm is all right now, and since Mom has been getting up a little and puts her clothes on occasionally, things are more or less up to the normal standards.

Well, Marguerite, the girl who works in our office is waiting to go to the postoffice with me to mail this so maybe I'd better close now. I hope you can make sense out of what I've written. To sum it up, I need the authorization to come out there, a letter from you saying that you are my sister and will be responsible for me--that you are working, and have a place of your own. Just write a short note to Mr. Frank E. Davis, Center Manager, Tanforan Assembly Center, San Bruno, California, stating that information, and Mr. Gunder says it will hasten my release. This is all very exciting to me, and I'm looking forward to getting out to join you. The outside world seems very remote around here, as we have a complete community here--shoe repair, watch and radio repair, recreation halls--movies: we saw

Deanna Durbin in "Spring Parade", Abbott and Costello in "Hold that Ghost" and yesterday we saw Sabu in "Elephant Boy", which was very good. Besides that we have a mess hall, employment department, badminton courts, little theatre projects, newspaper, hothouse for flowers, tennis courts on the track, and a lot of other things. All of this wasn't a miniature golf course, given us by the government, but by the energetic people, who took a lot of time to get together all of these projects. A lot of work has to be done before the government donates any money or help on these things, and so considering the short time we've been here, I think a lot of things have been accomplished.

Well, I guess I'd better not keep her waiting too long. The only reason I want to leave the camp from here, is because I hate to think of packing my things all the way to the Relocation Camp in Arizona, unpacking, and then packing up again. You don't know how much stuff I have. Not that there is so much junk, but it's all heavy luggage.

The letter about the job can be from anyone--and please impress on whoever it is, that I just want to use it to get out, and that it isn't anything dishonest--merely an assurance that I won't be a public charge. Mr. Gonsalves who is my boss, says he will write to some friends of his there to help me get a job, and as one of them is in the Radio Advertising job, maybe you can get a job through that connection too. I'll have to keep after him.

Love, and thanks for everything,

Alice

P.S. About your radio--Angelo will take it when he goes back East. He's going in a couple of weeks and will probably stop in to see Inky Dobashi in Arkansas first.