

THE KIKUCHI DIARY

TANFORAN

THE KIKUCHI DIARY

edited by

Donald P. Kent and Barbara Fitts

with a foreword by

~~Dr.~~ Dorothy S. Thomas

Berkeley, California

April 30, 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.

I'm supposed to meet my family at Tanforan as Jack told me to give the same family number.² 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 ^{Examination} to take. 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 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 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 sake ~~rice wine~~. Mitch just came over to tell me that I was going on the last bus out of Berkeley with him. Oh

l.c.
1. For notes see pages — .

how lucky I am! The Red Cross lady just told me that she would send a truck after my baggage and she wants the phone number. I 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 be neurotic cases. 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.

The church people around here seem so nice and full of consideration saying, "Can we store your things?" "Do you need clothes?" "Sank 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.

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

May 2, 1942

⁶
Deki Dear, ¹

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 crowds looked rather glum, but the Nisei acted just like they always do. . . . However once we got out of S.F. ^{San Francisco} the Japanese started to jabber away; ~~it's a good thing that the day was so sunny.~~ . . . I only saw one girl bawling; the rest looked a little lonesome.

The first thing you see when you pull into Tanforan is the 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, although you could hear mixed groans about how hard it was going to be. The first Japs we saw [inside the camp] were 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 ^{more} ~~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 though; 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

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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. Ann⁷ finally straightened me out.

The grandstand is used for the single people and most of the occupants are old men. . . . 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. . . . 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 brazen. We just say a mythical "Mr. Johnson" said it was O.K. 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. 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

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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 calcimined 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. . . .

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 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,

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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 regards 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 ~~the Japanese~~ 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

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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.¹⁰ . . . 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.⁸ 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.¹² But they appear to be earnest and have an interest which is the main thing.

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

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

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ahs from the sharp boys -- some of whom are now under the ^{San Francisco} S.F. Negro "Club Alabam" influence. They wear those 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 wears boots and right now they come in handy, because of the mud.

Deki, 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? . . . Forgive my crust!

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. . . . 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 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! 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

Barrack 10, Apt. #5

May 3, 1942

Hello Deki,

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. ¹³ 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, though 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.

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 the Japanese in camps, this state won't have any vegetables at all! Some of the Japanese are saying that the food here makes them sick, but I

Copy
M.M.

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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 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.

I visited your sis yesterday and they seem to be getting things under control. 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 places 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. ^{San Francisco} and East Bay kids that I knew there. I met the most interesting girl that afternoon so I took her along. . . . But don't worry, Deki, 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

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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.

10-5

May 3, 1942

Dear Deki,

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 in to 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 scraped off from our front room and 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?)¹⁴

. . . 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 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

May 3, 1942 (Cont'd)

are better off than they 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 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.

. . . 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 Deki; lights out. Must be a false alarm.

Charlie

The
Charlie Kikuchi Diary
May 3, 1942 (Sunday)

More of a
break here -
to indicate
beginning of
diary

The whole family pitched in to build our new home at Tanforan. Takeshi works pretty hard for a little guy and makes himself useful, but the gals are not so useful. They'd rather wander around looking for the boys. However, they pitched in and helped clean up the new messhall so that we could have our meals there instead of walking all the way over to the clubhouse. It's about 11:00 now and everyone has gone to bed. You can hear the voices all the way down the barracks -- everything sounds so clear. Tom just stepped out to water his "victory garden." The community spirit is picking up rapidly and everyone seems willing to pitch in. They had a meeting tonight to get volunteers for cooks and waiters at the new messhall and this was done without any difficulty. Rules were also made for each barracks such as radio off at 10:00 and not too many lights so that the fuse would not get overloaded.

We have only been here three days, but already seems like weeks. Everyone here has fallen into the regular routine, without any difficult adjustments except "Pop" who was a problem child this morning. He got mad because he was not getting the proper food so he went off by himself and got lost.

From an individual standpoint our family has not lost anything. We have been drawn close together as a group and everyone seems cheerful enough. Jack is straining a bit because of Dolores, I suppose, but he doesn't say too much. Tom and Miyako are having a grand vacation. I hope they do not delay in setting up an efficient school system -- education is so important for the future.

1
May 4, 1942 (Monday)

Today was washday and the gals were supposed to do the washing, but they let Mom do all the heavy stuff. Left for the employment office so I did not see the family all day. Jack and Alice came in for an application and Jack has worked out some sort of deal to be a Barracks Head Librarian. Alice is signed up for a Receptionist and Camp Guide. We were quite rushed today as everyone seems to want to work, including the little kids. The recreational program is not too well developed so that there isn't very much to do for some of the kids. I
ac

There are such varied reactions to the whole thing; some are content and thankful; others gush "sank you" but are full of complaints within their own circles. Still others are bolder and come right out with it. We thought that we would not have any dinner tonight because the cooks went on a strike. They really are ~~overwork~~ ^{overworked} (sic) -- preparing 3,000 meals. Then there has been considerable "personality difficulties". The battle for prestige here is terrific--- everyone wants to be a somebody it seems---any kind of work will do as long as they get the official badge that distinguish them. The waiters also joined the strike because they only have 1,000 dishes to feed 3,000 people and they really have to get them out in a rush. I saw one Issei dishwasher slap a Nisei girl because she complained that the cups were so dirty. Their nerves are on edge in the cooking division because they are the target for many complaints when it really is not their fault. They are going to open up the new messhalls for sure tomorrow so a great deal of the overload rush will be cut down. The electricians are also griped because they have to replace so many fuses. The wiring system in the stables is very poor and with all the extra lights needed, the system has broken down. Because of the cold, many of the people use cooking heaters to keep warm with. They brought in 50 kerosene heaters today for the aged, ill and the babies, but this is by no means sufficient.

May 4, 1942

Monday

Oh, I sure could go for a hamburger now; the big juicy kind. I've eaten so much canned food the past week that it becomes tasteless. Many of the boys are worried about being fed salt peter because they think it will ruin their manhood.

[a rumor that they are]

A contrasting reaction is the number of victory gardens that are being planted; these industrious Japanese! They just don't seem to know how to take it easy--they've worked so hard all of their lives that they just can't stand idleness---or waste. They are so concerned that water is not left running or that electricity is not being wasted. Today many of the smaller family units were asked to move to make room for the new evacuees and they certainly did squawk. Here they have their places all fixed up nice and cozy and then they have to start all over again. But they will take it without too much fuss. I wonder if it is because they feel thankful for any treatment that they get regardless of what it is or whether they still are full of unnecessary fears about how the gov't is going to treat them. Sometimes I get tired of hearing all these "sank yous" which certainly is not the real feeling in so many cases.

I ran across an interesting restroom today. Down by the stables there is an old restroom which says "Gents" on one side and "Colored Gents" on the other! I suppose it was for the use of the stable-boys. To think such a thing is possible in California is surprising. I guess class lines and the eternal striving for status and prestige exists wherever you go, and we are still in need of a great deal of enlightenment.

About 20 of us met tonight to really get the Camp newspaper going [to be called the Tanforan Totalizer.] because we really do need some sources of information. Taro Katayama was elected Temporary Editor so that the policy setting will be at least liberal and outspoken.

May 4, 1942

Monday

Some of the U. C. boys have a "U. C. extension" sign posted up, but they don't seem to be doing much studying. They sit around and gab and listen to the records. One can't blame them for not studying at a time like this.

May 5, 1942 (Tuesday)

Jack, Miyako, and Mom stayed in bed today because they did not feel so good after the typhoid injection. Tom was up and around and he practically feeds the family by his talent at swiping food. Angelo¹⁹ sent some food down to Alice so that Pop at last has some fresh vegetables. The cook was bribed to bring in some butter and chops and other supplies for Pop so that he is contented now for a while.

We got the approval to go ahead with the newspaper and the boys are working hard in order to get the first issue out by Saturday. I'm supposed to write up the section on the employment situation in camp. The whole setup needs centralizing. There are too many conflicting orders about who is supposed to do the hiring, etc. A number of the Nisei are complaining that the S.F. ^{an} gang is taking all the choice jobs and just working their friends in -- a large part of which is true. The Social Welfare ~~division~~ division has not been set up although Mr. Green stated that a director would be coming soon. ²⁰ It seems to me that this department is the most necessary. Following are the complaints I received today in the [employment] office: Too much canned food and starch, not good for health; house too cold; electricity system bad; bedding distribution inefficient and they don't like straw mattresses; occupation survey badly needed as all skills are not being utilized; more definite information should be forthcoming about the camp policies; lack of recreational activities; kitchen crew should be experienced in dealing with a large number of people; lack of hot water; not enough doctors in camp -- only 3 for 3,300 people; problems should be handled on an individual basis -- need for social workers; there should be a definite statement regarding wages since many volunteers are doing the same work [as wage earners], which is not fair; should have a lighting

May 5, 1942 (Tuesday)

system on the streets; public phones should be installed; employment system should be standardized; health needs are not being fully met.

In regards to phones, the policy is apparently to cut us off from outside ~~contracts~~ by this means, although mail is not censored. Packages, however, are opened and examined under an Army order. One of the girls had a brother dying and before the red tape could be broken through he passed away. She tried to phone relatives but they would only let her write the message and a Caucasian person sent it out. I don't know what the reason for this is, but it burns me up. After all, we are not prisoners. I think it's about time the Nisei put up some protests; if they really felt like Americans they would.

Today I ran across the first Japan nationalist who 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." 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 American; only Ketos ~~[whites]~~ could be Americans. Since we had Japanese faces we should be for Japan because she would always protect us and not treat us like dogs, etc. We argued for a while but apparently it is no use trying to reason with a person of this type who thinks emotionally. I get fearful of this attitude sometimes because it has been this very thing that makes Americanization so difficult, especially if there is a general tendency to get it from both sides. And I still am not convinced that it is impossible

[derogatory term
for whites]

May 5, 1942 (Tuesday)

to educate the Issei, although the argument that we are in camp just like them and therefore not Americans is beginning to influence many Nisei. It's a good thing perhaps that I don't understand Japanese because I am not exposed so much to this sort of talk. It makes me feel so uneasy and mad. It gripes me no end to think of being confined in the same place with these Japanists. If they could only realize that in spite of all their past mistreatments, they have not done so bad in America because of the democratic traditions -- with its faults. It may be a sense of personal frustration which is projected to a hatred of all Keto and deep resentment towards America. I hope we are able to counteract this sort of thing among the young kids.

Lectured to some 15-year-old girls today about the value of college education. Told them that they limited themselves to the Japanese World instead of expanding out. I sometimes wonder whether college does any good for some of these Nisei girls; they go without a purpose and come out the same way, with a flat personality in addition. Perhaps it would be better if they entered more vocational fields. This striving for position and prestige makes them so inhuman and it is so petty (maybe due to inferiority complex).

The most joyful news in camp tonight is that they are going to give us fresh meat and vegetables tomorrow! That should bring the morale way up to here, I bet. The most popular jobs in camp are postman, recreational director, house manager, truckdriver, and timekeeper for men; and cashier, nurses aid, secretary, and librarian, receptionist among the girls. The Issei are also applying for the "prestige" jobs. Those that stay home are building flower boxes, gardens, and planting trees! A few have posted names

May 5, 1942 (Tuesday)

such as Bellaire Arms, Suite 9, Nut House, etc. outside of their doors. One Japanese has even gone as far as to plant a lawn! I guess they are expecting to remain here for the duration. This is an assembly point and after next week there will be over 8,000 people here. I think they will start the resettlement into the interior in a month or so, but it may be slowed up. I sure hope they don't bungle the thing -- what a mess that would be.

May 2, 1942 (Sunday)

such as hallway area, suite 2, and house, etc. outside of their doors. The
agreement has been gone as far as to what a limit. I guess they are expecting
to remain here for the duration. This is an assembly point and what next
work there will be over 5,000 people here. I think they will start the
movement into the interior in a month or so, but it may be slower.
I sure hope they don't break the thing - way a case that would be.

First time word like + put
beta is used. Translate
in bracket. Then put in
glossary. But don't translate
every single line!

May 6, 1942 (Wednesday)

Windy as hell today. The dust blows up the track and you have to squint your eyes while walking. A number of greyhound buses came in today with the San Mateo and Oakland Japanese. The Army is rushing the evacuation, and this camp is nowhere near enough completed. Tonight everyone had to pitch in and fill the straw mattresses so that these new arrivals would have a place to sleep in. The housing problem is terrible. They are making some of the larger families who occupy two stables move to the new barracks where they can occupy one big room. All the moans and complaints. We had to spend most of the day soothing them down since the Housing Committee was busy with the new arrivals. They have no provisions for handling individual cases. One girl came in and said that her husband had "German measles" and her mother has been bedridden for the past 6 months yet they give them a one night notice and expect them to clear out by morning to the new quarters. I took a number of these cases down and presented them to Mr. Green, but he still insists that there is no need for social workers: "I can handle all these problems by myself." Either he is extremely shortsighted, or a man who got his position through politics (W.P.A.). Still don't think he is the type of a man to inspire leadership ~~(yet)~~.

Jack and I were talking about the war. Sometimes, I wonder whether he really believes what he says or whether he is merely trying to get a rise out of me. He says a Japanese victory is the only solution to the Asiatic problem since the ~~United States~~ Keto will continue to exploit these people regardless of what we may claim about democracy. Could be. However I said that under a democratic tradition there was more hope for the majority than under a militant nationalistic policy. And I wonder if he would ever "kow tow" to one of those officious "Japs" who has obtained a little power. Then a

May 6, 1942 (Wednesday)

little later, he turns right around and condemns the lack of community spirit among the Japanese here and that he would not be able to adjust himself permanently to a Japanese community. He wants to get the family settled and then go back East to school. Pop says brothers should not argue about the war.

The girls cleaned the calcimine off of the windows today and felt hurt because I did not notice it for a long time. I have a suspicion that they are plotting to hold out my letters.²⁾ Tom is getting to be Jack's stooge and copies everything that he does.

Angelo and Dolores came to visit today and Jack sneaked them off to our stable, which is illegal. He told the M.P. that they were going to see "Mr. Johnson" in the employment office, and the M.P. came in mad as anything looking for the Japanese with the varsity sweater. I told him that there were 4,000 Japanese here and that he would have to give a better description. Later I sent one of our messenger boys down and told them to be "on alert." Dolores flirted with the guard and so things turned out "O.K."

Corregidor fell yesterday; overheard an Issei remark: "about time, ne?" I feel so much like telling them off sometimes, but I guess this should be done in a more diplomatic way. To think that those soldiers are dying off like that, and then to have their efforts passed off like that. It makes me boil.

My first few days only makes me feel like an American more, but that's something that you can't go "parading off." I just feel that way I guess. It may be an overdefensive reaction, but I think it goes deeper than that. Mitch and I are speaking only English to all applicants in the employment office as any large segregation of Japanese will easily drift

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Wednesday

into speaking only Japanese. It's very interesting to talk to the young Nisei that come in; they are so Americanized. I think that we should start some sort of discussion groups or something so that they won't lose contact with the outside influences. They are all fairly ambitious and think in terms of going on to school and then adjusting themselves here in the United States after the war. The more conservative ones invariably have fathers who were engaged in some business with Japan. I guess they get more of the "old country" influence from their parents.

I had the surprise of my life when I saw Miyoshi today come walking into camp with a U. S. uniform on. He is a tall, rather good looking Kibei fellow²² and when I used to know him, he was very pro-Japan; in fact, one time he and his friends were going to gang up on me because they thought I made some insulting remark about the Emperor. I only said that the generals ^{KA'd} [kissed the ass of] Hirohito and that was why the Japanese Army could never win a major war. Miyoshi is now stationed in an artillery division in Texas and is visiting his relatives here during his ten day furlough. And they dismiss good Nisei from the Army in California! Such inconsistency is surprising. I wonder if Miyoshi still feels the same way as before? He is not too intelligent so I guess he will perform his duties all right without any danger of disloyalty, whatever that may mean.

I feel like trying to join the Army also, but that's being heroic. I still can't decide whether I would be more useful doing service work among the Japanese here. I think I will be able to adjust myself easily enough although not knowing the language may be a handicap but not necessarily too big to overcome. At least I no longer feel apologetic about it. I guess ~~it~~ has been my emotional reactions against political Japan that has blocked

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Wednesday

my learning the language in the past few years. # Today they have started to put Nisei Police to patrol the barracks and the messhall. There ^{have} ~~has~~ been several cases of theft reported and the kitchen has been raided a number of times. One woman reported a fur coat stolen, but she may have just lost it as I don't see why anyone would want a fur coat in a place like this. 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 if they show up at night (and Mr. Green thinks we don't need social workers!) > This is not so bad; but if this sort of thing starts among the young Nisei, it will be very difficult to control. This camp has a sort of pioneer atmosphere about it and if the kids are left in idleness, trouble could easily develop. Already some of the so called "rowdy Nisei" are shooting craps so that they can get money to spend in the canteen. The development of a well balanced recreational program will be a good influence. I sound like a moralist, but I am thinking more in terms of the future social adjustments of the Japanese here, which will be difficult and morale will have to be kept at a high level if we expect progress to be made.

A lot of the fellows had to stuff straw mattresses again tonight so that the new arrivals would have something to sleep on. What a mess it's going to be when those 4,000 other people come in this weekend.

May 7, 1942 (Thursday)

A new menace has entered our lives to make the pioneer conditions more uncomfortable. We are infested with tiny fleas that bite like hell. They must be horse fleas or something that comes from the old stables. God, they certainly make life miserable.

One Issei came into the office today with his wife, daughter and a young Kibei. He requested that we move this fellow from the grandstands into their apartment because he wants the boy to have a "trial marriage" with his daughter. I don't know how he ever roped the boy in; the daughter was really a sad case -- one of those homely quiet Japanese types who looked and acted submissive. I told them that we could not do that because such things were not done in America. The man tried to play up to me by saying, "You have big education. Catch good job in Japan, ne?" That settled it. Told him that I expected to stay here and, therefore, would have to do things the American way. He did not seem to catch on, so I put in the request for him and he left in a happy mood.

Employment possibilities here have suddenly dropped to a minimum. We get many more applications than job openings. The only things available right now ^{are} routine work and kitchen help. There is practically nothing for the girls to do. me

I was talking to Pop tonight and he insists that he be put to work as a barber because after the war he is going back to Vallejo and open up his barber shop again. He has his three electric clippers hung up on the wall and Tom has built him a barrel chair for the barber seat. It's a bit pathetic when he so tenderly cleans off the clippers after using them; oiling, brushing, and wrapping them up so carefully. He probably realizes that he no longer controls the family group and rarely

May 7, 1942 (Thursday)

exerts himself so that there is little family conflict as far as he is concerned. What a difference from about 15 years ago when I was a kid. He used to be a perfect terror and dictator. I think most of us have inherited this tendency to be dominant, except perhaps Alice. She is not too aggressive and she would perhaps make some fellow a nice wife. She has worked hard for the past four years and helped support the family so that now she is more or less inclined to be a little queenish. Alice has never gone beyond her high school level of friends and this is the type that she goes around with now -- nothing wrong in that, I suppose, but I do think that she should be more advanced than to confine herself with Emiko's and Bette's "jitterburg" friends.

Emiko is very boy conscious also and her idea of life right now is good clothes, plenty of boy friends, and jitterburg music. She will probably get over the stage soon. She gets along well with the fellows and is capable of adjustments to any circumstances.

Bette is also getting at that age and sometimes she feels that Jack and I don't approve of it so she hesitates a bit at times in approving all of these light activities. She seems to be more responsible than the other two and she certainly has a clever sense of humor. She, too, is getting boystruck. Right now, she worries about her weight so that she makes Miyako or Tom walk around the track with her for the "exercise."

Mom is taking things in stride. I have a suspicion that she rather enjoys the whole thing. It certainly is a change from her former humdrum life. She dyed her hair today, and Pop made some comment that she shouldn't try to act so young. One thing about these stables is that it does cut down the amount of "nagging" because people can overhear everything that is said.

May 8, 1942 (Friday)

Terrific wind howling outside tonight again. Warren and Jimmy just left to go do their night patrolling. ²³ They ducked in here for a couple of hours to get out of the cold. Jack, myself and those two got started on the war. We thought that it would be a good idea to put the U. S. flag up on the big pole up in the Grandstand in the morning for morale purposes, but decided to let the matter ride for a day or so since we heard that the ²⁴ Young Democrats were considering the matter also. Any moves of this kind will cause criticism by the more conservative Nisei, but it is necessary and if doing such a thing is radical, then we are "pinks." The question came up as to what we were fighting for. All of us agreed that Fascism was not the answer, but there was a difference of opinions on whether an allied victory would be any solution to the whole mess. Jimmy thinks that it offered the most potentialities and hope for the world. 7

It appears to me that one of our great tasks is to overcome the present cynicism that has eaten into our way of life. There is not much deep meaning to our daily routine of living. How can we expect to develop social values with goals and purposes if we continue to reason with such superficial empty minds? The shock of this war may awaken us from our former passive existence of trite physical sensations and empty material wealth. It may challenge us to overcome the lack of courage to eliminate the cruelty, violence, and despotism among people and nations. But, how many millions of humans will have to be slaughtered for us to learn our lesson? 5

In regards to the Nisei, the reaction may be harmful if we do not continue to fight for the democratic way. We have to contribute to this process if we expect to share in it. From talks with many of the Nisei in

May 8, 1942 (Friday)

camp, I have found out that most of the liberals show a fine degree of understanding of Democracy as a fight for equality and freedom which is yet to be attained. Their confidence in democracy has not been shaken since they realize that there are millions of other new Americans in this country who are with them in the struggle to achieve the potential ideals of this country. I think that the future advancement of the Nisei group will in large measure depend upon an increase and reinforcement of these beliefs. We can't afford to be passive because the prevalent idea appears to be one that we are guilty until proved innocent. Today's San Francisco Chronicle implied that all Nisei were disloyal and should be evacuated because two Nisei are now doing propaganda work for Japan over the radio, ^[Shentawa from Japan] Isolated like we are in camp, the task will be doubly difficult to combat such things. I hope that the Nisei don't get in a "rut" while we are alienated from the larger American society. The days of the "little Tokyos" are past; from now on, we must constantly stress the fact that we look to Washington only. The Nisei who think that they have a future in Japan with a Japanese victory are only fooling themselves. They will be despised more than the Kibei are here; in fact, the only hope for the future is America -- come what may.

Today the Army has taken over all of the ²⁵ [phonograph] records in camp here. They made an inspection of the stables. Since the Japanese were not allowed to bring in much baggage, things have been taken -- The Tanforan Clubhouse is practically stripped. The boys up in the grandstand caught hell because it seems that about \$1,000 worth of race track equipment has been torn out and the representative of the track was calling everybody, including himself, a son-of-a-bitch.

May 8, 1942 (Friday)

The grandstand is almost filled with single men and it probably is the most interesting place in camp. There are about 500 men in there and when they all take their shoes off, the odor that greets you is terrific. What a stench! They don't have any fresh air circulating around and the old clothes and closeness of body smells doesn't help out any. But the place is a study of varied activities. In one corner a sullen Kibei has built himself a little cube so that he can work on his master's thesis. Just down the aisle from him, an old Issei has set up a homemade barber shop and he is doing a brisk business since this service has not yet been provided in camp. The place is full of homemade clotheslines and they all hang their laundry by their beads where they can keep an eye on it. Little knots of Japanese men cluster around the radios blaring the latest news and discussing the final Japanese victory. A brave Nisei occasionally opens his mouth and he is shouted down. But the three American flags continue to hang upon the walls. Other single men sprawl out in the beds, smoking or playing Japanese cards. A few sleep with their mouths wide open, snoring like mad, which adds to the general confusion. Over on the far corner, there is a lone, but seedy looking minister with a dirty collar, who sits so straight in his bed reading a Buddhist prayer book. Flies buzz around him, but he pays no attention. This room is about the most colorful place in camp, but I am afraid that those Issei look to Tokyo rather than to Washington, D. C., for salvation.

Sol and Martha Ezralow, Irene Silverman and Sammy came to visit me today. They brought me a lot of magazines to read in case I got bored with camp life. How small the world really is. Sol was born in Canada, Martha in Pennsylvania, Sammy in North China, and Irene in Poland. I guess

May 8, 1942 (Friday)

I was the only native Californian in this particular group. The guards would not let them in, but we consulted "Mr. Johnson" and got his approval to take them to the grandstands for a few moments. I managed to sneak them through the messhall and down to our stables to visit our home. Dolores was there visiting Jack; she came by bus. They were full of questions and I, too, asked them about the "outside world." Martha said that Dr. Cassidy²⁸ gave a very touching speech at the annual banquet about how I could not be present for obvious reasons, etc. It makes me feel good just to think that they thought about me anyhow.

Kazuo is one of the smartest little boys I've met yet. His father was a large exporter of art goods and fairly successful until this war. Kazuo was born in Yokohama and is an alien technically, but actually he is the typical American boy, only he thinks a bit more deeply. He explained the whole German and Japanese strategy to me and why he believed the Allied forces would win out. "Even if I never can become a citizen, I believe in America because I like hot dogs and baseball games. Japan made a mistake and I feel sorry for my brothers and cousins who are now fighting in Burma because they will be killed off for nothing! I wish they could know democracy like I do!" I asked him how his father felt and Kazuo said that he was pro-Japan and that he argued with him often. His father intends to go back to Japan after the war because he sees nothing here for the Japanese in the post-war period, and Kazuo never wants to go to Japan again. He said that he had a hard time facing his friends in Polytechnic High School in San Francisco after the war broke out because they seemed to think that it was his fault that Pearl Harbor was attacked. Some of them turned against him and called him a "Jap" while he was directing traffic near his school.

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Kazuo feels hurt at this because he can't say he is an American since he does not have citizenship. I explained that being an American was a process and that he was more of an American than a lot of native born citizens with white skins. This seemed to have made him feel better. I gave him a job as a messenger boy and he is coming down some evening to tell me more about the war. Kazuo is only 14. I wonder what the future holds in store for him. Will he ~~be~~ be forced to go back to Japan by his father?

Jack is studying nights for his finals so that he can get his credits and Miyako keeps him company by doing her typing lessons which Alice started her upon today.²⁹ I have been trying to do a little reading, but don't seem to get very far. My mind just doesn't seem to settle down. Perhaps I am bothered by "girl trouble." Deki wrote today and she has been sent to Stockton to register the Japanese there. It doesn't look like she will get here until all the evacuation is completed. I don't think she is particularly interested in me except "as a friend" -- the old standby. One of these days I probably will fall for a Japanese girl, which will be mutual in reaction. She will have to be extremely Americanized, I guess, since this is the only kind of "Japanese" girl that I seem to be attracted to. If I ever got one of those quiet submissive types, I am afraid that I would make her life miserable. I like people to fight back because then I respect them for it; whereas, a submissive person only draws my contempt.

May 9, 1942

Saturday

Sometimes I feel like I am straining at the leash; things were a bit discouraging today, I guess. I'm trying so hard to work into the employment department, but it looks like I am on the way out. Some of the Issei are sore because they think Mitch and I are fresh because we don't speak Japanese to **them** and act on a master and slave basis instead of frankly speaking man to man. It's all right to respect the client, but I think the time for "coddling" them passed after Dec. 7. Most of them can understand and speak English surprisingly enough and they should be made to use it more. A lot of Nisei kids come in and mix their Japanese in with their English. Now that we are cut off from the Caucasian contacts, there will be a greater tendency to speak more and more Japanese unless we carefully guard against it. Someday these Nisei will once again go out into the greater American society and it is so important that they be able to speak English well -- that's why education is so important. I still think it is a big mistake to evacuate all the Japanese. Segregation is the least desirable thing that could happen and it certainly is going to increase the problem of future social adjustments. How can we expect to develop Americanization when they are all put together with the stigma of disloyalty pointed at them? I am convinced that the Nisei could become good Americans, and will be, if they are not treated with such suspicion. The presence here of all those pro-Japan Issei certainly will not help things out any. The house manager³⁰ of the men's barracks told some of the single Nisei up there not to speak English because the Issei did not like it. This kind of thing makes me boil; after all, we are in America.

Pop and Mom rarely talk about the war; they seem to feel that we are of America and I just don't know how to figure them out. They may sincerely believe that Japan is in the right; but they have come to accept the democratic way and more or less live by it. It's a good thing that they

May 9, 1942 (Saturday)

are not rabid nationalists; I'm afraid that I would not be able to stand it. Our family probably is not typical because all of us are more outspoken and liberal in our ways -- Alice is about the most conservative, or conventional, person in the family.

The Japanese are known for their politeness and honesty, but if they stay here long, they certainly will degenerate. Because of the inadequacy of facilities they take everything in sight. Some of the things they have done has been downright stupid -- such as breaking up the coal bin for lumber and taking linoleum from the other stables. The manners will not improve either. I hate to think of seeing them eat in a restaurant after they eat in those messhalls for a year or so! They will be so coarse and vulgar; under frontier conditions, one could not expect to hope for any better. One Japanese woman remarked that the "honest Japanese" were not better than the Filipinos in this camp -- they took everything!

The race track officials came in today and complained that the Japanese should not be allowed to use the track for recreational purposes because the sand on it was worth about a million dollars and it would blow off if the kids kept loosening it up. The army won't grade out a playground in the infield so what else can the Nisei do except use the track?

The initial enthusiasm has died down and there are a great number that are being passive in regards to work. If this keeps up the Army threatens to step in and take charge of things in order to get them done efficiently. I think the Army is too impatient. They forget that it takes a little time for people to readjust themselves to these new conditions: they will come around in time. A great number have already come in (mostly Nisei) and they are willing to do anything to keep themselves occupied. But

May 9, 1942 (Saturday)

many of the Issei have been in the trades and art goods type of work and it's not fair to expect them to all rush forward and do heavy manual labor.

I was way up in the grandstands and had a good view of the outside; maybe I was depressed, but a funny feeling of loneliness and of being out of place swept over me. Perhaps this was due to the fact that I walked through the men's dormitory where all those Japanese old men were jabbering away in their conversations about the war. These type of people should be evacuated, but why put all the innocent Nisei -- 99½% -- in with them? This burns me up no end.

A funny thing happened today. A rumor has gone around among the JACL "leaders" ³¹ that a bunch of "pinks" are trying to control the newspaper and we had quite a time showing them that this was a community effort and for the benefit of the whole camp. These little cliques seem to persist yet and it is most difficult to overcome them.

A second dance was held tonight and the place was packed. There isn't much else going on during the week so that this is a big event for the Nisei. One of the girls I danced with said, "Gee, it's too bad that we had to come to camp to get together with all these Nisei." Most of them seemed cheerful enough.

I started out the day in a depressed sort of mood, but my faith in everything has been restored a bit with the news that the U. S. fleet has won a big sea victory over Japan (unconfirmed). ³² I just can't help identifying myself with America: I feel so much a part of it and I won't be rejected.

May 10, 1942 (Sunday)

The camp here is immense. Today was the first chance that I have had to wander around and see the place. There are over 150 barracks and by tomorrow they will all be filled.

It amuses me to see all those bustling Nisei going around as if the very existence of the community depended upon their every move. I think they just want to overdramatize their importance -- a very human trait.

About 800 more came into camp today bringing the total population to about 8,500.³³ The capacity has been reached so that the rest of the S. F. ^{San Francisco} group may be sent down to Pomona unless the Army decides to crowd us in like sardines. Those that came in today had to wait until carpenters finished putting the partitions up and the trucks were a bit delayed in bringing the army beds and mattresses. They got a big load of cotton mattresses in yesterday so that they won't need so many straw ticks.

The existing problems are multiple. Looking in from the outside it appears that everything is running along smoothly but actually the place is still a madhouse of utter confusion.³⁴ Food has improved greatly in the smaller messhalls and it is probably true that many Japanese families are eating better than they ever did before. But up at the main messhall the situation is still not so good.

Church meetings have gone into full swing. They have separate services for Protestants, Catholics and Buddhists. The ministers are a very important influence in camp and many of the Issei as well as Nisei look to them for leadership. Part of the popularity of the church may be due to the scarcity of recreational facilities. It gives the girls a good chance to show off their better clothes. Emi and Bette took along their Bibles! It's

May 10, 1942 (Sunday)

the first time that they ever looked at them. For the most part, religion plays a very insignificant role in our family group.

Mom just said, "Me glad, come here, better than in Vallejo. No cook, just do laundry. I feel glad that all family together." Tom doesn't like it here. He thinks it "stinks." He doesn't go out to play much with the other kids but works hard around the house. As soon as he makes a few more friends he probably will enjoy it. Miyako likes it very much. The rest of us are beginning to feel restricted a bit. As far as I am concerned, I don't like the reasons why we were put here, but I am finding it interesting so far. I don't know how I will feel a month from now though. But I haven't got so much service in years. The girls make the beds and clean house; I don't have to do my laundry; Mom darns my socks and my shirts are ironed; I don't have to wash dishes and cook; in fact, I am getting all around service without worrying about finances like I did when I went to school last term. I lived on a \$25.00 a month budget and had to skimp like hell to make it; here I bet it cost the Government a lot more per month for my upkeep. But then -- all this still doesn't compensate for my liberty and freedom of movement from place to place. I see those big shining aluminum bodied Army planes roaring through the skies overhead and I am conscious of the fact that a war is going on. What beauties they are! Too bad man has such a destructive nature.

May 10, 1944 (Sunday)

the first time that they ever looked at them. For the most part, they
 give a very interesting role in our family group.
 Don just said, "the old, some here, better than in Vallejo, don't
 look, just go forward. I feel that all family members." Don says
 this is new. He thinks it's "L.A.". He doesn't go out to play much with
 the other kids but works and as soon as he makes a few
 more friends he probably will go to the very much. The rest
 of us are beginning to feel that we are in a community; I
 don't like the reason why we are but I'm finding it interesting
 so far. I don't know how I will be doing in the future, but I haven't
 got so much service in years. The girls are good and clean house;
 don't have to do my laundry; Mom does my books and my articles are done; I
 don't have to wash dishes and books; in fact, I'm getting all around service
 without worrying about finances like I did when I went to school last year.
 I lived on a \$12.00 a month budget and had to sleep like hell to make it.
 Here I get the Government and for some part for my upkeep. The
 then -- all this still doesn't compare for my liberty and freedom of
 movement from place to place. I see these big sailing airplanes being
 planes coming through the skies overhead and I am conscious of the fact that
 a man is going on. What beautiful they are! The man has such a beautiful
 two wings.

*Some note needed
 about Issei did not
 know English!*

May 11, 1942 (Monday)

It has happened! We were very busy this morning filling out application forms for the Japanese that arrived the other day from Centerville, Mt. Eden and other rural areas. During the heaviest rush in mid-morning Mr. Green called Mitch out and had a long talk with him. When he came back he told me that Mr. Green told him to tell me that he did not wish me to work in the office for a while, because they had received complaints that we were too fresh and that we did not speak Japanese to the clients. ^[Issei who did not speak English] Naturally, I was resentful of the superficial reasons that were given without even having a chance to defend myself; in fact, I was plenty burned up. Mr. Green stated that the Issei were not coming in to apply because we did not speak Japanese to them. But why coddle them? If the solution is either Americanization or deportation, they must be made to realize that they are in America -- not Japan.

I wish I wasn't so set on being a social worker. By now I could have worked into something else here; but it's not what I want. I still think I could be of service in spite of not knowing Japanese, if only given a chance. I want to be doing something that has implications for the future.

I've been here only a week yet I can catch myself getting extremely anti-Japanese again. I'm being forced to live by Japanese ways and I rebel inwardly and outwardly. And I'm not the only one. I have noticed this same reaction among several of my progressive friends -- one symptom of this is that they refuse to talk Japanese among themselves and they use the term "Japs" more often when they feel disgusted with the people.

There are four half Japanese girls that I see wandering around every day. They are sisters and in this community of 8,000 they are isolated. None of the other children ever play with them or even talk to

May 11, 1942 (Monday)

them. It's a terrible shame and tragic. Sometimes I feel I am one of them, only I have more of a Japanese face.

The Issei barracks busybody is going all around with a clipping of Terry and the Pirates. He claims that the Japanese are insulted with these drawings of buck teeth. I think they are very realistic. The Issei man who is protesting has the biggest set of buck teeth that I have ever seen! Such is life.

Now that S. F. ^{San Francisco} has been almost cleared [of Japanese] the American Legion, the Native Sons of the Golden West, and the California Joint Immigration Committee are filing charges that the Nisei should be disfranchised because we have obtained citizenship under false pretenses and that "we are loyal subjects of Japan" and therefore never should have been allowed to obtain citizenship. ³⁵ This sort of thing will gain momentum and we are not in a very advantageous position to combat it. I get fearful sometimes because this sort of hysteria will gain momentum. The San Francisco Registrar ^{misunderstand} has made a statement that we will be sent absentee ballots to which Mr. Fisk of the Joint Immigration Committee protests greatly. Tomorrow I am going to carry a petition around to protest against their protests. I think that they are stabbing us in the back and that there should be a separate concentration camp for these so-called Americans. They are a lot more dangerous than the Japanese in the U. S. ever will ^{be} or has been.

~~It's a good thing that the family was cheerful when I came home.~~
^{The family} ¹⁵ They certainly are a good influence upon me; I can't feel moody or depressed while around them. They seem so lively and full of pep that I forget all these other things and just live for the moment. It gives on^e the courage to start afresh and figure out new ways to handle the days' problems. I still

May 11, 1942 (Monday)

think that this camp is a most interesting place. I must get around and meet more people to talk to; there are so many different kinds. A little boy said to me today (when he saw one of those new army bombers overhead), "Gee, I bet they sure will give Tokyo hell!" I second the motion.

May 12, 1942 (Tuesday)

I had a talk with Mr. Green today. He was very agreeable and he thought that perhaps he could find a place for me doing social work because "they did have social problems here." He suggested that I come in to see him in his new office in the morning and have another talk with him.

The Japanese certainly are a clean people. I never saw so much laundry out on the lines in all my life. Every day is washday. They also are clean in body. Every night they take a shower; it's quite a social event. And the stables are kept neat and clean, as well as the latrines. They don't have funny sex ideas and so that sometimes the old women walk right into the men's room and proceed with their business, regardless of who is in there at the time. The old men don't mind it, but the Nisei boys flee in horror. One woman remarked that it made no difference because she was too old anyway. Ann's neighbors are more coarse. They are an old couple, and their only topic of conversation seems to be about some form of excrement. The woman yells in a high voice about how she has to go to the can or else she says that she don't have to go because she did not drink so much water the day before. This goes on from morning until night. In contrast the neighbors on the other side is a Buddhist priest and his wife. Every day he goes into his dull monotonous chant and keeps it up for hours. And we sit in Ann's room and talk about Americanizing the Japs. I wonder how they like it; they must overhear us.

May 13, 1942 (Wednesday)

Bette got a "date" to go to the dance tonight and she certainly is excited. She got dressed about 6:30 and has been anxiously awaiting "his" arrival. He is one of those sharp S. F. ^{San Francisco} boys. He wears his pants up to his chest, has them draped around his ankles, and talks like a "hep cat." Usually he is pretty noisy, but seems a bit subdued in our presence. Alice, like a very solicitous mother, urges us not to tease Bette on her first beau.

Tom has also found a friend so that he likes it a lot better here now. He goes out and plays all day and then brings him home in the evening to show him all of his tricks. Miyako also has several girl friends now and enjoys running around with them.

The big news in camp today was about C. S. who escaped through a hole in the fence last night and made his way to the ^{WCCA} ~~W. C. C. A.~~ [War-time Civil Control Administration] office in San Francisco. He came into the employment office last week and I remembered how disillusioned he seemed at that time. He was a male stenographer in the Bay Area and is quite Occidental in appearance. His mother is Caucasian and she had been exempt from evacuation, but the Japanese father is here in camp. C. has two brothers who are now serving in the U. S. Army, one of them at Pearl Harbor. Because he was half Japanese, he was turned down for both the Army and Navy. Unable to get out of the state because of the travel restrictions, C. had to come here with the other Japanese last week. He tried to enlist again at the ^{WCCA} ~~W. C. C. A.~~ office in S. F. ^{San Francisco} but they turned him down so he stepped out into the hall and swallowed some poison, saying that since he could not serve America, it was no use to go on. He was rushed to the emergency hospital and placed under guard. This afternoon I saw him up in the men's dormitory still looking unhappy. C. may be an extreme case, but I know of others

May 13, 1942 (Wednesday)

that feel as he does. They can't see the reasons why evacuation is happening and, consequently, ^{are} unable to make any adequate adjustment. I know of others who are going through the same frustrating conflict, including myself -- although I would never admit it to anyone. *who*

Probably the reason why I am feeling sort of low these days, aside from the job angle, is that I haven't heard from Deki. There is something about her that sort of gets me. Most Nisei girls are so flat; they never have anything interesting to talk about except boys, dances, and other superficial things. Their mentality doesn't keep apace with their physical development. But I still fall for every pretty face -- without much luck.

May 14, 1942 (Thursday)

Yesterday the University of California graduated 5,000 men and women in its annual ceremonies. President Sproul in announcing the highest award for scholarship to Harvey Itano stated that he was not able to be present because he was "serving his country." He is in another camp! Coming at a time like this, this honor really means a lot for the future Nisei who will continue on to college.

News of the wage scale for evacuees in the Assembly, reception and relocation centers was announced today by the government. The scale announced is even lower than what was expected. Unskilled workers will get \$8.00 a month; semi-skilled workers will have \$12.00 a month; and the professional and technical workers will receive \$16.00 a month. The reaction to this news was varied. Many took the view that they would not have much use for money anyway since there would be little to spend it on around here. Skilled workers took it better than those that have been doing the hard manual labor around here. People in the messhall and the general laborers really work hard, putting in way more than the required 44 hours a week. Some have already quit their jobs, feeling that it was not worth it. ³⁷ The Nisei in the key positions felt that salary was not all important and some stated that they would even do the work voluntarily. This is especially true in the recreational program where many Nisei are pitching in and helping out in order to get the program functioning.

The wage scale is really not as low as it sounds. Besides room and Grade A army rations, free hospitalization, dental and medical care, and "necessary clothing" will be provided as well as all of the recreational activities -- and our camp newspaper. Besides this each single person will be allowed up to \$2.50 a month, a couple, \$4.00, and a family up

May 14, 1942 (Thursday)

to \$7.50 per month for the necessary toilet articles and other incidentals. No cash will be given; all payments to be made in scrip coupons which will only be good in these camps. ³⁸ It would perhaps have been better to give everyone a uniform wage; this would have eliminated some of this striving for eternal prestige. Almost all necessary things are provided anyhow or will be in the future, we hope. They even provide the camp with the best grade of toilet paper -- the kind that costs 3 for 25¢! I bet the Japanese never had this before. And I am sure that many Japanese are eating better than they ever did at home. And there is not the eternal worrying over unpaid light and gas bills, etc. Yes, all this is fine, but ---. It always ends in the endless rows of huts. Can these things compensate for individual freedom of movement? This bothers more Nisei than I who don't like the idea of being here as "suspected disloyal American citizens."

The number of university people among the Japanese here is the highest of any assembly or relocation center. I believe that there are well over 1,000 who have graduated from college. There are over 40 experienced engineers, half of whom were on the Federal payroll previous to the evacuation. The sanitation corps are all university trained, as well as the majority in the medical center. Then we have professors and high commercial and business people. The proportion of optometrists and pharmacists also are very high. I see many of the U. C. students here; I suppose many will continue on with their education if proper provisions are made by the government. ³⁹

May 14, 1942 (Thursday)

About 100 employees of the City and County of San Mateo made a tour of the camp today. It reminded me of the times when we used to have visitors at the "home" -- "Sunday clothes" was put on, everything in order to make a good impression and we kids used to moon about the big hypocrites in charge who showed only the good things so that they would get compliments on how efficient they were. Well, the 100 tourists were served a special meal in the messhall -- they got two big delicious meatballs with two vegetables and dessert, plus butter; the "inmates" ate one microscopic meatball without the extra trimmings. For the cultural touch, wild flowers were placed on the table and everyone took his hat off. The 100 tourists were taken through the main part of town and did not come down to our "slush alley" down in the "slums." They were impressed with the industrious Japanese, but they must also have noticed the lack of many facilities. The tourists would have obtained a better picture of the camp if they had to wait in long lines for meals and if they slept in stables overnight. The glamour of the center probably would have taken a sudden fall for them. But we must keep up appearances and put on a good front, sister Alice says.

*0 49
re story*

There are scads of Japanese ministers in camp. Many of them are doing valuable work with their little flocks. Services are provided for all Protestants without the little denominational splits so far. This is the largest religious group in camp. ⁴⁰ Next come the Buddhists who now hold meetings in English and they have all joined together in one group also with their services open to all. About 300 Catholics also have their special services, observing all the differ-

May 14, 1942 (Thursday)

ent fast days, etc. The smallest group to have its individual services are the Seventh Day Adventists. There are 40 followers of this sect in camp. They had better do a lot of preaching next Sunday, because so much lumber and plywood has been "lifted" from the piles laying around that the carpenters won't have enough lumber to finish the new barracks. And the Army won't provide any more. Things have come to such a state that they shine searchlights on the infield at night to scare off the pilferers! This indicates that there is a scarcity of facilities and that this lumber is being used to make furniture and other household equipment. You can't cast them into hell for that, Mr. Minister.

One thing that is not so good is the number of Japanese written signs that are going up around various stables in camp. It may give the old people a more comfortable feeling, but this is America. Putting bulletins up in Japanese for the old people to read is understandable, but this other stuff is inexcusable. Soon they will want to name the main street, the Ginza! ⁴¹

May 15, 1942

Friday

Received a note from Dr. White in re: to the Chicago scholarship. He certainly has been considerate and kind to me. I was his Teaching Assistant⁶ in one of the classes that he had several years ago and ever since then he had helped me out several times. Just before I left Berkeley I was eating lunch with Harry Lee and he ran into us. I introduced Harry and we got to talking about how soon I would be leaving the campus for camp. Dr. White to Harry, "And when do you have to go!" "I don't," Harry answered with a smile. "Why? Aren't you in one of the restricted zones yet?" "Well you see, Dr. White, I am Chinese and so don't have to go!" An embarrassing silence followed.

Somebody in our barracks is playing a Japanese flute and what weird noises come out. Jack says that when you get used to it, you can appreciate it. Dolores was here to visit him again and Jack was quite restless all day until she came. He put on a clean sport shirt and a neckerchief. I think he is preparing us for his departure, which may be soon. Dolores will have to run away from home if they go east and it will probably make her father furious, but one has to live one's own life. Jack is trying to get a Filipino birth certificate as he feels that he can pass for a Filipino without difficulty. He is dark enough.

This morning Aya sent a messenger down to tell Alice that she has a secretarial job for her, and a part time office job for Bette. Alice is all excited because now she will have some "prestige." It may be a good thing for her because she has been doing domestic work so long. The small pay (\$12.00 a month) doesn't make any difference as long as she gets the satisfaction of being a "secretary." Already she has started. Tonight she put a sign up saying that we would have to make our own beds hereafter!

The thing I have feared is going to happen. The WCCA and WRA announced today that thousands of Japanese would be granted special furloughs

May 15, 1942

Friday

to help bring in America's food crop under a rigorous "mutual protection plan." Japanese will be enlisted in a day or so to go to Eastern Oregon to harvest the sugar beet crop, after the Army gives approval and a joint statement is signed by the government and the employer to maintain order and prevent violence. No federal troops will be used for protection. The plan calls for prevailing wages and local labor must not be competed against. All costs of transportation to and from the assembly center must be provided and it shall be on a voluntary basis. This is nothing more than a work corps. What about resettlement? I just don't like the implications of the whole thing.

May 16, 1942 (Saturday)

Slept late today and prevented Bette from cleaning up. Alice went to work and already is acting "prima donna" and talks about how she has to rush to the "office." She is classified as a Senior Clerk. Emiko is working part time as a typist, and Bette is on call as a general office worker.

Although I am glad that they are working, I wish that they had gone after it on their own initiative. With jobs at such a premium here, lots of nepotism goes on. Nisei in jobs get all their relatives or members of the same cliques in with them. Consequently, qualified people do not have a chance to do something. What we need is a merit system!

A 10:00 p.m. curfew has been set for girls here. That's one way of solving "the problem."⁴³

Temperaments clashed tonight. I got Alice sore because I told her that she was too old to be chasing around with the young 18 and 19 year^{old} boys. They are more of Emiko's age. I told Alice that she should get wider interests than dances and day-to-day activities. I didn't say it too diplomatically and she backfired with my lack of "cooperation" around the house, and all the laundry she does for me without appreciation, etc. The whole point is: I get overirriated¹ because I don't think she is living up to her potentialities intellectually and so give vent to this feeling by criticizing her material actions.⁴⁴

Alice has her other problems which disturb her also. She feels a deep loyalty and responsibility to the family -- much more than

May 16, 1942

Saturday

I do -- at the same time she has other conflicts. When Angelo comes down, she says that she can see "eyes" looking at him and wondering what her status is with him. Pop thinks he is a good boy, but he is opposed to any inter-marriage. He thinks such a thing will be a disgrace to his name and he was glad when we were finally evacuated because he thought that this would end the affair. I tried to tell Pop tonight that this is America and that they would have to decide between themselves. And then there is Jack and Dolores. Pop can't understand the American way of being affectionate and he thinks that it is some sort of sin for them to put their arms around one another in his and the young children's presence. And the fact that Dolores is not Japanese either makes it almost unberable for him. Mom sort of understands that this is the American way and she could accept it. But I don't know about Pop. I wonder how he would react if Mariko married Kayo who is only half Japanese and looks like a Caucasian? ⁴⁵

Mariko would be a terrible misfit in this camp. She is too Americanized and independent. It's a good thing that she got out of domestic work for a while anyhow -- perhaps permanently. In one day she decides that she doesn't want to go to camp; borrows \$55 for a train ticket; packs and is off on the 8:30 train without knowing a soul or having a job on the other end. That takes guts.

Glanced through the Tolán Hearings Report⁴⁶ on enemy aliens and am more convinced than ever that the Nisei are loyal. Why evacuation? Every Nisei should read it from cover to cover. It is very fair and not sensational like the papers played it up -- or one sided.

Most surprising event of the day was the sudden removal of C. S. and his father and sister to Arizona. His sister came in today. The mother is coming tomorrow, but they won't be here to meet her. C.S. was given exactly one hour's

May 16, 1942

Saturday

notice to pack and be ready to leave. They wouldn't allow them to contact the mother so that one of the soldiers is going to do it tonight when he gets his leave for the evening to go to town. Just can't figure out the reasons why the Army made this sudden move. They loaded the three of them into a U.S. staff car with their luggage and left for Arizona immediately. Perhaps the Army feels that C.S. will become a symbol to the Japanese of its inconsistencies----a loyal American not being allowed to serve his country. It's things like this that grown into rumors and break down morale. What are the Nisei to think? Aren't we considered as Americans anymore?

Another inconsistent case is of Bob Iki's friend. She is married to a Caucasian seaman who is now serving America on the high seas. This girl is Japanese so she has to come here tomorrow. How will this affect her husband; he knows nothing about it yet. The girl will stay with the Iki's in camp here. It looks like the Army is going to evacuate all "Japanese" even if they are married to Caucasians. The only exemptions will be made to those doing vital work for the Army such as listening to news reports from Toyko and translating as Chiyo is doing now in S.F. Her family is here though.

May 17, 1942

Sunday

Tonight there are about 17 young people visiting. They are singing and dancing to the recordings and the noise is quite loud. I hope the rest of the barracks do not mind all this noise. We played bingo and I lost four times to the kids so that I had to run around the barracks three times as a penalty. In moments like this, one feels like being gay and forgetting everything.

Mom and Pop seem to enjoy people coming here to have fun because then they don't have to worry about what is going on. Pop even tried to jitterbug tonight and he was the hit of the evening. I was thinking tonight that the evacuation by itself has already in the past two weeks broken down some of the Japanese culture. Already some of the former causes for cultural conflict has become less intensified-- with the Nisei holding the upper hand. We hold the advantage of numbers and the fact that we are citizens. *have*

Many of the parents who would never let their daughters go to dances before do not object so strenuously now. They are slowly accepting the fact that their children cannot stay home night after night doing nothing without some sort of recreational release. Books are still a rarity. Consequently, the Thursday night talent show and the Saturday dances are jammed to capacity. There can no longer be conflict over the types of food served as everybody eats the same thing -- with forks. We haven't had any Japanese food yet, thank God. The recreational program thus far has been pointed towards the Nisei, and there is little for the older folks to do except go visiting. *s*

We had 26 visitors to our stables today, 17 at one time. We are getting quite neighborly with the people next door---the Iwanaga family. Miyako plays with Yuri and Bette is beginning to pal around with Pat. Jock knew the father while he worked down on Grant Ave. during the final few days before evacuation. Mr. Iwanaga is in charge of the lost letter department here, an activity that keeps him quite busy. The whole family is very Americanized.

May 17, 1942

Sunday

We first got to know them by our singing, "I love potato chips," to the tune of "How about you". The whole family is so friendly; Mrs. Iwanaga sent us over some cookies today.

The Nisei as a whole rejoice that they no longer have to attend Japanese language school. This means that Japanese will be used less and less as the younger children grow up. A very few will be able to read and write it. And if these schools were a source of propaganda for Japan, they have now been eliminated. Thus, it is destined that Japanese will be used less and less among the Japanese here, and by the next generation it no longer will be a necessity to know it. Even among the Issei there will be a greater stress on speaking English so that they can continue to communicate with their children. It almost becomes a necessity. We are not getting any Japanese publications in camp so that even the Issei will be less exposed to the Japanese point of view. The only news they can get is from the newspaper, (American) and the radio, which naturally will stress the American angle. Since short wave radios are not allowed, they can't receive any of the broadcasts from Japan.

In dress habits the American methods will predominate. The Japanese will continue to use the "geta", but it is not likely that any kimonos will be used in public. This was true even before evacuation. This phase of Americanization has been almost complete. Another part of the Japanese culture---the festive customs and observations will be eliminated, or done in private, although one stable did display a Japanese fish flag during the recent Boy's Festival Day. They really used to observe this day quite widely in the former Japanese communities. And any Japanese handicraft, art, or folk songs will be Americanized if used during the next few years. I don't believe that all Japanese culture should be cast aside indiscriminately because a lot of it

May 17, 1942

Sunday

could be integrated into the American life. But at this time outward expressions of them are a symbol for the preference of the Japanese political forms and theories. And this is war, and people will not recognize that there is a difference between the culture of a country and the political system under which it exists. They are too ready to believe that the acceptance of the culture also implies the acceptance of the political system. Since the Nisei are a part of America, we have to choose one way or the other and cannot no longer remain wavering on the fence. And the only possible choice for most of us is America so we might as well go the whole hog---even though there may be possible repercussions. Not all Japanese culture will be lost. I have seen Japanese wall hangings and art pieces in a few of the stables.

May 17, 1942 (Sunday)

Received the official circular of information for enlistees in the War Relocation Work Corps. ⁴⁷ These relocation centers will be the place where the great work of the Nisei lies. Makes me feel like a pioneer already. The original plan was to put the Japanese there immediately in tent cities, but the great shortage of canvas makes it necessary for regular barracks to be built and a sanitary system fixed up before our arrival. Thus, it now appears that we will have even less provisions than here and we have to start from scratch once more. I guess we can stand it although the Issei are getting along in years and not physically able to undergo the hardship which they underwent in their youth.

The thought strikes me that this is not such a novel experiment in our history after all. These relocation centers are glorified Indian Reservations and the Work Corps a sort of ~~C.C.C.~~ ^{CCC}. At least the treatment will be more humane and the vision wider than the way they drove the Indians westward into Reservations. We are going East and will practically be wards of the government also.

I might as well try to sign up in some way to go as a volunteer among the advance group. I suppose that if I did leave first, some provisions can be made for the family to come to the same relocation area. The more I think about it, the more I become convinced, that the family will not be a handicap but an asset. It is a stabilizing influence and will help to prevent individual degeneration. Whatever happens, our family can't lose.

May 18, 1942

Monday

Quite a row at the hospital. ~~A. Y. tried to get a story for the paper, but nobody wanted to release anything official.~~ The doctors are having a battle for prestige and no one person is the official head because they all want to be head and would rather remain on an equal basis ~~rather~~ than have one as the "boss". On top of this they are overworked. None of them are specialists. ~~It seems to me that general practitioners are not enough. I'd hate to have a delicate operation performed by them. But if specialists are not provided, they have to do the work. They realize that this situation plus the starchy diet (improving greatly) is not suitable for growing children.~~

Also, a great confusion in dining hall dep't. ~~All~~ children under 16 should be provided with milk, but only those under 5 are getting it at present. Seems that some of the new messhalls are getting shorted on their quotas of fresh meat. Ah! Graft rears its ugly head!

Yesterday there were 170 visitors here; today 44. It's a lot of redtape for them to get inside and they are only supposed to stay one hour and remain in the grandstands. Arnold [a Caucasian guard] is a rat, according to many griped Nisei, because he is so rude to visitors. One old lady came with two big packages at 3:55 and he slammed the gate in her face and would not let her in because it was time to close the gate for visiting hours. He wouldn't even deliver the packages for her. This sort of thing creates a bad impression of the place; we're not supposed to be prisoners.

Sent a card to the San Francisco registrar for my absentee ballot. I might as well exercise my rights and keep on in the habit of voting.

Ann came over tonight. She witnessed an amusing scene on the way over. Some little boys were pointing at one of their pals and shouting, "He's not an American, he's not an American!" This picked up her interest so she went over and asked, "Why isn't he an American?" "Because," they replied, "he says he is a Jap!"

May 19, 1942

Tuesday

Wage scales were announced today. The editor of the paper is rated professional at \$16 ^[per month] and the reporters at \$12. We are not on the payroll yet, and it is likely that only about 5 or 6 will be given work orders. Taro has appointed us all editors of some kind in the event that we do rate a "salary." I'm the Exchange Editor and in charge of the delivery service.

Somebody gave our block a Japanese name and put a sign up on the telephone post in Japanese with it so Tommy and I knocked it down. A couple of Kibei boys did not like it, so I told them that nobody can read Jap around here anyway because we are all Americans.

Two years ago when I was staying at the Koshu Hotel, the manager of the place used to give me a lot of lectures about learning Japanese, etc., because the only future of the Nisei was in Japan or in China after Japan threw the Keto out. He told me to study hard, because Japan needed men like me who would help fulfill the "destiny of Japan." I used to argue with him, and it finally got to a point where I had to move out of the place because I couldn't stand this sort of stuff. It left a bitter taste in my mouth and when I finally told him to go back to Japan, he said I would regret the day that I fooled myself into thinking that I was an American. Well, now he is here in camp, and the administrator has made him a House Manager in the grandstands where he looks after the interests of 500 men. He is the one who told the Nisei up there to speak Japanese and not to put the American Flag on the wall because the men did not like it. Such irony -- but that is Democracy for you.

They must have a lot of information on these organizations that contributed funds to Japan's military program. And they are definitely scared of another Pearl Harbor. In this war invasion is not an impossibility, although not probable. There may be something to the statement that they are also evacuating the Japanese to protect them from mob violence in case of

May 19, 1942

Tuesday

reverses in the Pacific. But there are many people among the civilian population that have full confidence in the Japanese---like the letter we got today in the newspaper office:

Dear Japanese friends and citizens:

Since the evacuation of Japanese residents from this area, I have been "about town" a number of times, and have had occasion to go to Oakland, West Berkeley, and Richmond.

As I am an old time resident, I have become accustomed to your smiling faces on the street among the young people going and coming from high school and the Campus, in the shops where service was so pleasant and efficient, and even in the yards where the gardeners do their efficient work.

I want to say that there seems something lacking now that you are temporarily away from our midst, and we do not feel that we have gained by your absence. We look about to the time when you will be back in your customary places.

Yours for a freer, happier nation with liberty and justice for all and mutual esteem among nationalities of our land, based on harmony and equality.

A Berkeley Resident

The harmony of the camp was shattered by the news (rumors?) that there are three cases of hospitalized rapes -- one supposed to have been committed by one of the Caucasian workers here. Curfew for girls and eliminating dances will not solve this social problem. How to sublimate the sex desires of the camp population is giving the administration plenty of headaches. The Japanese are not so emotionally cold as commonly believed.

May 19, 1942

Tuesday

In our small messhalls the meals are getting super. Tonight we had the best grade of ham -- all we could eat. The Japanese seem a little reluctant about going up for seconds, but our family certainly is not bashful. We even brought enough home to make ham sandwiches for 10 tonight!

May 20, 1942 (Wednesday)

Bette (15): "Nobody talks about why we were evacuated, but it may be because they don't want to see us on the streets. It makes me so mad. A lot of the kids think more Japanesy than me. They think they are Japanese. I really don't know what it is all about, but I don't believe the Issei. There must be more to it than that. Right now all I am interested in is to go back to school and start my career as a nurse."

Me: "But don't you think that you should know why we were evacuated also, so that you won't get the same outlook as some of your friends?"

B.: "Don't worry; they can't convert me much because they think even less than I do. All they ever talk about is clothes, dances, and boys. Gee, I don't know what is going to happen, but I don't worry about it. All I know is that a lot of the Japanese are not going back to their old Japanese towns. Maybe we will be spread all over the country. They may send some of the Issei that want to go back to Japan, but I don't think they could do that to the Nisei, huh?"

^S
I way lying in bed this morning--too lazy to arise--and listening to the radio telling about the dangers of B.O.; how wonderful it was to eat Wheaties; please smoke Chesterfields; and Ladies, wouldn't you like to have a cheap skunk fur coat? When the thought struck me: Here we are living at the end of an epoch in a great transitional stage and a great war in progress which will mean much to humanity, and yet most of us don't feel much differently. Even I feel this way at times. I can see and hear and read signs of the change all around me, but life seems to go along in its well worn rut.

May 20, 1942 (Wednesday)

The term Communism holds an emotional block in our minds for most of us -- except for the few (comparatively) converts. But aside from the "intellectual" ones, they, too, develop a one-sided approach and I cannot see any other possibility. This verges on fanaticism, and I cannot accept such a dogmatic view. Is?

Capitalism, in any event, is going to undergo radical changes. Its basis is all wrong for our modern civilization. Instead of the greatest good for the greatest number, its doctrine is the greatest profit for the choice few. This is contradictory to our theory of Democracy. The two terms are neither identical nor inseparable. Under democracy anything is possible and it does not necessarily advocate capitalism, which is a common fallacy.

I feel that I want to be of service in the present war effort, yet the idea of killing other individuals doesn't exactly appeal to me. Kept on an impersonal basis, the idea is not so revolting. I wonder how those aviators that drop bombs feel? Would they feel the same if they had to go about bashing skulls of old people in with an iron pipe? It's the same thing. War seems to be so senseless, but it may be necessary to "save our way of life" this time. But definitely not the old system. It has to be a way of hope and not of frustration, and only the Allies can lead us in this direction if we plan wisely with a long range perspective. A Fascist victory can only offer us slavery and death.

Jack is starting a petition to rename Lake Tanforan officially to Veronica Lake and then send an invitation for her to come to dedicate the pond.

May 20, 1942

Wednesday

Can't understand Alice. She says that she has some purpose and plan in going to Chicago, but can't make up her mind until she finds out what Jack and I are going to do. If she is afraid to take any decisive steps, she will miss the boat again. There must be some understanding with Angelo.

Emiko says that she is going to get married when she is 19 and that she is not going to wait for her sisters to get married first.⁴⁸ Bette thinks she wants a career as a nurse first. Tom just wants to be a carpenter and support Mom.

Emiko was in the doghouse again tonight. Her gang of "bums" came in after the dance and stayed 'til 10:45. This irritated Pop to no end. He thinks that we will get a bad reputation with such noisy boys around. And Mom gave Emiko hell for not doing the dishes. To top it off, Jack ridicules Alice for writing to Mrs. H. [former employer] and telling her that she likes it here. Because the food is getting good and that she is getting to do office work. He tells her that no treatment will compensate for the fact that we are virtual prisoners, and that she shouldn't be so short sighted about the whole thing. I am afraid that Alice does not have too much vision about the total implications of this whole problem. Perhaps it's just as well. Bette is about the only one that doesn't catch heck. She is too young to be held responsible for her older sister's actions. But Emiko is plenty sore. These family squabbles!

Meal tickets were passed out today. From now on, we can't go around trying out the various messhalls. The girl next door always kids me for eating so much, and also the family.

May 21, 1942 (Thursday)

Ah! I must be degenerating. The fever of the poker game got me and I spent another eight useless hours to win \$2.00. The boys ran out of money so they used stamps, and now I have a good stock on hand. Our game was small stuff. Out in the grandstands they were shooting for \$125 table stakes. That money certainly looks tempting. All of us must have that gambling spirit within us. Only I get too curious and want to see the next card on hope--even when there is no chance. The only trouble is that I have won every time and it's hard to refuse them when they want me to play. As long as the stakes are cheap, I usually accommodate.

I took an hour off to plant a flower garden in front of the stables. Mrs. Iwanaga went after the plants with Miyako and helped plant them. She has a nice spot in front of her stable, and she is trying to interest our other neighbors in the garden beautiful project. The other Japanese say that it is no use because we won't be here long. Mrs. I. realizes that, but she says that she enjoys flowers and by the time the Italians and the Germans are sent here, the place will look more homelike and they will be able to enjoy the place more. She seems so cheerful. I don't know much about her yet, although her husband is a graduate of a music conservatory and he plays the violin quite well. Right now he is organizing a music conservatory in the Tanforan Club and has signed up a large class.

Our other neighbors are also breaking down. The daughter is borrowing "Knowledge, for What" from me to read. She must be the cultural type of girl. The father is a minister, and he spends all his time visiting his former flock.

May 21, 1942 (Thursday)

Building 14 was condemned today as too unsanitary. The public health officials thought the manure piles in front of it was not conducive to healthful living. *well*

Jack's theme song:

"I am an American in a concentration camp
I am living at Tanforan with the Japs and the horse manure."

May 22, 1942 (Friday)

Yesterday I resolved to quit playing cards but---. They ganged up on me and so I was in the game from 2:30 till now (12:00). From a small game, it has grown to a fairly large pot. No limit now-- I won considerably, but this time for sure I'm going to quit before it becomes a habit. It's so easy to get into. The game out in the grandstand has grown into large proportions. They toss \$20, \$50, and \$100 bills into the pot just like that. Another session called for tomorrow, but I'll go to the dance and thus escape their clutches. Besides my derriere gets sore sitting so long in one place. I should lose so that I can retreat honorably. Otherwise, it will be like two years ago-- every night until 3:00, no work, and the fever. It may lead to trouble-- this gambling.

May 23, 1942 (Saturday)

Himeko Kato is the receptionist for visitors and she tells me that many interesting people have come in. Dr. Chernin and his party were here, so that I had a chance to talk with him. He is in our Social Welfare staff at U.C., but I never had him as my instructor, although I knew him well. Dr. Thomas apparently got the grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to make a study of the Japanese in the evacuation, and Dr. Chernin will work with her. I have been asked to keep notes for them on a paid basis, but I'm not too interested. I'd rather be doing something while it is happening rather than devoting my energies to any analysis after the event. This way one never catches up to the present.

P 90 25
Himeko
1942

→ Yesterday while we were playing our little card game, the police came in and arrested 88 men for violating the state gambling law! This puts an end to our games for a while and an "out" for me. I don't know where all of those single men get their money; they certainly have enough for those big card and dice games.

In Los Angeles, a Japanese, 35, hanged himself because: "My country goes greatly wrong. I cannot face my good American friends. So I have to die. Please bury." This is the fourth Japanese suicide I have read about, with the same theme.

Another death in camp--this time a murder of a harmless mole. An old Issei saw it coming out of Mrs. Iwanaga's garden, so he stamped on it and killed it with his little trusty pocket knife. Most of the Japanese from the city had never seen a mole before and were amazed that it had no eyes and that it had such smooth fur. Tom got the victim and he had a lot of fun scaring the girls and old women. After

May 23, 1942 (Saturday)

dinner, Jack took over. He drew a capacity house when he started to skin it so he could dry the fur and cure it. We told all the people that we were going to make pai-kai out of it and eat it. They warned us that we would be poisoned! Jack took ~~two~~ hours to perform the delicate operation with his scalpel set, while the crowd drew closer and closer together. The old women and girls ran when they saw the sight, but the curious lingered on. We decided to hold a fufneral for the remains, so Tom dug a grave for it; Miyako ran out to the infield and got a bunch of flowers. Bobby made a little cross, and Jack gave the funeral oration. Emiko posted for the grave:

"Here lies Mr. M. Mole. He was stabbed in the back by a Treacherous Jap with Buck teeth. We knew Mr. M. Mole well; he was our friend. Although his fur has been separated from his body, may his soul rest in peace."

The event caused such an uproar in our streat that Mom went out tonight and took the sign and the flowers down and threw them away! She thinks the neighbors will think bad of us if they read such a thing. Pop was amused at the whole thing. I think Jack had more fun than the kids!

Bette received her [employment] badge today and is so proud of it. It makes her feel like something special because she got "prestige" now among her non-working friends. Emiko takes it more in stride and it doesn't make much difference to her. Alice is in seventh heaven. She just glorifies in doing "office work" at last and takes the whole thing very seriously. She even likes it here because of this fact. She has been doing housework for so long that she feels her status has gone up now with an office job.^{5/} However, she has not been neglecting the family needs. She gets the food for Pop very faithfully and does many other things around the house.

May 24, 1942

Sunday

T.S. is leaving next week for the Tule Lake Relocation Center. Thomas got a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to do the study on the Japanese and Eisenhower has given approval. He is supposed to let Thomas know if I would also be interested in the study. I said I would but stalled him off on a definite answer. It's on a regular salary basis, but I told him that I would not want to make a full time job of it, because I wanted to work right during the process and not reflect back and analyze it because I don't have training for such work. T. says I am sure to be asked shortly by the U.C. people if I would like to be on the project. I just don't know what to say.

Tom Kobucki is a landowner. He is 19. He bought a little piece of land in San Bruno about 5 miles from here with his own savings. After the war [started] he could not sell it. Now he goes up into the grandstands and looks down on his property with great satisfaction.

It was nice and sunny today and everyone was out in their best Sunday clothes. I even got the urge to see how it was to wear my slacks again. The flag raising ceremony for the official opening of Tanforan was held in the infield and several thousand people were in attendance. A surprising number of Issei were in the group, and they gave the pledge of allegiance along with the rest. The Boy Scouts raised the flag and it was a thrilling sight, enough to make the chills run down your back. Newspaper photographers were also around to take pictures. I thought the speeches were a little over-flowery, but probably sincere. he

Things look calm enough on the surface, but there seems to be a growing conflict between parents and children over minor things. The Issei haven't adjusted themselves and consequently are more touchy. Family quarrels occur over such a thing as going to the Saturday dances. Rumors are rife that there are some cases gone "batty" in the hospital, but the hospital will not

May 24, 1942

Sunday

release any information. All of these seemingly small events add up and indicate that there is a great amount of emotional maladjustment in the centers.

What we need is qualified leaders who can help the Nisei assume leadership gradually and not throw the burden upon them like this. I certainly hope the Social Service people get in. The JACL people are good as individuals, but they don't have the background. A doctor, an insurance salesman, a laundry owner, etc., cannot and should not be expected to be good administrators. Yet they will be given the leadership because they want to "cooperate."

There was a big row in the planning of the discussion groups for this camp. The first few meetings will be innocuous and acceptable, but the JACL's did not believe that we should bring up controversial issues or complain openly. Those [the JACL members] in camp here are more concerned with keeping the streets clean than analyzing the reasons why we are here and discussing our future role and what we do about it.

them

May 25, 1942 (Monday)

Taro [Editor of the Camp Paper] asked me to initiate the exchanges [with other assembly centers] for the paper, so I had to see Mr. Green this morning about getting Federal stationery for the purpose. Green is very impressed with the paper, Lord knows what he sees in it, and he is having some copies of the first issue printed. He agreed to increase the size to 6 pages. I had to draw up a form letter to send out to the various assembly and relocation centers for his signature. Asked again about social work and he said that a woman from the WCCA was coming down, and it would be organized as soon as she got here. When he said that it was a "Japanese woman" working for the WCCA, I realized that it would be very ineffective department with not much backing since Green will head it.

I'm probably a little uncertain of myself again. Perhaps I have been too insistent on the Americanization angle, but that's the only solution I can see. A Nisei told me today that he wouldn't buy war bonds because he didn't know who would win the war. Such an attitude is inexcusable. The Japanese and Nisei are getting a raw deal but that does not mean that we should give up all of our ideals.

Earl said that a plane crashed on the power line tonight, which was the reason we did not have any light for two hours tonight. Went around the different barracks yelling, "Candles out, please," and the Japanese were meek as a lamb and snuffed them out. They won't allow candles because of the great fire hazard.

Checked up on the visitors' list today as a possible feature story for the paper. In the past 10 days there has been 1,134 visitors.

May 25, 1942 (Monday)

The largest single racial group was Filipinos (53), followed by 42 Japanese and ⁵²⁻40 Chinese. About 25 Negroes and 25 Jewish people have also visited, Korean, Italians, and Germans are also represented. Many school teachers have also come to visit their former students. The rest of the visitors were Caucasian, but from looking at them, I would say that they were from the same economic background (status) as the Japanese. Then we have the higher social status groups--former employers and friends. The Mayor of Pleasanton, Mrs. David Starr Jordan, and many professors were among the list.

The gals have a new fad of wearing jeans now and Alice, Emiko, and Bette were trying ours out. Alice has too broad hips to look streamlined in them and Emiko's stomach is too big. She looks funny. Bette had just the right figure for them. Emiko started a fashion show by putting on our clothes, so Jack puts on Emi's shorts and brassiere and mimics their gestures before the mirror, while I did a Charlie Chan strut with her skirt. We laughed so much that I bet our neighbors think we are crazy.

her?
put?
munched?

Last night it rained all night and we are now back to slush alley. We sink up to our ankles every time we step out. They took up our boardwalk to gravel the street, but they never got around to it. Mrs. H. thinks that they pulled the boardwalk up on purpose, because they knew that it was going to rain and they wanted us to be inconvenienced!

Alex says that about 600 Nisei use our camp library and the few available books have a wide circulation. A lot of books have been

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May 25, 1942 (Monday)

donated by Mills College and the various Y's. Jack gave my old books to the Japanese "Y" to be given here. I haven't been able to do any reading, although I have started Faith for Living, Soviet Power, For Whom the Bells Toll, and selections from the Atlantic and Social Frontier magazines.

Letter arrived from Mariko. She is modeling in Chicago and evidently having a lot of fun. The Nisei soldiers rush all the girls, because there are only about 25 eligible ones there. Mariko wants Alice to make up her mind to go to Chicago for the job opening that she has for her there.

May 26, 1942 (Tuesday)

The plane that crashed last night was an Army P 38. Yamada says that there was ^a rumor going around that the Issei clapped their hands in the grandstand and said in Japanese, "It isn't anything just as long as it is an American plane." Another rumor was that it was a Japanese Zero plane which caused it. The Zero plane was so small that it could go between the power lines, but the two P 38's that were pursuing it crashed. The newspapers did not publish the truth, because they did not want to admit that Japanese planes have come over. A third rumor was that it was Clark Gable who crashed, because he wanted to die the same way as his wife died.

One of the noticeable things about the camp is the number of former domestic workers around here who are now in a "prestige" job and think that their social status has been raised. Alice is typical of them. She wears her badge all over, even to dances, and makes sure that they all know that she is a secretary. She says she is overburdened with heavy responsible duties, but I've been in there several times to see about the mimeographing of the paper and she doesn't seem to be too busy. She won't even discuss going to Chicago now for the job Mariko held open for her, as she thinks that this job is more important and the family needs her.⁵³

Mom is also a little touchy and irritable these days. I guess we "ride" her a little too much on how badly she is bringing up the kids. Tom and Miyako yell at each other at the table and they are developing a selfish attitude which Jack and I are trying to break them of. The number of arguments and bickerings has been increasingly lately,

1
May 26, 1942 Tuesday

but we all forget about them right away. These petty arguments, I suppose, are an indication of the present inner tensions which we are all undergoing. I'm wondering about the future. Alice and Jack have their marriage problems; Mom and Pop have not adjusted themselves to this situation; Emiko and Bette have problems about bringing boys in after certain hours and going to dances and coming home one at a time, etc. Mom and Pop have been very reasonable with them, but they see that Jack and I do as we please without any parental restrictions, and they also wish to be independent. But anything affecting one of us outside the family group brings instant unity. (the girls)

Today the house manager brought around a form to sign stating that the administration was authorized to open packages and mail for inspection. Bette signed it without realizing its significance, but I don't like the inclusion of "mail" in the statement. That leaves it open for possible opening of our private mail and I certainly am not going to let them do that without raising strong objection.

Fumi said that she heard a rumor from a friend about the old man who was given a typhoid injection in the veins by one of the hospital assistants, and it made him sick for two days. Now people are not willing to get injected because so many have been getting sick. I don't know why I haven't started mine. Too lazy in the first place and I don't quite trust Japanese doctors, although they are supposed to be very competent. It's funny but I always think of anything Japanese as inferior--must be in somewhere with all the cheap junk that they have exported in the past. I've never patronized Japanese business much, because you can get better service and quality in the larger Caucasian places. 7

Had breakfast with Mrs. Iwanaga. She certainly is Americanized for an Issei. She speaks mostly English with her children. When she was in Boston,

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Tuesday

she hardly knew English, but she had to learn it in order to keep people from taking advantage of her. Her husband is a graduate of a music conservatory, and he is voluntarily getting the music teaching program under way. He says that he has 60 signed up as piano players and only one piano.

Mrs. Iwanaga is a very friendly person. Mom and she have been exchanging items of food for the past few days. Everytime they get something special, she sends a bit over, and vice versa. Tonight she sent Mom some Japanese pickles, and Mom was tickled pink, because she has not had them for such a long time. Mrs. I. is the first Japanese I know of who makes strong coffee. She must have gotten the habit in Boston. It's the best coffee I have tasted in over a month. The carpenters (Caucasians) came in while we were talking and sympathized with us about the hardships of living in a stable.

Mrs. Iwanaga feels sorry for the Nisei, because they are in such a difficult position. She knows a lot of the Boy Scouts, and they are Americanized as can be. They know of no other loyalty than to America. She herself believes that America has much to offer to the immigrant, and it will be up to this country to lead the world out of the chaos if we don't get greedy. She sees a lot in the Japanese culture that is good, and feels sorry for all the soldiers of the world who are just human beings that want to be happy. She ^{Speaks} English with her children most of the time and is glad that Pat has to eat certain foods now, because she was so spoiled before and only ate cake. Now she even drinks the cocoa made with water. But she is worried about school. She doesn't want to see the children get out of the habit of studying, "because education is good and you are better for it." One of the reasons why she believes that the Japanese in the U. S. have such distorted ideas about Japan is that they have not kept up with the actual changes in the country on one hand, and on the other, they have never been able to appreciate all the greatness and beauty of America,

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Tuesday

because they have had to work so hard for a living. She does not think that "colors" will ever mix and points out the examples of the Negroes. She is not opposed to intermarriage, but thinks it is tragic when their children are socially isolated. For the future she sees that great changes will have to be made. One thing she said impressed me, "The Issei really believe in democracy, because they practice it now in their living, but they don't recognize it. They would rebel against the present militarism of Japan, although that "certain Japanese" quality may prevent them from actively opposing it." I do not know her well enough yet to ask her opinions on the war, except in general indirect ways. Much of her attitudes are, of course, due to her background. She has had an opportunity to see more of America and experience its better parts than many of the other Japanese.

May 27, 1942 (Wednesday)

Are we like the optimist who, while falling ten stories from a building, said at each story, "I'm all right so far?" If so, the thump will indeed be hard.

Jack told me this morning that he wrote the WCCA about Arnold and his attitudes and signed it with "M. D. S. Jordan" and had Dolores take it out. By coincidence, a new police chief came in this afternoon to replace Arnold. One reform accomplished!

Busy all morning sending exchange copies of our camp paper to the 15 other Assembly and Relocation Centers. A copy goes to the Library of Congress, U. C. Library and California State Library. Although there is a tight censorship and a lot of red tape, there are ways in which we can at least have some sort of policy. Wrote a little piece about the coming special elections in San Francisco and told the Nisei how to obtain the absentee ballot. Then I asked Davis if they would provide an officer with a seal for the ballot marking. Davis was not very cooperative, and he said that they would do this if there were not too many Nisei who came with the ballots to his office. It's very likely that a lot of the Nisei will not even bother to vote. Even if they don't think it means much they should keep in the habit.

Dr. Thomas visited today, but I did not talk with her very much as she was busy with Tom. I want to work in this evacuation and resettlement project because I think it is an important social experiment in which I may be able to help. But if a chance to go to school again comes up, I don't know what I would do.

Over 100 people were at the first Town Hall meeting tonight. Representatives from the Recreational, Educational, Employment,

May 27, 1942 (Wednesday)

Churches, Council, and House Managers presented talks on "What Can We Do To Improve Tanforan." Questions followed. The field covered was too wide to hold complete interest together, but the meeting was fairly successful. There were several Issei in the audience which was a good sign. Most of the group were college people and the JACL and YD's were fairly well represented.

[Young Democrats]

May 28, 1942 (Thursday)

Felt lousy this morning from my cold so stayed in bed. Perhaps it's just as well. For almost a month I've been rushing around full of mental conflicts, speculations, desires, and hopes without accomplishing too much. Today gave me a little chance to reflect and just loaf lazily. Everyone is so concerned over my welfare and health.

I look at my paper certificate from U. C. that is hanging on the wall and sometimes wonder if doing research is not also an escape. Outwardly, I try not to show any resentments, but, inwardly, I do have them. It makes me so damn mad sometimes but at a time like this the social forces are so strongly against the Japanese here. The funny part of it is that my reactions to the "Japs" in Japan is probably as strong as the general public's, but they draw no distinctions and fail to realize that the Nisei background is the same as theirs.

This morning there was a lot of excitement in our barracks. Mom says that the old woman in #14 died of cancer. But Bobby came in later and said that a 43 year old lady died while she was "laying a baby."

Bette was peeved this morning at the House Manager, because he walked into the woman's latrine while she was sitting there to put in paper and he just says: "That's all right; sit still; I won't bother you."

Nowadays, Pop sits on the bench all day long and sharpens his razors. This is his whole life. He is apparently accepting things now although he does get very temperamental about his food. He has to have a special diet, but the main messhall diet kitchen sometimes gives

May 28, 1942 (Thursday)

Alice things that he cannot eat. Then he gets mad, shoves it away and pouts: "Can't eat. I don't want." The other day, by mistake, they sent the ends of two oranges and apples for a salad, and this made him very angry. He thought that they did it on purpose.

Mitch was over tonight. We were talking about the wage and employment setup, and I cited Alice and the Koba sisters as examples. Mom got all excited because she thought I was talking "bad" about Alice. I had to explain just what we were doing, but she still thinks that it is all right if families get extra favors and preferences just so we are included. She certainly is funny about some things.

Pop thinks that Alice is going around with too young boys and leading Emiko and Bette astray. He points out the girls on both sides of us who stay home, while the Kikuchi girls have to run off to every little dance and social. He said that he wouldn't mind so much if they went with nice boys. But he never says much, because he gets in a big argument with Mom. And nowadays Mom resents Jack and I saying things to the girls. She feels it is her duty only she never does anything about it. Perhaps she feels as if she were being pushed aside and resents it which is natural enough. The children have definitely grown away from them.

11:30--I was just writing a letter when Emiko went out and said that she was going to the lavatory as she had a stomach-ache. All of a sudden I hear a yell, and Emiko comes running in, white as anything. A man grabbed her by the arm as she was coming back, but Emi broke away. I put on my bathrobe, got the hammer and a flashlight and went

*hand
come*

May 28, 1942 (Thursday)

out to look around. Some old lady going to the toilet probably thought I was a fiend also. I looked around in the empty stables, but no sign. One of the firemen came by, so I reported the matter. He said that this was the second time that a case like this has been reported in this area. The girls are all talking about it now and discussing what they would do if they were attacked. I never saw Emiko so frightened in all my life. You can't tell what some of these hard-up bastards will do around here. It's a good thing I did not catch up with the guy or else he would have a dent in his head.

May 29, 1942 (Friday)

In the office Emiko says that Helen F. told her about a girl that was raped in our barracks last night. How the rumors can grow! I went to the police department and explained the situation. The fireman I talked to last night had already reported the case, because they stayed around until 3:00 A.M. to escort women who had to go to the latrine. I asked the police department to put lights on our block, because it is on the outskirts of camp and very dark at night. The Chief came down to talk to Emiko here, but only Mom and Pop were home. They didn't understand what was going on, since we did not tell them, and they thought that the police were after Emiko for staying out late with a man and holding hands with him. When Emiko came home, she got a bawling out until we came to the rescue and explained everything to them. All of the girls around here are pretty worried and tonight I saw all of them being escorted to the washroom by their brothers or father.^s

Miss Mayer of the U.S.E.S. [United States Employment Service] has written a letter to recommend my further schooling at some university. Sometimes I wonder whether such things are actually helpful. They feel sorry for me and want to get me out of this mess and the only way they can do it is by getting me into a college again. But I just can't^T see this. If I can be of meaningful use in the relocation, I would much rather work. And it won't be so bad--not as they picture it anyway. My adjustment to the Japanese group is by no means complete, but I am coming along. At least I am not bored yet.

May 29, 1942 (Friday)

12:30--A car just drove up to the far end of the barracks.

They are patrolling this area for men on the loose. I can hear them walking around. It's windy tonight; they must be cold out there. I'd hate to be one of those all-night sentries right now.

May 30, 1942

Saturday

Fumi's family is much worse than ours. Nori went out to the recreation hall and came home late while Bette was there. The father made quite a scene and demanded that the girl take him to the hall and account for the every instant that she was there. He cross--examined her for ten minutes. That is why Nori deceives her father a lot to avoid these scenes. The Kikuchi girls now appreciate more the liberal attitudes of Pop and feel that they are much better off than most Japanese girls because their lives are not ruled by such strict parental control. Fumi's father is orthodox and traditional Japanese. The mother takes all the dishes to the meals and waits in line with her husband's plate while he stands around a table and waits. She brings the food to him and serves him. As soon as he is finished, he gets up and goes home with a word while she obediently cleans up. She even walks behind him! It's a good thing our family is democratic; I couldn't stand a thing like this. Nor would any of the other kids.

For the past three days Tom has been trying to make a boat that will sail straight on Lake Tanforan, without any luck. They all sink or tip over. So Pop gets out his tools and he spent all day making Tom a good boat. We ^{got} kidded him a lot about getting into his second childhood, and he was very pleased to get so much attention. Last night Tom took him to the toilet, and he hid from Tom and came back home alone. Poor Tom was sure worried looking for him. Pop has probably the greatest peace of mind of anyone in the family except Miyako, although he still wants to be a barber. But as long as we argue with him that he is still a good barber and needed, he is satisfied. Sharpening his razors and cutting hair occasionally keeps him occupied. There is no barber shop in camp yet officially, so that a barber who gives free haircuts has a certain prestige.

May 30, 1942

Saturday

Today was Memorial Day and the Buddhists and Christian churches held a very impressive ceremony in the infield. Americanism was stressed. One of the ministers gave a short talk in Japanese and Mr. Green was very irritated and said that this would not happen again, because they had not received a translation and submitted it for an "O.K." The man was telling the audience about the ideals of Democracy and how they should cherish them.

4 Talked to Dr. Smith and a group of Social Service Teachers and students from San Jose State College. They are also planning to send letters out to friends and key people in the East so that the Nisei can get a fair hearing. One girl I talked to for 45 minutes was certainly ignorant about the Nisei. I patiently explained to her that we don't write to Japan; we don't use chopsticks; we don't like segregation; we aren't going back to Japan; and that we are not Pro-Fascists. I hope I gave her enough to think about.

May 31, 1942 (Sunday)

One month in the Assembly center. It seems that it has gone by so fast that I haven't caught my breath yet, although things are settling down to routine. The last of the Japanese will be evacuated today, although there are a limited number scattered around. I hardly think that military area #2 will be ordered cleared.⁵⁶ As far as the actual evacuation process, you have to hand it to the Army for efficiency. I don't know of one accident or death caused in the actual evacuation.

I just can't seem to get my mind on this whole problem of the Japanese evacuation. I've lived and slept with this question for a whole month now. I can't say that I am discouraged at the developments, but I am not too happy at my progress. I had hoped to be doing more. Working on a heavily censored camp paper is a long way from social work. And now I am even having a little doubt about the social work phase. Will I be any better off than I was in the Employment Office? Not knowing Japanese puts one in a peculiar situation. Sometimes when I hear Japanese being spoken I have an urge to shut the whole thing out as if I were in a nightmare experience. I don't hate the Japanese here, but their conventional ways get me sometimes. Perhaps they would be better off if they were not so law-abiding. They should really let themselves go occasionally, but you can't tell what is going on behind the Oriental mask.

June 1, 1942 (Monday)

Bette is quitting work after today, because she wants to have more time to write letters, visit friends, and read. Tonight she was asking about the coming Town Hall meeting. She is only 15, yet she seems much more aware of what is going on than Emiko. She wants to get started in school again. Emiko is going to take Bette's place in the mimeograph department. She will also help out on the art staff of the paper.

Taro took the twelve names to Green, and he blew up when he found so many listed as editors. He said that only six would be on the payroll, one as a reporter. We will pool our total salaries (\$80) and divide it equally among the twelve of us. We don't know yet who the six on the payroll will be. Taro gave Green my name among the others and when he came to it he said, "Charles Kikuchi? Oh, the Social Worker! He's no newspaper man, is he?" Taro replied, "He's the best reporter that we have and he takes care of all of the contact work." Taro said that Green was reluctant even after that.

The new police chief [Esterbrook] is a great big 210 pounder with a very pleasing personality, and I got along well with him. He told me that he knows the Japanese well, and he has always found them to be honest, law-abiding and peace-loving. There are 13 Caucasian patrol men under him, all picked on the basis of their experience among the Japanese. I discussed some of the problems which have arisen in camp, and he says that there have been 2 larcenies, 1 burglary, 2 gambling raids, and one girl molested (Emiko). He is working hard to get the cooperation of the camp. Apparently he understands the setup as he says that most Nisei are

June 1, 1942 (Monday)

just like him, and he won't allow his men to spy or put on a superior attitude while in camp as this will be of great harm to his department.

The Fire Chief is of similar caliber.

June 2, 1942 (Tuesday)

A USES man, Mr. Holland, was down today to tell the family heads about the chance to sign up for work in the sugar beets in Southern and Eastern Oregon. About 1,000 people were up at the men's dormitory to ask questions. Prevailing wages and transportation will be provided. About 75 of the Nisei met with him this afternoon for further details.⁵⁷

11:45--A tiny little field mouse just ran under Jack's bed, but I'm too lazy to get up and chase it. It's too cold to get up. Outside the wind is just howling. Why should I get up and make its little life miserable by evacuating it to the cold outside.

Felt pretty good today. Deki was here to see her folks and I got to talk to her. Tried to act nonchalant, but.... She was so busy trying to see all of her friends that I didn't get a chance to talk to her much. Anyway, I'm just a very impersonal thing to her.

Checked on the visitor list and found that 2,839 people have come in to see their friends since May 14. Over 500 came in last Memorial Day weekend alone. From now on, Monday will be closed to visitors for reasons unknown.

The postmaster told me that he still sells over \$1,000 a day of money orders. About 500 packages a day arrive for the residents and 3,000 pieces of mail. Most of the mail is sent to the Bay Area which means that the Nisei do have Caucasian contacts. A lot of letters also go to the Nisei in the Army and to other Assembly Centers. About 15 war bonds and \$300 stamps have been sold thus far.

Finally found out about the project that Thomas and the group are making. The project will be under the direction of Drs. Thomas,

June 2, 1942 (Tuesday)

Chernin, Kidner, Lowie, and Aikenⁱ of the University. This study on the Japanese evacuation and relocation will cover economic adjustments, administration, sociological developments, and anthropology. It is a big project financed by the Rockefeller Foundation. Several full time Research Assistants will be hired at \$750 a year. Several will be on a part time basis (perhaps myself if I want it). The pay is \$250 a year as a part time Research Assistant. Credit will be given at the U. C. for work done towards a higher degree. I'd rather be doing something more definite as a primary pursuit in the Relocation Center, such as welfare work. I told Tom ^[Shibotani] I would give it a try.

Strangely the study doesn't excite me too much. It should be-
cause it is a valuable and important study. This idea of getting the facts as they happen and don't worry about the future events is a sort of negative approach to the whole problem of the Japanese. I want to help more in helping their future adjustments and not record it after it is passed.

From now on, my diary will probably be more biased, because I may let Thomas have it, but I'll try to keep it as I have -- expressing my opinions freely.

June 3, 1942 (Wednesday)

During lunch it was announced that the rest of California would be evacuated and a curfew had been set for this area. A murmur⁵⁸ of surprise went through the crowd and I could hear comments that they were out to get us, it was inevitable and planned all along; you couldn't trust the Government to keep its promises; it was Governor Olson's fault; it was the Army; and so what? The prevailing attitude among the Nisei I spoke to during the day was that the pressure groups and the politicians were the cause of the whole thing and many of them felt a little resentment at this treatment. One of the things that gets me down is that they invariably make their announcements in Japanese first and then in English if somebody like me is brave enough to yell "translation please" and feel out of place in making the request.

Tonight we had Town Hall meeting at the social hall and about 400 Nisei were present. The topic was "What Should Our Attitude Be Toward The Evacuation?" Kenji gave a "wave the flag" emotional talk about how we should cooperate and not fight against these measures even if constitutional rights were involved. Dave gave the old JACL theme of voluntary cooperation. Ernie felt that we should not be defiant and belligerent because we are not the only group to give up rights and privileges. Army necessity is supreme. Wang gave the best talk, but I think it was way over the head of the audience even if he did simplify it.

Wang: "We retain our faith in democracy but still take our stand against evacuation, believing that we are here primarily because of anti-democratic forces which have high pressured the authori-

June 3, 1942 (Wednesday)

ties into mass evacuation. We believe that this fits ~~with~~ exactly with the basic issues at stake in this war, democracy vs. fascism, and believe that though the liberal democratic forces in this country have temporarily lost their fight to retain civil liberties for everyone regardless of race, color or creed, this does not mean that America is not a democracy nor that she has failed us."

The audience failed to gather the full significance of these remarks. The emotional flag wavings of the other three was more appealing to them. I overhead several girls comment that "he is a radical." It is a pity that these Nisei fail to penetrate more deeply.

June 4, 1942 (Thursday, 11:05 p.m.)

This morning the third grade held their classes in the Buddhist Church up at the end of our barracks. Could hear them singing "God Bless America" at the top of their voices. It was interesting to hear one Issei say something about his little daughter was in there because she was an American while he was a Japanese. He said it with a smile and no trace of any bitter feelings.

After lunch I started for the office to tell them that I didn't write up the Town Hall story because I felt that it would not be approved if I wrote it. They were waiting for it and Taro was sore because I held up the deadline. Bob wrote it up from my notes. As he finished the Press Representative for Tanforan came in with Emiko and told us that he had been assigned the task of giving our copy the "O.K." His name is McQueen and he is a publisher of the paper in San Bruno. All official press releases are handled through him. He is a very agreeable person, and he "O.K.'d" everything but the Town Hall story which Taro was just putting into the dummy. He was a little hesitant about it, but seemed satisfied when I explained that this was in line with morale building and the stressing of Americanism. He appeared satisfied and then left. But he was not quite convinced because he went to talk it over with Green and Green said the objectionable part was absolutely out. McQueen came up and told us and I got a little excited but it was no use. It was out. And they still say there is no censorship. What the hell is ~~there~~^{their} objection to "Dave Tatsuno. . . advocated fighting against certain 'pressure groups' that had pushed evacuation, but counseled 'voluntary cooperation' with the Federal program of evacuation." The other sentence changed was "W. T. spoke of the forces

June 4, 1942 (Thursday, 11:05 p.m.)

of fascism and democracy and their relationships to the evacuation." McQueen's reason was that this sort of thing would only build up resentment among the Japanese! This means that Americanism is frowned upon because the residents would object!

Taro, Bob, Lillian, Yuki, Bill and myself are on the official payroll. Our combined salaries are \$76.00 a month to be split 13 ways after stamps and other expenses are taken out! Jimmy and Warden^T should also be on and we are going to push them next. Emiko is helping out on the art work now.

Dutch Harbor was bombed by the Japs yesterday and tonight the radio stations are off and the entire coast on alert. The reaction in camp was varied. Some didn't give it a second thought, a few were glad, most felt that it was going to make things harder for the Japanese in California because we would be blamed for it.

Talked to the U.S.E.S. man late this afternoon. He can't understand why he only got 13 volunteer workers to sign up for the sugar beet fields in Idaho. Told him that several factors could enter into the matter. Chiefly fear and uncertainty. The young fellows don't want to go off a thousand miles from their families at a time like this. Then the recent blasts in the newspapers against the "Japs" by public officials and the farmers is not conducive to their desire to get out among them. Some feared that scab wages would be paid. Those with farm experience did not wish to go because the season was getting late and the sugar beets were getting too high [for a beginner to cut rapidly]. Then not enough publicity was given. A printed pamphlet to be distributed

June 4, 1942 (Thursday, 11:05 p.m.)

with everything down in black and white would have helped. Finally, we do not have many agricultural workers in this camp. One fellow I talked to who signed up was a former salesman and buyer with a Japanese company. He feels that he can make a little money and he is getting tired of loafing around and wants to give it a trial. "What can I lose? I'm a prisoner here. Can't even get a beer."

Sort of feel ~~so~~ry for the soldiers [guarding the center]. They are not supposed to talk to us, but they do. Most are nice kids. They can't get leaves and so have nothing to do. They work 5 hours and then have the rest of the time to themselves. One of the soldiers suggested that we get a volley ball team up and we can play each other over the fence, but the administration naturally would not think of such a thing. The corporal at the gate was made a sergeant and we congratulated him on his promotion. Another one of the boys is from Boston and he thinks we are very American. He shoved a baloney sandwich into Alice's hand before she was even introduced. They must hear that we are starving over here. What a funny world. They feel sorry for us in our present situation and we feel ^rso~~py~~ for them because things are so monotonous for them right now. But they have a cause to fight for and they are doing their part, but we are sort of left out on the war effort.

On the draft questionnaire they want us to put "inmate of a public institution" in one space and "confined in an assembly center" in the other.

June 5, 1942 (Friday)

We have adopted a motto for the paper: "All the news that's fit for Green." One of the ways that we can have a policy is in the choice of feature stories. Bob and I lined them up for the week and we will lay particular stress on war effort stories. I'm to cover employment, statistics, visitors, police and a sort of sidewalk reporter column. We can't have controversial questions so the first will be "Should Nisei Women Marry Younger Nisei Men?"

We seem to have lots of friends in this family. Every day one or the other of us get a package containing food, candy, books, etc., from our outside Caucasian friends.

Overhead Bette, Emiko and Alice discuss breast development among Nisei girls. Bette is envious that Emiko is so fully developed while she has such a flat chest. Bette thinks she runs around too much and eats too much rice and starches. Alice says that Nisei girls do not have the right kind of glands. Emiko says all the girls are jealous of her ^Sbreasts, but she thinks hers are too rounded and wished that ~~she~~ ^{hers} were pointed like Lana Turner's.

The farm labor shortage must really be serious since they are willing to pay the fare for these 13 up to Idaho which is over 1000 miles away. Warren had no contacts here and he definitely has broken away from his parents who wanted to send him to an eastern school. He said that he signed up because he would do "anything to get out of this camp." He also wants to make some money to go to school on. "We are going to have a good experience. V for Victory," he laughed. He was pretty excited about leaving and looked very forlorn.

June 5, 1942 (Friday)

when the bus pulled out. Warren has a brilliant mind and he can write well so that he should be able to find himself. I don't know what he will do about his girl problems.

Kozuo Kaibe -- 26 -- is leaving his brother and mother behind. "I signed up because I wanted to make some money. No use staying around here. I'd rot. I've been a buyer and seller for a produce company for 9 years in Berkeley after I finished H.S. They used to send me out on the road a lot to buy stuff so that I am used to travelling. I have also worked in the country. I have no regrets and don't feel excited. It's just like going to the country for the summer. My mother didn't want me to go, but she will get used to it. She thinks that I may get killed by the hakujins. But I'd rather go because it's better than staying here and do nothing."

Albert Starr was one of the most interesting. He is part Japanese and looks like a Caucasian person. He didn't sign up for the evacuation but they traced him down and made him come. He is married to a white woman and has a child, but they were allowed to leave two days ago to join her grandmother in S.F. Albert is 28 and fairly intelligent. He was a motorman on the Market Street lines and they told him that he could have the job back when he returned. "I signed up to go to work. I hate to be cooped up and do nothing. I've never cut beets, but I can learn. Anyway there is more freedom. Whee! Ham and bacon tomorrow for breakfast. I don't think that it will be bad at all up there. A lot of other guys will want to go later, I bet. The main thing is that I'm out and my mind will be more occupied. I used

June 5, 1942 (Friday)

to play semi-professional baseball but it's no fun playing in the League here with all the young kids." His teammates who came down to see him off kidded him about this and I had to wait until they got thru. "Naturally I felt hot about having to come here in the first place. My father was a war veteran and I think I am loyal. Anyway, I'm going to see daylight again. At least I won't have to eat such slop that I have been getting. Such is life! I'm not taking anything. My mother will take care of that. And the hell with the curfew when I get there. If I'm going to be a labor punk, I'm going to have my rights. You guys that stay in are going to be sad."

June 6, 1942 (Saturday, 11:35 p.m.)

This easy life is getting me lazy, although I try to fool myself that I am doing something constructive on the paper. Only good thing about it is that I can get around to talk to people from the outside as well as residents. The rowdy bunch seems to have quieted down. About the most they do is to make a lot of noise. They don't go round in bunches and pick fights. Only heard of one thus far. They don't seem to get along well with the girls and they are generally ignored. A bunch was in the grandstands this morning. The majority of these young fellows don't have jobs here. They sit around telling dirty jokes and occasionally make wisecracks to the girls that go by. Sex is the one topic of interest and they go into all the details. These boys gather around the prostitutes that come to see them. Harry, the internal policeman, says that they have their eyes on six of them. One blond was asked to leave last Sunday, but it's hard to accuse them directly. Tony says there is a woman in camp who has established a good trade in her apartment, but he doesn't know where it is.

June 7, 1942 (Sunday)

Six months ago the war started. Every day we see more and more P 38's and other airplanes taking off from the airport below us. Gas and tire rationing are even making the visitors here come by bus and the number of cars driving down the peninsula is not so heavy.

Tom has established himself as the champion Sumo wrestler among the little boys. They are much more interesting to watch than the regular tournament which they hold daily up at barracks 6. ^[regular] The events draw a big crowd, but it doesn't appeal to me much. Reminds me of the disciplined Japanese ways too much. They go through a formal ritual each time and the crowd has certain set phrases which they yell at the appropriate time. The boys wear only a canvas jock strap and they get into a ring about 8 feet wide. The idea is to throw the other fellow out on his back. The Issei turn out in large numbers for the events.

June 8, 1942 (Monday, 11:00 p.m.)

Cast my absentee ballot today for the S.F. ^{San Francisco} special elections. Voted yes on both measures to increase the bond debt, for no special reason. The only reason I voted today was to protect my voting privileges for the important elections which will come up in the fall. The man elected at that time will shape the postwar policies for the world. A special deputy came in and notarized our ballots. I counted about 630 [?] Nisei voters in the room while I was there.

Family difficulties again. Bette and Emiko just don't seem to get along with Alice and the rift is getting wider. Alice was very quiet this evening and she has the idea that we are all turning against her. This must have hurt her deeply because she went to bed and cried a little, according to Emiko. All of us will have to quit picking on her; she takes the brunt of the criticisms for some reason or other.

Jack started to tease Miyako by saying we were going to send Mom back to Japan and what would Miyako do about it. Miyako took this very seriously and she kept saying, "I want to go with Mom." We said she was an American and would not get along in Japan because she was not a Jap, but Miyako said she didn't care because she was going with Mom. Finally Mom got mad and she came out and told us that she had no hopes of ever going to Japan and to stop teasing Miyako. Pop has long ago given up any idea of returning to Japan. Mom borrowed a Japanese magazine this morning and we ridiculed it as Jap propaganda, but she didn't mind. She just smiled and said, "Just a story book that I read. No can read American papers." Although she does not realize it fully, she is closer to America than Japan. The family has completely democratized

June 8, 1942 (Monday, 11:00 p.m.)

her. We have much more freedom in our stable than in some of the other family units where the older generation still reign^s supreme. Mom is prepared for anything as long as she has her children about. Pop never says anything about family affairs any more. He has left the policy making up to Mom and we older ones. Jack makes most of the important decisions as I still don't feel that it is up to me. I can't assume the privilege without taking the responsibility.

June 9, 1942 (Tuesday, 11:30)

Just got through having a long talk with Emiko, Bette and Alice about the family problems. It's getting much more serious although not apparent on the surface. After two months of silence, Pop finally blew up and had a loud argument with Mom. Bette was so embarrassed that she had to send Pat home. Unless some adjustments are made, it is bound to have a bad effect on the young children. Already Tom and Miyako are getting much too sassy. It probably is our fault since we have practically taken all responsibilities away from Mom. She is fighting for her position although she does it in a quiet way. Pop bears the brunt of her suppressed feelings. This morning Mom told him to shut up and went out and slammed the door. Pop came to Jack and me to explain everything and we said that we would have to hear Mom's version also. To top things off Jack and I bawled Tom out for wearing our woolen socks and making big holes in them. Tom said that Pop wore them and Pop in turn said it was Mom's fault for not mending the little holes. The argument got to be quite interesting for a while. I thought it was all over, but it started again this evening when Mom gave the kids some of the special cheese that Dr. Jarvis brought for Pop. When he objected, she blew up and said he was too selfish. So Pop put on a suffering hero act and he got the big pot out and cooked about four pounds of asparagus and insisted that we should eat them. The fuse blew out and in the darkness Mom went off with the tub to take a shower. We didn't eat the asparagus so that Pop sulked and he just sat on Tom's bed and smoked until now. Mom got worried and came in and asked me to send him to bed because he might catch a cold. Now they won't talk to each other.

June 9, 1942 (Tuesday, 11:30)

Arguments result over little things. The next day they are forgotten, but they should not have started in the first place. Pop feels he is getting neglected by the family and sort of pushed aside. He has become very gentle and rarely loses his temper these days. Bette and Emiko say that they like to have long talks with him nowadays because he has such a sense of humor. Emiko rarely talks seriously with Mom because she has sort of grown away. Pop rarely talks much with Alice because he thinks Mom is spoiling her and turning her mind against him. Miyako is about the only one that is really close to both of them and it hurts her deeply when they argue. She doesn't know what it is all about. It's all a complicated mess. We have decided to avoid arguments as much as possible after this and see if that will help the situation any.

At least our family relationship has been democratic. Mom sometimes is too lenient and lax if anything. That is why all the children come over. They can yell and make a lot of noise without being stepped upon and Mom always sees that they get candy or cookies. What a funny family we are; we yell like anything at each other, but we would do anything for each other at the same time. In our house, it's not so much Japan vs. America because we are American (even the parents), but more a conflict of older generation vs. younger generation, with the younger generation holding the balance of power. This is not true for most of the other Japanese families where the parents are still the dictators.

Encouraging sign in toilet: "To hell with Hirohito!"

June 10, 1942 (Wednesday)

The feud still continues between Mom and Pop. Mom was worried today so that Alice gave her a talk and told her that she should treat him like a little child and pay more attention to him. He thinks Tom is the only one to consider him; he gets the chair for him and takes him to the toilet at night. Pop has been sitting here all day sharpening his razors. Jack told Mom not to give his food away any more because the kids get plenty to eat.

The daily count will go into effect shortly under order from General DeWitt. The house managers are responsible for counting us in the morning and at night. It's practically a curfew. Don't see the necessity for it here, but there must be a reason.

The third town hall meeting was held tonight and it was the most successful one to date. About 1,000 residents jammed the social hall to listen to Mr. Ferguson, the Regional Attorney from the WRA explain the policies of his department in the relocation program. Prepared questions and questions from the floor were also answered. There was a lively interest in asking questions, mostly about physical needs and policies.

Each relocation area will be declared a military one, but the camps are not to be fenced or guarded although a motor patrol will go around the outer fringes to "protect" the community. The minimum living expenses will be provided, but after the people get to producing they will be more on their own. Losses in the enterprise will be charged to the government. A cooperative system of stores, shows and other services conducted by the residents was promised. All profits

June 10, 1942 (Wednesday)

are to go into the community welfare. Employment will be designated to meet the purposes of self support, furtherance of the war effort, and development of the regional resources. The employment policy will be to fit each person as much as possible with the kind of work he is best fitted for, although he stated that it was not likely that all would be placed exactly since these projects were primarily agricultural. It would be to the advantage of the residents to become as much self supporting as possible because profits in agriculture would go back to them in cash advances. Wages would still be low. The residents would be encouraged to take over the self government as much as possible. "Each area will be what you choose to make it. It will depend upon your own initiative, skill and resources."

The physical facilities would be similar to here. Negotiations have been made with the State Board of Education for an accredited system of elementary and high school system. A special school district will be set up in each relocation area and the Nisei will be eligible for the school board. Evidently much thought has gone into the educational program. Provisions also provided for students to go inland. ⁶²

No information was given as to when we would move although he thought that it would be before fall at the latest. The audience reaction was very good. The chief questions asked were about physical provisions. Only a few inquiries were made on the broad policies of the WRA. A surprised gasp went through the audience when somebody asked whether there would be free speech, press and assemblage there, some-

June 10, 1942 (Wednesday)

thing which was denied to us here. Mr. Ferguson said that military necessity would determine this although the outlook was very promising since the relocation camps would be inland.

June 11, 1942 (Thursday)

Mom wants to enroll in the English classes but Pop won't hear of it. He doesn't want her to get ahead of him and he thinks that she is just doing it for social purposes, which is undoubtedly true. Mom is gradually taking things into her own hands. We told her to go ahead, but she doesn't want to do it if it is going to create resentment on Pop's side. This evacuation is making a new life for Mom. For 28 years she has been restricted at home in Vallejo, raising children and doing the housework. Her social contacts have been extremely limited, and this has been hard for her because she is more the extrovert type of personality. Now she finds herself here with a lot of Japanese, and it has given her a great deal of pleasure to make all of these new social contacts. ⁶³ Pop on the other hand rarely leaves the house and he still retains his contempt for the majority of the Japanese residents. This attitude is intensified when he sees that Mom is gradually pulling away from him. He naturally lays the blame upon these people. The only ones that he likes are the Iwanagas next door. Since our family takes a whole table, we sit as a unit but frequently we join them as individuals. English is the chief mode of conversation. Mom and Pop do not speak Japanese with our friends unless addressed in this language.

The fuse blew out tonight so will have to close this entry by candlelight. After social events like tonight's talent show, all of the families put on a pot of tea. The circuit here can only take 3,000 watts--so as a result the fuse blows out and no tea for anyone.

June 12, 1942 (Friday, 11:10)

Just got talking with Emiko. She couldn't sleep so she came out here and we started to talk on things in general. We talked about everything including sex. Emiko says that the Nisei girls still think it is a sin to discuss such things frankly and she has learned most of the things from her Caucasian friends. She went around with Caucasian and Chinese girls in high school chiefly since there were no Japanese in Vallejo. Because she lived in the slum district, she learned a lot about what was going on in the red light district and discussed these things quite frankly, even at home. But after coming among the Japanese, she finds that these are unmentionable subjects and feels that the Japanese are too narrow-minded and suspicious.

We got talking about the war and Emiko says that she really feels that she is an American and wants the U.S. to win the war. "Sometimes I feel inferior to a white person, but most of the time I feel equal or superior. I don't know why I feel superior to a Filipino, but I guess it's because there were so many single ones in Vallejo who chased the prostitutes." She sometimes feels superior to the Japanese here because they can't speak English so well. She is not ashamed of her Japanese ancestry even if she does feel that she is an American. She says that she has way more arguments here in camp but she doesn't know why. Mom nags her a lot but Emiko feels that she can dismiss it lightly now because Mom can't do much about it. Emiko also has her personal problems, chiefly the matter of excess weight, but she just eats anyway because "I get hungry." She is a little envious of Bette, who has such a cute figure. Emiko wonders if it will interfere with getting boy friends. She doesn't seem to have any trouble as they are

June 12, 1942 (Friday, 11:10)

always popular at the dances. Emiko doesn't know what will happen to the Nisei in the future. She thinks that we will get along in our rightful places after we win the war, but she is not so sure that we will go back to Vallejo. She is particularly worried about further schooling right now and hopes that she may be able to continue in some way or else get married. She is glad that our parents are not Japanese like some of the Issei around here.

Jack has finally gone into teaching. He is taking over the 8th grade and very uncertain as to what he should teach them. He is supposed to teach social sciences. After worrying around all evening on how he could keep ahead of his class, he decided that he will get his material from the Tolan Reports and try to explain all about the evacuation, its background and future prospects for the Nisei. In this way he can work in history, geography, government, economics and sociology in such a way that it will be vital to them.

June 13, 1942 (Saturday, 11:15)

Wang has reached the sugar beets in Idaho. His letter does not say much about the work because it is all new to him. He says that some females yelled "Japs" at them as they were leaving South S.F. ^{an} *San Francisco* in the bus and it made him feel uneasy, and suddenly self conscious. In Oakland they had to sit in the rear of the coach away from the rest of the travellers with the representative of the Amalgamated Sugar Company. Most of the other volunteers were Kibei and two Issei and they started to jabber away in Jap. Wang felt like kicking the god damned Jap rubes.

Pop has finally broken down and he has decided that he will go and learn to speak English in the class with Mom. He is afraid that he will make many mistakes and be ashamed for showing his lack of education. But "Oh light, I go. Learn the ABC. Maybe one month, I learn pretty good. No use Japanese school no more." Jack said that he should study it hard because the Issei may be given a chance for citizenship after the war ~~and~~ if they show that they are being Americanized enough.

"Oh no, first generation. . . never give him citizenship. Maybe he take way Nisei citizenship too, ne?" We said that he should learn English regardless because the young kids are growing up and soon they will not be able to talk to them in Japanese. All of the kids that come here speak English.... Pop accepts this. "Humph, what the hell. Me 67 years old. Too old to start school, but me smart and learn fast like Miyako in the head."

The first concert was held at the Tanforan Music Studio tonight. The biggest hit was a woman who sang an old Japanese song. It

June 13, 1942 (Saturday, 11:15)

must have brought back childhood memories to many of the old Issei women because tears came to their eyes. Mom was almost crying. She says that she used to sing that song as a little girl.

June 14, 1942 (Sunday)

Quite a discussion today on religion. Pop doesn't want Miyako to go to the Catholic church here in camp. He feels that the Catholic church indoctrinates too much. Any other church or religion makes no difference. Religion is not of prime importance in our family so that it doesn't make any difference as to what church Miyako goes, unless she starts getting literal and won't eat meat on Friday.

TM heard a rumor that we were going to Arkansas in three weeks. Mrs. I. has a premonition that we will all go to Tule Lake together. At least it is a good topic for conversation. Similar to the anxiety of the pre-evacuation days when everyone was all packed up and waiting for the word to go. A lot of people would rather stay here permanently as they are more or less settled down. For some reason everyone would rather be sent to Tule Lake if we have to go. They dread to think that we will be sent all the way to Arkansas or Arizona. The majority of the Japanese here still think in terms of returning to the Bay area as soon as the war is over.

This afternoon we went up to the grandstands to look at the visitors. There were not so many people today. The negroes are coming down here in increasing numbers. Peter Ray, a well known dancer who used to perform with Duke Ellington's band came to see Mornii and the other jive boys, and he drew a great crowd by his dancing exhibition. He is now at the Town Club. The jitterbug craze is still strong with the young kids and for them nothing else exists. Never hear them ever mentioning the war. At the dances they all go to town. Most of them are from S.F. Last night at the dance they were all dressed up in their draped pants and bright shirts. These

June 14, 1942 (Sunday)

boys are really extrovert and many of them speak the special jitterbug language with the facial expressions which they copy from the negroes. They are not too popular with the majority of the Nisei girls who are much more conservative.

A few Chinese were also here visiting their friends. The only way I could tell the difference was that they were wearing Chinese buttons. Some of the Forbidden City and Chinese Skyroom showgirls were also down to see Grace S. Walt Gordon, Jr., the well known negro football player at Cal was also here today visiting Bobby O and Joan Nagata. Melvin Johnson introduced me to him. Melvin is also a negro. He is now working in the Post Office, but plans to go into social work. He graduated from State with me and then worked as a Red cap with the Santa Fe railroad for a couple of years before getting his present Civil Service job. When he saw all the negroes around he said, "You know who are your real friends now. A lot of us are behind any movements that will fight this thing because we have had to face a lot ourselves and so are opposed to anything so un-American. The trouble with the negroes is that we have been so involved in our own problems that we didn't see the danger of this war hysteria against the Japanese soon enough. It's so impersonal with us, but when we actually see you people in camp, we go out mad as anything and want to do something about this great injustice because we know you Nisei are just as loyal as we are. The color of the skin is no indication of loyalty -- we can testify to that."

Jose and Machado were also here. They also finished S.F. State with me and were doing graduate work at U.C. last year when I used to

June 14, 1942 (Sunday)

see them occasionally around the campus. They are Filipinos and have been told to report for army service this coming Thursday. Both of them expect to return to the Philippines and help reconstruct their country after the war.

Alice and Jack have cultivated Sergeant Clyde Loften to such a point that he gives our visitors special privileges. The alert is now off so that the soldiers can get leaves and Clyde is going to look up Angelo and Dolores in S.F. He expects to be sent overseas at any moment. He has a heart and does not turn his men in if they talk to the Nisei through the fence. The Army evidently want no inter-group friendships formed for fear that the soldiers will also see that we are not treacherous spies but average Americans. In spite of that the Nisei are getting to know a lot of the soldiers. The latest Army rule is that the guards at the gate can't even speak to us except on business.

The Sumo exhibitions continue to draw about 2-3000 people each Sunday. They had a tremendous audience today watching the exhibits which are now stripped of all its ceremonial Japanese traditions. The stronger Nisei boys are taking up the sport which is not so easy to learn as there are many tricks to it. I don't like the thing; it's too much a reminder of the Japanese conservatism that clings to the old ways and customs.

Got up late this morning and so went to take a shower clad only in my bathrobe and slippers. Had to push through a crowd of Buddhists going into the church. They all looked at me so shocked at my lack of dignity. Tonight I went to their dance with a bunch and had to face some of those I saw this morning, but they did not say anything. Met

June 14, 1942 (Sunday)

the cutest girl from San Mateo, but have already forgotten her name. About 400 Nisei were present. The Buddhists are a more conservative group of Nisei. Not many outstanding leaders among them except Tod Hirota. Many of them don't even know how to dance so that they announced a special dancing class for their members. A lot of Kibeis are in the group, and even the Nisei Buddhists speak more Japanese than other Nisei groups. Bette and Emiko and Patsy went to a High School Social of their stablemates club and they also had a good time. Patsy still has a suffering hero complex and expects Jack and me to become disturbed that she is angry with us for questioning her religion. She was so upset today that her mom told me that she did not go to lunch. Mr. and Mrs. I were not displeased and they did not say anything when I went to visit them tonight.

June 17, 1942 (Wednesday)

Censorship note: Ran a statement for the paper about how the Nisei could get the complete Tolson Reports and where to send for it. McQueen sent it back censored completely and gave no reason. We were all pretty burnt up, but what can you do except protest?

In the infield there is an interesting garden. It is laid out beautifully and has some fragrant flowers already blooming. Around it is a sort of bamboo like fence and right in the middle on a post is one of those Japanese lanterns. The whole thing looks like old Japan. Some people just can't divorce themselves from Japan and cling to the old traditions and ways. The garden is an outward indication of this sentiment for Japan. The odds are that the builder of the garden is pro-Japan, although he may have built it for cultural reasons.

Today the administration announced that there would be a ban on speaking Japanese in camp for most occasions, except in churches.

Rumor: "The Government is going to train the Nisei to take over the government of Japan and train them for democracy after we win the war." Shades of Louis Adamic. But I don't like it. This leaves the way open for deportation.

Roll call went into effect tonight and Jack, Emiko and Miyako were out when the barracks captain called. There is a certain prestige attached to the job and he demanded that we should stay in and not go to the toilets just before the siren blows. Jack stayed out on purpose. Emiko on her return: "When you gotta go, you gotta go." Nobody likes the roll call and we think that it is a silly ruling yet they meekly abide by it. After the roll call is over we can go anywhere in camp that we please.

June 17, 1942 (Wednesday)

Met Albert Nabajima, 14, at Ann's. He is a refreshing boy and knows the war situation inside out. Father is a retired insurance agent. Boy has had few Caucasian contacts. Debater and reporter in H.S. Claims he read Time, Life, Reader's Digest, S.E. Post and Colliers every week, plus the newspapers. Knows all about battleships. Discussed Shakespeare, Cromwell, Wagner and Hitler with us.

"Sometimes I argue with my friends but they get menseore when they act so Japanesy. They don't have faith in America anymore. They think I am screwy for saying I am an American yet. They get a lot of this stuff from their parents. It's so hard to explain why we are here, isn't it?"

So Mitch, Ann and I discussed the whole thing with him as if he were an adult and Albert ventured opinions here and there and made a lot of comments. He keeps up with the news more than I do. Ann has him in her High School English class. Bette also in the class. She struggled for 4 hours tonight writing a composition on reactions to camp life. Ann is going to make the best 5 people read their papers in class. Tomaye is in charge of the Issei English class and she says that 228 have signed up to date. Conversation will be stressed by her staff. Most of the Issei would like to learn English so that they can thank Caucasian friends better and to write notes of thanks for gifts. The oldest to sign up was 63. "At my age I don't want to come but my children made me." Tomaye plans to limit all classes to 10 so that they can also do Americanization work at the same time.

June 17, 1942 (Wednesday)

Another argument tonight over the dances. Jack picked on Alice and insisted that she either go to the Kenjis birthday party or go alone [i.e. without Bette and Emiko] to the Recreation Hall Dance. Emiko and Bette got mad~~ed~~ at us, but decided not to go at all when Pop said he did not like them to go to dances so often. Alice resents the fact that we called her friends "rowdy." Emiko and Bette went into their room and started to cry because we said that they were too selfish and did not stop to consider the fact that their going to dances continually caused friction between Mom and Pop. Finally Pop and we gave in and all three went to the dance. So we went to "Rowdy" Kenjii's party and had a very good time.⁶⁴

June 18, 1942 (Thursday)

The school is a vast hubbub of voices--some low, some high pitched. The Junior High and the High School holds classes in the morning. The men's dormitory in the grandstand is full of mess tables occupied by chattering students. ⁶⁵ Above this din, the teachers try to compete and they have to speak very loudly in order to get themselves heard. Blackboards have been made from painted plywood. A painted sign "Tanforan High School" sticks up from the mutuel windows and a girl stands behind it giving out information instead of selling mutuel racing tickets. The unerased race results high in the air lend a further racing touch.

The teachers appear to be doing fairly well considering their lack of training and experience, plus the handicaps. The students generally do not mix--the boys and girls prefer their own group. Many of those in the back look bored and idly chew gum and are not very attentive. A few try to catch the attention of their friends in an adjoining class. The more studious ones sit in front wide awake and attentive.

Read the Tolan Reports until 3:00 a.m.

June 19, 1942 (Friday, 11:05)

The sailboats of the Issei are getting bigger and better. One old man even has a motor in his. They take a radio down to the lake and play it while sailing the boats all day long. The wind makes them go fast as hell and it looks rather picturesque. The recreation department is planning to hold a regatta in the near future. K.'s father has a three masted schooner which he is going to enter. The Issei haven't anything else to do and I see them around all day long painstakingly carving out these boats.

We had beans for lunch today and the pile dumped in the garbage can was evidence enough that they were not appreciated. Tonight, they served us one small fish and rice. This has been the worst meal for quite a while.

Pop and Mom went to the English classes for the first time today. Pop is the oldest one to sign up (67) among the 250 in the class. He feels pretty proud because he did not make any errors while Mom made one. Classes are two afternoons a week and it is good that he is taking a new interest up. Mom will also benefit from the social contacts. They now want regular notebooks to take along.



June 20, 1942 (Saturday)

Most of the rumors these days concern the time and place for the next move. Everyone feels that it will be before fall and a great deal of speculation goes on as to the exact date. Two weeks ago the rumors were chiefly about food and crime. The way that rumors spread like wildfire also indicates the lack of news for the Issei. Most of them can't read the Totalizer so they don't know what is going on. From now on, it will be almost impossible to put bulletins out in Japanese. No reading matter in Japanese at all is available for them. Without authentic news, they seize every piece of gossip as gospel truth and are too eager to believe it. Most of the Issei don't know what is going on around here and many don't want to move again now that they are settled down here for the duration. They have a lot of free time to go around and pass the gossip on. The stories get bigger and better as it is tossed around from one barrack to another.

June 21, 1942 (Sunday)

Pop was studying his English again and Mom did hers in the other room. The competition is getting keen and they eat up the praise that we lavish on their achievements. Patsy came in to compliment Pop and he said with such a pleased grin on his face, "Oh scram! I study now." Mom was struggling over spelling words. She writes "las wick" for last week. Mom says she learned to write a little English 30 years ago just before she was married.

Miyako's comment: "Veddy veddy good, Pops."

June 23, 1942 (Tuesday)

No visitors were allowed in today because of Army orders to search all barracks for contraband. Rushed home to hide all the knives and tools. Went to Chief Easterbrook to ask for a clarification of the order and he said that the search was necessitated by the fact that the luggage was not gone through at the time of our arrival. Who in the hell would we attack anyway--the Japs surrounding us? The poor Isseⁱ have nothing left to read, except their bibles and religious books. They even collected anti-Fascist literature translated into Japanese. The interior police were not very consistent or thorough in their search. In the first few barracks they even went under the mattress and searched thoroughly, but by the time they got to ours they merely knocked and asked if there was any contraband articles in the stables. Only the more timid gave up articles. All Jap signs taken down. Hurrah! were

Mariko sent a box of food for us from Chicago. She must think we are starving! Mariko is now working as a secretary for the "Christian Advocate," a national magazine. On Saturdays and off days she does clothes modeling for some large art and fashion studio. She says that they have put a "very flattering" oil painting of her in the lobby. She rooms with a Nisei dietician from Seattle and they pass as Koreans to the landlord, who won't let rooms to "Japs."

June and no weddings yet! The Nisei just aren't ready to take the plunge, the future being so uncertain.

Lately I've been getting that restless feeling again. I feel so useless at times. And I resent the term "white bastards" which I hear many of the Nisei using. And E.T. refers to the Jewish people as the "Kikes" who gypped hell out of the Japanese in the evacuation.

June 23, 1942 (Tuesday)

Won't minority groups ever learn not to hate another minority group because of their seeking some scapegoat? This sort of thing can only lead to further hatreds and the Japanese here are in a swell position to get it right in the neck unless all of the minority American groups learn that ^{the} its problems are common and should be worked out together ^{shut} for the future good of this country.

Roll call is a farce. They merely call in and ask if everyone is present.

June 24, 1942 (Wednesday)

Town Hall Meeting--"How May We Coordinate the Issei and Nisei Interests for America?"--Mitch chairman. The meeting was charged with feeling. The Issei are still struggling for the top position and it gripes them no end to be forced into a back seat. All of the speakers dodged the main issue, except Vic. The Issei are not all loyal, that is foolish. All of the people I have spoken to state that the Issei still feel for Japan. Cannot blame them in a way but the future must be left in Nisei hands, sink or swim. Pre-evacuation days did not show Americanization of the Issei. They clung to their old traditions, had language schools, and even praised Japan. We can't wait until they become Americanized, if ever. We have to work right now. The Army is wise in forbidding Japanese in public meetings; this only encourages them to be more Japanese. I feel sorry for the Issei fighting for their former positions, but they are too pro-Japan to be trusted with our future. The break with the past must be clean.

June 25, 1942 (Thursday)

Latest "Jap custom" to be taken up is the "kifu" or gift collecting. They come around and demand donations to give in appreciation to various workers. It's becoming quite a racket. They took up \$75 for a party for the messhall workers. We didn't give to the messhall kifu and the Kibei girl ^[waives] is punishing our family by giving us small portions of meat. Spoke to Toby about the problem and he is going to discuss it with the Council. ⁶⁶ If the practice keeps up, there will be no end to it. //

June 26, 1942 (Friday)

Bette does more reading than any of the others and now she plans to read some current novels if I can get hold of any. Today I was talking with her about the future and she says that she would never go to Japan even if Pop and Mom were deported because she just don't like the Japs and couldn't get along with them. She feels that they are too conventional. Today she yelled, "Hey you Jap" at one of her friends and the older Japanese were shocked and stared at her.

Alice is getting much easier to get along with since our talk last week. More than anyone, she resented the fact that she is not the head of the family any more, but has to be satisfied with making decisions in a family council. She has a bad habit of shaking her finger at Pop and telling him what to do instead of respecting his feelings more. Pop came in this noon and asked if shaking the finger was bad. We told him that it didn't mean anything so he was satisfied. He accepts anything that Jack and I say because "you have college education."⁶⁷

One indication of the tightening up by the Army is the sudden resignation of Police Chief Easterbrook at 3:00 p.m. this afternoon. John Yoshino, the press representative, said that one of the interior police told him that Easterbrook quit because the Army thought he was being too lenient, and wanted him to clamp down. He refused to do this on the basis that it was not necessary and that he was having little trouble with the residents, and that they cooperated.

[In his capacity as reporter for the paper C. K. got to talking with a Nisei girl] She stresses Americanism and acts it in most

June 26, 1942 (Friday)

respects; yet she has a few peculiar Japanese ideas. For instance, she told me that she would not think of marrying any Nisei here in camp because she respected her mother's wish on this matter. "You know, the Japanese have some set ideas about heritage and while here in Tanforan there is no way of checking up on a Nisei's background. How can I tell if he comes from a good family line?" K. referred to the Japanese custom of going back into the family records and investigating thoroughly for the past two or three hundred years. Certain clans are taboo and social ostracism will result in Japan if married into. The eta group are the lowest on the social scale and even in America they are shunned. One eta family in Berkeley offered \$5,000 and a home to any Nisei that would marry the daughter, but no takers. 68

June 27, 1942 (Saturday)

Long discussion after the dance with Bette, Emiko, Alice, Jack and myself. We tried to figure out ways and means to create better harmony between all of us, especially Pop and Mom. We tried to analyze the whole situation and determine what part the evacuation, etc. has played in it. One factor was general irritability. Mom and Pop don't get along too well together any more. Love has departed. Both are struggling to win over the family to their side and so they compete to keep up with our standards--speaking English and attending school, using slang expressions now and then, looking at the whole thing as much as possible from the Nisei point of view. They don't want to be cast aside. Mom can retain her place yet by attending to certain physical needs such as mending clothes, etc., but the only thing of this sort that Pop can offer is to give us haircuts and build little things like sailboats for Tom. He is getting pretty old. He realizes that he can have little control over Alice, but he resents the fact that she is breaking down his control over Bette and Emiko by leading them into things like dancing. (Mom consents to win favor; Pop objects, to keep his position.)

Tonight Pop told me that he didn't want Bette to go [to the dance] because she was too young. I said I might take Emiko since she worked so hard on the paper last night. She had previously turned down five dates. But they were at the Rec Hall playing games so I went on ahead. About 9 o'clock the three of them ^[Alice, Bette, & Emiko] came home dragging three young boys with them and Alice asks Mom if it was all right if they went to a Barn Dance. They did not even consult Pop and he didn't

June 27, 1942 (Saturday)

want to forbid Emiko and Bette from going with the boys there so he said nothing. Alice being the oldest was made the scapegoat and after we came home he wanted Jack and me to talk to her. We suggested that she should humble her pride a little and ask him the next time just to make him feel good.

Then we explained to Emiko and Bette that they were still young and that they had certain obligations to the parents and should respect their wishes on many of these things. However, they should arrive at their own decisions in all matters since they were old enough to think for themselves. The whole discussion served to clear up a lot of the tensions which had been developing and bursting forth occasionally. All agreed that it was normal to argue sometimes and that this could be expected in the future also.

How to help Mom and Pop to adjust between themselves was more difficult a problem since they could not understand the underlying causes as clearly. We called Mom in and explained that she should not scold Pop or overrule his decisions so often, but to be more tactful. We said that all of us have to build for the future and a harmonious family unity would be a great aid in solving many problems. Mom said that she would try to appease Pop and so they had a long talk together in the other room while we continued ours. But it won't be so easy for them as they are more set in their ideas. Earlier I spoke to Pop and told him that Jack and I could not determine edicts for the girls, but that all of us would have to do it together, including Mom. He still prefers to have Jack and me do it.

June 27, 1942 (Saturday)

We will all give our new decisions a trial and no one of us is to act as a dictator. It is understood that we appreciate what the other does without undue or profuse "thank you's." Tom is to be treated as a more grown up person as he will be 14 next month. Bette will try not to be fresh; Alice will stop her bossy attitude; Emiko to control temper, and Jack and I to be more diplomatic. It will all be aimed to achieve a well balanced family life and to make the folks feel a part of it without them dominating the scene.

The firemen came by on their hourly patrol just now (3:00) and muttered: "That damn Kikuchi keeps his light on all night." Guess I'd better take the hint and go to sleep.

June 29, 1942 (Monday)

Heard over the radio this morning that 100 of the former restricted areas around power plants, etc., have now been reopened to the Germans and Italians under orders from DeWitt. Implying that the danger of sabotage is now gone with the Japanese evacuated. The liberals around camp are disgusted as hell. I believe the assembly centers should all be closed up and the government should give us a hearing right away and if found "loyal" be helped back into private life where we can be of some use instead of a financial burden on the government.

June 30, 1942 (Tuesday)

Emiko does most of the art work for us [for the newspaper] now besides working in the mimeograph department. She has a knack of making those little drawings quickly.

I'm beginning to hate the sound of Jap jibbering; no wonder people get intolerant. They cling so hard to the old ways of thinking. Some of the dried up Issei remind me of the typical Jap soldier (pictured in cartoons) with buck teeth protruding over his lower lip, and anchored by a short squat pair of legs. It must be all in the mind because I probably look more like a Jap than they do.

July 1, 1942 (Wednesday, 1:45)

Two months here and I'm not feeling so rebellious this week. Time certainly can go by fast. The days hardly seem long enough to do everything I want to. Got to thinking today that all of the things we have been striving for can hardly be blamed since we are living in a Democracy -- and a Democracy is not supposed to have everything all planned out in a concentration camp. That's why they call it a center. If things were cut and dried, life would be unbearable. But the full days activity makes things rather interesting -- even if only on an insignificant paper.

Taro and I went to see Green and argued him into letting us increase [the newspaper] to 10 pages. No doubt that we rank among the best center papers. Administration thinks highly of it; no wonder, we paint a bright picture of things inadvertently. As long as I get my plugs on Americanism in, it suits me. Had to run around like hell to get news to fill the extra page. I slop the stuff in and let Jimmy re-write and polish it up if necessary. I hate to stay cooped up there writing when I can be out and around. Bill covers sport and recreation, Jim and I ed, Ben odds and ends, and administrative news has been piling up on me. Swiped some occupational survey figures, copied them and returned the original. ⁶⁹ Gunder will throw a fit since he doesn't want to release anything until after completion, but we can't wait that long and I'm unscrupulous anyway. We try to keep the standards up and avoid flag waving which is so damn obvious. What we try to do is to reveal a typical American community in our limited space, but the "bad side" is not allowed to appear.

July 1, 1942 (Wednesday, 1:45)

My eyes got too tired so I am finishing up the day's entry in the paper office. Outside I can hear the swish of the cars as they go by down the highway. The barbed wire fence way below us reminds us that we are on the inside. On the other side of the highway there is a huge glass hothouse where they raise chrysanthemums and dahlias. The tiny men working hard way in the distance look like ants, but they are free men. The armed soldier, some lonely boy from the middle west, paces back and forth up by the main gate. In the sentry boxes, the soldiers look bored. They probably are more bored than the residents here.

In checking up on the number of visitors at the gate, I was burnt up by a notice I saw on the wall. The police chief has ordered that all Negro visitors be checked closely and their slips kept in a separate file. Evidently they think that there is a great danger of the Japanese stirring up the Negroes. (They call it race hatred.) Another list is kept separately for people that they want watched for one reason or another. People as they drive by look at us as if we were some sort of caged monstrosity. Over 7,000 visitors have been here since May 14th and they include many professors from U. C., Stanford, Mills, S. F. ^{Univ. of} State, and other Bay area colleges. Many church and Y people also come down.

Mom and Pop went up to interview for the barber shop, but Green told Pop that he was a little too old. Pop protested that age did not make any difference because he was a "first class" barber. Green told Mom that she could work if she wanted ^{to} on the girl's hair,

July 1, 1942 (Wednesday, 1:45)

but she did not want to do it alone. Besides, she felt that she had too much to do at home. We told Pop that he could concentrate on his English lessons now. For the past few days he has not taken his razors out to sharpen them. We bring a few fellows home for haircuts occasionally just to keep him in practice. He took it surprisingly well; perhaps he is not saying what he must really feel.

Draft registration for the 18-20 year olds took place during the past few days, and 271 signed up from here. I asked the member of the Burlingame draft board just what our status would be but he would not commit himself. He said that a ruling would have to be made, by the federal government on the matter. Right now most of the Nisei have been placed in 4-C: aliens ineligible to citizenship.⁷⁰

July 2, 1942 (Thursday)

Upstairs in the administration building I glanced at a report going in to WCCA headquarters in San Francisco and to my amazement discovered that the diets which they say we have contains butter, milk at every meal. I have yet to see butter, since breakfast is the only time they serve it and I don't get up in time. The diet on the lists looked much better than what we got. For example there were no beans entry on the list and I know I ate beans twice.

< Jack: "God damn you, turn the music off."

Emiko: "God damn you too." Jack: "Go to hell." Emiko: "Go to hell too." Jack: "You son of a bitch" (laughing). Emiko: "You son of a bitch too." (mad) Bette: "Oh how vulgar this concentration camp is making you." >

Wang's opinion of me from the far off sugar beet fields: "One thing everyone notices about you, Charles, is not any of your correctable faults; it is your intolerance. In a word, you are a damn Nazi. Yes, you are intolerant. Let the Japs use Japanese and be Japanesy if they want to. Hell, they haven't but a few years on this paradise we call hell anyway."

July 3, 1942 (Friday)

Pop is beginning to listen to the radio news a lot again, but he never mentions the war. Mom got a Japanese book from Mrs. I. which had been hidden away ⁷¹ ("no pro-po-ganha," she says) and so she read it in bed today. She couldn't walk today because her back ached so much. Alice says that it is her menopause. Pop got a little worrⁱed and wanted me to get a doctor, but they are too busy to make home visits now. If she doesn't get better in a day or so, I told him that I would have her attended to by a resident doctor.

Alice got a letter ^{today} from the Dean of the Catholic University in Washington, D. C. offering her a clerical job, but Alice doesn't think it is too good because the salary is not too high and the cost of living there is terrific. Alice met the woman through Mrs. J. [former employer] when she was out here last year. Another reason why Alice hesitates is that the east coast is also restricted and they may even evacuate all of the Japanese from there. ⁷² Then Alice still feels that the family depends upon her and would not like to leave them in the lurch.

July 4, 1942 (Saturday, Independence Day, 11:00)

The 4th celebration here probably was much different than on the outside. The only serious touch was the ceremony this morning which was just right, conducted with sincerity and a minimum of flag waving. The rest of the day was confined to sports, games and a big dance at night. The patriotic touch was supplied by the American theme decorations. Practically the whole camp turned out for the day's program.

July 6, 1942 (Monday)

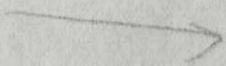
Pop has another "suffering hero" mood tonight. Mrs. Iwanaga phoned from the office and asked the doctor to come see Mom. Dr. Fujita came over and she said that Mom had a pulled muscle and for us to get some alcohol for Mom to rub it with. Pop got all excited because his older children did not call the doctor and had to let our next door neighbor do it. He felt that this was a personal reflection upon the family. And Alice got in an argument with him over it so that he refuses to speak to Mom because Mom took Alice's part and called him dumb. To retaliate he tells Bette that Mom doesn't take care of him any more. He sat in the other room and practiced writing until after 11:00.

July 21, 1942 (Monday)

Pop has another "suffering hero" mood tonight. Mrs. Iwanska
phoned from the office and asked the doctor to come see Mom. Dr. Fyfe
came over and she said that Mom had a painful muscle and for us to get
some alcohol for Mom to rub it with. Pop got all excited because his
elder children did not call the doctor and had to let our next door
neighbor do it. He felt that this was a personal reflection upon the
family. And Alice got in an argument with him over it so that he re-
fused to speak to Mom because Mom took Alice's part and called him
dumb. To retaliate he tells her that Mom doesn't take care of him
any more. He sat in the other room and practiced writing until after

11:00.

What's this about



July 7, 1942

If the Japanese had not been evacuated, they would have been contributing more to the war effort in the farm crops. They were an important source of labor as well as producers of essential crops. Here, they are doing nothing and in the other assembly centers the same situation exists. It is possible that they will use the Fresno camp to harvest the crops since Cap. Speares announced the other day that it would be the last center to be relocated. We are supposed to be next to the last. The reason for this is probably the difference in occupational skills -- many from here will have to go to other relocation areas in order to have a more equal distribution of the skilled and professional workers. When I see all of the idle residents, I think it is very ironical. This source of labor is left idle because some hysterical people think that all "Japs" are treacherous and disloyal. Millions of dollars are spent in providing for the group when it could be profitably used to further the war effort. It's just not consistent. The next step will be to get all of the Japanese to save the crops (and then returned to camp to await further decisions). Economic interests certainly can justify anything they want to do in the name of patriotism.

Three FBI men were here today to talk to Korematsu. They used Kilpatrick's office. Alice W. said that they came to persuade Fred to plead guilty in his case on the basis that it would be best for national unity. Ernie T. thinks he hasn't a chance to win. I told him that it should be contested since the case would drag on and not necessarily disunite the country since the problem is unimportant to most of the public. And furthermore, constitutional principles were involved.

July 8, 1942, 12:00

The chief topic of conversation these days is our next move. People are getting uneasy about it. A rush is being made to spend all of their scrip books at the canteen because they won't be any good in the relocation centers. *omit*
<The residents all believe that they can't stand the hot weather. Most want to go to Tule Lake, but this not very likely. The majority, I suppose, just want to stay here in the hopes that the war will end quickly and they can all return to their former homes. But things just won't turn out that way.>

Went to see Lyons about the payroll and he said that about \$6,000 would be distributed to the 1,700 workers that got certified before May 21. The checks were very small, ranging from 4 cents to \$15.00. Everyone is excited about getting paid and a long stream of residents lined up all day long near the social hall to collect their wages.

Free scrip books were also distributed today to about 200 people. They will be given for the month of June and July. 66% of these will be individual scrips of \$2.50 per month while the other third will go to families and will average \$3.50.

Clothing [allowance] also will be given under the welfare section of Mr. Green's office. Amounts given will be retroactive to May 1. Everyone is eligible. The scale per month is:

Adult male	\$ 3.82
Male 6-18	2.15
Children 1-5	2.60
Adult female	4.61
Female 6-18	2.85
Infant to 1 yr.	2.25
Total per family of five	16.03

July 8, 1942, 12:00

On this basis our family of 9 should get \$88.67 worth of clothing for the 3-month period. Combined with scrip books, we get \$124.67 or \$44.89 per month. But it is most likely that we will not see much of this amount. Salaries: Jack - \$16.00; Alice - \$16.00; Emiko - \$12.00; me - \$12.00; or \$56.00 per month. This equals \$100.89 per month, plus room and board. On this basis, figuring \$180 per month for board at \$20 each our family is worth \$280.89 a month. Medical and other services free. Heck, we didn't do as well on the outside from a monetary standpoint. It certainly is costing our government millions of dollars that didn't have to be spent this way if we had been given a chance. And all this manpower going to waste.

Dr. Thomas came down this morning to place a difficult proposition before us. She wants us to decide within a few days whether we would be willing to go to the Gila River area on the U. C. study. She can only guarantee us wages for a total of 6 months. But, the money is the least important consideration. She wanted us to talk it over with our respective families and make a decision by Friday.

It's a tough nut to crack. As far as I am concerned, it doesn't make too much difference where I go, but there are nine of us and we all have individual problems to consider. Pop has diabetes and high blood pressure so that he cannot stand the heat; Alice is thinking of going to Chicago to work and if Angelo can get into the signal corps they may get married; Jack wants to get out and go to school or marry Dolores; Emiko doesn't know what she wants; Bette is getting fitted into the young group here; Mom dreads the idea of moving all over again.

July 8, 1942, 12:00

There is no doubt that adjustments will be difficult to make and if I happen to get into a Japanese group, I will become terribly unhappy. That is why I want to develop our family solidarity. It's taken evacuation to finally bring about this to such a strong degree, in spite of bickerings and arguments. It's something I have missed especially during the time I was in the orphanage (10 years) and then on my own through college and post graduate work at U. C.

I keep saying to myself that I must view everything intellectually and rationally, but sometimes I feel sentiments compounded of blind feelings and irrationality. Here all of my life I have identified my every act with America but when the war broke out I suddenly find that I won't be allowed to become an integral part of the whole in these times of national danger. I find I am put aside and viewed suspiciously. My set of values get twisted; I don't know what I want. Yes, an American certainly is a queer thing. To retain my loyalty to my country, I must also retain family loyalty or what else have I to build upon? If I am to be in a camp for the duration, I may as well have the stabilizing influence of the family. If I go my own way again at this time, it will be the end as far as the family is concerned and they may feel that I ran out on them in a time of crisis. If they were holding me back, it would be another matter; but actually they are shoving me forward. The family setting gives this whole thing a more normal balance. When I feel the need to break away, I will go, but I don't feel it is necessary or wise right now when there is no need for it. The single men alone in camp here are not stabilized to such a degree as those with good family relationships. I suppose

July 8, 1942, 12:00

I could go to school, but that is escape into an Ivory Tower and I am too curious to miss all this. Actually, it is exciting and there are opportunities. Something fine will build out of this, I am hoping. If we degenerate, we are lost. God, Charles, quit trying to dramatize and get back on the beam!

Anyway Thomas consulted the WRA and it seems that three possibilities are open for us:

1. We can stay on and take the chance of being cut off from the U. C. study (not important in making the decision) because we probably will be relocated out of this area. Tanforan will most likely be split up anyway. Personally, I would rather travel a distance. At least I can get to see a little more of America and it's more adventurous and pioneer life. Debit: We don't know where we will go.

2. We could go to Gila River on the request of Dr. Thomas.⁷⁴ The climate is hot for two or three months of the year but good for the rest of the time. We will get there right in the midst of the hot spell (Good ole San Francisco fog, how I will miss it!). The physical setup will be the best and Dr. Thomas assures us of a good administration. This place will be the check study and we will be allowed to work along independently in our study. Some of this group may go there, but not likely. This means that new contacts will have to be made again which takes time. Debit: Pop can't stand extreme heat.

3. Finally, it may be possible for her to get us to Tule Lake, but this center will definitely not be going there. There is a good administration, but not so good physical facilities as in Gila.

July 8, 1942, 12:00

Extreme cold down to 27° below. Debit: The people there are more Japanese and would find it harder to break in. The main study is located there and we will have to be under supervised direction. This is too restricting.

Thomas wants decision (favorable) by Friday. Now to work on the family and present the case to them. It has to be the group decision that will be final.

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July 9, 1942 (Thursday)

We had our family discussion on whether we should go to Tule Lake, Gila River or remain here. I told them that personally I did not care and it would be up to the majority. Pop did the most worrying and he is taking it most seriously. *but he thinks the heat will be too much for Pop* Jack doesn't care, Alice is in favor of going to Gila because of practical reasons. Pop wants to be near a big city where he can get special foods, he doesn't want it too hot or too cold due to his old age, diabetes and high blood pressure. I had to draw a diagram for him to explain how low 27° below zero was. He looks very bewildered. The reaction is similar to the days when evacuation orders were awaited with so much anxiety. However, he has decided that he will go where the family wants to go.

In any event, Mom is not fit for any traveling at this time. She has been in bed with a bum leg for a week. Emiko and Bette want to go to Gila, Tom wants to go to Arkansas and Miyako wants to go back to Vallejo with her other friends at school. The vote was Gila 4, Tanforan 2, Tule Lake 1. We took a secret ballot.

July 10, 1942 (Friday, 1:50)

Now that the decision has been made for better or for worse, the whole family is getting that anxious sensation. When doubts enter our mind, we try to reassure each other by pointing out that this is the best that we can do and we may as well take our chances. Pop is taking it the hardest. He worried all day about it. Besides this he is going through some personal conflicts about the whole family situation. He still thinks that he is being left out. These things are making him more irritable and we shall have to put up with this and make him feel more settled in mind, if possible, until we leave.

Every time I drop home, he pumps me with all sorts of questions.

He asked me if it was like Panama Canal, full of mosquitoes and snakes. He was at Panama for a short time during the time the canal was being dug and he said that all of his friends died from the fever. He came back to the U. S. as soon as he could get a berth on a boat. Panama was one of the ports where he got his prejudiced unfavorable opinions about white women. That was one of the reasons why he would never let Mom out of the house in Vallejo when he first got married. In other words, he never did associate with a good group of Americans in his early days here, except perhaps for his contacts in the U. S. Navy. He has his honorable discharge framed and hung on the wall in the stable. I told him that the government was planning wisely in these relocation centers and the sanitary conditions would be well taken care of. I hope nobody will start to tell him about rattlesnakes now! His final words before I left for the office after lunch were: "Me old but start over with family. You 'hana' (oldest son) and John take care of

July 10, 1942 (Friday, 1:50)

Emiko and Bette and Miyako and Thomas now. I no say nothing." But I could see that he was worried yet.

I didn't get in until almost two tonight and Pop was laying at the foot of Tom's bed, wrapped in his overcoat and smoking that pipe, which he has been using for the last 25 years. I could see that he wanted to talk so I sat down for a few moments. He wondered again if the government intended to send us to the desert so that we would all die off, seeing that the Japanese could not stand heat. So I had to go through the whole thing again. He was so easily convinced that I became suspicious and wondered what he really wanted to talk about. He hesitated for a while and finally said that he wanted to talk to me alone at the latrine after the roll call tomorrow evening. It seems that he has had another argument with Alice. I said it was late and that I would talk about it tomorrow so he ^ew~~an~~t to bed.)

Jack woke up for a few moments and he said that Pop wanted to turn full authority over to me and Jack, but Alice objected and treated him like a child and he got very angry because he thought that Mom put her up to it. He thinks Bette and Emiko are getting bad because they go out so much and wants us to control them more. Jack said some of his arguments were very illogical. Pop probably is getting confused with all sorts of psychotic fears.

July 11, 1942 (Saturday)

I met Pop for a conference out by the Sumo Ring. At first I was going to dismiss it lightly, but it dawned on me that he had been brooding on the thing for quite a while. He is trying ^Sdeperately to keep 7 from being rejected and this has been one of the main causes of friction with Mom. He told me all sorts of stories about how unfaithful she was and that she wanted him to die so that she could be free again. He is 17 years older than Mom and so feels that she is ashamed of him. He has built up all sorts of imaginative stories in his mind, and this was one chance in which I had an opportunity to practice social case work. He felt resentful against Alice because she stood up for Mom, and last night's argument was almost the exploding point. He said that he waited up for me last night to tell me that he was going to hit Alice. He was grateful for all that she had done in the past, but he could not stand being talked down to. "God damn. I mad. She think me dumb, no head. Me have very best head. Haruka (Alice) no listen. She too sassy. What you think, I go hit her now?" ⁹ It was all I could do to persuade him to talk himself out of this resentful anger. It has been accumulating for quite a while and had reached the breaking point. He spoke with such hatred of his relationships with Mom and it made him see red when Alice would not consider his side at all. He said Mom was cold to him and wanted him to die; that she thought being a barber was low class so that he should not do it here; that she was too proud to walk with him in public because he looked like an old man; and that he really loved her after marriage but she did not care for him, making him crazy with jealousy and resulting in his trying to get a response by being mean. He said that at one time when Mom went to

July 11, 1942 (Saturday)

San Francisco
S. F. for a divorce he almost killed the four children and planned to commit suicide. That was one of the reasons why he never lived among the Japanese -- because he feared that the men would try to steal his wife. I let him release his pent up feelings and then tried to get him to advance some solution. He wants me to handle the problem of Bette and Emiko and their running around with boys. For Mom and Alice he would not budge an inch. He even wanted to go to another camp or else be left behind. ~~Finally he accepted a decision that~~ the best thing to do would be to talk it over with all the older children and Mom. He absolutely refused to do this, but thought we could get some measure of family solidarity if I could talk to Alice. He did not think that it would be any good because Alice was too sassy.

After the festival (11:00 P.M.) I talked to Alice and explained the whole setup. Emiko and Bette listened in and I told them that they would also have to consider Pop's feelings more and talk with him occasionally so that he would not feel completely left out of everything. I told Alice that an aged person undergoes a difficult period of adjustment just previous to retirement and is not willing to be shelved.

In the meantime Jack talked to Pop trying to indicate the necessity for family unity in order not to affect the personality development of Miyako and Tom. So we got Pop and Alice together. They sat on my bed and Pop explained his feelings and why he did not want to be treated as a baby. Alice cried and they talked for about an hour getting all straightened out. I tried to explain the situation as best I

July 11, 1942 (Saturday)

could to Emiko and Bette and I think that they have some sort of understanding now. We felt that this was the most opportune time to get him together with Mom. We had to play on his ego and explain why he must give Mom another chance for the sake of the whole family unity. Pop thought that this was no use. He wanted to be left behind, but we told him that he was needed to do the important thinking for our family, which would fall apart or split without him. Even though it was 1:00 a.m., we insisted that Mom be awakened and the matter discussed with her. We thought it would be better if Jack and I did the intermediary work and the girls just listen. Pop finally consented to talk it over so we all went in Mom's room. Jack explained everything to Mom. We said that the fault was on both sides and that from today on they should decide to make a new start. Mom caught on at once and she said that it would make her glad to have the air cleared up and that she would pay more attention to Pop. Pop did not think it could work although he would be very happy if they had better relationships. We said that this would be up to him. Pop thought maybe they should split up and divorce, but we assured him that it took more courage to face and work out his problem. Gradually he began to get less stubborn and more open to reason. We laid the whole thing up to him. With the placing of everything upon him, he assumed more importance in our eyes, so that he began to reason a little again. It wasn't an easy job and we had to talk like "Dutch uncles."

Around 2:00 a.m. he finally said he would also try to be friends with Mom and it looks like new adjustments will be made by

July 11, 1942 (Saturday)

both he and Mom. I suppose all of this time was really worth the end result. Only hope that it lasts more than a few days.⁷⁷

Heard that our family was not very popular with the other people in this barracks. They resent the greater degree of Americanization of the children and they feel that we put on a superior attitude towards them. And Marguerette's mother must spread a lot of gossip. Such things don't bother us, they are too narrow-minded to merit consideration.

July 12, 1942 (Sunday)

~~<After our late talk last night, we all slept late except for Bette who got up to go to church. I got up around 10:30 and went to take my usual shower. Tom ran around the track and was waiting for me there. After coming back, Jack and I took all the accumulation of sheets and went to the laundry. There were only a couple of old ladies there, and the girls who did wander through expressed surprise that we were doing washing, as much as to say that it was women's work. Emiko came over later to help us rinse the clothes off. She and Alice cleaned up the house first.>~~ Pop was up early to brew some sort of a concoction for Mom's leg. He took some eucalyptus leaves and boiled it for a couple of hours. The pungent smell went all through the barracks. Some Japanese man told him that this was good stuff. Last night's talk must have cleared up many things and I only hope that this will be the "new start" for the sake of the little kids. Strangely enough, I was unaware that there was such an air of resentment between the two and had discounted misunderstandings as the uncertainty of evacuation, which no doubt played a strong part.

While we were in the laundry Miyako came running over and said that Mom wanted one of us. My immediate reaction was a sort of funny feeling as if something serious had happened. Jack went and he did not come back for about 40 minutes. He said that Mom had had a hemorrhage and was bleeding so much that he had to call a doctor. Mom is having a late and difficult menopause along with her leg trouble. This may have been one of the reasons for her irritability.

~~<Pop stayed home from the party to take care of her.>~~

omit

omit

July 12, 1942 (Sunday)

After lunch I went to the art school to look at the hobby exhibit. The skills and handicraft of the Japanese is amazing. I was unaware that we had so much talent around the place. It must have been a great morale builder for those people to see the exhibit of those constructive pieces of art. One of the most unusual items was a monkey carved from a prune seed. *omit*
< Yuki Shiozawa's father won a couple of prizes with his carved benches and other woodwork. >
The paintings, sculpture, pieces of furniture and dishes looked professional. There was even a hand carved desk. The women around here must have been keeping busy weaving and knitting tablecloths, napkins, sweaters and socks. The dolls and sandals looked machine made. Prizes were even given for vegetables and a head of lettuce won the first prize. It was grown by a woman who has a family of 9 children to look after! Everything made was very practical. ⁷⁸ < I got to thinking that perhaps this sort of thing would be one of the answers for a more firmer economic basis for the Japanese in the U. S. after the war. They have an ability to do fine handiwork. Many of the Issei have been utilizing their time here by making these articles. A few of the old men made checker board sets with handknives that were perfect. There probably is not so much talent in the other camps, but the exhibit is an indication of what could be done. > *omit*

July 13, 1942 (Monday)

I got to the office real early this morning (8:15). I fooled around with my "Your Opinion" column ^{for the newspaper} and then talked to Alice Sera for a while. She is starting a movement to help the war effort by getting the residents to buy one or more packs of cigarettes with the scrip books, and then re-selling them through the committee at social affairs, to be paid for in cash. This money would be sent to buy medical supplies for the boys overseas. We thought that this was a very good idea so we gave or promised to give one or more packs. Mitch came in and he thought that we should start a move to donate 10% of our scrip books back to the army as our part in the war. We recognized that all of this is part of the flag waving stuff, yet sincere. And since we are expected to be more loyal than President Roosevelt, it is by these things that ^{we} indicate evidence to the public that we are American.

One of Bette's friends from Vallejo sent her the school annual and she had it signed full of her friends' names who gave little quotes on how much they hoped her luck and how soon they wanted her to come back. As Bette was reading it, I could see the tears coming to her eyes as she thought about all of her friends in Vallejo.

July 14, 1942 (Tuesday)

79
Mr. Spencer came down this morning and told us that Dr. Thomas had seen the WRA about our transfer to Gila. They will get clearance from Washington.

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

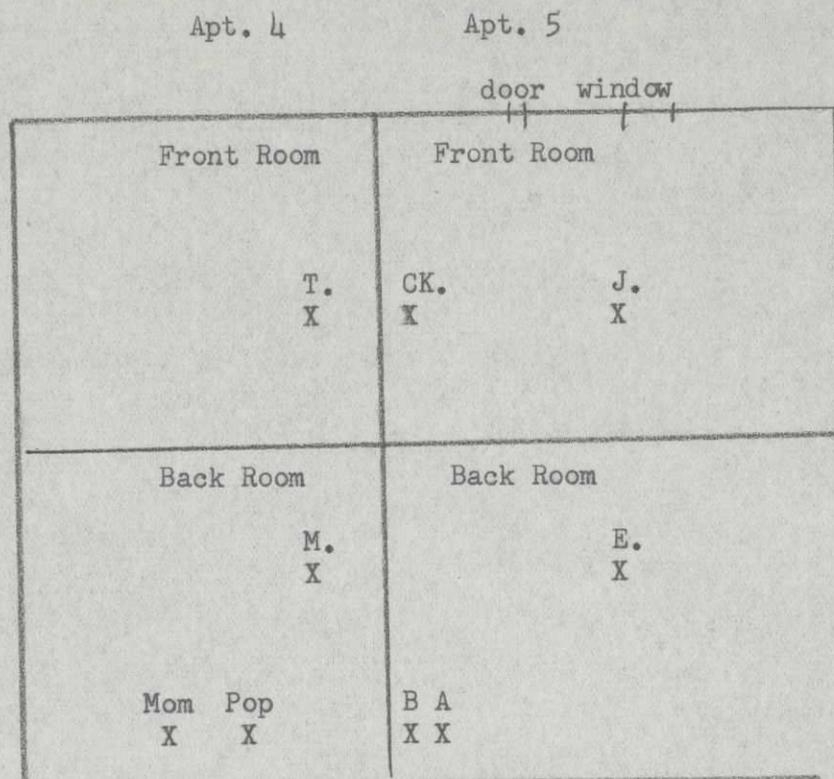
The whole family is beginning to get into the excitement state of packing, but nobody wants to start. Emiko bought a couple of cardboard boxes from the supply room, but we need strong wooden boxes to crate our accumulated belongings together. Jack and Bette even want to take "our" linoleum with us, but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

July 14, 1942 (Tuesday)

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

Alex came in this morning and wanted a big write up on the Bon Odori festival which the Buddhist group is putting on. It is a folk dance and has some connection with the Buddhist religion. We got into a very heated argument when Taro and I said that this was worthy of burial in the most insignificant page. Alex contended that we needed these Japanese sort of things. I told him that he was not being very realistic. Although I had nothing against the better part of the Japanese culture, I did not consider this an opportune time to stress Japanese culture. I told him that the Buddhists should stress Americanism more since the group has been looked upon so suspiciously. I thought a camp wide folk dancing festival, without religious lines, would have been a better plan.

July 14, 1942 (Tuesday)



Our home certainly has changed since the day we first entered here. Apartment #4 is Pop and Mom's and Miyako and Tom's side. Tom sleeps in the front room which is also used ^{as} a kitchen. We have a table and some chairs in there. On the sides we have the shelves and closets. Tom has some books, a radio and odds and ends around his bed. Our toothbrushes, towels and dirty laundry occupy the other corner. Pop, Mom and Miyako sleep in the back room. There are two home made closets for their clothes, plus a lot of our trunks and boxes. Pop keeps his little toilet chamber in the front corner since it is difficult for him to walk all the way to the latrine at the far end of the building. Five of us stay in Apartment 5. Jack and I occupy the front room with our army cots. The "Tanforan" club bureau is at the foot of my bed by the side door. The bar desk is in the other corner. In the middle of the

July 14, 1942 (Tuesday)

room we have the table Jack made. Home made chairs and benches are scattered around. Miyako usually accumulates a lot of her junk on our dresser. At the head of Jack's bed, we have piled some more trunks.

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

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

My room is used as the social room, study room and barber shop. Pop usually lays around on Tom's bed. He never bothers us although we make it a point to introduce him to all of our friends that come over. Today he was feeling more sociable so he did a sort of jitterbug dance with Miyako in front of Bette's friends.

July 15, 1942 (Wednesday - Midnight)

Tonight I gave my speech at the Town Hall meeting on the subject: Resolved: it is better to marry than stay single in the WRA centers. Midori and I took the negative, while Earl Yusa and Ruth Yamauchi took the positive. I worried around all afternoon getting the thing in shape. Marie took my dictation and we made my talk on a very light tone. My arguments really did not hold water, but nobody else would do it. The meeting was held in the grandstand and there was a huge crowd present, I would say around 500, which is one of the largest attendance we have had at town hall. Only about one-fifth of those present were married as indicated by a show of hands.

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

Jimmy Harano was the roving mike and he gave the crowd some good laughs. Alice was asked for her view and she said that they should marry. Jack gave them a big laugh when he said that the reason why I took the negative view was because I had been jilted just before evacuation!

July 15, 1942

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

July 16, 1942 (12:10)

I guess I was in a sort of uncertain state today. Vague disturbances flitted through my head about this moving business. For myself it is O.K. but family complications are bound to arise. I was not so sure about Mom's health. She has been having a slow hemorrhage all week. This morning I told Emiko to be sure to get the doctor down here for another checkup to see whether she would be physically able to travel or not. After dinner, Pop said that the doctor was here and said that Mom should not travel for at least 10 more days because the journey would hurt her. I don't know whether it was the doctor or the Issei woman who was here this afternoon that told Pop that there was a possibility that there may be cancer. This was naturally very disturbing to Pop and the rest of us. Alice will go to the hospital tomorrow to find out for sure just what is happening. Mom is supposed to get a closer checkup within the next few days since the lighting down here is so bad. Pop kept saying: "She no got cancer. Oh no, just change in woman's life."

For these reasons we had a long family discussion tonight to find out what we should do in regard to Gila. Jack said that we should absolutely not go at all because Mom's health should come first. Besides he felt that the medical facilities would be very inadequate. Pop did not want her to travel because the train may cause another hemorrhage. Mom has low blood pressure, so now we have the two extremes to worry about. Mom feels that it will cost me a good job in Gila and figured that she could travel in 10 days. I explained that my chief reason for going was that I wanted more action and not stagnation so that this was only an unimportant consideration.

July 16, 1942 (12:10)

Finally Pop decided that we should split up and have Mom re-join us later if this arrangement could be worked out. He wanted Emiko, Bette, Tom, Miyako and myself to go first. Miyako wanted to be with Mom so four would go first if this is possible. I'm to wire Thomas tomorrow to find out.

July 18, 1942 (Saturday, 12:35)

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

I was still sleepy from working late so I came back and laid around in the back room reading snatches of American Unity and Asia by Pearl Buck. Around 10:00 I got hungry so Pop fried me an egg sandwich. He is in his element now -- taking care of Mom. He calls himself "best French cook" and everything has to be cooked special for Mom because the messhall cooking is not good enough for her. Mom says that she won't want to eat in the messhall after she gets well. She looks weak and only walks with an effort. Most of the day is spent in bed.

I was talking to the postman this afternoon and he says that our family gets the most mail from the outside on his route. A lot of the residents don't know anybody on the outside and haven't received a single letter yet. Himeko says that our family gets about the most visitors also.

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

July 19, 1942 (Sunday, 11:30)

There were the usual number of visitors today. It looked like more because of the 2000 residents who went up to the High School grand-stand⁸⁰ to observe the Bon Odori festivals. I went around asking the question for the newspaper: "What do you think will be the greatest problem facing the world in postwar America?" The surprising part was that so many had given it no thought, 19, and about half were college students. Some thought it was hopeless. Most of the people I asked had something to offer and the general opinion was that there was hope and that the Nisei would meet the test. Several feared that the isolation^{isn} of the resettlement camps would make the adjustment back into the normal life a most difficult task. They felt that the Nisei never had been completely accepted and it would be that much more difficult if we were taken away from the main stream of life for several years.

So many rumors are going around about when Tanforan will be cleared that I decided to start one of my own. I told a couple of fellows that I had confidential information that 1000 of the ablest and youngest Nisei were going to be drafted by the army and sent to Alaska to build a road as a defense measure against Jap raids. By early evening I heard the rumor again, only this time the story had grown to a road made from Mexico to Alaska and all the Japs in the U. S. were going to be put to work making it.⁸¹

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

July 20, 1942 (Monday)

Alice, Emiko and Bette have been having conflicts over sharing the work such as getting Pop's food, doing laundry, doing the housework, ironing, etc. So Jack and I drew up a set of suggestions for them assigning definite duties and days. Jack and I will do the rougher laundry and all of the other housework was divided up among the three. Tom was given the job of emptying the garbage and making his bed; Miyako is to hang up her clothes and put her toys away. They will probably do everything for the next few days at least. We tacked the rules up as a sort of reminder.

July 21, 1942 (Tuesday, 12:30)

It seems that my week will be very full. Sunday night -- party; Monday -- folk dancing; tonight -- precinct meeting for nomination of congressmen; Wednesday -- Town Hall; Thursday -- lecture; Friday -- invited to party held by the file clerk girls or work on paper; Saturday -- dance; Sunday -- invited to party. And yet the social activities are meaningless -- they seem so unreal. But it is so difficult to read. Somehow, it seems that nothing matters any more except the war and the future. I know I am disturbed. Sometimes I get such an awful empty feeling; my nerves are so jangled. Waves of resentment come over me at the funniest times. Outwardly, I try to pass off as adjusted to this setup, but things happen or I read something which brings almost a violent reaction. The psychologists would call it frustration, I suppose. The only stabilizing thing in this whole mess is the family. I am afraid that I would go to pieces except for them, in spite of arguments.

Cut
< Yet I don't honestly say that I am unhappy here; but here is only a short time. We still have a long future. My self confidence has taken a jolt. I'm not really doing what I had hoped to do. The thing I want to do -- Americanization of the group -- is not going fast enough. I get so impatient. Then I have to catch myself or else assume a smug feeling of superiority over those "Japs." I think I see the road clear ahead of me; then doubts about the Caucasian American good faith centers. In short, I am a very confused young man. >

Events of the past few days may have something to do with that. They sent a car down [from the hospital] for Mom today. < Bette was home to go up with the car. They had no stretcher. Mom insisted that she could walk to the car. > The ride up to the hospital was bumpy. Mom did

omit

July 21, 1942 (Tuesday, 12:30)

not say anything about the severe pain in the region of her stomach. She tried to walk to the medical room, but collapsed.

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

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

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

Jack and I were kidding Mom about marriage and we asked her about the Japanese system of arranging marriage. She said that it was no good and she would never be a "baishakunin"^[go - between] for her daughters. She says that marriage go-betweens are not good for this country. Mom would like to see her older daughters get married so that she can have some grandchildren. I don't know what she will do if Jack and Alice marry non-Japanese. Probably will accept it. She knows that Angelo and Alice are engaged, but she doesn't say anything. < Pop thinks Angelo is a nice fellow, but that intermarriage would not work because Angelo would not be able to get a job once the fact that he married a "Japanese" was found out.]

< What a letdown! We were supposed to receive about \$95 worth of free clothing, but today the announcement came out that only relief cases would be given clothes because there is only a \$8,000 budget for 8,000 people -- one dollar apiece! Guess we will have to pool our "salaries" to buy needed clothes. >

Emiko, Alice and Miyako went out for a walk this evening. They went way down to the far end of the camp -- near the fence where the highway goes by. They were watching the cars go by when a very "high class car" drove by. A "high toned" lady was sitting in back with a chauffeur in front. Emiko said that she suddenly stuck her head out of the window and with a look of hatred stuck her tongue out at them. It was so funny that it made them laugh. They then got mad so they thumbed their noses at the fast departing limousine! Miyako asked me tonight why the white people did not like the Japanese. I

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

told her that Japan was upholding certain principles that were opposed to that which we had. I said that this camp was a little sample of what the Japanese in Japan were living under only much worse and that the world had to eliminate these doctrines that restricted the freedom of man. Miyako said that she was an American but did not know why the white Americans disliked us. It doesn't bother her too much now. She went out to play before I could finish my explanation.

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

Pop continues to surprise the family with his "super" treatment of Mom. She gets more attention from him now than she ever got in her life. Pop was irritated with Tom this morning because he put some blankets on the table while Mom's food was there. And it is not put on. He has been consistent about it ever since the night we had the big family discussion. He must really care for her in his way.

See by the papers that food prices have gone up 32% in the past year. Rents in Vallejo have gone up 100 to 400% and the landowners are fighting against a ceiling rent. The Negro who took over our barber shop has about three assistants now and money is rolling in. The back has been turned into a bathhouse. A lot of our belongings were left there, but it looks like we may as well kiss the stuff goodbye. Pop's equipment is in the barber shop and arrangements were made verbally for him to receive \$25.00 a month up to \$200.00 for the mirror, heaters and other barber equipment left behind. So far \$50.00 has been paid. The \$200 is to be given by the Negro on his own volition. After 38 years of barbering Pop left Vallejo with exactly \$90 in profit and eight children!

July 27, 1942

At last they are planning to sell contraceptives to some of these married people. The plan is to sell them over the counter in the canteen by some minister who is in charge. They feel that this is the way they can control the moral problems! The hospital has been deluged by requests for contraceptives so they are going to wash their hands of the whole thing. What is needed around here is a birth control clinic to give the young couples guidance. It would be silly for them to have children now, considering the environment and lack of facilities.

The Japanese [phonograph] records were confiscated today and already 2,000 have been brought into the police department. The innocent ones will be returned but ^[Japanese] J military music will be stored away and returned after the war. The chief has to play and listen to all of these records. I feel sorry for him because J music is hard on the ears; it sounds out of tune.

July 29, 1942 (Wednesday, 11:25)

<The clothing business is still all mixed up. Davis says that the \$8,000 limit was merely for the first contract and to go ahead on the original budget. Green wants to keep it on the basis of need -- an impression which most of the people around here have. The procedure will be very slow and if the idea of "relief" is not cleared up many of those that need basic clothing will not apply.

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

Jack was baiting Pop and Mon about the war today. It all started when he was making out Red Cross messages to Mom's relatives in Tokyo. He made a remark that they may have been wiped out by the bombing of Tokyo. Pop said that this was a lie and that Tokyo was not bombed. From there they went into the war situation. Pop said that both sides were sending out a lot of propaganda. He believed that Japan was fighting for the equality of races. I was left to argue with him and it distressed me very much to see how restricted in thinking many of the Issei have made themselves. Pop recognizes the fact that war was brutal and he said that it was hard for the Nisei because they did not understand things so well and that much of their book learning did not give them the true facts. He said that I should not get caught up in the war hysteria and hate all Japanese. Mixed with this sound logic was many limited views about how honorable the J soldiers were and that

Chief

were

July 29, 1942 (Wednesday, 11:25)

he did not like to see them fight America because they were only protecting themselves. He blamed it on both governments and not the people although he resented the idea that white people wished to "stamp on the necks of the yellow man." I said that the Japs were more notorious for this, citing the cases of Manchuria and Korea. Pop said he did not wish to have arguments splitting the family up and that we should wait and see after the war who was right. He doubted the promises of the Allies to give more equality to all races. He based this conclusion on the results of the last war, plus the treatment of the Japanese and the Negroes in the U. S. We just don't think from the same basis, and if I admit the defects of Democracy, it gives him a winning point. Pop and Mom would rather have us put wars out of our minds, but this very camp makes us aware that a war is going on now. I am afraid I was a bit irritated.

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

July 29, 1942

This is of course a combination of fact and fantasy. It includes words requiring "factual" annotations. Probably should be deleted?
TST

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

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

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

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

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

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

When we came here, babies and aged people passed away daily from the heat. We were so discouraged we wondered what would ever become of us and a sense of despair prevailed. However, the temperature the last few days has descended to 110°. Yet we still hear of nose bleeds which are very difficult to stop, and of heat prostrations but for the last five or six days we actually have had no deaths. We heard in Salinas about the tales of daily deaths in Arizona and on our arrival we found

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this to be a fact. This HELL on earth is absolutely not a fit place for human beings, especially for the aged and for the very young who have no resistance. There is a poisonous arachnid here called a scorpion whose deadly bite can bring death in three hours. The presence of two of these arachnids in the men's shower room caused a tremendous commotion the other day. Already more than 20 of these insects have been caught.

Our camp is divided into 3 sections, the first filled with LA and Imperial Valley evacuees, numbering about 10,000. We are the pioneers in the second area which has a capacity of 5000. Every day people are arriving from the "free" zones in California into this section so the third section will soon be opened. Truthfully speaking this scorching HELL is beyond description and beyond tears. I find myself in such depths of despair that I cannot restrain my tears of grief.

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

July 29, 1942

present is one bottle of Coca Cola; this is the wish of everyone here. We have petitioned for the immediate erection of an ice plant.

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

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

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

It may seem as though I have written about the bad side of life only, but this is just how things are here in Arizona; and so my friends,

July 29, 1942

I urge you to take all steps against being sent here. Our heartfelt prayer is that no other human being will have to undergo the agony that we are suffering. It was all that I could do to get this one letter written to you. Please give my regards to my friends and tell them that I am barely existing."

July 30, 1942 (Thursday)

The radio announced this morning that General DeWitt had ordered the clearance of all assembly centers (including Tanforan) to relocation centers by August 7th. Everyone got greatly excited and the news spread around camp life wildfire. I saw a couple of kids getting boxes to pack. The favorite pastime is speculating where to go next.

August 1, 1942 (Saturday, 11:00)

We have not yet started our packing, but Jack and I have been on the lookout for ropes and boxes. We have accumulated so much stuff since coming here that we will have one hell of a time getting everything all packed. This is the third time ^{the} year that our family will be moving bag and baggage so that our experience will serve us in good stead this time. We are going to take all that we can because in the relocation centers we know that there will be little furnishing.

I took Momo K. to the High School dance. The "faculty" were also present with their invited guests so that we were not so much out of place. Like most girls I know, I think that Momo is wonderful. It must be my hormones! She is a messhall worker and has to get up at 5:30 in the morning to go to work. The more I get to know these Nisei girls, the better I get to like them. Most of them are pretty reserved and only rarely is there to be found a girl that has a bubbling personality. The girls feel the same way about the boys. Consequently, they all sit at home wishing there were more opportunities to meet each other. We have received several letters to this effect in the Totalizer and finally printed one this week.

August 4, 1942 (Tuesday, 11:07)

This morning I went through all of the bulletins, notes and reports of the education department, copies of some council minutes and some other data and fixed them up in a nice stack and placed it into my manila folder to give to Dr. Thomas. I did not know if she had this material yet and I wanted her to check it along with some personal letters and other stuff that I had enclosed. I went down to see Dr. Thomas on her weekly visit with my stuff. Fred and the others were already there, and Fred was a little excited because he had heard that Dr. Thomas was on the "blacklist" at the visitors' gate. I went to the visitors' office and got in on the pretense of finding out how many visitors we had had in the past month. I casually glanced up at the private notices for Livingston and sure enough, Dr. Thomas' name was on the list along with Helen Gahagan, and a Prof. from U. C.; and some German sounding names, so when Morton Grodzins⁸² and Bob Spencer came in, I told them about it. I had just handed him [M. G.] the bulletins and the folder when Green popped out from nowhere puffing on a cigar and reached over and said, "What is this and who are you?"

M. G. gave his name. Then Green started in and said that such a study was unauthorized and that nothing official could go out of here either written or verbally. Then Green asked me where I got the bulletins, etc., and I said they were for the newspaper. This was the only way I could tell him since I did not care to reveal who had given them to me, even though it was no crime. The way he kept thumbing through the stuff made my blood rise and I almost spoke my opinion. I just reached over

August 4, 1942 (Tuesday, 11:07)

and took my personal notes out. Green said that he would have to take the folder and since M. G. was handling the situation, I kept quiet. He [M. G.] certainly was cool and calm. He explained the Study to Green and expressed the opinion that nothing secret was being done, and that he felt certain that things would be straightened out through the proper procedures. Green backed down and he said that if the proper procedures had been followed, he would be more than glad to cooperate, even going as far as to offer a private room where we could meet in quiet.

It was the principle of the thing that burned me up. I could feel the blood running to my face, I was so damn mad. What in the hell have they to be afraid of anyway? All we are doing is to make some sort of honest study about how a group of evacuees adjust themselves to an extraordinary condition. My whole approach is to work for the Americanization of the group. Wang was right when he said that anyone in camp upholding the cause of democracy would be crucified. There is no such thing as freedom of the press or speech around here. Everything has to have the "approval" of the Administration. I realize that they have a heavy responsibility, but why can't they start from the assumption that we are over-age Americans and give us a decent chance instead of being so suspicious about everything that we do.

August 5, 1942 (Wednesday, 11:30)

Mom and Pop had their first disagreement in weeks, but fortunately it was smoothed over. I heard Pop and Mom arguing violently in Japanese so I asked them what was the matter. Pop was irritated because Alice dragged Emiko and Bette along by only saying a departing word to Mom. He insisted that Emiko and Bette should get permission from Jack and me first or at least consult him. Mom said that Alice did ask before dinner and Pop said that she did not. Mom said that Pop "forgot" and was stubborn.

I was afraid that the several weeks of good relationship would be ruined so I started talking about cooperation in the family group, and that perhaps the best way would be to have all of us decide together. Finally, they got agreeable and decided that in order not to have any difference of opinion we should all decide.

Mom said that she was worried about her family because she was sick and she did not like to see it all scattered out. She asked if we would not all sit together at the Mess Hall. I said I would explain to the others and we would probably cooperate on this. She said it made her very happy to see all of us getting along together so well and appreciated the fact that we took care of them so well. Tears started to come to her eyes. She said that she should not have scolded Jack the other day about putting a woolen underwear in the Clorox water because she only meant to give him advice and he got fresh. She wanted me to explain the situation to him. I told her that he was an adult and that scolding was not the right method. She answered that she used English so much these days that she could not explain things the way she felt, forgetting that Jack understands Japanese and I'm the only one that doesn't.

August 6, 1942

I decided to go see Green about the folder he confiscated from me on Tuesday. He said that there was no chance of my getting any of the bulletins back and that a full report had been sent to the San Francisco offices. He started to patronizingly tell me how immature in mind we were for being victimized by a group that wanted to use us and that I had better be careful or my whole future would be endangered.

I told him that these bulletins were public since they were posted on the boards and what was to prevent a person from taking them down to send out if he desired, or even copying them down. "Honesty of the person," he replied, glaring at me. I said that my conscience was clear and I was doing nothing underhanded.

August 10, 1942 (Monday)

I went over to see Ernie I. about a copy of the letter sent to the Citizens for Victory Rally urging a second front as we may use it on our editorial page this week. The Rally was held last night in Civic Auditorium in S. F. One hundred ^{and} three Nisei around camp signed the letter which was sent in. I. Y. made some remark about it this morning, inferring that the originators of the petition were seeking publicity and he thought that it would be bad for the Nisei in camp to have too many of those kind of letters sent out. He just doesn't realize that some of us really feel that way. The letter itself happened to be written by the Comrades [Communists] but I told him that it was the Y. D.'s and he made some remark that the Y. D.'s were a bunch of queers. *kind*

August 11, 1942 (Tuesday, 10:30 P.M.)

Dr. Thomas and Morton Grodzans were here today. They got an army "O.K." to come in to make social calls but they could not discuss any of the project with us. Thomas said that she had contacted Major _____ on our moving and we could expect the order any day now -- this week or next week. ^{83.}

I can't describe the funny feeling that came over me when I heard the news. We had been expecting it all along, yet -- Hell, none of us really desire to be separated from friends and be planted in an unknown place. Emiko's face dropped a mile when I told her. Bette was numb for a moment and Tom just came out and said he didn't want to go because he would rather stay and see the free movies every Monday night. But this was only a momentary reaction.

I got in a quarrel with Alice about the money division tonight. She wanted to divide the whole thing by seven, and I wanted to take one half out for the "Family Pot" and then divide the rest proportionately, with those working getting equal shares. I finally compromised by cutting the "Family Pot" share down. Here is the way our four combined checks will be divided this month.

Family pot	\$ 15.00
Jack, Alice, Emiko and I at \$6.00 each	24.00
Bette	4.00
- Tom	2.50
Miyako	<u>2.50</u>
	\$ 48.00

August 12, 1942 (Wednesday, 10:30 P.M.)

Our editorial page this week will be devoted to the second front. Roy Ikeda received a letter from Mr. Talbot, the Director of the Citizens for Victory Committee, and that will also go on the editorial page. He said that the reading of the letter was one of the most dramatic moments at the Rally and that our patriotic gesture meant much. Things like this, if really felt within as the signers of this letter did, are not merely for publicity value; it helps to get the public more aware of the fact that we are Americans and not a bunch of treacherous Japs in a concentration camp. The letter must have made many of the people in the audience feel uneasy about how such a thing could happen in America.

Mr. Pleasant, the Negro barber who took over our place, came down to the family and delivered the sewing machine. He said that business was good and he was making a "living." From the looks of his new car, he was making an understatement. Through Pleasant's kindness we will get \$25.00 a month for the next 6 or 8 months. He doesn't have to give us a cent and we couldn't very well do much about it.

August 13, 1942 (Thursday, 11:05 . .)

I spent most of the day looking for Toby Hirabayashi and Shizu Mitsuyoshi who are going to get married this Sunday. (First Tanforan Wedding) Toby said that I could come to represent the "press" if I wanted to. The couple are trying to conduct the wedding in as much of a normal way as possible. Announcements have been sent out to all of their friends and relatives. Shizu will hold a reception in her stables after the wedding and in the evening the couple will give a social at Lakeside Center (Rec. 4) for all of their friends.

Shizu is 24 and a graduate of San Jose State College. Toby Hirabayashi only went through High School and then worked his own 14 acres (leased) where he grew strawberries and truck farmed. He doesn't know whether he will go back to the farm. "The Caucasians are pretty forgiving and I think that everything will turn out 'O.K.'"

The carpenters are fixing up a room in the Hollywood Bowl for them and they will move there for the honeymoon. Toby is going to use the relocation move as his real honeymoon trip at the expense of the government.

August 16, 1942 (Sunday, 10:20 . .)

Today we did 125 pieces of laundry. A lot of the women praised Jack and me for helping with the family laundry. It seems that "Japanese pride" prevents the male members of many of these families from lowering their dignity.

On Sunday afternoons there is usually a lot of activities going on for the young people. From where I was standing in the grandstands I could see about five baseball games in progress. Near the barber shop in the infield a lot of fellows were pitching horseshoes in the newly constructed pits. On the far side of the track a basketball game was in progress. Next to them and out of sight the Sumo wrestlers were occupied. About 100 persons were sailing boats on the lake. Great crowds stand around the edge of the lake looking on, especially at the man who gives rides to kids in the boat he has built. Our center probably is the only one that can boast of a lake. (We have two.)

Sunday is also a big day for tennis, two courts have been laid out on the tracks up by the postoffice, and there are always lots of golfers around the miniature 9 hole golf course in the infield. For those who prefer milder activity, there are the weekly bridge tournaments. The rest of the people go visiting each other or else have visitors in the grandstands.

Mr. Saito was over this evening and he spread a lot of gossip about the heat in Arizona. After he left, Mom and Pop were all worried because they heard that 30 people were dying off daily there and snakes crawled all over the place. They want me to cancel going to Gila. They looked so pathetic. I didn't know what to say except that it was too late now and that they should not listen to so much of the Issei gossip. Something tells me that I may be making a mistake taking them down to Gila, but there is no choice now.

August 19, 1942 (Wednesday)

Pop has the packing fever now. He doesn't know whether to board the things up or not. Chief White says that all the baggage will have to be inspected so Alice is trying to have them send someone down here to look over the things before we tie them up.

Our departure has been delayed for about a week since the Army has stopped all movement into Gila. The place is a madhouse and there are not enough facilities ready for the people. We will really get the pioneer life, more so than when we first came here. st

Alice still has not done anything about her situation. She gets so much on the defensive every time Jack and I talk to her that it is no use. We just want to help her, but she has the idea that we look down on Angelo or something. She just can't make the break yet and she feels that she is indispensable to the family and fiercely clings to this belief. This is probably one of the reasons why she unconsciously resents Jack and I because she feels that her place in the family status has been usurped. She is set on marrying Angelo, but doesn't know whether to do it before he joins the Army. She might as well make the plunge; it's her happiness and she can't keep postponing it forever. Angelo is leaving for the middle west next week. He is going to deliver a car to some Nisei in the Army and all of his expenses will be paid. He will stay out there so that it is likely that Alice will be making up her mind very shortly. This time I think she will make the break.

Pop now uses one of those wooden pillows to sleep on. A friend of his gave it to him and he claims that it gives him a massage on the back of the head and is good for him. I don't see how he can

August 19, 1942 (Wednesday)

sleep on such a hard object. It is of solid wood, smoothly polished, and about 4" x 5" x 8" in size. I don't think he has used one of the things for over 40 years.

August 20, 1942 (Thursday, 10:40 . .)

Louis Adamic sent me a copy of his latest book, "What's Your Name?" Mr. Adamic has sent me copies of all his recent books and I have distributed many of his pamphlets around. In my opinion, "My America" is the best book he has done. It has something in it which gives one a sense of understanding, some feeling of the pulse of America.

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August 21, 1942 (Friday, 8:00 . .)

Mom is getting better these days and has been on her feet much more. She can straighten up now. I was surprised to see that she was actually getting fat. Pop has been feeding her so well. They have continued to get along well and appear fairly well adjusted to this life at Tanforan. Pop has one objectionable habit which he has developed in the past few months. Somehow or other he has the idea that garlic is good for his health. So he eats them by the dozens. Now he smells like a regular garlic factory and it smells his side of the house all up.

Davis came into the office about 4:30 today to tell us that we could publish the news that the relocation of this center would take place between the 15th and the 30th of September. He said that no family or community groups would be separated in the relocation, but he would not disclose the exact place to which this camp would go.

We felt that this was a big "scoop" so got the stencil ready in a hurry and we all came up here this evening to get the thing run off. Everyone got here early, but our spirits were dashed when Davis came in and said that we could not print the news because the Army would not give clearance. So another stencil had to be cut.

Just when we were ready to run it off Davis came in and said that he wanted the news in this edition, and asked if we could put it on a special page. We said that this involved too much additional work and with our limited staff we could not do it. So Davis will try to have his secretary cut the stencil and after it was run off, we can staple it to the regular edition. 10

August 22, 1942 (Saturday)

Miss Greene of the Social Welfare Department at U. C. came with Miss Hall of the U. S. Children's Bureau of New Orleans to visit me. She asked me if I were interested in a fellowship at University of Chicago. I told her that I was desperately anxious to go to the relocation center just to see if I could be of some good in fitting into the picture. I felt that I would never have another opportunity to get an experience like this and I go into it with my eyes wide open. Later on I could continue school for a further advanced degree. Miss Greene saw this point and she said that if I decided to reconsider at any time, she was sure that some arrangements could be made. She brought me some books, magazines and fruit. It makes one feel good inside to have friends who are interested in one's welfare.

August 23, 1942 (Sunday, 12:10 . .)

Said goodbye to Angelo since he is leaving for Missouri next week. Alice hopes to get out shortly so that they can get married.

Angelo: "May I have your permission to take this bag off your hands?"

Me: "Take her away!" Angelo said he was so embarrassed when he went through the formality of asking Pop for his daughter's hand, but I don't know when he did it. ⁸⁶

August 24, 1942 (11:00 . .)

Jim, Taro, and I spent all morning debating whether to have a final big edition of the paper or not. I thought that the residents would appreciate such a thing. After lunch, Bob came in and I started in on him. He was not so keen on the final big edition, but we got to talking about how we could do it by cutting down to 6 pages in the next two editions and then having around 20 pages for the last.

August 26, 1942 (Wednesday, 8:45 . .)

After lunch I was laying around when Teo Kislei knocked on the door. He had a message from Mr. Gunder telling me to come up right away. I went up there and the first thing Gunder said was: "Casa Grande." ^[station nearest Gila] "What's that?" I asked. "Arizona," said he digging his fat nose back into the papers. We are leaving next Tuesday at 6:45 in the morning. The train will leave at 8:15 from San Francisco. I asked him whether we would have any time to stop over in the city. Gunder tried to give me a scare story about how the Daylight Limited did not want any Japanese and that they were going to shoot us right on the train. It will take 24 hours to get to Gila. There will be a one hour stop over in Los Angeles and we will arrive about 8:40 on Wednesday. It will probably be hot as blazes.

Four meals will be provided at 75¢ each. We will be limited to 150 lbs. of personal luggage, anything more will have to be paid for by us. All of the rest of the stuff will be sent on later. Blankets will be included as part of our personal luggage. The inspector will come down on Monday to look through our stuff. It is hard to describe my feelings. I just don't feel anything. It's another move, only this time there is a lot more packing to do. Everyone took it rather calmly. Pop has been busy all evening getting out essential things for us to take. He got an old tea kettle out and gave me detailed instructions on how to boil the water in Arizona so that the water won't make us sick.

Jack seems to have run into a little difficulty with the FBI. For the Junior High School, the kids picked the school colors of red and white. Jack used the Vallejo Junior High School song and just

August 26, 1942 (Wednesday, 8:45 . .)

substituted the red and white colors in the place of the Vallejo colors. Today an FBI man came around and asked about the song. He thought that it was subversive because the colors are the same as the Japanese flag. He told Jack not to tell the kids about the song and he will observe them on September 11 when they have a school party to see if they sing it with extra emotion.

All of us decided to bring home our rice and pork from the messhall tonight and cut the meat up and mix it in with eggs and the rice. Pop fixed it up for us. I took an extra portion and left it on the bureau. Alice came in to pick up all the dishes to wash. When she picked up mine I told her to save it. Jack said, "Throw it out," so I repeated for her to save it. Evidently she did not hear me. Anyway, went to get my meat and rice later around 9:30 but it was not there. Mom said Alice had thrown it out. I asked Alice, "What's the idea, I told you to save it."

"You did not, you said throw it out."

"God damn it, I said for you to save it. I told you twice."

Bette: "I remember him saying it."

Emiko: "No, he said throw it out."

Alice: "Quit yelling, you know you said throw it out."

I almost broke a blood vessel. It was the first time I had ever gotten so darn mad, especially when Alice sat there looking so righteous. Jack kept egging both of us on. She made one more remark about it so I got exasperated and slapped her for the first time in my life. It was the first time I had ever slapped any girl. Alice: "You

August 26, 1942 (Wednesday, 8:45 . .)

coward, hitting a girl with glasses." Then she kicked at me so I slapped her again. I felt so repentant immediately. Pop came in and bawled her out. Mom came in to bawl me out. We kicked them both out of the room and told them not to interfere. Alice went out in the cold wind in a rage. Emiko and Jack laughed because they thought it was so funny arguing over whether Alice did or did not hear me say "save it." Only Alice said that I told her to throw it out. Anyway, I felt so sorry and like a heel afterwards so I went out to look for Alice. I could not find her so dropped over to Jimmy's place for a while. It was 11:30 before I got home.

I went in at 12:10 and woke Alice up to apologize to her. I guess it's all "O.K." now. And all over a measly dish of rice -- Jap food at that!

August 28, 1942

McQueen will be with us until the end. In my employment stories for the final edition, he deleted all references about the future. He crossed out comments like: "The future is not so promising," "The going will be tough for most of us after the war." The apathy of the paper still continues, except for Taro. I have them convinced that a 24 page final will not be so difficult. I worked on the calendar⁸⁷ all afternoon digging up data for Taro and did a little research on the old files of the Tote also. Finished up the last page of "YOUR OPINIONS" so that my work is all in now. Bob made a complimentary remark about how the staff talks about the final edition, while I go out and bring the stuff in for six pages just like that. Taro wants me to do all of the research for the calendar, but I begged off claiming that I had to start packing. I'm going to miss the gang.

< The people are still building things even though they know that we are moving soon. At our messhall they have completed the steps going up the sloped bank and planted some shrubs all around the front. Some of the ladies even planted some new gardens today. By now the people all have established a regular messhall routine. They eat with the same people and stand in line together. They always go in the same side of the messhall, A certain member of the family always gathers up the dishes, while another goes to wash them in the sink. Certain girls and women always go to the latrine on the way home from meals. They refuse to sit in the same compartment with another woman so they wait outside and gossip. The gang of boys who eat together regularly sit on the fence and wait until everyone gets in so that they can be

omit

August 28, 1942

last and thus in a position to coax the girls to give them a greater portion of food. >

Alex went to find out about the soap manufacturing and he got some very interesting information. They make about 4,000 pounds of face and laundry soap here every week in the kitchen just below us. The total cost runs to less than 1¢ a pound, including labor costs. A Japanese man and his wife concocted the formula and this project will be recommended to the relocation center as one of the ways the community can make money. The soap is made from the waste grease accumulated in the various kitchens around the camps. It is pure soap and it actually floats. >

Mom has been listening to too many rumors about relocating. So we ganged up on her and concocted a wild story about Mitch and Ann.⁸⁸ I told her that Ann was very anxious about her baggage not arriving, so that she went to the postoffice at Poston to make inquiries. Mitch waited around at home for an hour and when she did not return, he got a little worried so that he walked down to the postoffice. Nobody was in sight so he started to look around. Suddenly he was shocked to see a huge boa constrictor crawling along with what looked like a human form in its belly.

Mitch whipped out his knife and running up to it, he slit its stomach open. Horrified, he jumped back. Who but Ann rolled out almost smothered to death. She opened her eyes and whispered, "I couldn't find our baggage," and passed out.

August 28, 1942

Mom turned white as the story was being told and when I finished, she exclaimed: "I don't want to go to Arizona." It was so funny that we all began to laugh. Then Mom made out that she was wise all the time and she said that she made the remark in order to make the story better. This made us laugh all the more. We told her that this should be a lesson to her to discount all rumors she heard from now on.

Pop was quite worried today. He figures that it will be dangerous to remain down here after all of the other people are moved out. He thinks that bad men will ^{climb} ~~cover~~ over the fence and harm the scattered few left behind. Jack told him not to worry, he would shoot anybody that attacked our house. Pop then got all excited and worried because he thought that Jack really had a gun!

August 29, 1942 (Saturday)

My feet and back are so tired they burn. We finally started our packing in earnest. We are only going to take eight pieces of essential luggage with us and the rest will be sent by freight. I never knew we had so much junk. Already we have about twenty boxes ready for inspection and shipment.

Mom came in and said that Emiko and Bette were getting too fresh. She said that they copied me too much and that I was "too much against the Issei." So we stopped packing for about five minutes to have a little debate and patch things up. Then we went back to work.

Jack wanted us to get a couple more of the ropes from the flagpoles by the South Hall. ~~That~~^{Thus} evening Emiko and I walked down to the social hall to accomplish our deed. There were a lot of "wolves" peeping in the window and I could not get any privacy while I cut down the ropes and pulled them down. Emiko is sure one heck of an accomplice. Every time I pulled on the rope and it squeaked a bit, she started to giggle like anything, attracting the attention of the "wolves." Finally, I had to bribe her -- I told her that I would take her into the dance if she would not giggle so much. She agreed and I got two long ropes down without any further difficulty.

However, when we got inside ^[the dance hall] I got my revenge. Everyone was there in ties and sport clothes. I had a dirty pair of jeans and a T shirt on. When they played a real fast music, I took her right out to the middle of the floor and danced very slowly. The people all started to drop out, except about four couples who were jitterbugging and us. Emiko got so embarrassed and begged to get off the floor but I would

August 29, 1942 (Saturday)

not relent. Finally she was so embarrassed that she walked off of the floor leaving me flat! I wasn't embarrassed in the least.

August 30, 1942

After lunch we did some more packing. Jack knocked the furniture apart and wrapped it up. Emiko spent most of the afternoon trying to figure out what clothes she would need immediately. It must be quite a problem for girls to take the right clothes no matter where destination. Bette scraped all the Japanese travel seals from our luggage and she finally found a place for her clothes. We are taking quite a bit of lumber with us so that we can build some shelves, etc. when we get there. Since we are not going to pay for the freight anyway, we may as well take what we can in order to make our new home² more livable. After all we didn't ask to be evacuated.

The girls and I went to the "Tote" farewell party for me held in the council chamber. There were about forty of my friends and acquaintances there, including the whole staff. I didn't know a single one of these people when I came in here four months ago. The place was decorated up cutely with signs and caricatures of my profile. Everyone brought plenty of food so that we had lots to eat. We played all sorts of games and danced and generally had a very enjoyable time.

August 31, 1942 (Monday)

Around 2:00 o'clock the inspector ^[of luggage] came down. The truck backed up to our door, he stepped out and asked: "Have you any contraband like Japanese records or any Army blankets?" I said "No." "O.K., nail them up and load them on the truck, boys," he says. That was that. The in-^{said}pector said: "I'll be damned if I'm going through all that stuff. I'll take your word." He seems to be a simple, but good hearted fellow. He is going to ride down with us and be our "traveling guard."

They took our stuff right down to the Southern Pacific to be sent out tonight. Alice says that the whole thing weighed about 2,400 lbs. and would cost \$150.00 to ship it if we had to pay. ⁸⁹

Then the people started to come in [to say goodbye]. Alice counted over 35. Mom and Pop were busy all evening taking care of all the details and making sandwiches so that we would not get hungry on the train. Naturally they are quite worried about us leaving. Pop just came in to give me a few last minute instructions to look all over the floor when I get there so that snakes could not crawl in.

Now that the time for leaving has almost arrived, I feel a little uneasy about taking the kids down there. It would be all my responsibility if anything should happen to any of them. I don't have any fear of the place, but things are not going to be easy. And the rest of the family may end up in Utah and there will be the problem of getting reunited. This will make Mom and Pop worry like anything.

In reviewing the four months here, the chief value I got out of this forced evacuation was the strenghtening of the family bonds. I never knew my family before and this was the first chance that I have

August 31, 1942 (Monday)

had to really get acquainted. There is something wholesome about it and with the unity which it presents, one does not feel alone, knowing that there are some who will back one up in moments of crisis. It sort of binds strength to an individual thrown into a completely strange group. We have had our arguments and bickerings, but this has been a normal process which only lasts for a little while. This family is composed of very strong individualists, but the right of the individual in the family is respected by the others if it does not conflict with the whole group and is harmful to it.

Well, the new chapter starts tomorrow.